SOME OLD-FASHIONED DISHES.

Recipes Used By Our Grandmothers Not to Be Scoffed at Now.

From the Sun.

The impression seems to prevail sometimes that the so-called old-fashioned dishes are not worthy of much thought or attention, and that the ingredients may be thrown together in the quickest manner possible, regardless of the issue. Nevertheless, the real old-fashioned cookery still has plenty of adherents, and its creations are by no means to be scorned. If they are prepared carefully and served properly they are not to be excelled.

Salted mackerel, such as is usually served broiled for breakfast, makes a most appetizing dish for any luncheon or Sunday night tea. Instead of broiling the fish, after it has been well freshened, boil it slowly in a spider partly filled with water, to which have been added a bay leaf, half a dozen pepper corns, three cloves, a slice of onion, and a suspicion of vinegar. When the fish is cooked, place it upon a heated platter, and pour around it a well-seasoned cream dressing. Or the freshened mackerel may be boiled in equal parts of milk and cream. When the fish is cooked, put it upon the dish it is to be served upon and set it where it will keep hot. Put over the fire in a small saucepan a heaping tablespoonful of butter, and as soon as it is melted stir into it a level spoonful of flour; then gradually stir into this the liquid in which the fish has been cooked. Season with a little cayenne pepper, and when the dressing has thickened strain it over the prepared fish. Sprinkle chopped parsley over the whole and serve at once.

Pork and parsnips may not sound very inviting, but, properly prepared, are one of the most delicious of dishes. Take a thick iron spider and cover the bottom with slices of sweet salt pork cut into pieces about two inches square. Over the pork arrange a layer of sliced parsnips and above place sliced potatoes. Pour in enough water to cover the parsnips, put a close-fitting cover upon the vessel, place it over the back of the fire and let its contents simmer slowly until the vegetables are tender. Then remove the vegetables to a heated dish, but let the pork brown lightly before placing it with the vegetables; only a small amount of liquid should be left in the spider; to this add a little butter, and dredge some flour over it, season with pepper, and stir in cream or rich milk enough to make sufficient gravy; when the ingredients have cooked together, pour the gravy over the vegetables and meat and it is ready.

Another manner of serving parsnips with pork is thus: Clean pork of the size desired, score the rind and place meat side down, in a drip saucepan. Cut the parsnips into halves lengthwise and place them with the pork. Add a small amount of water, cover the vesel closely and place it over a slow fire. Cook until the meat and vegetables are tender. Remove the cover so that if there is any liquid left it may evaporate and the vegetables take on a golden color. Turn the pork, putting the rind side to the bottom of the vessel, and let it become well browned; then place it in a hot platter and arrange the parsnips around the meat.

Picked-up codfish, prepared in an appetizing manner, is not an inexpensive dish, as many consider it. Indeed, a housekeeper who excelled in making delicious dishes of salt cod, when asked to "give us creamed codfish for luncheon, it's cheap," replied: "Porterhouse steaks are just as cheap." For two cups of picked fish take about three cups of milk and cream. Put the fish in a saucepan and cover it with cold water. Let the water heat slowly to the boiling point, then drain it all off, and add one cup each of cream and milk. Again put the fish over the fire and heat. Roll a piece of butter the size of an egg in flour and mix them together; gradually add to the butter three parts of a cup of cream and stir this into the cream mixture, stirring them thoroughly together. Season the fish with pepper and turn it upon a platter holding squares of buttered toast. Place slices of hard boiled eggs over the top. Condensed milk is an excellent substitute for cream.

To make an old-fashioned oyster fricassee, put the liquor from one pint of oysters in a small granite pan with a heaping tablespoonful of cracker dust and set it over the fire. Place the oysters in another pan with two ounces of butter. Cover the pan and let the oysters cook over a slow heat until their edges are ruffled. Have ready a hot platter with pieces of buttered toast about two inches square, and when the oysters are done take them out with a wire spoon and lay them upon the toast. Turn the broth mixture into the pan where the oysters were cooked, season it with salt and cayenne pepper and when it again comes to the boiling point stir in half a cup of cream and turn the mixture over the oyster toast.

Baked squash is not often seen upon the up-to-date menu, but it is one of the best ways of cooking this winter vegetable. The squash is cut into pieces of the size desired, and then peeled, and the seeds and soft part removed. It requires from one to one and one-half hours to bake. Eaten hot with butter and seasoning, it is a good substitute for sweet potatoes.

Winter squash can also be baked by cutting it into halves and removing the seeds and soft part, then turning the cut side down in a pan to bake. When it is done scrape the vegetable from the shell and season plentifully with futter, salt and pepper. Squash is drier when baked, and that is the reason this method of cooking is the best.

Flaky, tender shortcakes, with stewed fruits, rich with sugar, between them, and Indian pudding with maple syrup, were favorite desserts in bygone days; but piemaking was what our grandmothers excelled in. The golden pumpkin and custard pies, rich with cream and eggs, are welcomed as much now as formerly, even if the pumpkin pie is not baked in a biscuit tin and served in square pieces. The deep apple pie of former days, known as "pan dowdy," is most excellent. Take a deep earthen dish that will hold about three quarts. Peel, quarter, and core enough tart apples to fill this dish to the top. Sprinkle over the apples half a cup of sugar and one cup of molasses and a very little cinnamon; pour over the whole half a cup of water; cover the top with a pie crust about as thick as for a chicken pie; place the dish in a slow oven and bake about two and one-half hours. When the pie is taken from the oven take a silver spoon and break the crust into the apples in several places. Then let it stand a couple of hours before serving.

Here is a lemon pie recipe that was found in an old manuscript book and marked "good:" Press out the juice from a large lemon into two teacups of molasses and grate into it the dried peel from another lemon. Cover a plate with a thin layer of good pie crust and spread over it one-half of the mixture. Lay over another thin sheet of crust and spread it with the remaining mixture. Again cover with a top crust and thoroughly bake. This was said to be an excellent and tempting dessert.

This is the way to make grandmother's orange gingerbread squares, which were always to be found ready when wanted: To one and three-fourths pounds of molasses put twelve ounces of sugar, four ounces of fresh yellow orange peel, chopped very fine, one ounce each of ginger and allspice, and two and one-fourth pounds of flour. Melt twelve ounces of butter and stir well into the other ingredients. Cover the dish holding the mixture and lay it by for twelve hours; then roll the stuff out thin with as little flour as possible and cut it into strips about three inches wide, and with the back of a knife mark them in the form of checkers. Beat the yolk of an egg light and stir into it three-quarters of a cup of milk. Brush the squares with this liquid and place them in the oven to bake. Brush the cakes a second time with the liquid as soon as they are removed from the oven baked.

THE CHILDREN'S TEETH.

This Is Intended Particularly for the Mothers.

Because the milk-teeth, must, in the course of nature, fall out in a few years, to give place to the permanent set, parents are apt to assume that it is useless to pay special attention to them; they think it will be time enough to instruct the child in the care of the teeth when he has his permanent set. This is a mistake.

In the first place, it is never too early to inculcate good habits in the child, and his permanent teeth will always be better taken care of if he has been taught to brush the temporary set from the time when he can use a toothbrush.

It is also in the interest of the child's and the man's good looks, comfort and health, that the milk-teeth should be preserved as long as possible. One of their most important functions is to keep a place in the jaws for the second set, and if they fall out too soon the second teeth may also come too soon, and out of their regular place; then the later teeth will not have room enough, and will be twisted sidewise or pushed in front of, or behind, the others in the row.

The first teeth, like the second, are required, also, for the proper mastication of the food, which is all the more necessary in the growing child, who needs more nourishment than an older person.

Finally, the appearance of a child with three or four open spaces among his teeth is far from being attractive, and parents should be ashamed to see them as a consequence of their own neglect in not watching properly over the preservation of the milk teeth.

As soon as the teeth appear they should be cleaned with a soft cloth, and when the child is old enough, a little brush should be put into his hand, and he should be taught the use of it. After this the mother or the nurse should see that it is used regularly.

The mouth of every child should be examined two or three times a year by the dentist, and any little cavities should be stopped with a temporary filling. Indeed, as much care should be taken of the first as of the second set of teeth, for they are, in their temporary way, just as necessary to health, beauty and comfort.—Youth's Companion.

WAX FOR THE COMPLEXION.

It Is Necessary to Suffer to Be Beautiful.

From the London Standard.

We have heard of a "waxen pallor" as adding to the interest of a lovely heroine in works of fiction, but we never before heard of any one trying to acquire it by eating wax candles. Yet that is what a girl is said to have done at Worcester, with far too complete success, as she has just died in the infirmary from the effects. It seems a most extraordinary story. The only thing not strange about it is the girl's death, supposing she really did eat the candles. Some kind are edible enough, it is true, especially in cold climates, but they are made of grease, not wax. Tallow candles are, according to arctic explorers, regarded as a great delicacy by the Eskimos, and by all accounts they would not come amiss up at Dawson City this winter. But wax is a totally different matter. It is not directly poisonous, in the ordinary sense of the word, and a little might do no harm, but it must be absolutely indigestible. The wonder is how any sane person could come by such an extraordinary idea as that her complexion would be improved by a diet of this kind. There are things which do improve the complexion. There is arsenic, taken in very minute quantities; there is sulphur and iron, and other things which doctors are in the habit of prescribing in proper cases. And, no doubt, there are various less orthodox substances of the order of domestic remedies which enjoy a great—and wholly imaginary—reputation for "clearing the skin." It may be anything from camomile tea to gin. Women of the lower classes have unbounded faith in these remedies—especially in the gin, and educated women are surprisingly ready to accept the suggestions of ignorance and superstition in such matters.

But who ever heard of wax candles? People have been known actually to admire those marvelous beauties whose heads adorn the shop windows of fashionable hairdressers; and it is possible that an ignorant girl might, by a confused association of ideas, conceive the notion that eating wax would produce the charming complexion exhibited by a wax figure. From that to a diet of candles would be an easy step. The feminine nature is capable of such heroic efforts in the pursuit of beauty that no suffering would be too great to undergo, no risk too great to run. Incredible as the fact may seem, it is stated on good authority that the recent shocking death of a lady from the use of an explosive hairwash has served rather as an advertisement than a warning. Other ladies have since insisted upon having their hair done with the same deadly compound, cheerfully encountering the risk of untold suffering on the off chance of improving their appearance. Where vanity is concerned reason ceases to exist. All the tribe of quack beautifiers thrive upon this weakness. In spite of innumerable warnings, women will cover their faces with noxious preparations that can do nothing but injure the skin, they will pay fabulous prices for bottles of rubbish, they will starve themselves, squeeze their unfortunate organs out of all recognition, and commit a thousand fantastic follies. They are the martyrs of vanity, and the Worcester girl was only rather bolder and more original than the rest. Eating candles is a novel method of improving the complexion, but it is not a whit more futile than bathing in asses' milk or using precious salves. Very likely the Worcester girl suffered from hysteria, which often shows itself in a capacity for eating strange things, even needles and pins. But hysteria is not easily separable from the exaggerated vanity which makes the ordinary victim of the beauty quack; and it is quite likely that if the virtues of wax candles are only asserted loudly enough by some one or other, there will be a large demand for the new "treatment" for bad complexions, in spite of the untoward fate of its inventor.

AMERICANS THE BEST.

Lilian Bell Says American Men Excel All Others as Husbands.

"American men are the best husbands in the world," writes Lilian Bell in an article entitled "On the Subject of Husbands" in the Woman's Home Companion. "If these dissatisfied American wives could only know that an all-wise Providence had, in the American man, given us the best article in the market, and that when we rebel at our lot we are simply proving that we do not deserve our good fortune, they would never even discuss the subject of having any other nationality.

"Of course, in every nation there is a class of men who are as noble, as high-minded, as chivalrous as even the most captious American girl could wish. But I refer to the general run of men when I say that there is something about men born outside of America, a native selfishness amounting to a sort of callousness; a lack of perception regarding the fineness of womanhood, which, summed up in a few words, might be called a metal brutality, which well nigh unfits them for close social contact with the supersensitive American women. And just as surely as American women persist in disregarding this subtle yet unmistakable truth, just so surely will they lay themselves open to those soul-bruises of which American men, as a race, are incapable of inflicting. I say they are incapable of inflicting them, because American men, in the face of everything said and written to the contrary, are, in regard to women, the finest-grained race of men in the world. If at first you are inclined to question the truth of that statement consider the men who have been educated abroad. How much is left of their Americanism? To be sure they are cultured. They understand music and art, and always wear gloves; but are gloves essential to a happy home?

"Now, this is all general. I beg that the wayfaring man, though a fool, will not imagine that these strictures are true of every man, who is not an American, or that all American men are perfect. I hardly think on the whole, that I need fear that I shall be thought to consider all American men perfect. But I do wish to state clearly and frankly my admiration for American men as a race. And when an American man is a gentleman, he is, to my mind, the most perfect gentleman that any race can boast, because his good manners spring from his heart, and there are a few of us old-fashioned enough to plead that politeness should go deeper than the skin."

SOME PEN NAMES.

The One That Is Best Known and the Reasons for Choosing It.

From the Hartford Courant.

The term "nom de plume" is not good French and there is a pretty general determination to regard it as not good English, either, and to drop it for the more sensible and simple expression "pen name." Many reasons may exist why an author may not wish to sign his own name to his first attempt at conquering a position in the world of letters. He may feel a little shy about coming before the public in propria persona, he may prefer to remain unknown, he may think that it is easier to win notoriety for an alliterative or catchy sobriquet, or he may feel that in assuming a new name it is easier for him to assume the character in which he wishes to appear before the public. Thackeray used several names because he wrote for different publications in different styles. He signed himself sometimes "John Corks," sometimes "The Proser," or a Traveller in London." For a certain set of papers he chose the name of "James Yellowplush;" for another that of Michael Angelo Titmarch." The last was suggested by the nickname given him by a friend in allusion to the fact that he, like the great artist, had a broken nose. The best known pen name in the world is "Mark Twain," which Mr. Clemens says "was the nom de plume of Capt. Isaiah Sellers, who used to write river news over it for the New Orleans Picayune. He died in 1863, and as he could no longer use that signature, I laid violent hands upon it without asking permission of the proprietor's remains, and have done my best to make it remain what it was in his hands—a symbol and warrant that whatever is found in its company may be gambled on as being the petrified truth. How I have succeeded it would not be modest in me to say."

Miss Alice French chose the very attractive name, "Octave Thanet," by chance; M. Paul Blouet combined the first name of his French grandfather and the last name of his Irish grandmother into the happy combination, "Max O'Rell." Cincinnatus H. Miller, when he began to write poetry, wisely concluded that it would seem more like real poetry if he signed his first name "Joaquin." Many women have won fame under masculine names, as George Eliot (Marianne Evans,) Charles Egbert Craddock(Mary N. Murfree,) George Sand (Lucille Aurore Dudevant.) In the last case the author's parents had the family name, Dupin, changed to Sand. The three Bronte sisters chose the remarkable taking names of Currer, Ellis and Acton Bell, inventions which are really marked by genius, though they were assumed as a compromise between masculine and feminine names.

It is pretty certain that the best of the short stories signed "Saxe Holm," which appeared in Scribner's early in the seventies, were written by "H. H." (Helen Hunt.) The secret was well kept, and, we believe, the truth has never been absolutely settled. As a poet, the name of Edward Robert Bulwer Lytton is overshadowed by the signature, "Owen Meredith," taken from remote Welsh ancestors and made familiar to the English-speaking world by the favorite of our mothers, the rhymed novel, "Lucile." "Hosea Biglow's" fame, however, is merged in that of the real author, James Russell Lowell. The affectation of alliterative pseudonyms like "Jennie June," "Grace Greenwood," "Fannie Fern," "Frank Forrester," "Oliver Optic," and "Timothy Titcomb" has gone out. As a rule, writers now sign with their real names.

Once it was quite necessary for authors to fire ideas at the public from the ambush of a pseudonym. Had Junius signed his own name his liberty and fortune, and possibly his stature, would have been seriously curtailed. At present there is no more reason for authors to conceal their identity than there is for preachers to do so. Journalists, of course, should and do merge their personality in that of their paper. Reviewers should not sign book notices, for if their personality intrudes that of the writer whom they are considering becomes present and the article ceases to be addressed strictly to the public as it should be. With these exceptations there is no reason for concealing the names of a writer in these later days, for modesty is rather an old-fashioned virtue. Besides now nobody is lowered in public estimation even by writing verses. The use of the "pen name," in spite of the recent example of "Ian Maclaren," may as well be abandoned. The mask is worn by highwaymen for personal reasons, but honest people no longer need it for safety.

MOUSE TRAPS.

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This is the time of year when there is the greatest demand for mouse traps. As cold weather approaches the mice seek shelter in the houses of men, and men buy traps to catch them. There are various kinds of mouse traps, including those that require no setting and that take mice alive, and those that require to be set and that kill the mice. In this last class are the familiar old-fashioned wood mouse traps, some made square and some round, having holes in the sides through which the mouse thrusts its head to get at the bait fixed on a hook within. Traps of this kind are called chokers. Many kinds of mouse traps are sold by the gross or dozen. The wood chokers, varying in size, are sold at wholesale at so much a dozen holes. Taking all the kinds together, there are made in this country and sold here millions of mouse traps annually, and American mouse traps in large numbers are exported to many foreign countries.—New York Sun.

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$1.98, $2.50, $3, $3.50, $4, $4.50, $5, $6, $7, 8.
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