

## About the House.

### THE MOTHER.

A little ring of gold—a battered shoe—  
A faded, curling wisp of yellow hair—  
Some penciled pictures—playthings  
one or two—  
A corner and a chest to hold them  
there.  
Many a woman's fondest board is  
this,  
Among her dearest treasures none  
so dear,  
Though bearded lips are often here to  
kiss  
That once made only prattle to her  
ear.  
The sturdy arm, the seasoned form,  
the brow  
That arches over eyes of manly  
blue  
Mean all joy to her living memory  
now,  
And yet—and yet—she hugs the  
other, too!  
With that rare love, mysterious and  
deep,  
Down in a mother-heart thro' all  
the year,  
That placid age can never lull to sleep  
And is not grief, yet oft brings  
foolish tears.  
She often goes those hoarded things  
to view  
And fingers the wee treasures hid-  
den there—  
To touch the little ring and battered  
shoe  
And kiss the curling wisp of yellow  
hair!

### CRULLERS AND TEA BISCUIT.

The following is a recipe for making French crullers. Four ounces of flour, two ounces of butter, four eggs and one-half pint of water. Cut the butter into small pieces, put it into the water, and stand over a good fire to boil. As soon as it boils, add the flour quickly, and stir over the fire until it sticks together and rolls around in the saucepan like a ball. Then take it from the fire, beat thoroughly, and stand it in a warm place, 72° F., for half an hour. Add one egg unbeaten, and beat the mixture until smooth. Add another egg and beat again, and so continue until the four eggs have been added. Next beat the entire mixture for five minutes until smooth; cover and stand aside for another half hour. Put one pound of lard or clarified dripping into a deep frying-pan; stand it on the fire to heat gradually. Put one cupful of sugar on a dinner plate, add to it one teaspoonful of ground cinnamon, and mix. Now flour the baking board, put on a tablespoonful of the mixture, and roll very lightly. The mixture will be very soft, but a little practice will make it possible to handle it without adding much flour. After rolling the mixture down to a quarter of an inch, cut with a round cutter, take out a center with a small cutter, lift carefully into cake turner, and slide it into the hot fat. Fry brown on one side, turn and brown on the other side. Take out, drain, then roll in the sugar and cinnamon.

These are very troublesome to make, but when well done are most delicious. Points to be remembered: 1. After adding the last egg, let the beating be rapid and continuous. 2. Have the fat hot, but not smoking hot. 3. Use very little extra flour in rolling out.  
Tea Biscuit.—Successful tea biscuits are made by sifting half a pint of flour with a small teaspoonful baking powder in a bowl; add quarter teaspoonful salt and half teaspoonful butter; rub the butter fine in the flour; add half cupful milk and mix into a soft dough, turn on to a floured board and give a few turns with a knife to smooth the dough; then roll it out to one inch in thickness; cut it out with a small biscuit cutter; set them in a small, shallow tin-pan close together; brush with milk and bake till done. This will make nine small biscuits.

### WASHING TABLE LINEN.

The work on many of the embroidered doyleys and centrepieces, carving cloths, etc., in almost every home is so handsome that they might well be considered works of art and should receive the care necessary to preserve their beauty. The embroidery silk used is warranted to be fast in color and will not fade if they are washed properly, yet the fact remains that many a beautiful piece has been ruined by the careless laundress.  
If the cloth has been stained, the stained portion should be placed over a basin, and boiling water poured through it. Or if a little salt, and a few drops of lemon juice are put on it, while still fresh, and the linen placed in the sunshine an hour or two, all traces of the stain usually disappear. Of course the lemon juice should not be applied to the colored silk, or it will fade the colors.  
Table linens should not be used long enough to become badly soiled, as the hard rubbing necessary to get them clean is destructive to their beauty. Heat the water until it is luke warm, dissolve a little borax in it, and add enough soap to make a good suds. Wash each piece between the hands until clean, rinse through two waters with a little bluing in the second. The borax softens the water making very little soap or rubbing necessary. A

little boiled starch may be added to the second rinse water, and will give it the stiffness of new linen. Hang where the wind will not whip it out, and iron while it is quite damp. The embroidered parts should be ironed on the wrong side and make the pattern show to the best advantage. Linen that is treated in this way will look fresh and unfaded as long as it lasts.

### WINDOW BOXES.

A charming arrangement was noticed last summer. The plants employed were nasturtiums only, and the entire cost could not have exceeded fifty cents. The box was of rough boards, evidently strongly joined, and set upon a pair of iron brackets.  
The box was covered with floor oil-cloth, tacked on, and the design was such that it looked like tile work. The colors were cream and brown. A pine frame the width of the window, and six inches across, was nailed to the top of the window for attaching the strings on which the vines were supported. The nasturtiums were of both the dwarf and climbing sorts.  
A drapery of trailing nasturtiums fell over the edge of the box, and dwarf nasturtiums filled the center, and all were of the deepest, richest colors known to this flower. The nasturtiums that were trained up the supports were of lighter colors, lemon and orange and cream. The middle strings had been loosened and the vines had been drawn back from the center to each side by strong strings; the whole appearance being a diamond shaped aperture surrounded by a drapery of living green. The effect was equally charming from within and without.

### HOMEMADE NOODLES.

Noodles and Cheese.—To 1 qt boiling water add 1 cup cut noodles, boil 10 minutes, drain off the water, put noodles in dish, add 1 spoon butter, 4 spoons grated cheese, 1 teaspoon salt, set in oven 10 minutes, serve hot.  
Noodles with Onions.—Boil noodles same as for cheese, salt, slice 3 onions, fry in butter till light brown, pour drained noodles over onions, stir, serve at once.  
Noodles and Bread.—Fry one-half inch to one inch cubes of bread in butter, till brown, pour boiled noodles over them, season and serve.

### THE TOOTH BRUSH PLANT.

One of the most curious plants in the world is what is called the tooth-brush plant of Jamaica. It is a species of creeper, and has nothing particularly striking about its appearance. By cutting pieces of it to a suitable length and fraying the ends, the natives convert it into a tooth brush; and a tooth powder to accompany the use of the brush is also prepared by pulverizing the dead stems.

### A HOUSEKEEPER'S HINT.

"Did you know," said the old housekeeper, "that crushed egg shells are good for cleaning discolored or stained bottles. I used to think I must have a small amount of shot in the house for cleaning the inside of bottles. Of course, chopped pieces of potato are good, but egg shells are first-rate, too."

### Saluting the Deck.

The poop or raised after deck of a ship over which floated the national flag was considered to be always pervaded by the presence of the sovereign. As the worshiper of whatever rank removes his hat upon entering the church so from the admiral to the powder monkey every member of the ship's company as he set foot upon the poop "saluted the deck," the invisible presence. But since in steamers there is often no lee side the custom in them has completely died out.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

### A Tough Joint.

The boarder who was carving the roast beef at the request of the land lady laid down the knife and fork and took a short rest.  
"The spirit is willing," he remarked, "but the flesh is strong."

### Our Debt to the Barn Fowl.

It is quite possible, though of course not demonstrable, that the humble barn fowl has been a larger benefactor of our race than any mechanical invention in our possession, for there is no inhabited country on earth today where the barn fowl is not a mainstay of health. There are vast regions of South America and Europe where it is the mainstay, and nowhere is there known anything that can take its place, which is probably more than can be said of anything in the world of mechanics.—Century.

### Limits to His Gratitude.

"I feel that I ought to make some acknowledgment to the people who were so kind to us during my late wife's last sickness," said Mr. Phrologue, "and I would like to have you insert this card of thanks in a prominent place in this week's paper."  
"We are obliged to make a charge for these notices," replied the editor of *The Weekly Blizzard*, looking over the manuscript, "and this will cost you \$1."  
"Then you needn't publish it," rejoined Mr. Phrologue. "I am not quite as grateful as all that comes to."

## AT WOOLWICH HOSPITAL.

### A HAVEN FOR SICK AND WOUNDED SOLDIERS.

Some Things of Interest About the Dockyard and Arsenal That are Also Located in the English Town.

The Herbert Hospital at Woolwich, England, has 24 wards in all. In one corner of a ward, again, a poor fellow's eye peeps out of a bewildering array of sticking-plaster patches. In another, a stalwart infantryman hobbles along with a bullet in one foot. All around are signs of war; but not a syllable of boast, no posing, not the slightest trace of brag at having taken part in a great historic struggle. The Herbert Hospital boasts of a library of some 600 or 700 volumes, which are well patronized by the wounded Tommies. The hospital possesses an uncommonly handsome little chapel as well as a theatre—not an operating theatre—complete with stage, scenery, and every historic requisite. Just now the auditorium is strewn with the kits of the returning troops, and similar articles which tell a tale more moving than any that have been, or could be, enacted on its pretty little stage.  
There is nothing of the mushroom growth about the town of Woolwich. The Earlier chronicles carry us back, if vaguely, to the days of Alfred the Great—when there was a parish church there, now nearly 1,100 years ago.

Woolwich has been varied in spelling from Hulviz in the Domesday Book, 1086,—which has been interpreted "the dwelling on the creek," to the modern method by the way of Owlwiche, Wooldwich, Wolnewich, Woolledge, Wulenic, and Wulewich.

From the very earliest times Woolwich has been the starting point of expeditions, from those of the early Britons, who harried the coasts of Gaul in Caesar's day, to the Arctic exploration undertaken by Sir John Franklin in 1845, and that of Sir James Ross in 1848.

### VISITS OF ROYALTY.

In the early years of their married life it was the custom of the Queen and Prince Albert to depart from the dockyard, both for Scotland and the Continent, and many important launches have taken place there.

The two most notable visits of the Queen to Woolwich were in 1841 and 1854. The launch of the *Trafalgar*, 120 guns, took place on June 21, 1844. The roads from London swarmed with coaches, gigs, phaetons, and over a hundred steamers and yachts carried sightseers to points of vantage on the river. On that day her Majesty wore a bright blue silk dress and a white drawn silk bonnet trimmed with roses. The bottle of wine with which the christening was performed, was one of those which Lord Nelson had on board the *Victory* at the battle of *Trafalgar*.

Then came the launch of the *Royal Albert* on Saturday, May 13, 1854, when the Queen accompanied by the Prince Royal, the Prince of Wales, Prince Alfred, and the Duchess of Kent was present amid some 60,000 spectators. England and Russia were at the beginning of the war, and the bombardment of Odessa had just drawn attention to the navy, to which the *Royal Albert* was to be added.

### CONVICT LABOR USED.

The dockyard was not finished until 1843, but additions were made to it earlier in the century, the extension works being carried out by convict labour, but the immense graving dock, the great basins, and the building

slips added in the year mentioned enlarged the dockyard to 56 acres, with a river frontage of 3,680 feet. Even before this addition Woolwich was considered the mother dock of the kingdom, and drew praise from the Emperor of Russia when the allied sovereigns were visiting the Arsenal in 1814. But the end of the "Yard" came in 1863, when the workmen were rung out for the last time on Sept. 18, and the greater part of the machinery was moved to Chatham.

The Arsenal dates back to at least 1667, when Prince Rupert was ordered by the second Charles to raise works and batteries at Woolwich, and build in the warren's platform with 60 guns as a defence against the Dutch. Some authorities even date it back to Elizabeth; but in any case it was not until 1773 that it was visited by a reigning sovereign, when George III., went there on July 6.

### ABOUT THE ARSENAL.

There was but little variation in the Arsenal until 1840, the Peninsular campaign keeping it uniformly busy for a series of years, but the new developments consequent on the rearmament of the navy, when the Admiralty rendered 10,000 guns obsolete at once, extended the work enormously. Steam power was introduced, and important machinery adopted, and the wharves and piers erected. The royal gun factories were built in 1854-5, for the manufacture of the wrought-iron ordnance invented by Sir William Armstrong, but rifled cannon only dates back to 1860, when the first specimens were turned out, and nearly a year later the first heavy Armstrong, 100-pounder, breechloader was proved at the Arsenal.

Severndroog Castle, an attractive feature of the landscape at Shooters Hill, is a triangular tower, erected in 1784 by the widow of Sir William James in honor of her husband, who so distinguished himself against the pirates of the Indian Seas, one of his exploits being the capture of the fortress of Severndroog, on the Malabar Coast, in 1775. This quaint war relic is only a few hundred yards from the hospital.

Lord Herbert, who married the daughter of Major-General Charles Ashe a Court, was a descendant of Herbert Fitzherbert, chamberlain to Henry I. The first earl was an adherent of the House of York, but his son exchanged his title for that of Huntingdon, which became extinct at his death. The first Earl of Pembroke of the present line was William Herbert, who married the sister of Katherine Parr, the last wife of Henry VIII., and the present heir is Reginald Herbert, born in 1889, who was educated at Eton and Sandhurst, and is an officer in the Royal Horse Guards.

### A PERFECT DESCENT.

Teresa Falcicola, a woman of Zuarna, Italy, recently found out how it feels to fly. Near her home, which nestles in a valley, is a high wooded mountain. To it it has been her custom to go for fire-wood.

To carry this wood from the precipitous mountain to her cottage was quite an arduous task. Therefore she sent it down by means of a strong metal wire, stretched from the valley up to the mountain-top.

A few weeks ago she and her two little daughters ascended the mountain, and after gathering three goodly bundles of wood, prepared to send them down. Just as the mother had fastened the first bundle to the wire, and had launched it on its downward course, her wedding ring caught in the rope with which the bundle was tied, and in a flash she was carried off her feet.

Half-paralyzed with fear, her little daughters watched her as she sped from their sight, and then they ran down the mountain, fully expecting to find her lying dead at the end of the wire. And their fear was quite natural, since the mountain-top from which their mother had been torn is eight hundred yards above the valley.

But the children found their mother entirely uninjured. Her fall had been broken as she was reaching the earth by some friendly branches. The bundle of wood, too, was in some measure a bulwark against the shock.

## With Rich Red Blood

### Throbbing Through the Arteries Weakness and Disease are Impossible--Dr. Chase's Nerve Food Makes the Blood Pure, Rich and Healthy.

Not a single day passes but we are reminded of the value of keeping the body supplied with an abundance of rich, red, life-sustaining blood.

Heart failure, brain troubles and nerve paralysis can only exist when the blood is in a thin, watery condition.

Deadly pneumonia and consumption cannot find a beginning in the healthy body, which is supplied with plenty of pure blood to rebuild and reconstruct the tissues wasted by disease.

To guard against disease, to prolong life, to insure health, strength and vigor to every organ you cannot possibly find a means so effective as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, the blood builder and nerve restorative.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is composed of the very elements of nature which go to form new, rich, red blood, and this accounts for its phenomenal success as a system builder. It is as certain as the laws of nature, because it gets away down at the foundation of disease and cures by making the blood pure and rich.

Dr. E. McLaughlin, 95 Parliament St., Toronto, states:—"My daughter

was pale, weak, languid and very nervous, her appetite was poor and changeable, she could scarcely drag herself about the house, and her nerves were completely unstrung. She could not sleep for more than half an hour at a time without starting up and crying out in excitement.

"As she was growing weaker and weaker, I became alarmed, and got a box of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. She used this treatment for some weeks and from the first we noticed a decided improvement. Her appetite became better, she gained in weight, the color returned to her face, and she gradually became strong and well. I cannot say too much in favor of this wonderful treatment, since it has proven such a blessing to my daughter."

To allow the blood to get weak, watery and vitiated is to prepare the way for pneumonia, consumption, kidney disease, or other dreadfully fatal complications. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food prevents and cures disease by creating an abundance of rich blood and nerve force in the system. In pill form, 50c. a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

### THE BROOKLET.

"Oh, silver brooklet, flowing clear,  
Forever speeding past me here,  
I stand and ponder on thy flow;  
Whence comest thou? Where dost thou go?"

"From out the rock's deep heart I glide,  
O'er flowers and moss my course I guide.  
There floats upon my mirror true  
The picture of the heaven's blue.

"So, like a child without a care,  
I bound along, I know not where;  
He will, I trust, my Leader be,  
Who from earth's bosom summoned me."

—S. J. Underwood, From the German of Goethe.

### ROYAL NAMES A HOODOO.

One of the Strongest Superstitions of the English Navy.

One of the very strongest and most ineffaceable of all superstitions in the royal navy, a superstition that is almost as strong today as ever it was, is that vessels bearing the names of royal personages are doomed to ill luck, and, strange as it may seem, there is an undeniable historic basis for this feeling.

Some of the most terrible disasters ever known in connection with our navy have concerned war vessels with royal names. Two vessels called the *Royal James* came to disastrous ends. One of them exploded, and some 800 officers and seamen perished. The other ship so named was actually carried out of the mouth of the Thames by the Dutch Admiral de Ruyter under circumstances disgraceful to those in charge of the craft.

Then there is the forever memorable disaster to the *Royal George*, an unlucky ship previously, that turned over and sank in sight of crowds at Spithead, over 1,000 souls, among whom were 800 women, being sacrificed. And second only to this hideous disaster is that which afterward befell the *Royal Charlotte*, which, after a career of much vicissitude, was consumed by fire off Leghorn, over 800 of the very flower of the navy perishing with her.

When in 1893 the *Victoria*, a new vessel and the very triumph of modern invention so far as naval architecture went, was rammed and sank at once in sight of the whole fleet and when hundreds of lives were lost, there was not a sailor, however matter of fact he might be, who did not remember the dire fate of the royally named craft. These instances are only the greater ones. A score of smaller ones are recalled off by every royal navy man.—Tit-Bits.

### Paid For His Joke.

The editor is fond of a joke and has the good sense to appreciate one at his own expense. A few weeks ago he was walking with a friend, and at the corner of a busy thoroughfare he saw a dilapidated looking Hibernian standing at the opposite corner gazing listlessly into vacancy.

"Watch me surprise this old fellow," said he to his friend. "Look right into his face and see if it won't be a study." A second later they were abreast of the son of Erin, and the editor pulled out a silver coin and said as he thrust it into the man's hand: "Here's that half a crown I owe you. Now, don't go round any more telling people that I don't pay my debts."

For a second the man's face was a study. He was amazed at the unlooked-for kindness, and then, as its purport dawned on him, he raised his hat and said: "Heaven bless yer honor! I'll never say another word ag'in ye. But," and his eyes twinkled merrily, "are ye sure it wasn't a crown ye owed me?"

The friend roared: "Oh, pay the man in full! Don't try to beat him out of a paltry half crown." The Irishman got his crown, but the editor no longer pays his debts at sight now.—London Telegraph.

### Used Olive Oil.

A mistress before going out told her negro cook to fry some Saratoga chips in olive oil. The first thing that greeted the mistress upon her return was an unrecognizable and awful odor that penetrated every cranny of the flat. Rushing to the kitchen, the mistress found the chips sizzling away in a pan full of what proved to be vinegar. "But I told you olive oil!" cried the mistress.

"Yes, ma'am, I know, ma'am," returned the cook, who, by the way, can read and write and is "up" upon matters of geography and history. "But, you see, ma'am, I didn't know what it was, and I saw that bottle there," pointing to a jar of olives, "and I just poured the stuff out of that over the potatoes. I s'posed that where there was olives there must be olive oil."—New York Sun.

### Wonders of New Hampshire.

The average reader will be amazed to learn that little New Hampshire, with less than 10,000 square miles, has no less than 406 lakes and ponds, 154 brooks, 58 rivers and 294 mountains. This makes Iowa look small. Colorado, a big state, has 556 creeks. Texas has comparatively few rivers, lakes and creeks. Alabama has 663 creeks and 87 rivers. Iowa cannot approach that record. Minnesota has 222 lakes and 140 rivers.—New York Press.

### Books.

Books are sweet, unreproaching companions to the miserable, and if they cannot bring us to enjoy life they will at least teach us to endure it.—*Walter of Wakefield*.