

The Home

TOOTHsome MEAT SAUCES.

Tomato Sauce—Skim and remove the seeds from four quarts of ripe tomatoes, add three sliced onions and boil slowly one hour. Rub through a fine sieve, return to the preserve kettle, add 3 tablespoons of sugar, 2 of white ginger, 1 heaping teaspoon of cayenne pepper and 1 teacup vinegar, boil together 15 minutes, stirring constantly. Seal hot in fruit jars.

Bordeaux Sauce—Chop separately, one large head of cabbage, one dozen large green tomatoes, and three green peppers. Mix together 3 tablespoons of mustard seed, 2 of salt, 1 each of whole allspice, pepper corns and ground ginger, 1 heaping teaspoon of ground cloves, 1-2 teaspoon cayenne pepper, 1 teacup sugar and one pint vinegar. Put in preserve kettle with the chopped vegetables and boil slowly one hour, stirring constantly. Seal hot.

Peach Catsup—Peel and remove the pits from 4 quarts of ripe peaches. Stew until soft in a very little water and rub through a wire sieve. Return the pulp to kettle and add one teacup vinegar, 3 tablespoons sugar, 1 each of mustard, cinnamon and ginger and 1 teaspoon ground allspice. Delicious with cold fowl or game.

Grape Catsup—Wash 6 pounds of grapes, drain on a napkin, remove from stems, place in a preserve kettle and mash with a wooden masher, so it will not be necessary to add any water for cooking. Boil soft and strain through a fine sieve. Return to preserve kettle, add one pint vinegar, 3 lbs. sugar, 1 tablespoon each of salt and cinnamon and 1 teaspoon each of mace and cloves. Boil slowly 20 minutes and seal hot.

Chili Sauce—Pare and remove the seeds from twelve large ripe tomatoes. Chop separately the tomatoes, three green peppers, two large onions and three tart apples. Put all together in preserve kettle and boil together slowly for one hour. Add 3 teacups vinegar, 1 of sugar, 1 tablespoon each of salt, cinnamon and mustard, 1 teaspoon mace and 1-2 teaspoon white pepper. Simmer together half an hour and bottle.

Home-made Chutney—Pare, quarter and cover two quarts of tart apples; remove the seeds from the same quantity of green tomatoes; pare two large onions, and chop each separately and fine. Remove the seeds and chop one pound of raisins fine. Put all in a stone jar; add 1 1/2 lbs. sugar, 3 teacups vinegar, 1 teacup lemon juice, 3 tablespoons salt, 1 each of ginger, cinnamon and cloves, and 1 level teaspoon cayenne. Mix together thoroughly, let stand over night and next morning cook very slowly three hours. Bottle hot.

DAINTY WAYS OF SERVING CORN.

Corn Soup—Grate one quart of sweet corn when in roasting ear, add three pints of boiling water; salt and pepper and a teaspoon of sugar. Cook ten minutes, add a half cup of sweet cream, a tablespoonful of butter, and serve hot.

Fried Corn—Cut a thin slice from the top of the grains, then with the back of the knife press out the pulp; have teaspoon of butter very hot; put in the corn, season with salt and pepper, stir frequently until nicely browned, then add a very little boiling water, cover closely and cook five minutes, and serve hot. Field corn is almost as nice as sweet corn if a little sugar is added as it is frying.

Scalloped Corn—Cut the corn from the cob as fried corn. In the bottom of a baking dish put a layer of corn, season with salt, pepper and bits of butter, then a scant layer of stale bread crumbs rolled very fine and seasoned with a little salt, pepper and butter; add more corn; then more crumbs, and so on until all is used, having crumbs on top. Add enough rich sweet milk to moisten the crumbs; cover, and bake for half an hour. Remove the cover and brown the top. Serve from same dish baked in, by pinning a napkin around the dish and setting on a platter.

Corn Fritters or Oysters—Cut the corn from the cob, as for fried corn, and to a quart of corn add two or four well-beaten eggs, a cupful of rich sweet milk and flour, as for pancakes—about one cupful probably—in which a tablespoonful of baking powder has been sifted, also a heaping teaspoon of salt. Fry in hot fat, as pancakes, and serve hot with syrup or jelly. Are delicious.

JELLY MAKING.

This is the season for making rhubarb jelly, as the early spring rhubarb lacks the quality needed to "jell." Wash the rhubarb well, but do not peel it, as the skin gives the pretty pink color to the prepared plant. Cut it in inch pieces, never minding if it be stringy. Allow half a cupful of water to each pound of rhubarb, and let it stew gently in a granite or porcelain kettle until all in shreds. Strain through a cheesecloth or flannel bag, allow a pound of sugar to each pint of juice. Let the juice boil gently for twenty minutes, add the sugar, stir until all the lumps are dissolved and withdraw the spoon. Turn into glasses which have been rolled in hot water and cover closely when cold and firm. Not only will it be found a "tasty" jelly, but an exquisitely colored one as well, that will add a rosy touch

as well, that will add a rosy touch of color to the "pink tea." For apple jelly wash the apples or wipe them with a clean cloth; do pieces, taking out all bad places; do not pare or remove the seeds; put them in a saucepan, nearly covered with water. Boil them until they are reduced to a pulp. Remove from the fire; pour them into a large cheesecloth bag, which is better than flannel; hang this bag up to drip. The jelly will be clearer if you do not squeeze it. Measure the juice and to every pint allow an equal quantity of granulated sugar. Return the juice to the kettle, and when it boils add the sugar slowly. Remove the scum from the top. Let it boil until it jellies, which will be in twenty or thirty minutes. Put it in the tumblers, and when cold cover it with two thicknesses of thin paper, each one dipped in white of egg, which will keep the paper as tight and smooth as a bladder.

REGIMENTAL DOGS.

Bob of the Royal Berkshires, and Jack of the Scots Guards.

Army pets whose sterling worth is appreciated by their masters and their masters' cronies are numberless, but dogs who rise to the position of "regimental pets," who become part and parcel of the regiment at home and in action, and who receive official recognition, are comparatively few.

Bob was the regimental pet of the 2d Battalion Royal Berkshires, and a soldier dog to the backbone. He accompanied his regiment to Afghanistan, and went through, at the battle of Maiwand, one of the most terrific days of fighting that has been known during the past generation.

Man after man was cut down, but Bob would not be denied his share in the fray. He kept on running to the front, barking fiercely at the enemy, until at length a bullet laid him low. The wound was serious enough, as it tore nearly all the skin off his back, but he recovered, and once again accompanied his old corps into action.

When the regiment returned to England the next year, Bob received great honor at the hands of the queen, her majesty not only decorating him with the medal for the campaign, but tying it round his neck with her own hands when the regiment paraded before her at Osborne House.

Like many another warrior, Bob did not live long to enjoy the blessings of peace. In a little more than a year he was run over and killed in the Isle of Wight.

"Regimental Jack," the Scots Guards' dog, took part in the hottest fights in the Crimea. He became the pet of the Guards in a curious fashion. One cold winter's night he was

found by a sentry in St. James's Palace Gardens. Some one had been brutally ill-treating him, and had ended by clinging him over the poor animal, the sentry left his post, and this dereliction of duty being discovered, he was placed in the guard-room under arrest. The dog followed his protector, and on hearing the story, the officer was so touched by the dog's gratitude that the prisoner was released, with the proverbial caution.

Henceforth Jack's fortunes were to be bound up with those of the Scots Guards. When the regiment went to the Crimea, he very soon showed the stuff of which he was made. At Alma he saved the life of his protector, and afterward carried a flask of brandy to the wounded.

At Inkerman he was wounded in the right foot, after literally performing prodigies of valor. With his two-legged comrades he charged, and with tooth and nail went for his country's enemies.

The fight over, the faithful animal went joyfully to find his protector. Find him he did, but it was among the slain, and Jack was disconsolate. When the regiment came home, the queen graciously noticed Jack, and he was invested with a miniature Victoria Cross and the Crimean medals; but he pined away from sheer lack of interest in life, and one morning shortly afterward he was found beneath the snow, sleeping his last sleep.

ONE OF THE HEAVY BRIGADE.

General Scarlett's Trumpeter the Inmate of a Workhouse in London.

John Loudon who, with the gallant General Scarlett, was one of the first men to draw Russian blood in the memorable charge of the Heavy Brigade at Balaclava, is an inmate of St. Pancras workhouse! It was he who sounded the charge of the "Heavies" on that glorious morning when a mere handful of General Scarlett's men mowed down "the o'er lapping Russian lines," after the manner of a reaping machine. In an interview with a representative of the London Daily Chronicle, Loudon spoke as follows of the awful collision between Gen. Scarlett's three hundred and the Russian line of thousands:

"Well, I sounded the charge, and we then went for the Russians like tigers. I was stirrup to stirrup with the gallant General Scarlett when we plunged into the enemy's line. It was a neck and a neck race between four of us to see which would have the honor of the first onslaught. But goodness only knows who unhorsed the first of the enemy. I know that General Scarlett was on a very speedy charger, and I believe he won a very exciting race by decapitating the first Russian. A moment after we crashed

through the line I dropped my bugle by my side, and then I had to use the sword in earnest. I was wounded over the temple and in the right leg, which now troubles me periodically. But I did not know I was wounded at the time. For a few minutes we were scattered like a flock of sheep, still mowed away, now to the right, again to the left, twisting and turning, thrusting and slashing. We made several avenues in the enemies' lines, through which we rode to the rally.

"Soon after the rally we heard that the 'Lights' were going to have a 'go.'"

"I suppose you had a good view of the charge?"

"Oh, yes, until the 'Lights' disappeared into a gulf of smoke from the Russian cannon. I was alongside Gen. Scarlett when he gave the order. 'The Heavy Brigade will support the Lights!' These were, I believe, his exact words. The Lights had then broken into a gallop and were close to 'The Valley of Death.' I sounded and soon myself and General Scarlett were some thirty yards in front of the advancing squadrons.

"Suddenly he turned round in the saddle, and exclaimed, 'Why, the Heavies are retiring! Have you sounded Retire?' He was very much excited. I replied, 'No, General.' We galloped back and met Lord Lucan. It was he who had stopped the Heavies. As near as I can recollect Lord Lucan said to General Scarlett, 'We've lost the Light Brigade and we must save the Heavies.'"

"Had the Heavies not been stopped by Lord Lucan what do you think would have been the upshot?"

"Oh, undoubtedly, we would have shared the same fate as the Lights, but we would not have troubled about that. We were just in the humour for another charge."

Loudon holds several letters from famous warriors.

"Every 25th of October," said he proudly, "until the day of his death I was always reminded of the charge by a letter from the gallant General Scarlett. When General Scarlett died I lost the best friend I ever had. I have not a friend left now, and here I am at last in St. Pancras workhouse!" sighed the old fellow.

So he is ending his days with a pension of 9d per day—or at least the St. Pancras guardians get it instead.

SCIENCE ON THE RUN.

Doctor—Troubled with insomnia, eh? Eat something before going to bed.

Patient—Why doctor, you once told me never to eat anything before going to bed.

Doctor (with dignity)—That, madam was away back in 1895. Science has made great strides since then.

FOND OF DISPLAY.

Mrs. Gadd—I hear Mrs. Dadd is going to move.

Mrs. Gabb—Yes, she move every year since she got her new furniture.

LAVA FLOWS IN TORRENTS

A GRAND BUT TERRIBLE SIGHT IS NOW WITNESSED.

Eruption of Vesuvius Continues Threatening Life and Property—Nine New Craters Appear.

A despatch from Naples, Italy, says—Frightful misery and immense damage will be caused if the eruption of Mount Vesuvius continues on the alarming scale it has reached the last few days. Nine new craters were counted around the central crater, but even this extra vent does nothing toward checking the flow of lava, although there is a marked cessation in the more violent belching of fire and smoke.

The meteorological observatory on the part of the volcano known as Mount Contarini, is seriously threatened by the subsiding of the ground on which it is built. One great lava stream now coming down certainly will overwhelm it unless it is diverted from its present course.

This observatory, situated 2,200 feet above the sea level, on the shoulder of a hill which divides the lava streams descending from the crater into great branches, was established many years ago for the purpose of putting a scientific watch upon the volcano and of giving warning to the surrounding country of impending dangerous eruptions. Many lives have been saved by notice from it to the inhabitants in time to flee.

STREAMS 80 YARDS WIDE.

It was here that in the fearful outbreak of April 1872, Director Halmeri bravely faced almost certain death to take note of the awful phenomena when fiery streams threatened to engulf his station.

The lava torrent near the crater, which was a width of half a mile, is divided into three principal streams each 70 to 80 yards wide. These, as they pour down the mountain side, again subdivide into smaller streams. They advance at the rate of forty yards an hour, submerging everything in their path, searing the vegetation in the vicinity as though fire has passed over it. An enormous quantity of lava keeps pouring out of the crater. It has filled Vetrana valley, a deep ravine, and ashes lie several inches thick for a long distance down the sides of the mountain and on the adjacent villages.

FARMERS IN DESPAIR.

The slope of the mountain is one of the most thickly populated districts in the world. The fertility of the soil is celebrated, and in the best parts four crops a year are gardened. But one great aid to this fertility, the numerous wells, are beginning to dry up, and the farmers are in despair.

Travellers from all parts of Europe are flocking here to see Vesuvius in eruption. The spectacle at night is one of indescribable grandeur. The faint, palpitating glow that normally marks the great crater, is now exchanged for a vivid tongue of light, coloured at times almost like a rainbow illuminating the heavens and reflected with exquisite effect in the waters of the bay. These manifestations are accompanied by deep rumblings and thunderous subterranean explosions, followed by great outpourings of lava and ashes.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

Doubt whom you will, but never doubt yourself.—Bovee.

The more we study the more we discover our ignorance.—Shelley.

Doing good is the only certainly happy action in a man's life.—Sir Philip Sidney.

Blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds, and though a late, a sure reward succeeds.—Congreve.

True dignity is never gained by place and never lost when honors are withdrawn.—Massinger.

A REASONABLE DEDUCTION.

Yes, she exclaimed: I don't believe any lady could listen to him for five minutes without being fascinated.

What a simpleton the fellow must be, he growled.

CASE OF LONG STANDING.

Mrs. Philanthrop—If you are a sufferer from nervous prostration, as you say you are, why don't you do something for it?

Tufford Knutt—I do, ma'am, I've takin' wot they call the rest cure.

BOUND TO GRUMBLE.

Mrs. Watts—At least you will have to admit that the lecture had the merit of brevity.

Watts—Yes; but it was short at the wrong end. Why didn't he begin an hour sooner?

ITS HEALING POWER.

Did that stuff revive your sick attending physician of his impatience patient.

Revive me, doc? Good heavens! I take the dead languages.

A PESSIMIST.

Did you enjoy your vacation?

Not much. It made me miserable thinking that with the passage of the day the time for return to town was nearer.

Do you think he loves you?

Not passionately, mamma. When told him I was to be Uncle Albin's heiress, he said he guessed we'd wait about getting married until he had justice the case.



THE DEATH OF GENERAL GORDON, KHARTOUM, JANUARY 26, 1885.

POINTED PARAGRAPH

What can't be cured should be measured.

Learn to say "No." It's "Nil."

It's harder to save a man's honor than it is to earn it.

A man's unreliability exceeds his assets.

As the twig is bent the alined to go broke later.

A dude often turns fem in the wrong direction.

An ignorant wise man is more dangerous than an educated fool.

Time is caught by the frequently than by the forel.

Some women speak little heart and but little to his.

But few wives who drive hands to drink have to use force.

Posts are born—therefore oesters should be held before they are laid.

A good dinner often turns bitter memory into a pleasant memory.

Every man knows how a be managed, but few are able to manage themselves.

All the world's a prize ring for the men and women merely.

A wise man baits his horse, but a fool baits his pertinence.

Some men are too stubborn to know the corn until they're in it.

Beer is said to be fattening, such of it will make a man against something.

Actors always like to be on the boards, but it's a deadly in them how the walking is.

Some men's idea of making of it is their inability to anything the next morning.

It sometimes happens that a speaker longer to clear his throat than it does to clear the hall.

Whenever some husbands agree it is to the effect that a serious mistake in marriage is to be made.

There are but few female lawyers who would rather lay law to one man than practice it on two.

It is said that men who ne smoke or stay out late at night are ripe old age. Perhaps the punishment.

HARNES REINS.

Made From the Stoutest of Word About Handhold.

The reins of a set of single are each about 18 feet in length, and are made of a double harness of ten feet. For business, harness are made of leather, tanned and dressed in a special way, and are russet-colored leather.

Reins require to be very strong, they are almost always of the leather of which traces are made, however, being of more thickness. Occasionally light or for cheap harness are made of cowhide, but not often; the best of leather is used for the reins in cheap harness. These are obtained from hides of leather, and are made in strips from seven feet in length, so that reins are of necessity made in two pieces.

The loops, or handholds, of the reins are made of lighter material, and are commonly made of stitched together and then secured to the reins, but most are secured to them in such a manner that they can be shifted on the reins to the convenience of the driver.

Three-loop hold, is commonly used by most drivers on the track; the single loop is used by those who drive on the street.

There are patent handholds of metal. The wooden buttons seen on reins, used as handholds, are made in pairs, one button on each side of the reins, and a thread which goes through the reins is screwed into the other button pair on the opposite side.

HOOK SWINGING IN BENGAL.

The people of Gangutia, in Bengal, have a barbarous practice called hook swinging. They deck themselves with garlands, and then assemble together to undergo the most horrible torture. A wire about a quarter of an inch in diameter and several inches long is pierced through the tongue, and the wretched being will lie for over half an hour with the hook still hanging through the tongue. Some of them form themselves into a row, and are then sewed together with a needle threaded with cord. They are sewn by the arms and loaves, and herring on a wire when ready for hook swinging. It is thought that the victims are drugged considerably before being hooked to the sullen, dazed expressions they wear throughout, but some are one or two faint, and are with difficulty brought round again.

TESTING A TRANSPORT.

A good story is told of the First Battalion Grenadier Guards, while on route to Egypt in the transport "Man overboard," was the name of the ship. The captain, immediately, says our Gibraltar correspondent, life-buoys were cast overboard, but nothing could be seen of the ship.

The captain said, "I don't know there is any one overboard." "Oh, no; I only wanted to test the ship's appliances all right." "The captain of the transport's report was given."