Hints for the Home

Winter Breakfast Foods.

Hot breads for breakfast are almost a necessity in winter. At least they are highly desirable. The morning appetite in cold weather demands something substantial, and it gladly takes this substantial dish in the form of a muffin, a roll or some other tempting bit of bread.

Here are some recipes; not new, but, nevertheless, good. Better, perhaps, because they have been tried and found satisfying and reliable.

Plain Muffins. — One egg, well beaten; a tablespoonful of butter and a tablespoonful of sugar, with a teaspoonful of salt, all beaten until very light. One cup of milk, three of sifted flour and three tablespoonfuls of baking powder. One-half graham and one-half rye meal may be used instead of wheat flour or two cups of cornmeal and one of flour. Drop on well-greased patty pans and bake twenty minutes in a rather quick oven or bake on a griddle in muffin rings.

Twin Mountain Muffins. — One-quarter cupful of butter, one-quarter cupful of sugar, one egg, well beaten; three-quarter cupful milk, two cupfuls flour, two teaspoonfuls baking powder. Cream the butter, add gradually the sugar, then the eggs. Sift the flour and baking powder thoroughly and add to the first mixture alternately with the milk. Bake in hot buttered gem pans 25 minutes.

Sour Cream Biscuits.—Four cupfuls flour, one teaspoonful soda and one teaspoonful salt sifted together, one pint sour cream. Roll out on a floured board, having the dough one inch thick. Cut with biscuit cutter and put the biscuits in a greased pan just touching each other. Bake from twelve to fifteen minutes in a hot oven.

Cornmeal Rolls.—1¼ cupfuls of white flour, three-quarter cupful of cornmeal, four teaspoonfuls baking powder, one-half teaspoonful salt, one tablespoonful sugar, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one egg, three-quarter cupful of milk. All measurements level. Mix and sift dry ingredients into a bowl, chop butter in with knife, beat egg, add milk and add all to dry ingredients to make a soft dough that can be handled; add more milk if necessary; turn onto a floured board, toss lightly and roll out one-half inch with rolling pin, cut with round cutter, put a piece of butter size of a pea in centre of each round; fold round in centre so opposite edges meet, put onto a buttered baking sheet; rub the top with milk and bake in a quick oven twelve to fifteen minutes.

Coffee Buns. — Sift together two quarts of flour, a pinch of salt and a teacupful of fine granulated sugar. Make a hole in the middle of this, pour in one pint of home-made yeast, and mix thoroughly; then stir in one-half teacupful of melted butter. Mix to a stiff batter with lukewarm sweet milk; knead into a smooth dough and let it stand in a warm place overnight. In the morning knead again, roll out lightly and cut with a biscuit cutter. Put in a greased baking pan, allowing about one-half inch between. Brush the tops with milk and sprinkle with granulated sugar. Bake in a moderate oven for about 30 minutes.

Southern Corn Bread.—Sift two cupfuls of cornmeal twice with an even teaspoonful of soda and as much salt. Beat two eggs very light. Mix one teaspoonful of sugar in three cupfuls of buttermilk or loppered milk, add the eggs and a tablespoonful of melted butter, lastly the prepared flour. Have ready three well-greased deep jelly cake tins (warmed), divide the batter between them and bake in a quick oven.

Some Flourless Recipes.

In these days when flour is rapidly increasing in price, housewives should try and see what they can accomplish in the bakery line without the aid of that usually all-important item—flour. The recipe for "Potato Biscuit" should prove good. Take two cups flour, three tablespoons shortening, three teaspoons salt, two cups mashed potatoes, about two cups milk. Mix as ordinary biscuit and roll thin. Bake in quick oven.

Another one for "Bran Bread" is given, and to any housewife whose income has not risen with the price of foodstuffs, either of these recipes should be of value in helping to feed a hungry brood. Bran Bread.—One cup molasses, two teaspoons baking soda (dissolved in hot water and added to molasses); stir well until batter foams, then add one pint of sweet or sour milk, one quart of bran, two cups of wheat flour, one teaspoon salt. Mix well and bake one hour in slow oven. This makes two good-sized loaves of fine health bread.

Useful Hints.

Salad vegetables are as important in the winter as in the summer dietary.

An excellent stew is made of soup meat and macaroni, flavored with tomatoes.

A few drops of ammonia in the dishwater will brighten the glass and silver.

Bread and butter spread with chopped dates makes excellent school sasdwiches.

To pad the edges of doilies before embroidering them, work them in a coarse chain-stitch.

To slice bacon properly, slice down to the rind; do not attempt to slice through the rind.

Paint the handles of the garden tools a bright red; they will be hard to lose and easily found.

If you spill ink on the carpet, put salt on it immediately; it will help remove the spot.

To do away with the sound of a watch in a sick room, place the watch under a tumbler.

Suet may be kept fresh by chopping roughly and sprinkling it with a little granulated sugar.

Wrap cheese in a cloth moistened with vinegar if you would keep it moist and free from mold.

Button loops will be much stronger if the loops are crocheted over with a fine crochet hook.

When milk boils over, sprinkle salt on the stove at once; this will counteract the unpleasant odor.

A small piece of camphor in the water in which cut-flowers are put will make them last much longer.

Condensed milk is cheaper and as good as fresh milk for the making of cocoa, puddings and ice cream.

Carrots cut in circles, boiled till tender, then salted, served piping hot and sprinkled with chopped parsley are delicious.

When you paste labels on glass jars that are used for spices or cereals, put the label on the inside; it will stay more securely.

A good sauce for lamb is made of currant jelly, broken up and mixed with finely chopped mint leaves and a few shavings of orange rind.

Cold rice left over from a meal can be made into an appetizing dish, with tomato sauce, minced onion, butter and seasoning. Bake half an hour.

Lemon juice is invaluable in removing stains resulting from potato parings or fruit picking. First dip the fingers into salt, and then apply the lemon.

DISEASE BEATS THE GUN.

Eighty Per Cent. of Deaths in War Due to Disease.

Notwithstanding modern medical science, eighty of the deaths in the present war are due to disease, as against twenty due to gun fire. These are the figures compiled by Dr. F. N. Sandwith, writing in the Hospital, London. This same proportion obtained during the Russo-Turkish war of 1877-78. During the American Civil War there were three deaths to disease to every one from wounds; that is to say, a mortality due to disease of sixty-six and two-thirds per cent.

During the French expedition in Madagascar in 1895, according to the writer, only twenty-nine deaths occurred in action as against seven thousand who died by disease. In the Boer War the losses from disease were enormous, notwithstanding the improvements in military hygiene then in force.

The Japanese, however, during the war with Russia were able by exercising the most scrupulous care to reverse the ratio. In the case of their troops only one man died of disease to every four who died of wounds.

RANDOM SAYINGS.

The girl who is as pretty as a picture generally has negative qualities.

The only way to get along with some people is carefully to conceal your opinion of them.

Fewer young men would sow their wild oats if they should first stop to look for a needle in a haystack.

The man who enjoys single blessedness is doubly blessed.

The only time we notice an impediment in the speech of some people is when an occasion arises to praise others.

Speech is brittle. Any man can make a break, but mighty few can mend it.

Some men are ambitious to do good; others to make good.

Many a man has been carried under by the sheer weight of his own dignity.

It is hard for a woman to hold her husband's love when she can't even hold her tongue.

Life is made up of surprises. Have you ever noticed that the things that don't seem possible happen so often?

No Human Eye Perfect.

Measurements of human eyes demonstrate that there is probably no such thing in the world as an absolutely perfect eye. That would be a miracle, which nature with all her infinite ingenuity has never performed. No human face among the world's 16,000,000,000 may be held perfect, either artistically or physiologically. To the owner of the face this is relatively an unimportant matter, but to the owner of the pair of eyes an error of one three-hundredth of an inch in the curvature of dimensions of the eyeballs may make their all-important function abnormal, resulting in eye-strain with its attendant physical ills.

A Fascinating Spring Costume.

Navy blue gabardine, trimmed with striped muslin cuffs and collar; hat, blue velvet with white silk band.

THE TOLL GATHERER

The fall rains had undermined a section of the track and played mischief with a quarter of a mile of embankment. What was more serious, the hill stream, which had risen like the Ganges at flood time, had weakened two piers and the retaining walls of the railway bridge. Doucy, one of the company's civil engineers, had been sent up post-haste from Delhi to repair the damage. He was to get the day laborers from the village three or four miles down the valley. They had helped in building the road, and could therefore be relied upon.

Doucy found the job bigger than he had expected. The wrecked embankment did not present unusual difficulties, but the repairing of the stone work was a more serious matter. Under the pressure of the seething flood, the big scows that held the workmen were continually slipping their cables, and either taking a few tons of water aboard at a gulp or sinking altogether. Then the donkey engine had to fish out as many of the stone blocks as its grappling hooks could seize and yank up the scow. The men clinging to the network of life ropes below the bridge had to be rescued and induced to attempt the dangerous work again; all of which used up valuable time.

As the camp was large, it was necessary to send a bullock cart to the village every other day for rice, mealie flour, and other food supplies. During the second week one of the carts did not return. The next day a foreman who had gone to investigate found it in the road with a broken-necked bullock between its shafts. Some twenty or thirty yards from the rim of the bank that ran along the roadside lay all that was left of the driver. The spoor of a large tiger led off into the jungle, but Doucy and his trackers failed to run the beast down.

Several days later the tragedy was repeated. Another dead bullock lay in the red dust almost at the same point where the first had been killed. At the tail of the cart was the driver's empty gun; the body of the driver was found under a tangle of flowering creepers.

Doucy ordered a goat and its kid to be tethered on the bank, and that night and the night after he took up the watch on a little platform built in the branches of an adjacent tree. But the tiger did not appear. As he had to keep himself fit for his work, the engineer let one of his assistants take his place in the tree on the following nights. Meanwhile the cart was sent out with a bodyguard of four picked men besides the driver, and thus escorted, it made several trips without mishap.

The coolies began to snap their fingers when the toll-gatherer, as they had dubbed the tiger, was mentioned. He was a coward, they declared. He could overpower a driver asleep on his cart, but his heart failed him when it came to facing several armed men. They would burn his whiskers on the camp coals yet if he did not look out.

Suddenly, however, a mad bullock cart came spinning into camp with the ashen-faced driver crouching among its rice bags. All the others had been killed and eaten, he declared; only his own extraordinary courage had saved his life. The attack had come like a bolt from the blue, and no vigilance could have forestalled it. Presently three of the escort, dust and covered with sweat, came running into camp; the fourth had been killed. The survivors all agreed that everyone had been brave and that the toll-gatherer was invulnerable.

Everyone now realized that this was an unusually determined man-eater. The coolies refused to drive the supply cart, and were almost ready to break camp in a body. Doucy saw that he must himself get rid of the toll-gatherer if he wished to retain his workmen.

He made his arrangements with some ingenuity. Out of some brown cloth and a framework of bamboo he put together a figure that when stuffed with grass was a fair imitation of a man. He wound a dirty turban round its head, added clippings from the tail of his horse for hair, and roped the thing to the seat of the cart. The following day he got into the body of the cart with his rifle and drove to the village.

Nothing happened on that rip or the next, but Doucy did not give up. On the third trip he kept as close a watch as ever, and was particularly careful on his way back from the village. It was a very hot afternoon. The groaning and squealing of the unoiled wooden wheels were the only sounds to break the heavy silence. The red dust eddied up round the cart in clouds. Doucy occasionally lifted his head warily to scan the surroundings, but all he could see was a red shimmer of heat waves melting into a brassy glare of sunlight. The decoy sat vacillating on its seat with its turbaned head bowed forward in the exact manner of a sleepy driver. The dummy had been greased with cocoanut oil and well man-handled to make it "smell right"; it seemed lifelike enough to deceive a hungry tiger.

Doucy lay face down in his nest between the bags, with very little except his khaki-covered back in view. As they neared the end of the ridge he heard a peculiar sound like a passing gust of air; it was followed by an almost noiseless but very jarring shock. He threw up his head in time to see the decoy, torn loose from its fastenings, in the clutch of a huge tiger. The pair instantly rolled from the cart, and the bullock wheeled and dashed straight at the bank. In its desperate terror it actually scaled the lower part of the slope; but perceiving that it could not escape in that direction, it wheeled again sharply. The quick turn tipped over the badly balanced cart; it came down like a box on Doucy and the provision bags.

All this happened in half a dozen seconds. Doucy had hardly realized his position when he heard a moaning bellow from the bullock, and knew that the tiger had grappled it.

Pinned on his back between the provision bags, Doucy felt the toll-gatherer give the dead bullock a tug that made the solid cart quiver; but the harness held. The tiger was puzzled, and the first time he snarled. The sound was powerful and murderous. Then the tiger started to circle the cart to see what the matter was. When he had gone halfway round, his footfalls ceased, and Doucy heard his heart pumping and thudding in the ghastly silence.

Then he became aware that one of the tiny chinks between the bags no longer showed a thread of sunlight. Something had blocked it. He knew what it was before he heard the deep raucous intake of air with which the tiger drank the odor of human flesh.

Doucy struggled to reach the rifle lying under his feet. The toll-gatherer tore at the obstructions. With a dry and horrible sound his claws ripped one of the bags.

As the great paw gutted it of its contents, Doucy felt the bag loosen; then it collapsed like a deflated balloon, and the cart settled a little on that side. It relieved his cramped position just enough to enable him to grasp his rifle. He instantly thrust the muzzle under the edge of the cart.

He had not a second to waste and, with the butt of his rifle pressed to his side, fired where he knew the beast must be. The answering roar of the tiger showed that he had been hit; but he was not crippled, for he threw himself upon the cart with great fury and tried to tear away the side with his teeth. Failing in that, he pushed his paw under the edge of the cart, and his unsheathed claws, sweeping fiercely through the low opening, narrowly missed Doucy's face.

Doucy aimed again instantly and fired. The toll-gatherer gave another roar that ended in a deep, gurgling cough that told of a wound through the lungs. Doucy heard a heavy thrashing sound and the rattling of gravel against the side of the cart. Then everything was as still as death except for the pounding of his own heart.

Bathed with sweat and half stifled by the close, hot air under the cart, he waited a long time. There was no sound outside except the buzzing of hundreds of flies about the bullock.

At last Doucy began to push away the dirt under the edge of the cart with the butt of his rifle, and when he had scooped a shallow trench he cautiously stuck out his head.

Directly in front of him and a little below him, with ears laid back and body gathered in a tense crouch like a cat at a rat hole, was the toll-gatherer. His mouth was open, and Doucy saw that his fangs, which at one time must have been unusually large, were broken and decayed like those of most man-eaters. He aimed his rifle at the knot of frowning muscles between the fierce eyes, and was about to pull the trigger, when the tiger leaped.

But the effort was too much for the wounded beast. Just as Doucy shifted his aim and fired he saw the great body crumple in mid-air. It fell only a few feet beyond where it had been crouching, as limp as a rag. The toll-gatherer had made has last leap.

Doucy crowled out from under the cart and cut off the stiff black bristles from the fixed, snarling lips. The coolies would burn them on the camp coals that night with impressive ceremony. Doucy was a thoroughly practical man, but he knew that native superstitions had to be considered. Probably the men would spoil a half day of work by dragging the tiger into camp the next morning and holding a triumph over the body. At any rate, the road was open again; the toll-gatherer would collect no more tolls.—Fisher Ames in Youth's Companion.

True Heroism.

He had been courting the girl for a long time. It happened on Sunday night, after church. They were sitting very quietly on the sofa, and she looked with ineffable tenderness into his noble blue eyes. "Tom," she murmured, "didn't you tell me once you would be willing to do any act of heroism for my sake?" "Yes, Mary, and I would gladly reiterate that statement now," he replied. "No Roman of old, however brave, was ever fired with a loftier ambition, a braver resolution than I." "Well, Tom, I want you to do something real heroic for me." "Speak, darling, what is it?" "Ask me to be your wife. We've been fooling long enough."

A street car inspector was watching the work of the green Irish conductor. "Hore, Foley, how is this?" he said. "You have ten passengers and only nine fares are rung up." "Is that so?" said Foley. Then turning to the passengers he shouted: "There's wan too many av yez on this car. Get out of here, wan av yez!"

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL STUDY

INTERNATIONAL LESSON, FEBRUARY 21.

Lesson VIII. The Death of Eli and His Sons. 1 Sam. 4. 1-18. Golden Text, James 1, 22.

Verse 1. Israel went out against the Philistines to battle.—The Philistines were last mentioned in Judges, chapters 13 and 16. It was evident that Israel was not able to throw off the yoke of the Philistines. This servitude lasted for forty years (Judg. 13. 1). It terminated about the twentieth year of Samuel's judgeship (1 Sam. 7. 13, 14).

Eben-ezer, "stone of help," and Gilgal, "heap-of-stones,' had a special significance (Josh. 4. 20). Eben-ezer is at the head of the Vale of Sorek, where Israel defeated the Philistines (see next lesson, 1 Sam. 7. 12).

Aphek means fortress. It was one of the strongholds of Samaria in northern Sharon, where the Philistines assembled twice, once before they invaded Israel and once before they crossed the plain of Esdraelon. It was not far from the Mizpah of Benjamin, and was undoubtedly the Aphek of Josh. 12. 18.

3. People means the army. The elders had a council on the evening of the defeat and resolved to send the ark of the covenant of the Lord in battle.

Wherefore hath Jehovah smitten us to-day before the Philistines.—This was the cry of the former time (see Josh. 7. 7).

4. The people.—Here, again, the army is meant. As we read in the book of Judges repeatedly, in those days there was no king in Israel. And so whatever action was taken seemed to be the concerted action of the army.

Shiloh was not many hours distant from Aphek, as the ark was brought the next day.

Who sitteth above the cherubim. The cherubim were conceived as bearing the Lord upon their wings (see 2 Sam. 6. 2; 2 Kings 19. 15; Isa. 37. 16).

6. In the camp of the Hebrews.—This is the name by which the Israelites were known to their neighbors (Exod. 1. 15, 16. 19; 2, 6, 11, 13; 3. 18; 5. 3).

7. There hath not been such a thing heretofore. — The Hebrew word for "heretofore" is yesterday and the third day, meaning the day before. This was a common expression among the Israelites (see Gen. 31. 2, 5; Exod. 4. 10).

8. These are the gods that smote the Egyptians with all manner of plagues in the wilderness.—Not only did the Israelites never forget the deliverance of their forefathers from Egypt, but this incident had become so fixed as a tradition that the neighbors of Israel knew thereof. The Philistines, therefore, were exceedingly disturbed when they saw that this same God was come into the camp of Israel. By "in the wilderness" is meant the shores of the Red Sea (Exod. 13. 20; 14. 3, 11, 12).

9. Be strong and quit yourselves like men.—Saint Paul uses similar words in I Cor. 16. 13, "Quit you like men, be strong." This heathen people was able to rally its forces by an appeal to the manhood of the army.

11. And the two sons of Eli.—The man of God (1 Sam. 2. 34) had prophesied that both of Eli's sons should die in one day.

12. And there ran a man.—Runners among the Israelites were well-known persons. As there was no other means of quick communication, men who were particularly fleet of foot were developed for messenger service. Well-known cases of runners were Cushi and Ahimaaz (2 Sam. 18. 19-31), and Asahel (2 Sam. 2. 18). There were also running footmen who accompanied the chariots. These runners became professionals, as is indicated in 2 Sam. 15. 1; 1 Kings 1. 5.

His clothes rent, and with earth upon his head.—Indicative of bitter grief. Those who saw him running thus would know that his message was unfavorable (see 2 Sam. 1. 2; Josh. 7. 6).

13. By the wayside watching.—This was doubtless a street leading to the watch tower (2 Sam. 15. 2; 2 Kings 11. 6. 19).

18. When he made mention of the ark of God.—Eli as priest of God was particularly responsible for the ark of the covenant of the Lord. He had allowed "the people" to go to the very extreme measures of taking the ark into the battle in order to win the victory. When the ark was taken, therefore, he knew that there was no other help. The shock of this disaster was too great for him to stand.

Fell from off his seat.—This seat, or throne, had no back. The fact that Eli fell backward, however, indicates how great was the excitement which resulted from the word of the messenger.

The biggest dock is in Cardiff, Wales.

Occasionally the preacher's aim is inaccurate and his sermon hits you.