

VEAL IN COOKERY.

Some Points Concerning the Meat Which May Be New to the Average Housewife.

Veal is a meat that is not universally appreciated in this country, but in France, where some of the best veal in the world is to be found in the markets, it forms the foundation of much of the French cookery.

There is a popular notion that beef soup or bouillon is naturally of a rich, dark color. This is a mistake. No beef soup is dark unless it is artificially colored with caramel or vegetable stock.

To make white stock or "bouillon blanc," select a good shank of veal weighing about six pounds and cut the meat from the bones and crack the bones. Cover with six quarts of perfectly cold water, add two tablespoonfuls of salt, also 1/4 carrots, two small onions, one turnip, three well washed leeks and two stalks of celery.

To make a stock for brown sauces and consommé soups, cut off the meat from a shin of beef. Chop it fine. Add two carrots, two small onions, three leeks, a bunch of parsley roots, six cloves, 12 whole peppers and a bay leaf.

To meet the elbow sleeves that promise to be much worn in summer, there are long silk lace worn gloves in gray, cream, white and black.

Foreign fashion budgets are continually bringing rumors of the turban which a French milliner is exhibiting, so we may hope for some edition of it here in the autumn, if not before.

DOMESTIC LORE.

A Variety of Suggestions for the Information of the Progressive Housekeeper.

Cool rain water and soda will remove machine grease from washable fabrics.

Fish may be scaled much easier by dipping into boiling water about a minute.

It is not wise to provide too many pots, kettles and pans when furnishing a kitchen.

Necessities for the house should be selected before decorative articles of furniture, says the Chicago Daily News.

Did you ever try brick dust to clean agateware? It is less expensive than other articles sold for such purposes, and far more effective.

To avoid unhealthy drafts windows and doors should be in good order, as regards their opening and closing, and it is well to see that they can be fastened.

Kerosene will make tin kettles as bright as new. Saturate a woolen rag and rub with it. It will also remove stains from the clean varnished furniture.

In hanging blankets after washing them, remember to put them lengthwise over the line, otherwise they are likely to split from the weight of water in them.

Blue ointment and kerosene mixed in equal proportions and applied to the bedstead is an unfailling bedbug remedy, and a coat of whitewash is ditto for the walls of a log house.

Faucets should not "drip" after being closed; if they do it indicates that they require new packing, which should be supplied by a plumber.

There is nothing objectionable about the dripping, except the annoyance. The waste pipes should be supplied with the requisite plugs attached by chains.

For purposes of frying in deep fat keep an iron or steel saucepan. These are better than tin-lined ones, as the great heat is apt to melt the tin, leaving the inside of the pot rough, and very difficult to keep clean.

To clarify butter buy when cheap and always take a good quality for this purpose, and thus prepared it is ready to hand for frying in a saucepan for sauces or to use instead of salad oil for salads.

Put the butter into a clean enamel pan over a slow fire, let it gradually melt, take all the scum off the top and let any sediment fall to the bottom.

Then pour the clear part very slowly through muslin into dry jars and cover with white paper, through which prick some holes with a fork.

HE DISRECOLLECTED.

And Had to Procrastinate a Few Minutes on Account of His Matrimonial Disrememberance.

A colored man about 30 years of age, drove up to the depot with a load of baled cotton, and he had just begun to unload when an old, gray-headed negro with a bed-hump came down the street and shouted at him:

"Say, yo' pussion dere!" "Hello, Uncle Joe!" saluted the other, relates the Galveston Daily News.

"Now, den, what sorter man be yo'?" demanded the old man as he reached the wagon.

"Hu! What yo' mean by dat?" "I mean, sah, is yo' a man of honah or not?"

"Of co'se I ar'. Why, ole man, yo's all excited dis maw'nin'. What's de mattah?"

"Sam Johnson, I'ze got a darter Linda!" replied Uncle Joe as he straightened up and waved his arms about.

"Yes, of co'se. Yes, sah, yo's got a darter Linda, an' she's a powerful fine gal."

"Last Sunday night, Sam Johnson, yo' axed dat gal to marry yo'?"

"Hu, hu! Sunday night? Lemme see. Say, I rec'ron I did."

"Of co'se yo' did! She said she'd do it, an' de marriage was not fur dis maw'nin' at ten o'clock."

"Hu! Sho! Ten o'clock dis maw'nin'! Why, I reckon it was, Uncle Joe. Yes, we was ter be married dis maw'nin'."

"But yo' ain't dar, sah!" "Dat's a fact. Jist clean slipt my mind."

"But what yo' gwine ter do, sah—what yo' gwine ter do?" shouted the old man, as he danced around.

"What I gwine ter do? Am Linda all ready an' de preacher dar?"

"Yes, sah."

"Den yo' cum around heah an' hang up to dat off mawl an' hold him stiddy, an' I'll run ober an' marry Linda an' be back heah in ten minits. If Majah Jones cum 'long an' wants to know why dis cotton hain't dun unloaded yo' tell him dat owin' to a disrecollektshun of a matrimonial disrememberance I'ze had to procrastinate fur a few minits."

NOTES OF THE MODES.

Various Bits of Feminine Flair That Will Be the Thing for Summer Wear.

Decidedly novel is a cream-lace gown with inset bands of flowered taffeta. Medallions of white muslin, embroidered with silk in colors to match, are inset in silk blouses, says a fashion authority.

To meet the elbow sleeves that promise to be much worn in summer, there are long silk lace worn gloves in gray, cream, white and black.

Foreign fashion budgets are continually bringing rumors of the turban which a French milliner is exhibiting, so we may hope for some edition of it here in the autumn, if not before.

White mohair costumes will be in marked favor during July and August, at golf, teas, afternoon weddings, garden parties, the races, and at all fashionable summer resorts.

A white silk waist has a deep plait on each shoulder, stitched with red, and a double box plait in front, with collar, cuffs and belt stitched with red. With it is worn a white sailor hat taffeta.

The picturesque wide-brimmed shepherdess hats to be worn in the country and at the various watering-places are trimmed with chiffon and masses of gay blossoms—large orchids, scarlet poppies, hollyhocks.

Costumes of pure white, from plain taffeta parasol to shoe-tip, will be one of the dominating features of summer dress, and these gowns will be worn morning, noon and night, in all their varying grades of dainty elegance.

FUN WISE AUTOGRAPH FIBRES

The Chinese Minister Has a Quiet Little Joke with Smart Americans as Victims.

The Lotos club, of New York, has long had the custom of giving dinners in honor of distinguished men. At such gatherings the menu card is always elaborate and characteristic. It usually contains drawings illustrative of the career of the guest of the evening, and forms a souvenir, which most of the company treasure.

To enhance their value, many of the members ask the man whom the club is entertaining to write his name in their cards. Such requests are naturally granted, says the New York Tribune.

It chanced that after the siege of Peking the Lotos club gave a dinner for Wu-Ting-fang, the Chinese minister at Washington. Of course the autograph seekers kept him busy between courses. They were unanimous in asking him to write in Chinese. Several of them, later in the evening, were comparing his signatures as they appeared on their menu cards. Unfamiliar as they were with the Chinese script, they could see that the characters were not the same. Just then Chow Tsz-Chi, the Chinese consul, came up and he was at once asked what the writing meant.

Mr. Chow hesitated a moment, and then gravely read these "autographs" as follows:

"What a funny, red-nosed man!" "How short and fat you are!" "An amusing, bald-headed fellow!"

Cream Salad Dressing.

Yolk of one egg, four tablespoonfuls thick sour cream, one-fourth teaspoonful each of dry mustard and white pepper, a dash of red pepper, one teaspoonful each of salt and sugar, four tablespoonfuls of vinegar added slowly last, beating until it thickens.—Ladies' World, New York.

A FISHER LAD'S STORY.

His Hard Work and Dangerous Adventures in Helping His Father at the Nets.

Abram Fisher, of Grandville, Mich., writes an interesting story of his experiences in the American Bay. He says: "Many boys think the life of a fisherman or a sailor is pleasant. They would stop going to school at any time to go to sea. I am now 15 years old, and have done the work of a fisherman for nine years, having helped my father, who makes a business of fishing. We once caught a sturgeon weighing 205 pounds, his head weighing 35 pounds. It was hard work for one so young, and I have had to row a boat eight miles at times. Many times I have been caught in a net. Once we went out to lift our nets before dawn. There was a dead swell on the sea, and when daylight came it was so foggy, we couldn't see ten yards. We had just loaded our boat with fish when the fog so settled upon us so that we couldn't tell which way to go for home. We had no compass, for we usually could bear the fog horn, but now we could not, for the wind had risen and was blowing toward the land. Dropping a measuring line, my father said he found we had drifted about four miles out, and no telling how far along the shore. We were tumbling about and could not keep at our oars. We threw everything overboard and drifted, we did not know where. The water came into our boat fast. After awhile we got our direction and started toward the beach, but the breakers were so high that the boat stood almost on end. We turned the boat about, and went into the beach stern first, and just as we were about to land a large breaker came in and I was thrown overboard, and when I came to I was lying on the sand with oil coats over me.

"At another time my father went away on business and left me in charge of the nets. I went out with a boy of about my own age. There was a dead swell on the lake, but we paid no attention to it, and within an hour and a quarter were working at the nets with the sail up. We didn't notice the heat nor the growing darkness, as we were working so fast. Finally a flash of lightning came and we saw a squall coming. I jumped for the sail and got it down just in time. The squall pulled at the oars and took two hours to reach the harbor. Men standing on the hill said that they could not see us half the time, the breakers were so high. We saved our nets, all right, while the other fishermen lost theirs.

"The life of a sailor is all right in nice weather."

THE FLESH OF REINDEER.

Meat of the Young Animal is Always in Great Demand Among the Russians.

Some 35 years ago a demand sprang up in St. Petersburg for the flesh of the reindeer. This demand, especially for young deer flesh, has been on the increase ever since, venison being more and more in request at the tables of the well-to-do. Traders bought up all the available "zadas," or hind quarters—by far the best eating part of the reindeer—from the owners; but, partly to spare the young animals and partly from insufficiency of stock, the latter were unable to meet the demand, so that prices rose considerably, for the laws of supply and demand apply upon the tundra just as well as in Wall street or Mark Lane, says the Gentleman's Magazine. The first autumn fall of snow renders the search for white, moss difficult to the young animals, born the previous spring, who daily grow thinner and thinner. Stock has thus to be killed off with the first sign of winter frost, so as to enable the zadas to be conveyed, on sledges, over the first snow roads to Mezen, whence the traders forward them to St. Petersburg. From the end of September the Igmians wander about as near to Mezen as moss grows, so that they may kill their stock as soon as nature lays the road and sends the frost, which preserves the meat during its long journey southward to civilization. Long trains of sledges, or "bobski," loaded with deer meat, are to be met with upon the winter road which leads from Mezen through Archangel to St. Petersburg, crossing the ice of the three great lakes—Wodlo, Onega and Ladoga—as well as of the Rivers Onega and Svir. The summer post road is long and winding, the winter short and straight, crossing the frozen waters, which in summer must be rounded. Four men working in a company, or "artel," will manage a train of 30 sledges, the heads of the horses being tied to the vehicle in front; often these trains are from a quarter to a half a mile in length.

Wanted "Asbestos" Blooms.

The yearly distribution of arbutus from the Milwaukee newspaper offices has been a much appreciated feature. There is one person, at least, on whom the custom and flower made a lasting impression. He wanted to be sure of his share this year, so he said to a friend who might be of some use in the case:

"Say, Bill, be sure you remember me this year when that asbestos gets around."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Chair-Houses.

A New York institution gets its name, "chairhouse," from the fact that human beings so poor they cannot buy a lodging at the cheapest. Bowery resorts, put up five cents for a chance to occupy a chair for the night. By 11 o'clock the night's contingent is fast asleep in the chairs, the usual number being 25 per 30.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

COURT READER IS NO MORE.

An Office That Has Been Done Away With Since Alexandra Became England's Queen.

Queen Alexandra differs in one interesting respect from the late monarch, in that she takes little pleasure in having books and newspapers read aloud in her hearing. This is the reason why there is no longer any place at the court for Miss Bauer and Miss Norelle, says Modern Society. These excellent lecturers were of very great utility to Queen Victoria. The duty of reading was not limited to these ladies, because it was one of the chief requisites of candidates for the post of maid of honor that they should possess good voices and a trained power of elocution. Very few high bred girls can read aloud in a manner that would commend itself to the critical ear of the venerable sovereign, who hated nothing more than the false emphasis which seems to sprawl over the reading style of the ordinary finishing governess.

Queen Victoria was herself a practiced elocutionist, and she often gave kindly hints to her young maids. Her late majesty insisted first of all upon the clear pronunciation of every consonant, and the clipping of the final letters of words was repugnant to her keen sense of hearing. In the next place she always pointed out to her maids that reading is not acting, and that gesture is out of place when the intention is merely to convey the words of a writer to the listener. Then, again, she would require the voice to be sustained evenly from first to last, and the words to be read slowly, and it was one of her rules that the reader should sit in a straight-backed chair, with the head erect, so that the muscles of the throat should not be compressed, as they are when the book is rested upon the lap.

Sometimes a reader would fancy that her royal hearer was dropping off to sleep, but woe betide her if she took advantage of this supposition to relax in her task. The queen used to sit for an hour with the eyelids closed, for the purpose of resting the eyes. But now and again she would interpolate a word of appreciation, and it often happened that the reading was broken off for an interesting chat upon the sentiments of the book. It was usual for a chapter to be finished at every reading, and before the next chapter was begun upon the following day it might become necessary for the reader to give to her mistress a summary of the preceding chapter, in order to refresh her memory.

Since the elevation of Queen Alexandra to the supreme place this episode in the daily life of the court has vanished utterly. Queen Alexandra delights more in conversation than in being read to, and she engages in chat with a charming eagerness to learn the opinion of her intimates, so that to be included among her guests after dinner, when she desires the privacy of her own apartments, is a very real pleasure to the fortunate girls who receive invitations to accompany a her.

There is one important exception to all this. In the case of Miss Charlotte Knollys, her majesty's confidante has sometimes to perform the duty of reading documents to her, but these are for the most part matters connected with the social duties of her station, such as lists of ladies included in the royal parties, or plans for the arrangement of the duties of the court, and on these occasions it is less a reading exercise than a conversation, in which the experienced lady is privileged to break off at any point in order to make any explanation that may seem necessary.

Her majesty reads all the private notes that are addressed to her by her many relatives at home and abroad, and the answers are penned in her own characteristic hand. The begging letters and epistles that are addressed to her by distressed ladies, together with all appeals from ladies who desire to secure her influence on behalf of their sons and daughters and brothers and sisters, are not always read by the queen; as the private confidante is entrusted with a larger discretion in these matters than her brother is in the case of the king himself, because the correspondence of the king necessarily includes a vast amount of writing which is intended for his eye alone, whereas the queen has far less correspondence outside the limits of her own family.

Insurance Against Smallpox.

The principle of insurance against the various risks to which men and affairs are liable is receiving a constantly extending application. Insurance corporations in England have turned their attention to small-pox risks. For the sum of 28 cents a person can obtain for a year an insurance policy entitling his heirs to \$500 after his death from small-pox and entitling himself to five dollars weekly for five weeks of a non-fatal attack. There is a difference in the rates charged as between recently vaccinated and not recently vaccinated persons. Doctors, it is said, are charged specially high rates, particularly if they attend smallpox, in which case the charge is no less than 2 1/2 per cent. against attack.

Undue Familiarity.

"Let me see—this is May, isn't it?" said the man of business, preparing to begin the dictation of a letter to a country customer.

"No, sir," frigidly replied his new-fangled writer girl. "This is Miss Gumpford."—Chicago Tribune.

TURNED THE TABLES.

Young Lawyer's Experience in Trying to Collect His First Bill.

"Two lawyers, two years past their bar examinations, were sitting in an uptown club the other evening. This is the story that one of them told, says the New York Tribune.

My first case was even more interesting than yours. A college chum of mine asked me to collect a bad debt of \$50 for him. It was a three-months-overdue note. I was at once filled with my own importance, and ten minutes after having been asked to make the collection I started on my way a very polite letter to the debtor asking him to square up his little account. A week went by, then two weeks, and I received no response. I wrote a second and a third letter, the last note practically ordering the debtor to call on me. The last letter contained a pretty broad threat that I would at once bring proceedings against him if he wouldn't settle.

Next day a broad shouldered six footer threw open my door with a vicious jerk—he was a foot taller than I—and sat down with force enough to shake the room. Because of his physical strength I thought he would be easy to handle mentally. I argued the matter of the \$50 with him for nearly an hour; he remained as mute as a post.

When I had almost lost my patience he rose to go. His silence so exasperated me that I hustled to the door and barred the way. At this he turned and nodded to some one whom he had brought with him, and whom I had scarcely noticed.

Then he said sharply: "I wish to pass out."

I losing my head entirely, replied: "Not until you express yourself in some way regarding the sum due my client."

Whereupon he eyed me coldly for fully a minute, and then drawled: "If you pay me \$250 now, on the spot, I will waive my right to sue you for false imprisonment."

It was a clear case against me. He had a witness with him. I would have given \$1,000 to have kept the dreadful fluke out of the mouths of my friends. We compromised by my paying him \$200 and my settling with my own client.

BRAIN KEEPS TIME IN SLEEP.

But When Consciousness is Lost All Track Of It Is Entirely Lost.

"Speaking of the brain," said a well-known neurologist the other day, according to a scientific exchange, "one of its most striking peculiarities is that in the soundest sleep of which we are capable some part of the brain organism takes upon itself the duty of measuring time.

"You may sleep your soundest, sweetest sleep and be awakened suddenly out of it. Almost your first mental prompting is that of time; there is an involuntary attempt on the part of the brain to tell you just how long you have been asleep. You will get some idea of the time, too; you can make a pretty intelligent guess as to whether it is nearer 12 o'clock than it is to three o'clock.

"But when one has lost consciousness, whether through violence or either or fainting, there is absolutely no knowledge of time. A man coming from under the influence of ether does not know whether he has been unconscious an hour or a month. He has no sensation that will suggest it.

"In sleep, however, it seems as if the brain's time card can be thrown off completely. For instance, a person, unexpectedly, may go to sleep on a warm, summer day. It is morning, we will say, and the sun is shining. When he awakes the sun is still shining, and most frequently, unless sleeping in daylight is common to him, he will have no idea whether the next meal will be a late breakfast, a luncheon, or a dinner; he has lost his bearings completely.

"Another faculty of the brain in time-keeping is that in many individuals it is possible for them to go to sleep and awaken at almost any hour they may decide upon. In some persons this ability to awaken at pleasure is almost marvelous. As this brain timekeeper works in man, unconsciously, all through the day, we may well wonder how and when it gets its period of rest."

He Meets His Match.

A clever New York woman met Minister Wu Ting-fang at a dinner in Washington several days ago, and his excellency said:

"Are you married?"

"Yes."

"Where is your husband?"

"He is in New York attending to his business."

And then his excellency switched off to impersonal questions. The New York woman, often answering several of them hesitatingly, said:

"You have confused me, your excellency. When I knew I was to meet you I was prepared to answer your usual set of questions."

"And what are they?" said Wu Ting-fang, with a suggestion of a smile.

"Why, how old I was; how many children I had; how much my clothes cost and what my income was."

"And I suppose," said Minister Wu, "if I had asked them you would have thought me impertinent."

"Oh, no," said the New York woman, blandly. "Only Chinese, your excellency."—N. Y. Sun.

Drowning Accidents.

Nearly 4,000 persons are accidentally drowned every year in England. Of these only 150 are skating accidents and 200 from bathing.

ARE IMITATION PEOPLE.

That is What an English Critic Says of Heroes and Heroines of Modern Novels.

The author or authoress of to-day does not seek to give his or her reader a friend or an enemy in his or her hero or heroine. As a rule, with a very few notable exceptions, we do not care a bit what happens to them, we only care to know how they are made, says the London Spectator. The authors of their being pick them to pieces before our eyes, and we watch to see how lifelike he has made them and how naturally they squeal. Their mental anatomy is copied minutely from many modern women, and their makers have pushed the study of mental anatomy further than it ever was pushed before. Their environment, too, often is extraordinarily natural, and well depicted. No god out of a machine interferes in the misfortunes of a modern heroine, and the old theory of poetic justice has been long thrown aside as lumber, together with other worn-out properties of a passed-away fiction. To ask at the present day how a story ends, whether happily or unhappily, is to give one's self away for an old man, or one without feeling for literature. Novels are not intended to supply us with agreeable society—they are essays in art. Yet these dreary stories, whose dramatic personae agonize under a leaden sky, can seldom be dignified with the name of tragedy; they have nothing of "the consecration and the poet's dream." Their sordidness is too often wholly unrelieved by any touch of poetry.

What is the meaning of this change? Have all our hearts become hard, so that we cannot be moved by any tale of suffering or feel any desire to see the sunshine of success, so that our romance writers awake in us nothing but an intellectual sensation of critical enjoyment? Are we so weary and so biased that, having exhausted all pleasant sensations, we must turn to watch pain as something new? We do not believe for an instant that this is the true explanation of this curious phenomenon. We believe the fault, or, rather, the failure, lies at the door of the new writers of fiction. Their characters do not live. They are imitative people; the most wonderful, the most perfect imitations which have ever been produced—but they are not alive. They have never passed that mysterious barrier between consciousness and unconsciousness. Their very authors do not believe they live—if they did they would feel for them—and the readers do not believe they live, either.

PEASANT AND PROWLER.

An Ordinary Tale with a Moral That is Made to Correspond with It.

One night, as the Peasant was soundly sleeping after a hard day's work, he was awakened by his wife, who informed him that a Prowler was skulking in the cucumber patch, relates the Detroit Free Press.

"Oh, well," replied the Peasant, "he will be as apt to select poor ones as good ones in the darkness, and why should we worry?"

"But he is now among the melons."

"This well, if he bears off green melons the joke will be on him."

"And now he has passed to the cabbages."

"But no man can bear away more than six heads, and we can well spare that number."

"But he is now about to break into the stable!" persisted the wife.

"Woman, why distress thyself? The stable has long been empty of all except rats."

"But upon my soul, Joshua, he is now coming to the house, and we shall all be murdered in our beds!"

"You are wrong again. He does not seek blood, but money. I will open the door and hand him out what I have."

The Peasant suited his action to his words, and as the Prowler disappeared in the darkness his wife wailed out:

"Alas! that a thief should have profited by our hard toil!"

"And alas! some more for thy want of philosophy!" sighed the husband.

"What I gave him was that bogus dollar I got stuck with in Buffalo the other day. The first time he tries to pass it he is sure to be arrested, and his troubles will be our consolation."

Moral: Nothing is wrong if you stop to think about it.

Strange Diseases.

Lombardy is the one place where pellagra is always prevalent—that mysterious modern ailment, due to eating damaged maize, which since 1838, when it was first noticed, is computed to have been responsible for the death of more than 500,000 peasants. Mandalay ringworm, again, is known and dreaded throughout Burma, but even the most ignorant Burmese is aware that it cannot be contracted outside the ancient capital. Similarly, "rock" fever is confined to Gibraltar, although it is probable that the ailment known as Maltese fever, which can be contracted only in Malta, and there only in the spring and autumn, is closely allied to it. Aleppo evil, too, is unknown in any of the other cities of Asia Minor; just as the Delhi boil, so dreaded of our soldiery, is confined to Delhi.—Chambers' Journal.

All Settled Now.

Molly is going to marry that young Mr. Hopkins.

Belle—When did he propose?

"He hasn't proposed as yet. Molly didn't make up her mind till yesterday."—Somerville Journal.