HOUSEHOLD

DAINTY DISHES.

Shortbread.—Take one pound of fine dry flour, six ounces of caster sugar, and half a pound of butter. Knead all well together. Roll out, and cut into shapes. Place on a baking tin, and bake slowly.

Ham in Jelly.—Put half a glass of currant jelly in a chafing dish with a tablespoonful of butter. When it is hot, lay in eight thin slices of cold boiled ham and simmer five minutes. Serve on toast triangles.

Tender Drumsticks.—To make the first joint of turkey or chicken tender and juicy, with a sharp knife split the back of the leg to the joint down deep to the bone. Pull out each hard tendon, beginning at the top and working downward. Sprinkle in a little salt and carefully sew up to retain shape. The result will be a tender, juicy piece.

Snow Cake.—Cream a quarter of a pound of butter with a quarter of a pound of caster sugar; add a well-beaten egg; then sift in gradually half a pound of potato flour, add a little grated lemon rind, and beat for ten minutes. Bake in a flat buttered tin for three-quarters of an hour in a slow oven. This cake should not be allowed to get brown.

Potato Puffs.—Boil one pound of potatoes, pass them through a wire sieve, mix well in two ounces of butter, one ounce of flour, a little baking powder and enough water to make it into a stiff paste. Roll this out and cut into rounds, place a little well-flavored minced beef in the centre of each, roll them up into a ball, and fry to a golden brown in boiling deep fat.

Sausage Pudding.—One pound of sausages steeped in boiling water to remove their skins. Make a suet crust, and line a pudding basin with it. Place on the crust the sausage meat, any scraps of cold meat you have, an onion chopped small, a few sage leaves, also chopped, pepper and salt, some stock, and mushroom ketchup to moisten the whole. Cover the pudding with suet crust, and boil in a floured cloth for three hours.

Mutton Rechauffe.—Here is a savory dish. Slice the cold roast mutton thin, and season with salt and pepper; have some cold boiled macaroni, in inch bits; put alternate layer of cracker crumbs, the meat, and the macaroni, in a buttered baking dish, with a spoonful of tomato catsup on the latter; proceed until the dish is filled, finishing with a thick layer of the crumbs moistened with two tablespoonfuls of melted butter.

A breast of mutton, if carefully cooked in this way, is a very good joint and we all know that it is not an expensive one. Tie the meat in a thin cloth, and simmer gently, allowing ten minutes for every pound of meat. Take it out of the cloth, place in the oven, cover with melted dripping, and baste constantly. Ten minutes before serving, dust it thickly with crumbs, place a few bits of dripping on it, and brown. Serve with thick gravy, and garnish with slices of carrots and bits of broccoli, or, indeed, with any vegetable in season.

Lemon Solid.—Put the thinly pared rinds of three lemons in a basin. Pour on them a pint of boiling water. Let these stand for an hour. Squeeze the juice of four lemons into another basin, beat up the yolks of five eggs, mix into the lemon juice a tablespoonful of cornflour, now put a breakfastcupful of loaf sugar into a stewpan, strain into it the water in which the lemon rind has been soaking, add the lemon juice and eggs, Stir the mixture over the fire till it thickens, but do not allow it to boil or it will curdle. This will make a large mould.

Stewed Celery.—Trim and cut to the same length a number of heads of celery, split them in two lengthwise, tie in bundles with thread, and parboil for a quarter of an hour in salted water. Drain these carefully, place in a clean saucepan, add an onion, a blade of mace, pepper and salt to taste. Add enough stock to cover the contents and cook gently till the celery is tender. Take away the string, arrange the celery neatly on a dish; take some of the stock in which it has been stewed, remove all fat from it, thicken with a little butter and flour, pour over the celery, and serve.

SALADS.

Cream Mayonnaise.—Mix half a cup of sour cream, two tablespoons of prepared mustard, three or four teaspoons of sugar. Delicious for cold meats.

Cabbage Pudding. — Use six crackers rolled fine, three pounds of cabbage chopped fine, one-half cup of butter, salt and pepper to taste; enough sweet milk to moisten; cover with large leaves of cabcabe and bake.

Bottle Salad Dressing—Take of vinegar three-quarters of a cup; butter, a teaspoon, melted; sugar, one-third cup; eggs four; mustard, a teaspoon, made into paste with cold water; salt, one-third teaspoon. Let vinegar and butter come to a boil, beat the sugar and eggs together; add mustard, stir into the boiling vinegar until it thickens, but do not boil. Remove from fire, place in bottle, and keep in a cool place. This will keep indefinitely, and always ready for use.

CONFECTIONERY.

Cocoanut Drops.—To one grated cocoanut add half its weight of sugar and the white of one egg beaten to a stiff froth; mix thoroughly and drop on buttered white paper or tin sheets. Bake fifteen minutes.

Three Minute Butter Scotch. — Use three-quarters cup of sugar, one tablespoon of water, butter the size of a walnut, one-half a tablespoon of vinegar. Boil until brittle; pour on buttered plates.

Uncooked Candy.—Mix one pound of powdered sugar in the white of one egg. Flavor to taste. This can be mixed with nuts and melted in any shape or used to stuff dates with. It is better after standing awhile. It also can be used as a filling for chocolate creams.

Wet Corn to Pop.—When corn will not pop try dipping the corn and cornpopper in cold water, then pop it. You will be surprised how much better it will be and the kernels will be twice the ordinary size. Take a cup of sugar, a half cup of water, and three tablespoonfuls of vinegar; boil until it strings, pour the syrup over the popped corn. Make into balls. Wet your hands in cold water so the corn will not stick to your hands.

GET A TIN TABLE.

Housekeepers who have never had a tin-covered table for kitchen use are still unacquainted with one of the most valuable articles of domestic economy. An ordinary kitchen table takes kindly to the metal cover. Fit a sheet of tin on the table, and perforate the edges for tacking. The tin should cover the thickness of the board top, that it may be tacked on the underside of the table. A table so covered needs no scrubbing, is impervious to hot kettles, sheds grease as the proverbial duck's back does water, and, in fact, cheers the heart of the kitchenmaid or housewife more than anything on earth.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Soap will go twice as far if well dried. It should be cut into small blocks, and then arranged in tiers with spaces between to allow them to dry.

The best way to keep windows from steaming or frosting is to clean the inside of the window with a cloth moistened with pure glycerine, wiping it so as to leave only a trace of the glycerine.

An excellent mixture to remove grease-spots from clothing is made of four parts alcohol to one part of ammonia, and about half as much ether as ammonia. Apply the liquid to the spot, and then rub with a sponge and clear water.

To prevent a goose being greasy pare a lemon very thin so that the white part is very thick. Place this inside the goose just before cooking, and remove it before dishing up. The lemon will not only absorb all the fat, but it will also impart a delicious flavor to the goose.

Shabby velvet can be improved as follows: First brush thoroughly so as to remove all dust, then spread a damp cloth on a hot iron, and over this draw the wrong side of the velvet. As soon as the steam from the velvet ceases the hot iron must be removed, or the velvet will scorch.

A Nice Way to Cook Sausages.—Put a pound of sausages into a saucepan with one pint of water and boil for three-quarters of an hour; then place on a hot dish in the oven to keep warm while the gravy is being thickened with two tablespoonfuls of flour and a little browning. Season with pepper and salt and pour over.

When washing a new blanket for the first time, begin by soaking it for twelve hours in cold water, then rinse in clear water. This will remove the sulphur used in the bleaching. After this wash the blanket in a lukewarm lather made of boiled soap and water. Rinse well in clear water, shake thoroughly and hang out to dry.

It is very injurious to children's teeth to allow them to eat bread and butter biscuits, or any farinaceous food in bed at night, and to go to sleep with particles of such clinging to the teeth. It ferments during the night, becomes acid, and slowly injures the enamel. Clean the children's teeth the last thing every night.

If it is necessary to wash corsets, take out the steels in front and sides. Lay the corsets on a flat surface, and with a small brush scrub them thoroughly with a tepid or cold lather of white Castile soap. When quite clean let cold water run on them by holding them under a running tap until the soap is all rinsed off. Pull them lengthwise until they are straight and shapely, and let them dry in a cool place, pulling them again when partly dry.

To make life happy, take time; it is of no use to fume and fret, or do as the angry housekeeper who has got hold of the wrong key, and pushes, shakes, and rattles it about the lock until both are broken and the door is still unopened. The chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex us and in cultivating our undergrowth of small pleasures. Try to regard present vexations as you will regard them a month hence. Since we cannot get what we like, let us like what we can get.

A STATESMAN'S SON.

Captain Walter Long, A.D.C. to his Royal Highness the Governor-General, is thirty-two years old, and has had a brilliant career in the army. He served throughout the South African war, was frequently mentioned in despatches and received the D.S.O. Captain Long is the eldest son of the Rt. Hon. Walter Hume Long, who has held many high Cabinet offices, including that of Chief Secretary for

Captain Walter Long, A.D.C.

Ireland, and who was one of the three in the running, the other day, for Mr. Balfour's late position. Like his distinguished father—who is the idol of the squires and yeomen of England—Capt. Long excels in field sports of all kinds. He is a good polo and cricket player, an excellent shot, and a keen cross-country rider. For three years he discharged the arduous duties of adjutant of the famous regiment, the Scots Greys.

COUNTING THE STARS.

Dutch Astronomer Says Number is About 842,000,000.

A tremendous task, that of counting the stars up to the 19th magnitude, has been undertaken by the Dutch astronomer, Prof. Kapteyn, who has collected all the material furnished by the most recent discoveries, notably those from the American observatories.

Stars of less size than the 14th magnitude are found in millions in the milky way, and the work of counting them from photographic plates can best be described as similar to counting blood corpuscles under a microscope.

Prof. Kapteyn places the total at 842,000,000 stars, the average being 20,400 stars to the square degree of the heavens. He has further calculated that the total light emanating from all the stars is equal to 2,384 times the luminosity of a star of the first magnitude.

According to the Dutch scientist the boundaries of the universe, as far as human science has been able to penetrate, extend to 32,000 light years.

WOODEN AMMUNITION.

Three years ago civil war was raging between two Afghan tribes, the Ali Khel and the Mala Khel. The latter tribe built great hopes of success on a cannon of such a size that 160 men were required to draw it. A Sikh trained in a British battery was engaged to work the gun, on the understanding that he received 20 rupees every time he hit the village fort of the foe. This did not prove renumerative, for according to an eye witness the ammunition consisted of "olive wood balls bound with iron bands, which have a highly eccentric flight and are calculated to do about equal damage to friend and foe." After a three days bombardment, in which the fort was hit only three times, the hostilities came to an end.

THE LONG FOREST OF AFRICA.

One of the great natural treasures of Africa, to the need of preserving which attention is being directed, is the immense extratropical forest that extends almost unbroken from the extreme southern end along the eastern highlands to the equator. These are gaps in it, and the trees change in kind somewhat with change of latitude, but upon the whole, it has the same character throughout. The altitude above the sea changes regularly with decrease of latitude. Near the Cape the forest grows at sea-level; in Natal and the Transvaal its altitude increases to 3,000, 4,000 and 5,000 feet; and on approaching the equator it riese to 7,000, and finally to 10,000 feet. In the equatorial highlands the growth is very vigorous, and the forest is enrich with the "pencil cedar" of Abyssinia.

SURELY DO.

Visitor—What do they make in all these mills around here?

Willie—Noise.

WEIRD CEREMOMY IN CEYLON

A BATTLE AGAINST DEADLY COBRA BITE.

Attempt to Save a Man Who Had Fallen a Victim to the Poisonous Reptile.

The day had been unusually hot and sultry even for Ceylon. But there was the prospect of a change. A cluster of small clouds which had risen over the hills had been followed by others larger in volume and blacker in color, until at length the north was darkened with and unbroken stretch of ominous vapor. Presently the foliage, parched and drooping, was stirred by the first skirmish of the approaching storm. The wind steadily increased in force, and the clouds rose, darkening the region over which they passed. There, from base to summit, a streak of light separated for an instant the thick mass, and a moment afterward a distant rumbling reached the ear from the troubled heavens. There was a steady subdued light casting around well defined shadows on the dry earth. But few persons were abroad, and except that occasionally a coolie hurried by in the hope of reaching his destination before the tempest burst, the road was left to the dust, which was blown along in diagonal lines, says a writter in the Pall Mall Gazette.

In one of the native dwellings that lay back from the road, embowered in palms and a wealth of tropical vegetation, a young man lay between life and death. He had been

BITTEN BY A COBRA.

and an inclination to sleep was over-powering him. More than once he had closed his eyes and allowed his head to drop, and for a time had resisted the frantic efforts of his friends to arouse him. The Kapurala had been sent for, and had just arrived with his company of dancers, tomtom beaters and singers, and they were now making preparations for the ceremony by means of which they would endeavor to drive out the evil spirits by which the sick man was invested. They covered him in leaves and flowers, and erected by his side a figure representing the demon they sought to exorcise, and, near at hand, they placed an altar, upon which they arranged offerings of flowers, rice and flesh, by way of propitiation. Then they left to don their professional attirement.

Meanwhile, the storm had broken with terrific violence over mountain and valley. The rain descended in torrents, saturating the parched jungle and causing the roads to welter in floods of muddy water that rushed along the conduits on the wayside. The black screen of cloud which had cast a shade over the land was now merged in the natural darkness of the evening. The lightning became more and more vivid, and the thunder louder and more terrible. Flash after flash shot through the black mass, illuminating the surrounding country and revealing the outline of the adjacent mountains and then again leaving all steeped in darkness. The thunder made the heart of the bravest leap. It was a Walpurgis night indeed!—a night when the whole company of evil spirits were awake, and holding communion in the neighboring jungle. The intermittent light showed in each puddle, in each drop of rain, or on each leaf, a sudden sparkling as of

SOME DEMON'S GLANCE,

that blazed for an instant and then as quickly disappeared; and the thunder, the music of its infernal gathering, accompanied it like a blare from the Brocken itself.

The villagers had sought refuge in their huts, and despite the rage of the elements, were endeavoring to sleep. But one family were up and could not rest, for there the Kapurala and his strange associates still conducted their midnight orgies over the fleeting soul of the unconscious native. The company had returned to the hut arrayed in their weird apparel. The dancers wore short cotton skirts, puckered up into flounces, and round their loins were thick leather girdles, gaudily decorated with colored buttons and metal knobs. Their breasts were covered with a network of beads in concentric circles, and meeting in the middle under bright discs of brass. The headpieces would have done justice to the most whimsical of demons. They had white metal crowns, the castellated rims heads of the weavers, and, in front, rose seven ornaments of plated silver like an array of feathers, and from each hung trinkets and pendants in all varieties. Round their necks and on their arms and feet were a wealth of ornament, necklaces of beads, heavy bangles, armlets and hollow anklets filled with beads.

The ceremony was conducted in the light of a small cocoanut oil lamp, which barely sufficed to show the features of the performers, but the lightning, gleaming almost without intermission through the open doorway, made up for its shortcomings. Standing by the head of the dying man, holding out his hands and twisting himself about, the Kepurals was chanting a strange, incoherent air, in which the singers at first joined listlessly. As he proceeded his fervor increased, until his movements became

THOSE OF A MANIAC.

He was accompanied in his sparodic gestures and grotesque postures by the other dancers. Suddenly they would become motionless, with hands outstretched, singing to the unhallowed thumping of the tomtoms; and then, as momentarily, they would bend their knees almost to a sitting posture, and advance by slow and convulsive steps, while their trinkets tinkled and their wild song added terrors to the tempest shaken night. Then their movements would become more vigorous, until they had worked themselves up into a frenzy, in which the tomtom beaters fully participated. The latter struck their instruments with bare hands and with great force, all the time contorting their faces until they assumed the most demoniac expressions. To the accompaniment of the storm the scene was impressive in the extreme, for the devil dancers clapped their hands, screamed and hallooed in a manner so wild that it filled with awe even those who had witnessed the ceremony many times before.

At length they desisted, and the inmates of the hut grew more composed. The storm, too, had shown signs of abating. The lightning was less vivid, and, except now and then for a flash unusually dazzling, it was passing away to other districts. The thunder was heard only as a distant rumbling, and the dark bank of cloud which had heralded the approaching storm had travelled on until, through its silvery fringe, gleamed the welcome rays of the moon. The light shone down upon the fresh earth, sodden by the copious rain, and stole among the native dwellings and through the open door of one whose inmates had secured no rest that night. The Kapurala was stooping over the prostrate form of the sick man. All apparently was still, for coma had supervened, respite the extraordinary efforts of the devil dancers to prevent it. The face was set, and there was a tranquillity about it that caused the beholder to gaze at it earnestly for some minutes. Then, seeing that his rites were unavailing, he turned away and taking the offerings of food and flowers from the altar as custom allowed, stole out into the cool night, followed by his companions. The cobra had prevailed.

CHILDREN IN EARTHQUAKE.

Affecting Incidents Related By an Eye-Witness.

At the time of the earthquake at Kingston, Jamaica, in 1907, Hugh Oakeley Arnold-Forster and his wife were visitors at Kingston. In her memoir of her husband, Mrs. Arnold-Forster tells of some of the memorable happenings in the stricken city.

There were so few helpers in comparison to the dreadful number hurt that we had just to turn to and assist, even in the operations, and give the chloroform to the doctors. Tiny children were brought to the wharf hospital. One mite of a few weeks old, as black as a little coal, was weeping sadly. It had been picked up in the street, and went to sleep in my arms as we carried round the food and oranges that had been sent by Sir. Alfred Jones. My black piccaninny made all the patients laugh, even in their misery.

One little boy, only seven or eight, was there with his mother and two other little ones. The mother's legs were broken as she was pinned under the fallen brickwork of her house; the little boy had scrambled back over the tottering walls and debris, and had saved both the babies. He was very little hurt, and took me to see "my babies," and watched me feed them with much delight. Everard and Gerald de Souza were two other little brothers, very refined and sweet, both of them hurt, who lay holding hands on one mattress the first night I was in the hospital. When I fed them, they insisted on knowing my name; and holding my hand, they said their prayers, praying for me very sweetly, and I tucked them up, and hoped to see them again. But on the next morning their people must have fetched them away, for they were gone, and I did not see them again.

QUEER MEMORIALS.

Except to call attention to the fact that we are all mortal, a hearse seems a very queer memorial to the famous dead; but it was recently stated that one village in England had decided to keep the memory of King Edward green by the purchase of such a vehicle. A hearse also commemorates the many virtues and long reign of Queen Victoria. This is at Burghersdrop, in Cape Colony, where the natives bought a gorgeous hearse to carry their dead to the cemetery, the vechicle bearing a plate with the inscription, "Queen Victoria Memorial Hearse." New York some time ago decided to erect a drinking-fountain in honor of the memory of a colored pugilist, while even criminals are not without their monuments. Meldola, near Ravenna, in Italy, put up a statue to the memory of the notorious Orsini, who tried to assassinate Napoleon III. He is represented on the way to execution.

Some men imagine they can get what they want only by fighting for it.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

INTERNATIONAL LESSON, DECEMBER 31.

Review. Golden Text, I. John 1. 9.

If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.—1 John 1. 9.

One Truth This Lesson Teaches.—That the fulfilment of prophecy and the climax of sacred history came in the birth of the King.

The Aim.—To show that the King of Love came to seek and to save all.

Clue to Pupil's Interest.—The reviewing of troops.

Introduction.—Did you ever see soldiers marching before a government officer for inspection? In June I saw some boys and young men in a military school stand such a test. There, for hours, they marched back and forth before the government inspector. In and out, across, up and down the field they went. They pitched their tents and built their camp fires. They showed all that they had learned to perfection. Not one made a mistake. The officer was "reviewing" the company and they were reviewing what they had been learning all of the year.

Lesson Story. We have come to a day like that in our lesson study. We are to review what we have been learning and to prove our faithfulness along the way by what we know now that the review day has come. If we have really studied we will know the answers to the following questions:

What prophet was called to be a watchman?

What was the meaning of the vision of the great stream that flowed from beneath the temple?

Who led the children of Israel on their return from captivity? Why did they lay a foundation for a second temple? Who wrote a song of deliverance for them ? Why?

What brave queen risked her life for her people?

What was the meaning of Belshazzar's vision and who interpreted it?

What kind of a leader did Ezra prove himself in the long journey back to Jerusalem?

Why did Nehemiah make his noble, unselfish prayer to God?

How was his prayer answered?

What difficulties beset him in his work and how did he meet them?

What was the Feast of the Trumpets and how was it first celebrated?

What King came as a fulfillment of prophecy?

Why did he come?

How long shall he reign?

Whom did he come to seek and to save?

PAY OF PARIS SEAMSTRESS.

Midinettes Keep Body and Soul Together on 50 Cents Daily.

The midinettes, or seamstresses, of Paris earn from 2.50 to 5 francs (50 cents to $1) a day, and the latter amount only when extra work is given after hours. From this small sum these girls, most of whom are from fourteen to twenty years of age, must find lodging and food, clothe themselves and pay carfare from long distances, as they can afford to live only in the outlying quarters of Paris, where rents are cheap.

The Paris seamstress is called midinette because she is seen on the streets at midi, or midday, where she strolls along, smiling, chatting, often singing, as she munches her noonday meal, which usually consists of fried potatoes or a piece of sausage. She works long hours under conditions which with few exceptions are deplorable; some of the big establishments, however, have already done much to better conditions.

Each midinette is a specialist in her line, as she does only one thing and can hardly hope to learn how to make a complete dress. This plan of work, however, results in a mechanical expedition. All work is prepared for the seamstresses by the premiers and the secondes, who after the piecework is done, assemble the various parts. The embroidery which is so much a feature of Paris toilettes is usually done outside the dressmaking establishment, in big rooms given over to embroidery workers exclusively.

LACE FROM HUMAN HAIR.

Lace made from human hair is manufactured in Germany. The lace is made in strips and the hair is held in place by a solution of wax, otherwise the lace would unravel. The article is made by hand and the pattern resembles the cells in a honeycomb on a very small scale. It is used in the manufacture of wigs made from human hair, but is used only where the hair is parted on the wig. When strips of human hair lace are used, it is very difficult to distinguish a well-made wig from the natural hair. The wigs are fastened to the scalp by means of small pieces of adhesive plaster, which are removed at night. Well made wigs sell for $14.

Pleasure often turns out to be a stepping stone to misery.