

The Home

JUST HERE AND THERE

How many of us, at times, look back over past experiences in our lives with regret thinking of how we might have done differently and of the possible pleasures we may have missed. And then, how eagerly we look forward to the future and think that when it has become the present we will grasp every situation as it presents itself and enjoy life to its full extent.

But in this looking backward or forward we fail to appreciate the present. We shouldn't forget that every moment holds something peculiar to itself; something we have never experienced before and perhaps never again. It will not interfere with our enjoyment in the future when it comes, for us to get all the pleasure out of the present nor will it rob the past of any of its fond memories. It will rather create within us a greater capacity for enjoyment.

Did you ever think how much better this world would be if people were only a little more generous with words of appreciation and praise? We are all of us intensely selfish (if we may be allowed the word), too apt to take everything for granted and as being our right. But how quick we are to find fault when things do not run along as smoothly as we think they should. How strange it is usually that nothing but words of praise are heard of loved ones who have left us; why not give them more of that praise while they are here and can appreciate it? How much brighter we might make this life if we only would.

When two or more persons get together in a sick room they are so apt to forget that the conversation which to them is amusing may be simply agony to the sufferer who is too weak to hear the sound of continual talk, or the strain of trying to attend to it. Quiet means that the invalid should see only one person at a time at long intervals besides the nurse, and that, some one who can be trusted not to introduce exciting topics, or in any way overtax the attention or strength of the patient. In no way are doctor's orders so often disregarded as when he enjoins that a patient shall be kept quiet.

It usually pays far better to keep garments in repair even until they are worn out all over than it does to buy new ones. No refined woman should be willing under any circumstances to wear a gown with a rent in it or go about with an untidy braid on the edge or dragging facing. It is not possible to present a neat appearance without doing considerable mending and unless one can get a new dress frequently they must mend. Those who are careful about keeping their garments mended, although they may only have a few gowns, usually present a neater appearance than those who have double as many and do not care for them so systematically.

A constant supply of fresh air, even in very cold weather, is so important in the prevention and cure of diseases that no effort should be spared to see that sleeping rooms are well supplied with the free gift of God. When there is no adequate system of ventilation provided, the following method is at once simple, economical and does not create a draught. Raise the lower sash of the window an inch in front of the opening at the bottom a piece of wood any desired width. This leaves a corresponding space between the meeting sashes in the middle of the window through which the current of air is directed upward toward the ceiling. While this may involve the use of an extra amount of fuel, it is a wise precaution, especially in the sickroom, where the exhalations from the sick body are both unpleasant and unwholesome.

There are some housewives who have such strong instincts of cleanliness that they spend all their time, and use up all their strength, in superfluous work. They can not seem to understand that certain articles are just as valuable and just as useful after they have become oxidized by exposure as they were before, and they even scour the brass on their trunks and do other equally as unnecessary tasks. Any mother who has the care of a household and family resting upon her has enough necessary work to do without looking around for superfluous work. She should consider that while she is doing this she is neglecting some duty that is important, even if it is only the duty of resting.

CHOICE RECIPES.

Broiled Tenderloins.—Cut the tenderloins in inch slices, brush both sides with melted butter and broil over a clear, bright fire. Serve with the following sauce: Melt two tablespoons of butter without browning, add two tablespoons of flour and stir until smooth. Add one pint of white stock and stir until thick and smooth. Set over hot water, add the strained juice of one half of a lemon, four tablespoons of freshly grated horseradish and one tablespoonful of melted butter. Season to taste, cook for four minutes. Pour a portion of the sauce on a heated platter, arrange on this the broiled tenderloin, garnish with slices of lemon cut in fancy shapes and serve with the remainder of the sauce in a boat.

Ornamental Pyramid.—Make a form

of stiff cardboard and butter it well. Boil loaf sugar as for candy and rub over the form. Place the form on the table and stick to the sugar a row of lady fingers, macaroons, kisses or other fancy cakes, beginning at the bottom and continuing the decoration until the form is covered. When the sugar is cold gently draw out the cardboard form and place the pyramid in the center of the table; then ornament the top with red and white roses and ferns or any desired flowers; bright-colored ribbons also make a pretty finishing.

Tomato Bisque.—Two cupsful of tomatoes and a pint of good, white soup stock are the chief ingredients. Boil these together for ten minutes and strain through a puree sieve. Put back over the fire and season with pepper, salt, and butter adding soda as in the ordinary tomato soup. Put in a quart of boiling milk and two tablespoonfuls of arrowroot mixed with a little cold milk. Stir constantly until the soup is thoroughly thickened.

Oysters a la Cress.—Place 20 large oysters in a chafing dish, add one tablespoonful of Rhine wine or one good teaspoonful of lemon juice, one even teaspoonful of salt, one quarter teaspoonful white pepper and one ounce of butter. Cook till the oysters are plump, being careful not to overcook them. Then remove and set aside. Cook a half a tablespoonful of flour a few minutes and three quarters of a cupful of oyster liquor, a little beef extract, one quarter bay leaf.

Lyonnais Potatoes.—One half tablespoonful butter, one quarter tablespoonful onion, one half cup cold potato, one quarter tablespoonful parsley, salt and pepper. Put the butter in a frying pan, and when hot add the onion. Cook until a light brown, then add the potatoes and stir carefully until brown. Add the parsley and salt and butter.

THE GLADIOLUS.

The gladiolus can, it is asserted, be easily grown in pots for window blooming in early fall and winter. A pot seven or eight inches deep should be secured the bottom covered an inch deep with broken charcoal or potshreds, these covered with a couple of inches of good soil and an inch of sand. Set the bulbs or bulbs on this sand, and cover with good garden soil to within an inch of the top of the pot. Set the pot in a dark, cool place for ten days or two weeks to root, and when the top starts bring the pot into the light and sun of the window. As the top grows more soil may be added to the pot until full. Water only when dry, and then thoroughly. Give the plant the benefit of all the sun and light possible, fastening it to stakes if necessary, and it will give a profusion of beautiful blossoms at a time when flowers are scarce. If the bulbs are potted at intervals of two weeks the season of bloom may be extended far into the winter. Use the giant varieties to obtain the largest and best-marked blossoms.

THANK HEAVEN.

I see it is becoming the fad to have your wedding cinematographed. But a feller doesn't have to have his courtship cinematographed, thank heaven!

THE PUNCH CARTOON THAT INFURIATED A FRENCH SYMPATHIZER



QUIT!—PRO QUO?

J. B.—"Go Away! Go Away!"

French Organ Grinder.—"Eh? What you give me if I go away?"

J. B.—"I'll give you something if you don't!"

The cartoon herewith illustrated was printed in Punch of October 22, and so infuriated an Irish doctor practicing in London that he straightway rushed to the office of the paper and smashed the windows with his umbrella. He was arrested for it.

He was not the only person who looked upon the caricature as an insult to France, but the consequences of his

rashness caused the others to hesitate. Instead of following his example, they decided it was more safe to go down and express their feelings in letters. Dozens of these reached the editor of Punch during the last week. Some were anonymous and threatening, but most of them merely filed a protest with the hope that such a cartoon would not appear again.

SNAKE CHARMING.

How the Cobra is Made to Dance to the Music of a Flute.

The exhibitions of the East Indian fakirs, during which the deadly cobra is made to "dance" to the music of a flute, have created a popular impression that these creatures are extremely sensitive to the sound of music. Dr. J. C. Thompson says that demonstrations of this character are only tricks of the cobra, instead of being in anamia-ble and fascinated condition as it waves its body to and fro, is really in a fit of intense anger. The trick is simple. Whenever the reptile is annoyed it has the habit of elevating the forward part of the body from the ground, spreading its neck or hood and glaring fiercely at the object of its anger. It is then watching for a chance to deliver a deadly blow, ob- serving every movement of the object in front of it. If one moves, no mat- ter how slightly, there is a correspond- ing nervous movement of the snake. When the Hindoo opens his snake bas- kets the cobras rise naturally to their position of attack. He commands them to dance, and at the same time be- gins a lively tune on the flute, sway- ing his body from side to side in time to the music. The excited cobras fol- low every motion of the supposed charmer. They are not dancing to the music, but intensely angered, are seek- ing to revenge themselves on their cap- tor. The handling of giant boas and pythons, as seen in circuses, is still more simple. These huge snakes are usually lazy and sleepy, and the sec- ond of handling them is to avoid any- thing like a nervous movement. If they are taken up gently, but without the slightest hesitation or fear, there is not the slightest danger of arousing their anger.

GOVERNOR OF GIBRALTAR.

There is no better example of the Spaniard's blindness to all that indicates a decay of his former grandeur than the following: It is a fact little known, but it is the truth, neverthe- less, that though the British obtained possession of Gibraltar as far back as 1704, the Spaniards to this day con- tend that they still have a proprietary interest in that mighty fortifica- tion, and are not yet conquered. With this idea in their mind they still ap- point with regularity a Spanish Gov- ernor General of Gibraltar as often as the office falls vacant. Of course the British Governor is the genuine Gov- ernor, and the Spanish official never sets foot in Gibraltar; but that little anomaly does not in the least affect the prevailing idea and consequent action of the Spaniards. When, about two years ago, the Spanish "Gov- ernor" of Gibraltar died—in Spain—he was buried with all the pomp befitting his rank, and with due solemnity his successor was appointed.

FOR THE TIRED MAN.

"When a man gets so tired and worn out with work and worry that he feels that it would be a relief to him to get sick, so that he would have to let go and lie down for a time," said Mr. Gozleton, "then it is time for him to take a day off. As a rule there's no- thing like work to set a man up; but there are times when there's nothing like idleness."

KLONDIKE TRAIL HORROR.

AN AWFUL STORY OF PRIVATION AND SUFFERING.

A Young Englishman's Struggle Ends in Starvation and Suicide—Fell Dead Across the Bleached Skeleton of an Indian Chief.

The history of the pilgrimage over the Ashcroft trail to the gold fields of the far Northwest is a ghastly story of privation and death. Hundreds of those who, with spirits buoyed up with hope, followed the fickle goddess For- tune toward the ice bound creeks at the borders of the Arctic in search of gold have perished miserably in the trackless North. Many, in a spirit of abandonment after a series of hard- ships which, even when they had been overcome, led only to disappointment, committed suicide; but it is doubtful if, in the history of that desolate trail, any have done so as tragically as did G. E. Richardson, a young English- man, the news of whose death has just been brought out by returning miners.

Richardson, worn out in body and mind, crawled from a tent in which he had taken refuge one moonlight night toward the beginning of last month, and wandered to the outskirts of an Indian burying ground, ten miles out of Glenora, where he went to a raised platform on which was lying the skele- ton of a chief. Climbing to the plat- form he blew out his brains and fell dead across the bleached skeleton of the chief. His body was found by Philip C. Austin, of Nebraska, and his partner, miners, into whose camp Richardson had crawled not long be- fore his suicide.

Together Austin and his partner lifted the dead Englishman from the funeral pyre and dug a shallow grave near by for the body. Austin tells the story of the terrible experiences of the man who killed himself.

RICHARDSON'S AWFUL JOURNEY.

Two days before doing away with himself Richardson had crawled into camp from the trail, his clothes torn into shreds, his body emaciated, and his face picturing a record of long suf- fering. He staggered into the tent where Austin and his partner were preparing their cornmeal, snatched up some bacon which they were cooking, and, dropping into a bed of leaves in the corner, ate ravenously.

Austin's partner rose with clinched fist to resist the intrusion and the ap- propriation of the bacon, but before he could reach the man he heard the stranger sobbing and saw that he was shaking as with an ague. The two prospectors listened, while between sobs the man begged for food, offering to barter his revolver—all he had—for something to eat. His craving was satisfied and he was dosed with quinine from the little medicine chest and given a place on the bed of dried leaves.

For two days Richardson shared the food and bed of the prospectors, and bit by bit he told Austin of his fearful adventures on the trail since, early in the fall of last year, he, with two oth- ers, had started out merrily from Ash-croft. They had one pack horse and two "go devils"—large wheels with the goods strung on either side—to pack in their supplies.

STARTING OFF WELL.

From Ashcroft to Quesnell, 220 miles of good road, all went well, and the men were in very good spirits. The provisions taken in from Ashcroft had by this time been exhausted, and they reprovvisioned at Quesnell for the trip to Hazelton, which, they were told, was a thirty days' journey. They took thirty days' provisions, and, as a con- sequence, nearly starved to death, for, instead of 250 miles it was 375.

The trail, too, was bad, but not a circumstance to that from Hazelton to Glenora. This was twice the distance represented to them by the people of Hazelton. Instead of 350 miles it was 740. Advertisements gave the dis- tance from Ashcroft to Glenora as 370 miles, when it was 1,400. The suffer- ings of the three between Hazelton and Glenora were almost beyond endur-ance.

After the provisions ran short, which occurred when about half way to Glen-ora from Hazelton, they lived for ten days on a few ounces of porridge daily, and for five days—when the pangs of hunger drove them to desperation—they lived on the carcass of their pack horse, which they shot. Thus they worried along, fighting hard against death, until, to make matters worse, the party became separated, and Rich-ardson was left alone with hardly enough food for one meal for an able bodied man.

He struggled on, sinking down time after time, and longing for death to release him from his sufferings. In one place, for a distance of five miles, he said to Austin, he counted 100 dead horses, and Indians told him of men who had lain down and died, starving to death rather than eat the half fam-ished beasts which had helped them patiently to wallow through mud and mire.

In one case Richardson passed through a great tract of soggy moss, with not a vestige of underbrush, and there he ate wads of moss and tried to chew the branches he found. The thirty miles of moss was the scene of a thousand horrors.

Along the road were strewn hard-ware, blankets, rifles, cartridges—ev-ery conceivable part of a Klondiker's outfit—thrown aside by heartbroken, half distracted wayfarers.

GRAVE OF "ANOTHER FOOL."

Then there was another tree with the blazed hieroglyphics telling another

er sad story, and beneath it a mound of earth—whether the grave of the writer or not it was impossible to say. The story on the tree reads:—"Here is another fool who left home to seek fortune over his life's money, he could squeeze out of his money poor relations. God help you, poor fellow pilgrim!" Richardson lay down here and slept awakened by a band of Indians. The Siwash tended him and gave him food, and guided him onward until he reached, where, weary, footsore and weak unto death, he staggered into the tent.

TEA-MAKING IN VARIETY.

The offering of a cup of tea seems about the simplest form of hospitality, and on its face appears hardly capable of affording much entertainment. It remained for two ingenious girls to find out a way of relieving "afternoon teas" of their monotony, and render- ing them truly entertaining.

These girls had travelled, and they had observed that tea was served in different ways in different countries. Their idea was to prepare tea for their guests after the method of other lands, serving it in all the more interesting ways in succession.

They began with the Russian samovar and the slice of lemon or lime. That was simple enough, but the next "tea was more novel. It was a re-pro-duction of the Uruguayan mode of teadrinking. The tea of that country was used, prepared like Chinese tea, but with the drinking came the really entertaining part of the affair. There was something far removed from the hackneyed in the sight of a group of guests drinking tea through silver tubes, each of which had at the end a ball-like strainer known as a bombilla or bombilla. It is little wonder that this tea was pronounced a success.

Next on the list was a Mandarin tea, in which a large artistic cup was set in a brass or silver holder. In this cup the tea was placed and covered with boiling water. The process was continued by the placing of a little saucer inside the cup in an in-verted position, the saucer being of such a size that it just fitted the cup and kept in the steam and flavor of the tea. When the tea was drawn it was poured from the big cup into dainty little ones no larger than an egg-shell.

The process was not easy. Several cups were broken and their contents spilled, but the tea was good and the whole entertainment successful.

A Java tea, served in broad, flat cups and flavored with Botavia arrack, was fourth on the programme, and was followed by the Formosa, in which the tea was steeped with tea flowers and one or two orange flowers. The result was a perfume and a flavor of the most intense kind. One of the guests remarked that they were not drinking tea so much as wedding best-quets.

A young lady who had spent a winter in the West Indies introduced the plan in vogue in Martinique. The teacup she employed was narrow and rather deep, resembling the old-fash-ioned lily cup. An aromatic tea was used, and a peculiar liqueur made by the monks and by the old French housewives was added.

Last of all came an up-to-date Paris tea.

HONORS FOR LADIES.

The Emperor of Austria has taken a step rather unusual, and has decided to establish in honor of his forthcoming Jubilee an order of knighthood for ladies only, to be named after the late Empress—the Elizabeth Order. In England there are only two orders of which ladies can be members, and one of them is confined to those who are either members of the sovereign's family, or (in a lower class) who have done some personal service to the family; while in the other case, the order is confined to women who have been connected with the Government of India. But for the generality of women, in Great Britain, there is no order available at all similar to the several orders to which such ladies are frequently appointed with varying distinction to themselves for varying services to the country—such as the Bath and the Michael and George.

WHEN BIRDS BEGIN TO SING.

An English ornithologist, having in-vestigated the question of at what hour in summer the commonest small birds wake up and sing, states that the greenfinch is the earliest riser, as the pipes as early as 1.30 in the morning, the blackcap beginning at about 2.00. It is nearly 4 o'clock, and the sun is well above the horizon, before the first real songster appears in the person of the blackbird. He is heard half an hour before the thrush; and the song of the robin begins about the same length of time before that of the wren. Finally, the house sparrow and the lark occupy the last place on the list. This investigation has altogether ruined the lark's reputation, and is early rising, that much-celebrated bird is quite a sluggard, as it does not rise until long after the chaffinch, and has been up and about.

CONTRARY.

Yes, I see him. What is there pecu- liar about him? He's the contraryest man alive. He has started a 'Well Worry All Want To' club.

In appearance he was about as other people—a commonplace man. Inclined to portli-ge, the train moved on he discus- sionplace subjects with me. I should not have been told surprised to have been told that he was engaged in the course of our chat. It happened to be said about occupations.

"Well," said my compani- not suppose that there is any- ous occupation than my own a breaker."

He had not at all the app- a man used to horses; but I ed. "A horse-breaker, you re- ed." "No," he said, "just a plain. A man who breaks things, but- thing that requires to be broken. I glanced nervously at the factor, though he looked every- a lunatic than he did like a breaker."

"See," he said smiling, "I explain. When I left Cam- a classica degree, no profes- influence. I looked about for sion. I found everything over- besides, none of the profess- ed to me at all. I like to tr- a little, and I enjoy social t- talking—talking to anyone work of any kind. This bei- I looked about me to see if not a chance for some new- If among our million wai- not one that was not succe- idea came to me by accide- stopping at my uncle's hou- received as a present from brother, a singularly ugly, valuable pair of oriental s- wife's brother was frequ- uncle's house, and there s- abominations had to be di- heard him grumbling about suggested that he should The idea, was of course, to- told me so. Nor, he said, b- break them himself, for b- brother would never forgiv- could he ask his wife to do because, although he has b- fifteen years, he felt that- know her well enough; n- ask the servants to break- that would encourage care- thriftlessness. "That is a- said. I rose from my seat, s- smashed the vases, one af- er, on the floor. "So y- clumsy," I said, "you ha- and have this rubbish brea- He rang, and told the s- had broken them accident- she had gone he said with- "It seems rather a pity," I- very short of ready money- tend me five pounds?" I- a check for twenty, and- was a useful man to kno- I said, "Recommend me to y- for already I saw the p- my future profession. He- me to some half-dozen peo- some of whom I had never- life before. They sent m- to their houses, and they- objects on which I was t- my first week, I broke, I- lamp shaped like an owl- ing, a tea-service and a- table."

"But an oil painting," I- does one break an oil pai- "It is simple enough," I- first of all undid the wire- picture fell, then in pic- but my foot through the- a portrait of my host's w- was more difficult to bre- room table. I recollect t- necessary for the purpos- somewhat boisterous o- game. Even then we h- for three evenings be- came off. When I left t- lost handed me a check- to recommend me to oth- never advertise, and I- breaking to do than I- find time for. If I could- man with plenty of tact- him as an assistant."

"It must need some tac- ed."

"It does. It so often ha- am employed by the hus- the knowledge of the w- wide without the know- husband. Even with the- one gets oneself dislike- must put up with. The- of my clients asked me- house and break a dim- dined there and made m- tant as I could and told- stovils. But then I als- dinner service or most- was one to which my hos- attached. She said to m- I will never have that- house again!"

"And what did he say- He said, 'I fully agree- dear. To the best of m- man was drunk. If he- should never have aske- That was a little mean- was necessary for him- self in some way, and as- a dinner service und- pounds, I received some- the indignity."

"Have you got any en- present?" I asked.

"Yes," he said, "I am- now, but it is a trifling- ing no tact at all. Had-

"It is simple enough," I- first of all undid the wire- picture fell, then in pic- but my foot through the- a portrait of my host's w- was more difficult to bre- room table. I recollect t- necessary for the purpos- somewhat boisterous o- game. Even then we h- for three evenings be- came off. When I left t- lost handed me a check- to recommend me to oth- never advertise, and I- breaking to do than I- find time for. If I could- man with plenty of tact- him as an assistant."

"It must need some tac- ed."

"It does. It so often ha- am employed by the hus- the knowledge of the w- wide without the know- husband. Even with the- one gets oneself dislike- must put up with. The- of my clients asked me- house and break a dim- dined there and made m- tant as I could and told- stovils. But then I als- dinner service or most- was one to which my hos- attached. She said to m- I will never have that- house again!"

"And what did he say- He said, 'I fully agree- dear. To the best of m- man was drunk. If he- should never have aske- That was a little mean- was necessary for him- self in some way, and as- a dinner service und- pounds, I received some- the indignity."

"Have you got any en- present?" I asked.

"Yes," he said, "I am- now, but it is a trifling- ing no tact at all. Had-

"It is simple enough," I- first of all undid the wire- picture fell, then in pic- but my foot through the- a portrait of my host's w- was more difficult to bre- room table. I recollect t- necessary for the purpos- somewhat boisterous o- game. Even then we h- for three evenings be- came off. When I left t- lost handed me a check- to recommend me to oth- never advertise, and I- breaking to do than I- find time for. If I could- man with plenty of tact- him as an assistant."