

The Home

THE WEEKLY WASHING.

When I learned to do housework, I was taught that the proper way to wash was to rub the white clothes through two waters, boil them, rub again, then rinse, starch and dry. I followed this tedious, back-breaking method until a year or two ago, when I found an easier way, which I will describe for the benefit of those who have neither time nor strength to waste on the old one.

You will find a good washing machine and wringer great labor savers. All machines are not good ones, but it is not a difficult matter after examining the various kinds offered for sale at any first-class hardware store to find one that will prove satisfactory.

Get everything ready the night before the washing is to be done, and put the white clothes to soak, rubbing soap on the most soiled places. Rub these places a little next morning, pass them through the wringer, and put them in the boiler containing water in which a little borax has been dissolved, with enough soap to make a good suds. The amount of borax needed varies with the kind of water you have to use; it will not injure the finest fabric, and is a great help in removing the dirt.

Wash the coarse white clothes through one water while the first lot is boiling, and when they are taken out, put the second lot in the boiler. Wash the colored clothes through two warm, not hot, suds, which should also contain a little borax, rinse thoroughly, then dip them in a thin, boiled starch, and they are ready for the line. White clothes should be dried in the sun, but colored clothes should be hung in the shade.—E. J. C.

GOOD RECIPES.

Fruit Jumbles—One cup butter, two cups sugar, three cups flour, one half cup milk, three eggs, one half nutmeg, one cup currants, three teaspoonfuls baking powder.

Tomato Omelette—One half bushel tomatoes, one half gallon vinegar, one pound salt, two pounds brown sugar, one quarter pound black pepper, one half ounce red pepper, two ounces each allspice, cloves and mustard seed, six small onions. Boil three hours, strain and bottle.

Pepper Sauce—Four gallons cut cabbage, one gallon green peppers cut fine, one half pound each mustard seed, ground mustard, brown sugar, one half pint salt, one quarter pound turmeric, one gallon vinegar. Boil vinegar and spices together, pour cold over vegetables.

Coffee Cake—One cup each clear, strong coffee, sugar and molasses, one half cup butter, two eggs, three cups flour, one nutmeg, one teaspoonful each cinnamon, cloves, allspice, one half pound seeded and chopped raisins, one quarter pound citron sliced, two teaspoonfuls baking powder.

Cinnamon Rolls—One cup sweet milk lukewarm, one cup sugar, one yeast cake, dissolve in one cup water, one scant cup butter and lard mixed, three eggs, little salt, flour sufficient to roll. Let rise over night in winter, knead down, roll out about one inch thick, spread with butter, sprinkle with cinnamon and sugar. Make in a roll, cut down in slices, put in a pan and when light bake.

Curried Eggs—Peel and slice two good-sized onions, and brown them slowly in two tablespoonfuls of butter. Add one teaspoonful of curry powder and heaping tablespoonful of flour, and stir until smooth and thick. Simmer for 10 minutes; add six hard-boiled eggs, cut in quarters or thick slices and stand over hot water for 10 minutes; then serve.

Rice Custard—Boil one teacupful of rice; when soft drain off the water and add one tablespoonful of cold butter. When cool mix in one and one half cupfuls of sugar, a teaspoonful each of grated nutmeg and cinnamon. Add four eggs, the whites and yolks beaten separately; stir in gradually one quart of sweet milk and pour in slowly, stirring all the while; add half a teaspoonful of lemon or vanilla extract. Bake in a buttered pudding dish for one hour.

Fruit Cake—One cup each butter, sugar and molasses, two eggs, four cups flour, one tablespoonful each cinnamon and ginger, four teaspoonfuls brandy, one half nutmeg, one teaspoonful soda dissolved in two tablespoonfuls milk, one cup each currants, raisins, ginger, preserved, cut fine and mixed together. Put a layer of cake batter in the pan to the depth of two inches, then a sprinkling of fruit, again cake batter and fruit until all used; cake batter for top layer. Bake two hours in a moderate oven.

HISTORY OF COOKERY.

Cookery is eminently an experimental and a practical art. Each day, while it adds to our experience increases also our knowledge; and as we have come long after the Greeks and Romans, and have had the benefit of their experience, it is no marvel that we should have greatly surpassed them. In the fifth century, all trace of the Roman cookery had already disappeared. The Eternal City was invest-

ed, and her kitchen destroyed by barbarians. The consecutive incursions of hordes of barbarous tribes and nations had put out at once the light of science and the fire of cookery.

But the darkness of the world was not of long duration. The monks—the much-abused and much mistaken monks—fanned the embers of a nascent literature, and cherished the flame of a new cookery. The free cities of Italy; Genoa, Venice, Pisa, Florence, the common mothers of poetry, painting, sculpture, and architecture, contemporaneously revived the gastronomic taste. The Mediterranean and the Adriatic offered their dish, and the taste for table luxuries extended itself to the maritime towns and other cities of the peninsula, to Cadiz, Barcelona, St. Sebastian, and Seville. Spain had the high honor of having furnished the first cookery book in any modern tongue. It is entitled "Libro de Cozino, compuesto por Roberto de Nola." This work is exceedingly rare. The cookery professed at this epoch was no longer an imitation of the Greek or Roman kitchen, or of the insipid dishes and thick sauces of the Byzantine cooks. It was a new and improved and extended science. It recognized the palate, stomach, and digestion of man. The opulent nobles of Italy, the rich merchant princes, charged with the affairs and commissions of Europe and Asia, the heads of the church—bishops, cardinals, and popes—now cultivated and encouraged the culinary art.

While Italy had made this progress, France, the nurse of modern cooks, was in a state of barbarism, from which she was raised by the Italian wars under Charles VIII. and Louis XII. The Gauls learned a more refined cookery at the siege of Naples, as the Cosacks did, some hundreds of years later, in the Champs Elysees of Paris. It was under Henry III., about 1580, that the delicacies of the Italian table were introduced at Paris. The sister arts of design and drawing were now called into requisition to decorate dishes and dinner-tables. How great was the progress in the short space of 150 years may be inferred from an edict of Charles VI., which forbade to his liege subjects a dinner consisting of more than two dishes with the soup; "Nemo ad eat dare praeter duo faroula cum potagio." At this period, the dinner hour was ten o'clock in the morning, while the supper was served at four.

The first regular cookery book published in France was, we believe, printed at Rouen in 1692. It was the production of the Sieur de la Varranner, esquire of the kitchen of M. d'Uxelles. It is dedicated to MM. Louis Chalon du Bled, Marquis d'Uxelles and of Cormartin. He expatiates on the thousand-and-one vegetables and other "victual" which people know not how to dress with honor and contentment; and he then exclaims that, as France has borne off the bell from all other nations in courtesy and bienseance, it is only right and proper that she should be no less esteemed for her polite and delicate manner of living. The first edition of that remarkable cookery book, the "Dons de Comus," appeared about 1740, and is in every respect a superior work to the droll production just mentioned. It was composed by M. Marin, cook of the Duchesse de Chaulnes. The cookery of France at this epoch, and indeed from the time of Louis XIV., was distinguished by luxury and sumptuousness, but according to Careme, was wanting in delicate sensualism. They ate well indeed, at the court, says the professor of the culinary art; but the rich citizens, the men of letters, the artists, "were only in the course of learning to dine, drink, and laugh with convenience."

The regency and reign of Louis XV. were among the grand epochs of French cookery. A book called "The Queen's Closet Opened," published in 1662, is the first English cookery book. Some of the dishes in this book maintain their popularity to the present day—as, for instance, chicken and pigeon pie, boiled rump of beef and potted venison; but others have wholly passed away—as, for example, a baked red deer, a capon larded with lemons, a steak pie with a French pudding in it, a salet of smelts, flounders, or plaice, with garlic and mustard, an olive pie, and dressed snails. Some insight into the cookery of 1754 may be obtained from the pages of the "Connoisseur." In London, at "Dolly's" and "Horsman's" beefsteaks were eaten with gill ale; and behind the "Change, a man worth a plum used to order a twopenny mess of broth with a boiled chop in it. Placing the chop between the two crusts of a half-penny roll, he carried it up in his check handkerchief, and carry it away for the morrow's dinner.

SPANISH WORDS.

Many English words are taken directly from the Spanish. When you speak of a Piccadilly collar you are not using slang. The "piccadillo" is a collar which at one time was worn by all men of position in Spain. Rye bread without caraway seeds wouldn't be rye bread at all. Caraway is a purely Spanish word, derived from "Alcara Hueya." The hammock on your veranda got its name from the Spanish "hamaca," although that is not purely a Spanish word. Columbus got it from Indians 400 years ago. There are many other examples: "Banana," "apricot," "Canada," "duel," and "palaver" are all directly from the Spanish.

THE EMPEROR OF CHINA.

PRACTICALLY A PRISONER IN THE PURPLE FORBIDDEN CITY.

A King Who Has Never Seen His Own Country Nor Reviewed His Own Troops—Wrecked Himself With Pleasure.

The Emperor of China has been the most secluded monarch in the world. He is surrounded by officials whose chief duty seems to be to keep him from coming into touch with the outside world. Before reaching the building in which he is practically confined one has to pass through three sets of walls, each set being guarded by a small army of eunuchs. First there are the great 60-foot-thick walls of the Tartar city, then the walls of the Imperial city, which are six miles in length, and then a third set, inclosing what is known as the Purple Forbidden City. Inside of the latter lives the Emperor and his family, the ladies of the royal harem and the thousands of eunuchs who make up the staff or royal servants.

The Emperor himself lives in the north-western part of the inclosure, and the Empress Dowager has a palace near by. In another part of the inclosure is the hall of literary abyss, or the imperial library, and in this the Cabinet officers hold their sessions, and it contains also a department of the royal treasury. No one outside of the foreign legations ever get into the palaces of the Emperor of China, and no foreigner is permitted to see him. Even the Chinese of Peking do not know how the Emperor looks. There are not 5,000 men outside of his eunuchs who have ever set eyes on him. He knows.

ABSOLUTELY NOTHING

about the actual condition of his people. When he goes out into the city matting is hung up in front of all the houses, and strips of cloth are stretched across the alleys and side streets through which the imperial procession must pass.

Upon these occasions Europeans are warned not to go out at their peril, for the Emperor is always accompanied by soldiers, and the man who peeps around the corner or has his eye fastened to a hole in the matting is liable to be blinded with a bullet or arrow. The streets are fixed up for the occasions. All the booths and squatters are driven away, and the roads are covered with bright yellow clay. Yellow is the imperial colour.

The young Emperor is a decidedly weak character, and doesn't even do his own thinking. The Empress Dowager attends to that for him. It is said that he occasionally goes into fits of rage when he is crossed, but it is the rage of a child, and is over as soon as he has exhausted himself. He has been under the thumb of the Empress Dowager since he was a baby. She supervised his education, and picked out his wives for him. She has him so hemmed in with officials and wives, who are her sworn allies, that there has never been a chance for the young Emperor to extricate himself from his subservient condition, even if he wanted to, which he apparently doesn't.

The Emperor was 17 years old at the time of his marriage, ten years ago, and the Empress Dowager gave him three wives to start with. The selection was curious. All the pretty Tartar girls of the empire, numbering many thousands, were gathered together and sorted, and the best of them were sent on to Peking. The selection was first made by the Governors of the provinces, and no girl was presented who was over 18 nor under 12 years of age.

The choice lots were dressed in the finest of clothes, and were carted from all parts of the empire into Peking. They were here submitted to the inspection of the old Empress Dowager, being brought into her presence in lots of five. She passed upon them as fast as she could and weeded out the poorest and dullest. Those who remained were taken out for the time and brought in in new lots, and so the sorting went on, until the thousands had dwindled to the hundreds, the hundreds to scores, and the scores at last down to fifteen.

These fifteen girls were put into training. Their paces were tested and all sorts of experiments were made as to their tempers and traits. After some months the old Empress picked out the three girls she liked, and the eldest of these, who was 18 years old, became Empress. The two others became what are called secondary wives, or chief concubines, and these two latter were sisters, one of whom was 13 and the other 15 years old. The marriage of the Emperor was celebrated in elaborate style, and the magnificence of the occasion may be imagined from the fact that it cost the Government \$10,000,000.

Every three years new batches of wives are picked out for the Emperor. The prettiest girls in the empire are chosen and the Emperor doesn't allow affairs of state to interfere with him in his amusement. He is a sort of a holy figurehead, and his officials keep making him more sacred every day, in return for which they get unlimited opportunities to carry on their plots and speculations. The whole Chinese court is made up of intrigues and intrigues, and the nobles are glad to get their daughters in the royal harem for the political prestige it gives.

PLENTY OF LAWS.

Everything connected with the Em-

peror is regulated by law. He has imperial physicians who watch over his health. The law even provides just what he shall eat. According to the old Chinese books, there must be placed daily before him thirty pounds of meat in a basin and seven pounds boiled in soup. He has a daily allowance of about a pound of hog's fat and butter, and he has the right to order two sheep, two fowls, and two ducks, while his drink for the day is restricted to the milk of eighty cows and the steeping of seventy-five parcels of tea.

The Emperor is lean and unhealthy. He sleeps most of the day and does what work he has to at night, and his life of pleasure has made a physical wreck of him. It is doubtful whether he understands his real situation. It is said that he has never reviewed his own army and that he knows absolutely nothing about military tactics. The Emperor knows nothing of modern civilization. He doesn't even know his own country. His eunuchs are said to have really more influence with him than any one else. They have been his closest associates all his life, and the head eunuch, Pi Tsiau Li, the ally of the Empress Dowager, is one of his confidential advisers.

The Emperor was born in 1871, is the son of Prince Chun, seventh brother of the Emperor Hien Feng, and succeeded to the throne by proclamation, at the death of Emperor Tung-Chi, in 1875. He is the ninth Emperor of China of the Manchu dynasty of Tsing, which overthrew the native dynasty of Ming in 1644. There exists in China no law of hereditary succession to the throne. It is left to each sovereign to appoint his successor from among the members of his family of a younger generation. The late Emperor died suddenly, and the Empress Dowager, his widow, appointed the present Emperor.

A STRONG CHARACTER.

The Empress Dowager will be 64 years old next month. She is said to be a most remarkable woman, and she has been practically the ruler of China for the past generation. She was the secondary wife or the first concubine of the Emperor Hien Fung, who died along about the time of the beginning of our civil war, and she has been practically the boss of the harem and the empire since then.

She was at the head of the empire during a greater part of the Kaiping rebellion. She managed its affairs during its war with France, and she had a little taste of Russian diplomacy in her fuss with the Czar of some years ago. She is said to have a mind of her own, and all the Chinese respect and fear her. She is a stickler as to form, and she insists that all business shall be done through the young Emperor, though she really directs what he is to do.

She is very vain, and she had consented to the spending of about twenty million dollars on the celebration of her birthday, and this money was being collected for the purpose when the war with Japan broke out.

The Empress Dowager is even more secluded than the Emperor, and when she receives her officials she sits behind a screen, and the Cabinet Ministers get down on their knees and talk through it at her.

ENGLISH DOCTOR'S EXPERIENCE.

Queer Ideas in the Medical Line are Met With Among the Chinese.

In an interview with Dr. Charles Wenyon, the famous medical missionary in China, we are told that medical science in China is not as advanced as it was in Rome 2,000 years ago. The so-called doctors cannot tie an artery, open an abscess, or reduce a dislocated limb.

Every Chinaman has got something real or imaginary the matter with him, and there was great curiosity to see the methods of the foreigners; therefore, when Dr. Wenyon arrived there was no lack of patients. They came daily by the hundred from far and near—from an area three or four times that of England. In seventeen years they numbered many thousands, and some of them, as Dr. Wenyon says, became the centre of an influence more or less favourable to western thought and western men. Dr. Wenyon has many curious stories to tell in connection with the medical work.

The literati, who are the great instigators of riot and murder in China, declared that they ought to open a rival hospital, and they did open one. A staff of native "doctors" was found and the building was called "The Hall of Ten Thousand Virtues." It was a splendid building, but somehow that did not assist the cures. Two afflicted friends came to Fatshan, and they decided one to go to Dr. Wenyon's hospital and the other to the rival place.

In three weeks Dr. Wenyon's patient was well, and on going for his friend to the other hospital found that he was dead. The doctor tried to console him by saying that they had buried him in a splendid coffin.

"In fact, coffins were a great necessity at that hospital," says Dr. Wenyon. "When I went there I found that they had laid in a good stock. So the people came to us. It was a question of coming to our hospital for a cure or going to the 'Hall of Ten Thousand Virtues' for a coffin. One day there came a stately gentleman, a learned man belonging to the upper classes, having a painful disorder needing surgical treatment. He hired a private room and operated on him, and in a fortnight he was well. He had not told me who he was, but before he went away he said, 'You might like to know who I am, and I want to tell you, because I am so grateful for being cured of this terrible disease. I am the head doctor of the Hall of Ten Thousand Virtues.'"

FAHRENHEIT THERMOMETER.

The Inventor Was Born in Germany and Died in Holland.

In September, 1736, Gabriel Daniel Fahrenheit died in Holland, probably at Amsterdam, in which city he had settled many years previously, and where he found more suitable scope for his scientific researches than at Dantzg, the great seaport in north-east Germany, where he was born on May 14, 1686. Till just before the seventeenth century men could estimate the temperature by their personal feelings only, but several attempts were then made to measure the degree of heat or cold by tubes containing spirits of wine, oil and other substances. Instead of the first and all of these, Fahrenheit in 1714 substituted mercury or quicksilver, which is a metal naturally fluid. He selected for his scale as zero, a name derived from the same Arabic word as "cipher," and signifying "nothing," the lowest temperature observed by him at Dantzg during the winter of 1709, which he found was that produced by mixing equal quantities of snow and sal-ammoniac, or common salt, and the space between this point and that to which the mercury rose when expanded by the heat equal to that of boiling water or plunging the thermometer into boiling water, he divided about the year 1720 into 212 parts. Doubtless the selection of the freezing point of water as zero, which was made about 1730 by Rane Antoine Ferchault de Reaumur, who lived from Feb. 28, 1683 till Oct. 27, 1757, was simpler, readier, more familiar, and natural. The system was adopted also in 1742 by Anders, Celsius, the Swedish astronomer and physicist, who lived from 1701 till 1756, and whose thermometer is divided into 100 degrees between the freezing point and boiling point of water, as Reaumur's is divided into eighty. It is therefore generally distinguished as the "centigrade" or of a "hundred steps," and is the one employed in other parts of the European continent, and for international purposes.

DANGEROUS HEADACHE POWDERS.

It Is Necessary to Handle Them With Great Care.

A few weeks ago Dr. J. A. Harris, the Medical Officer of Chorley, England, had the police of that city procure some two dozen samples of "headache powders" from different chemists in that city, and had them submitted to a thorough analysis.

The results of the analysis, published in the last number of the British Medical Journal, show that in every case the quantity of the active ingredient was largely in excess of the maximum dose of the drug permitted by the British Pharmacopoeia.

These remedies belong to the class of the analgesics, the members of the group in common use for the purpose being acetanilid or phenylacetanide, phenazone and phenacetin or paracetamol-phenetid. The "headache powders" sold in this country are exactly similar to those sold in England.

Now, all these are drugs that it is necessary to handle with great care. A slight error of judgment with regard to dosage on the part of the clerk who mixes them or the consumption of too large a quantity of the "powders" by the person with a headache is sure to result in disastrous consequences.

These substances depress the action of the heart and have a tendency to diminish the force of respiration. The person will likely fail to detect himself the injury the drug causes him, for in getting rid of his headache he is apt to overlook the fatigue which is sure to come upon him after taking the powder. This he may attribute to "the last kick of the headache," when it is really the greater injury of his system by the deadly poison.

Legislation is necessary to put an end to this practice of selling poisons to the public under fanciful names. If nothing else can be done about it at present, a regulation should be made that no druggist should be allowed to sell "headache powders" unless he has previously labelled them "poison," just as carbolic acid is labelled.

GOLD DUST.

We are not in this world merely to do the pieces of work, large or small, that are set over against our hand. We are here to grow in strength and beauty of character. And it is not hard to see how this growth may go on continually amid life's daily toil and cares. If we are diligent, careful, faithful, prompt, accurate, energetic in the doing of a thousand little things of common life, we are building these qualities meanwhile into our soul's fabric. Thus we are ever learning by doing and growing by doing. There is an unseen spiritual building rising within us continually as we plod on in our unending tasks. Negligence in common duties mars our character. Faithfulness in all work builds beauty into the soul.

A QUEER VERDICT.

Upon the Isle of Man, where sheep-stealing is evidently a serious offense, John Dixon was recently sentenced to three years' imprisonment for it. The exact words of the jury were: "Not having satisfactorily accounted to the minds of the jury for the possession of the sheep, we find the prisoner guilty." What puzzles the lawyers is this: Can a man be legally jailed on such a verdict?