

THE HOME.

PUDDING SAUCES.

During the winter the favorite dessert is some form of pudding, and a sauce is generally required. There are a number of simple sauces that are easy to make, and which add a delicate and palatable flavor to any pudding. Of course, the kind of sauce made should be selected to suit the flavor of the pudding. If the pudding has no decided flavor the sauce will add to it.

For rice puddings all kinds of fruit sauces are especially good. They are made from the juice of canned fruits with decided flavors, like peaches, strawberries or raspberries. Jellies, too melted and diluted will do as well. It frequently happens that when canned fruit is served there is a quantity of juice left, and that should be saved for sauces. Lemons, oranges, and pineapples make excellent flavors; also brandy, especially for plum pudding or those made from bread containing a quantity of raisins, currants, etc. These fruit sauces are made by boiling a scant pint of water and adding as much juice as desired, with sugar enough to sweeten to taste. Then this mixture is thickened with about two teaspoonfuls of cornstarch, stirred smooth in a little cold water, and added to the other while boiling, stirring constantly. For this quantity of water the juice and grated rind of one orange or lemon, with sugar, according, will make a delicate sauce, if prepared in the above manner.

A plain sauce is made from two tablespoonfuls of brown sugar, one tablespoonful of cornstarch, one scant pint water, and a little cinnamon on the tip of the spoon. Mix the sugar, cinnamon and cornstarch together with a few spoonfuls of cold water. Pour over this the boiling water and stir. Cook three minutes, and serve warm.

Many people are fond of hard sauce on their puddings. To make it take two parts of granulated sugar to one of butter; cream them well together, stirring in the sugar a little at a time. When creamy keep it on a plate, and, if desired, grate a little nutmeg over it. Serve very cold.

Whipped cream makes a very delicate sauce to serve with fruit and certain of the lighter puddings. Thick cream is necessary, and it should be cold. Beat up the whites of two eggs and add to a pint of cream, with two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar and a teaspoonful of vanilla extract. This is delicious with baked apples which have been pared and cored before baked, and when the sauce is served with it. If desired, the flavoring may be other fruit.

A cream sauce may be made by beating two tablespoonfuls of sugar into a pint of cold cream and serving. Another way of making a cream sauce is by beating a tablespoonful of butter into a half cupful of powdered sugar. Then just before serving add a tablespoonful of vinegar, one teaspoonful of vanilla extract and two tablespoonfuls of cream.

APPLES.

It is scarcely possible to see too many apples in a household. The following recipes in which the apple plays a prominent part will be found timely and useful:

Boiled Apple Puddings.—Make a nice pie crust, and line with it a bowl that has been well buttered; then fill with sliced apples and sugar enough to moisten them, and the peel and juice of one lemon; cover with paste and pinch the edges together; then tie the bowl securely in a floured cloth, and put into rapidly-boiling water. It should boil from two hours to two hours and a half according to size, and should not be allowed to stop boiling for one moment. It is very nice served with cream alone or with a sauce of butter and sugar.

Old-Fashioned Apple Pie.—Fill a deep yellow pie dish with pared apples sliced very thin; then cover with a substantial crust and bake; when browned to a turn, slip a knife around the inner edge, take off the cover and turn bottom upward on a plate; then add a generous supply of sugar, cinnamon and cloves to the apples; mash all together and spread evenly on the inverted crust. After grating nutmeg over it, the dish is served cold with cream.

Delicious Brown Betty.—Butter a deep pudding dish and place a layer of finely chopped apples in the bottom; then add a layer of very fine bread-crumbs, and sprinkle with sugar and spice; add a little butter, then another layer of apples, and so on until the dish is filled. The top layer should be of the crumbs seasoned to taste. Bake in a moderate oven until quite brown, and serve while hot, either with sweetened cream or a hard sauce.

Baked Apple Pudding.—Pare, quarter and core six good-sized apples, and boil them in a small quantity of water until they are soft enough to mash. Pour off the water, and when thoroughly mashed add half a pint of bread-crumbs, sugar to taste, the grated peel of a lemon, three eggs well beaten, and one ounce of melted butter. Bake in a moderate oven, and serve with a hard sauce, made by stirring to a cream one cupful of butter and two of pulverized sugar, and flavoring with vanilla.

Apples a la Manhattan.—Make a light syrup of a cupful of water and half a cupful of sugar. Pare and core the apples. Cook the apples in the syrup without breaking and then put some small pieces of cake on a plate and an apple on each. Sprinkle the whole with sugar. Put the syrup back on the fire and add some currant jelly; boil down until thick, then pour over

the apples and garnish with a star of whipped cream. Serve hot or cold, as you prefer.

Apple Tartlets.—Line patty pans with plain paste, fill with one cupful steamed and strained apple, two tablespoonfuls butter, melted, one-third cupful sugar, one tablespoonful finely chopped Canton ginger, one half teaspoonful lemon juice and a few gratings from the rind of a lemon. Mix thoroughly, and add one egg slightly beaten. Put strips of paste across the top.

Apple Cream.—Take five or six good-sized apples, pare and core them, and boil in a little water until soft. Then put into a dish containing the whites of five eggs; add sugar to taste and beat well together. Pour cream around them and serve.

AT THE DINNER TABLE.

Why is it that in most households the dinner table becomes a dumping ground for the wholesale complaints of its members? Probably because this is the only meal of the day when the entire family meet together, each one feels it a duty to air a few personal grievances in order to seek consolation from the others, says Household.

Out of deference to digestion, if for no other reason, dinner table conversation should be of the spiciest, and this fact is lost sight of in the general desire of everybody, from papa down to the youngsters, to serve only those topics which have marred, rather than made the day's happiness.

Hardly has the man of the house finished his carving duties before he falls into an animated financial discussion with his wife. Household expenses are rehearsed, bills grumbled over and the cost of living recalculated.

Mother, in her turn, eagerly pours into any listening ear her domestic woes. The day's errors below stairs are minutely recorded. She sighs over Bridget's butter waste, declares that the butcher's indifference to her order is becoming intolerable, and so on.

Then the small boy, poor little target for family flay-picking, comes in for his share of criticism. His failures at school are relentlessly raked up, and all sorts of punishments threatened unless there is speedy reform.

If there are guests present, this talk of the inner circle is, for courtesy's sake, given a less personal flavor, but only then, "Good cheer and plenty of it" is not the motto of the average family dinner.

A PERFECT HOME.

The most perfect home I ever saw was a little house into the sweet incense of whose fires went no costly things. A thousand dollars served as a year's living for father, mother and three children. But the mother was the creator of a home; her relations with the children were the most beautiful I have ever seen; every inmate of the house involuntarily looked into her face for the keynote of the day, and it always rung clear. From the rosebud or clover-leaf, which in spite of her hard housework she always found time to put beside our plates at breakfast, down to the story she had on hand to read in the evening, there was no intermission of her influence. She has always been and always will be my ideal of a mother, wife and homemaker. If to her quick brain, loving heart and exquisite face had been added the appliances of wealth and enlargements of wide culture, hers would have been absolutely the ideal home. As it was, it was the best I have ever seen.—Helen Hunt.

HORRORS IN HOTTENTOTLAND.

The Fearful Ravages of the German Language in South Africa.

Among the Hottentots—Hottentoten—the kangaroos—Beutelratte—are found in great numbers. Many of them wander over the country, free and unmolested; others less fortunate are taken by hunters and put into cages—Kotter—provided with covers—Lattengitter—to keep out the rain. These cages are called in German Lattengitter wetterkotter, and the kangaroo, after his imprisonment, takes the name of Lattengitterwetterkotterbeutelratte. One day an assassin—Attentater—was arrested who had killed a Hottentot woman, Hottentotenmutter, the mother of two stupid and stuttering children in Stratertrottel. This woman, in the German language is entitled Hottentotenstrotterrottelmutter, and her assassin takes the name of Hottentotenstrottermutterattentator. The murderer was confined in a kangaroo's cage—Beutelratten latten gitter wetterkotter, whence a few days later he escaped; but fortunately, he was recaptured by a Hottentot, who presented himself at the mayor's office, with beaming face.

"I have captured the Beutelratte," said he.

"Which one?" replied the mayor, "we have several."

"The Attentaterlattengitterwetterkotterbeutelratte."

"Which Attentater are you talking about?"

"About the Hottentotenstrotterrottelmutterattentater."

"Then why don't you say at once the Hottentoten strottel, muller allentaterlattengitterwetter kollerbeutelratte?"

The Hottentot fled in dismay.

A LITTLE BOY'S WISH.

Aunt—Well, Bobby, what do you want to be when you grow up?

Bobby—suffering from parental discipline—An orphan.

ECHINOCOCCUS PARASITE,

A DISEASE PECULIAR TO ICELAND AND AUSTRALIA.

Almost Totally Unknown in This or the European Continent—A Young Man in Cincinnati Afflicted—His Liver Invaded By a Worm Whose Progeny Increase a Billion Fold and Menace His Life.

Medical circles are agog over the discovery in the body of a young patient of Cincinnati of a parasite rarely found except in the lower animals, and among the residents of Iceland and the shepherds of Victoria, South Australia.

In the words of medical writers, a disease of the liver has developed, producing a cystic condition, due to the presence of a larval form of the taenia echinococcus, as the parasite is named, causing a gradual enlargement and alteration of the form of the organ and varied functional disturbances, both in the liver and adjacent organs. As far back as Hippocrates the disease has been known, though not its cause, and in the works of that ancient writer and Galen and Arterus references are made to large cysts of the liver containing water and in some instances numerous vesicles, and in the literature of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries many unequivocal references to the disease are found. The parasitic nature of the disease was not known, however, until Prof. Pallas, a noted bacteriologist of his day, in 1766 discovered the parasite and showed its close relationship to the tapeworm, but not until 1821 Prof. Bremser, another famous savant, described the disease as it occurs in man. The exact relationship of the echinococcus to the parent tapeworm and the manner in which it invades the human body remained hypothetical until very much later.

As before stated echinococcus of the liver is met with more frequently in Iceland than in any other portion of the globe. It has been estimated that every seventh person in that country harbors the parasite.

No part of the world is exempt from the disease, but the statistics of its frequency are very meagre. On this continent and in most parts of Europe it is so rare that less than a dozen authentic cases are reported. In some localities, however, as in Iceland, the disease is always more or less prevalent owing to the fact that the domestic animals have become pretty generally infected by the taenia or worm. It was formerly supposed that the dog was the only host of the taenia echinococcus, a supposition based on the frequency of the disease in Iceland, where it is known that the dogs are largely infested by the worm, and where these animals come in closer contact with the people. The egg, or ova, of the worm was supposed to enter the alimentary canal of man in drinking water, or by the dog licking the face of the individual. The discovery of the parasite in the wolf and fox did not materially affect this conclusion, but more recently it has come to be believed that the disease may be developed by eating infected meat. Other scientists have discovered its presence in the ox, sheep, hog, goat, deer, horse, squirrel and many other animals. Its frequent occurrence among the shepherds of Victoria, South Australia, was attributed to the eating of mutton, in the belief that the sheep had become infected from shepherd dogs.

The parasite of echinococcus is about a quarter of an inch long, and consists of a head and body, with all powers of procreation. It carries its eggs, estimated at 5,000 or more in number, each containing an embryo, which upon maturity become detached from the parent, and are discharged into the intestinal canal. From thence they reach the stomach and then the liver, unattended by the symptoms that follow the entrance of the trichina, the parasite so

DEADLY ON ITS ACTION.

Derived by human beings from the hog. When once lodged in the liver these parasites form a cyst or sac, increasing and multiplying into a colony of millions and trillions. The growth of the sac is slow, and unaccompanied by functional disturbances, and in one or two autopsies made it was found that this sac or cyst weighed 30 pounds. Within the larger sac, or surrounding it, other cysts or sacs form, varying from two or three to several thousand.

As a result of the irritation produced by the parasite in the liver tissue a firm fibrous wall is formed around it and around the sac. Sometimes the parasites die as a result of accidents from without, the growth of the cyst is then arrested, but it still remains a foreign body in the substance of the liver. Their presence in the patient are indicated by a cough, palpitations, indigestion, vomiting, constipation and some times varicose veins. In the latter stages of the disease pain and a high temperature develop, and then if the patient does not die of shock the sac breaks discharging into the bronchial tubes or pericardium.

The use of medicine in this disease has been generally abandoned, for it is not believed that any drug can penetrate the dense capsule which surrounds the parasite in sufficient strength to exert a destructive influence upon it. Surgery is the only remedy resorted to, the means employed being puncture and aspiration, an incision being made into the liver followed by drainage and irrigation.

In young Bateman all the symptoms

of the insidious disease are present, and the invasion of the parasite of echinococcus of his liver has been established by a careful microscopic examination and its presence discovered. Skilled physicians are in attendance upon the case, and all that science can do will be done to prevent a fatal termination and give relief to the sufferer.

SOME SAILOR PRINCES.

There Are Not Many of Them, and Some Aren't Distinguished as Mariners.

Sailor princes, even in history, have not been very common; in fact, like good actors, they are rare, rare birds. Prince Henry of Prussia is the latest of them. He started on Thursday for China in command of a German squadron to impress on the almond-eyed and oblique-minded Chinese how nice it will be to have William the Sudden as a friend.

Perhaps the first sailor prince—and he was a sailor prince much against his will—was Prince William, son of Henry I. of England. He was in the Blanche Nef—the white ship—when she was lost, with all but one of her people, one November night in 1120; and after his death his father, according to tradition, never smiled again, "not even when he was tickled," the young student of English history said by way of comment.

After him the next sailor prince was Henry the Navigator, "to whose enlightened foresight and perseverance the human race is indebted for the maritime discovery, within one century of more than half the globe." He didn't do much sailing himself, but

STAYED ON SHORE

and told other people how to sail. In 1418 and 1420 Madeira was rediscovered; in 1435 Cape Badajoz was doubled; the mouth of the Senegal was reached in 1445, the Azores were colonized, and in 1455-7 the Gambia was discovered.

But in staying ashore Prince Henry didn't do so differently from the sailor princes who followed him. They do not spend much time afloat, and get their titles without an examination for a master's certificate.

William IV. of Great Britain, however, was probably the most sailor-like sailor prince that ever existed. He went to sea in 1779, when he was 14 years old, and in 1788, when he was Captain sailed for home from the West Indies without orders, and got a good wigging when he got home and was sent back to his station with a flea in his ear. He left the sea in 1793, though he was Lord High Admiral from May, 1827, to August, 1828, when he had to resign. But as Lord High Admiral he did not go to sea; he merely looked on.

The next of the kind was the Prince de Joinville, a younger son of Louis Philippe, King of the French. Francis d'Orleans was born in 1818, and in 1840 was enough of a sailor to command La Belle Poule, the vessel in which Napoleon's body was brought back from St. Helena. He is still alive, a hale old gentleman of 80. He was a real fighter and captured the Mexican General Arista after a hand-to-hand fight during the attack on Vera Cruz in 1839.

The Duke de Penthièvre succeeded his father the Prince de Joinville, as a sailor prince. After a little more than a year he resigned, in May, 1864, and drew no pay; but if he hadn't been a prince he probably would have been a good sailor; at all events he joins the little list of sailor princes with about as good a right as any of the lot.

Then came the present Duke of York Prince George of Wales. He was born in 1855, and in 1879 started with his elder brother on a tour around the world. In 1891 he commanded the gunboat Thrush. He is now an aide-de-camp to the Queen and is a Captain in the navy.

Perhaps this Duke's uncle, the Duke of Edinburgh now Duke Alfred of Saxe-Coburg should be called a sailor prince. Certainly, he has been to sea, and he is now an Admiral in the British Navy. After him comes the latest of the lot, Prince Henry of Prussia, and he like the baby in "Midshipman Easy," has been "a very little one." He may grow while he is at sea.

MIDDLEAGED PHILOSOPHY.

You are "getting into years." Yes, but the years are getting into you; the ripe, mellow years. One by one the conditions of your youth are falling off from you; the vanity, the egotism, the bewilderment, uncertainty. Every wrong road into which you have wandered has brought you by the knowledge of that mistake nearer to the truth. Nearer and nearer you are approaching yourself.

CURIOUS FRENCH CUSTOM.

In France there is a peculiar custom which requires both parties to civil suits at law to pay a visit of ceremony at the residence of the Judge before whom their case is to be tried. It is necessary for them to call in person and at least leave cards. If he is at home he receives them, but it is not considered good form to discuss the matter in litigation.

TO THE MANNER BORN.

Sunset Sims, thoughtfully—Bill, when you an' me die an' go ter de good place do yer s'pose we'll feel strange dere? Weary Willie—W-y, ur course not We're de only folks dat'll feel natural. Heaven is a place of eternal rest, yer know.

TRAVELLERS' ELYSIUM

Its Location Is Not Made Public for Reasons Which Will Be Understood.

The pilgrim alighted on the platform of a small Western railway shortly before midnight. A hansom near by—a four-wheeler—and the traveller was soon en route to the hotel in town. When the hansom stopped the visitor pulled half a dollar from his pocket and tendered it.

"No, thank you, sir," said the driver. "Pleased to have accommodated you."

Three minutes later the man had entered.

"Want to go to your room right now?" Mr. Smith queried the clerk.

"Yes."

"Well, say," said the clerk, with a mysterious wink, "how would you like a drink of whiskey strike you before you go to bed?"

"If it's a drink of good whiskey, I think it might be the proper thing," was Mr. Smith's answer.

The clerk took one with his own "just to be sociable," and the somewhat astonished Mr. Smith retired.

Next morning Mr. Smith arose at the sparrows, but the clerk was not there.

"Morning, Mr. Smith," said he. "In this way a good sleep well. Just going into the city?"

"What do you think of a nice cocktail for an appetizer?"

Mr. Smith, who believes in picking up all the gold nuggets on the way, yielded assent. He also wondered what kind of a game he had discovered at noon the obsequious clerk was in the dining room door.

"Would a bottle of beer fit in with your dinner, Mr. Smith?"

The now thoroughly astonished Mr. Smith simply nodded.

That afternoon he left town, his bill was simply for bed, breakfast and dinner. The whiskey, cocktail and beer were not in evidence.

At the depot he was engaged in conversation by a somewhat inebriated individual who was proclaiming in a feverish tone the beauties and glories of the town.

"M'f'r'd, where did you stop?" Mr. Smith told him.

"You sh'd' been at o'zzer house," the emphatic answer. "Everybody free. 'Flowed with liquor'."

Mr. Smith thought he had done pretty well in the spirituous line and said:

Then the ticket agent smiled and said:

"If those fool hotel keepers don't fightin' they'll bust themselves making the brewers independently rich."

The name of this elysium is there suppressed out of consideration for the heirs and assigns of the hotel men.

CAUSE OF FAILURE.

Good Clerks Are Not Always Good Managers.

Some men make excellent clerks. They are honest, reliable and industrious, but are lacking in executive ability and the qualities necessary for the management of details. They are at work in both cases right if they have some one to plan the campaign. They can then carry it out, but, they are entirely at sea when compelled to depend upon their own resources.

Laziness causes many a man to fail that success which he might obtain were he alert. Many men start well and make some progress, but as they see things going along smoothly they think they can now "take it easy," and so leave the management of their store to irresponsible clerks while they go on a hunting or a fishing trip, or spend many hours loafing around hotels where they should be behind their own counters.

A man cannot make a business success in this way, and he will be surprised to see how his trade is drifting away from him.

A man to succeed in these days of keenest competition must work hard. He must have a constant oversight of the minutest details of the business, and though he may not perform every task himself, he should know that it has been done properly by his subordinates.

Extravagance ruins many a man who otherwise might have achieved fortune. Young men on a salary are contented and save a portion of it. But when these same men start in business they are not content with their former ways. They fail to realize that in its early stages every dollar left in the business is worth more than two dollars when a business is fully established.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

Are you almost disgusted with life, little man?

I will tell you a wonderful trick. That will bring you contentment.

If anything can, do something for somebody quick. Do something for somebody quick!

Are you awfully tired with play, little girl?

Weary, discouraged and sick? I'll tell you the loveliest.

Game in the world—do something for somebody quick. Do something for somebody quick!

Though it rains like the rain of the flood, little man.

And the clouds are forbidding and thick. You can make the sun shine.

In your soul, little man—do something for somebody quick. Do something for somebody quick!

Though the skies are like brass overhead, little girl.

And the walk like a well-heated iron. And our earthly affairs. In a terrible whirl. Do something for somebody quick. Do something for somebody quick!

NOTES AND

There was a time... columns of the... a monotonous... day to day. They... formal style and... outlines. All that... look now through... of a live newspa... and to many even... an examination of... pastime. It is fu... points and... things clearly to... thought of "a map... fluctuations and it... With an increase of... ising has come the... isements as a prof... not to be litera... rtertainment has... on. Flashing an... the mind is the pur... acid words and the... the expert writer... eeks to impress th... offered and the... should be purcha... then the attent... and the objec...