

HOUSEHOLD TALKS

Henrietta D. Grauel

From the Old Scrap Book

It is not given to everyone to write a book but any one may compile one, choosing from the wealth of printed things at hand those that appeal most to them. These scrap-books are sure to be interesting for they tell many a story beside those found in the printed, pasted articles that fill them.

One such "yellow-old book" came to me this week. Evidently it was started by a bride for on the first few pages were some household accounts carefully kept—for a while—then some blank spaces and finally and lastly "all paid in and all paid out," was written. And after that the pages were filled with some very good and reliable recipes; friendly old ones you will be glad, I think, to have for your own scrap book.

Pan-dowdy (apple dumpling): Pare about ten apples, slice them thin into a baking dish. Mix a tablespoon of butter with a cup of sugar and one nutmeg grated. Sprinkle this over the apples and cover with the following crust: Crust for pan-dowdy: Two cups of buttermilk, one teaspoon of soda, one teaspoon of salt. Sift one quart of flour and to it add four tablespoons of shortening, add the other ingredients; cover the apples with this and bake thoroughly.

The next recipe is for corn starch pudding or for a plain cake. One cup sugar, one-half cup of butter, one egg. Blend butter and sugar and add egg; beat well and heat through over boiling water.

Another recipe that is interesting just now is that for custard cake. Beat

the yolks and the whites of three eggs thoroughly and mix them together. Add three tablespoons of water, one cup of powdered or soft sugar, one teaspoon of extract to flavor and two cups of flour mixed with two teaspoons of baking powder and sifted well. This cake may be baked in layer pans and filled with a custard or a fruit filling or it may be baked in a sheet and spread with jelly and made into a roll.

One egg feather cake, requested by an unknown reader, some time ago, is also found here and I have tested the directions for making it and they are excellent.

One egg feather cake: One cup of sugar, one cup butter, one cup of sweet milk, one well beaten egg, one cup of flour and one teaspoon of baking powder. Flavor to suit taste. Bake in a small loaf pan.

Then comes Lizzie Keen's Rice Pudding: One cup of rice, one-half pint of sweet milk, one-half pint raisins seeded and chopped, sugar and flavoring to suit, and the beaten yolks of three eggs. Beat the whites of the eggs stiff and sweeten them and put over the top of the pudding when it is baked. This is fine eating, hot or cold.

And on the last page is the truly southern recipe, nut candy, "burnt sugar candy," it used to be called. Two pounds of brown sugar or one pint of New Orleans molasses but the brown sugar is best. Add a very little water and boil until it threads. Put in plenty of nut meats and pour on a buttered tin.



NOVEMBER JOE

The Detective of the Woods

by Hesketh Prichard.

Copyright, 1913, by Hesketh Prichard

Continued

"Wait," said Joe. "You told us the robber lived in here while he was on the island. If things is the way he left them I'd like to look round."

"Have your way," said Stafford. "I haven't disturbed them. I put off directly I saw your smoke, and I hadn't been long ashore."

Joe went in and examined everything with his usual swift care. He lit a match after match and peered about the stove, for the interior of the cabin was pretty dark even in the daytime.

After this he bent over the table and, drawing his knife, scratched at a stain on the near side, and then at a similar stain upon the other.

"I'm through," he said at length.

Stafford, who had been watching Joe's proceedings with an air of incredulity that bordered on derision, turned sharply to question him:

"Found out anything?"

"Not much," answered Joe.

"Well, all I can see is that the villain has eaten a good share of my grub."

"I dare say," said Joe. "There was two of them, you know."

"No, I don't! And what else can you tell me about them?"

"I think they was man and wife. She's a smallish woman; I'd guess she's maybe weakly, too. And he's fond of reading; anyway, he can read."

Stafford stared at November half suspiciously.

"What?" he shouted. "Are you kidding me? Or how did you get all that?"

"That's easy," replied November. "There are two or three traces of a little flat foot in front of the store and a woman couldn't run this job on her own, so it's likely there was a man, too."

Stafford grinned. "You said she was weakly?"

"I thought maybe she was, for if she hadn't spilt the water out of the kettle most times she took it off the stove, there wouldn't be any track, and here is one near on top of the other, so it happened more'n once on the same spot. She found her kettle heavy, Mr Stafford," Joe said seriously.

"I'm free to own that seems sense," acknowledged Stafford. "But the reading—that's different."

"Table's been pulled up alongside the bunk—see that scrape of the leg?—and he's had the lamp close up alongside near the edge where the stain is. There's plenty of oil stains in the middle of the table, but these close to the edges ain't been long on. You can see that for yourself."

"By jingo!" said the fox farmer. "Anything else?"

"The chap what robbed you was a trapper all right and had killed a red fox recent, so recent he carried it across and skinned it here."

"Where?"

"By your stove." Joe bent down and poked up some short red hairs. "Clumsy skinning," said he. "Let's go out and take a look round the island."

Stafford led the way. At a short distance some of the skinned carcasses lay. Joe turned them over. Suddenly he bent down with that quick intensity that I had learned to connect with his more important discoveries. From one he passed to another till he had handled every carcass. Stafford pointed out another island lying some five miles north, where, he told us, he kept his less valuable stock.

"There's a lot of red and cross foxes over there on Edith Island. It's named for my eldest gal," he said. "Whenever there happens a black one in the litters I try to catch it and bring it over here to Eel—Hullo! What's that?"

Stafford stood with his hands shading his eyes staring at Edith Island.

"Look! That's smoke or I'm dreaming," he cried.

A very faint line of bluish haze rose from the distant rock.

"Smoke it is," said Joe.

"But the island is uninhabited. Come on, come on!" cried Stafford excitedly.

"It may be those ruffians clearing out Edith Island too. We'll get after them."

"All right, Mr Stafford," agreed Joe. "But I guess it's liable to be your Aleut Sam marooned over there."

"Why?"

"That's a signal fire. Whoever's made that fire is putting on moss. And I've noticed things here that make me think it ain't likely they killed Sam."

The wind served us fairly well, and as we ran under the lee of the land we were aware of a figure standing on the beach waiting for us.

"It's Aleut Sam, sure enough," said Stafford.

The Aleut proved to be a squat fellow of a most Mongolian cast of countenance. We rowed ashore in the canvas boat, and on the beach Stafford held a rapid conversation with his man in Indian. Neither Joe nor I could follow what was said, but presently Stafford enlightened us.

"Sam says that one night, four days

after I left Eel Island, he had just eaten his supper when he heard a knocking on the door. Thinking it must be me who had returned, he opened it. Seeing no one, he stepped out into the dark, when a pair of arms were thrown round him, and a cloth that smelt like the stuff that made him go asleep in the hospital (Sam's had some of his toes off on account of frost bite down to Valdez) was clapped about his head. He struggled, but he says he does not remember any more until he woke up on the beach here. It was still dark, and the men and boat were gone.

"Toward evening he discovered a barrel of dried fish which had been tumbled ashore from the boat which marooned him—to keep him from starving, I suppose. He went up into the scrub and made a fire. Since then he's been here and seen no one. That's all."

"Then he didn't ever really see the faces of the chaps that kidnaped him?"

Stafford translated the question to Sam and repeated the answer.

"One had a beard and was a big man; he wore a peaked cap. Anything else to ask him?"

"Yes. How long has he been here on this island?"

"Eight days."

"What's he been doing all the time?"

"Just wandering around."

"Where has he been camped?"

Stafford raised his thumb over his shoulder. "In the scrub above here."

Joe nodded. "Well, let's go to his camping place and boil the kettle. He'll sure have a bit of fire there."

Joe stirred the smouldering logs into life, but in doing so was so unfortunate as to overturn the kettle.

"That's bad," said he. "Best tell your man to get some more water."

Stafford sent off Sam on his errand, but no sooner had the Aleut disappeared than November was on his knees examining the charred embers and delving among the ashes.

"Get rid of your hired man for a while longer, only so he don't suspect anything," he said. "I hear him coming."

"You mean he's in the robbery?"

"He sure is. And what's more, it looks to me like he's your only chance of getting your foxes back. Here he comes."

A moment later Sam appeared in sight walking up the narrow track between the rocks, kettle in hand. Stafford spoke to him in Aleut. Sam grunted in acquiescence, and went off up the hill that formed the center of the island.

"I'll let him go to gather some more wood while the kettle's boiling. Now you can talk and tell me who you think has the pelts of my foxes."

"Your foxes ain't dead."

"Ain't dead? You've forgot they skinned carcasses?"

"I allow we saw some skinned car-

over red fox carcasses?" he inquired at length.

"That's easy answered. They was after your best stock. It's pretty likely they didn't take them far, and they wouldn't want you nosing about for your live foxes."

"Is that it?"

"Another thing. The robbers was six days or more on Eel Island. Now, they could catch and kill all your foxes in two. But to catch them so they wouldn't be hurt would take time. No, your foxes ain't dead yet, and they ain't far off, neither, and your Aleut knows your get them. He told you he'd been eight days on this island, didn't he?"

Stafford nodded. "Eight days, that's what he said."

"He lied. I knew it the moment I set eyes on his fire. Not enough ash to this fire to make heat to keep a man without a blanket comfortable for eight days this weather. And look! The boughs he's broke off for his bed. They're too fresh. Agin, he ain't got no ax here, yet the charred ends of the thicker bits on the fire has been cut with an ax. It's clear as light. The robbers ferried Sam across here about two days back, out some wood for him so he shouldn't be too cold, gave him grub to last till 'bout the time you'd likely be home and left him."

"I guess you're right. I see it now. I'm grateful to you."

Stafford reached for his rifle, but Joe intervened.

"Stay you still, and I'll show you the way we do in the lumber camps."

Sam's strong, squat figure advanced toward us. As he stooped to throw the wood he had brought on the ground Joe caught his shoulder with one hand and snatched the knife from his belt with the other. And then there flashed across the features of the Aleut an expression like a mad dog's. He flung himself, gnashing and snarling, on November.

But he was in the grip of a man too strong for him, and though he returned again and again to the attack, the huge young woodsman twisted him to earth, where Stafford and I tied his struggling limbs.

This done we rolled him over.

"Now," said Stafford, "who is it has got my foxes?"

The Aleut shook his head.

Stafford pulled out his revolver, opened the breech, made sure it was loaded and cocked it. Next he held his watch in front of Sam's face and pointed out the fact that it wanted but five minutes to the hour.

"I'm telling him if he don't confess," he said. "I'll shoot him when the hand reaches the hour." He turned to us. "You'd best go."

"Good heavens! You don't really mean"—I cried.

Stafford winked. Joe and I went down to the beach bow.

A quarter of an hour passed before Stafford joined us.

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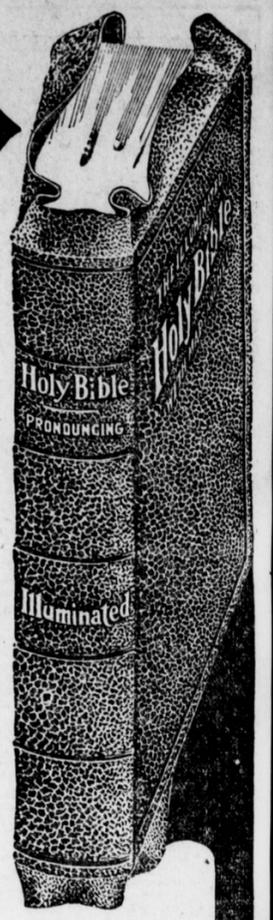
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FOURTH SLAYER IS FREED

Prison Inspectors Open Doors for Last of Quartet Jailed for Death of Mill Girl

Trenton, Nov. 21.—The Board of Prison Inspectors yesterday liberated from the State Prison, Walter C. McAlister, who, with Andrew Campbell, George Kerr and Walter A. Death, was convicted of drugging and murdering Jennie Bosschier, in Paterson, in 1909. Kerr turned State evidence, received 15 years in prison and served his full time, being released February 19, 1912. The other three men were sentenced to 30 years each. Campbell was paroled by the Court of Pardons in April, 1913, and Death was freed in July, 1914, by the same board that liberated McAlister.

The crime for which the men were convicted was the most brutal one, and stirred national interest at the time. Miss Bosschier was a mill hand in Paterson. After meeting the men in a saloon in that city, it was brought out at the trial, the girl was drugged and outraged, her body was placed in a cab and laid in an open lot outside of Paterson. Suspicion rested upon the four men and the cab driver weakened and confessed his knowledge of their acts. The trial and conviction of second degree murder followed.

McAlister was met at the prison door yesterday by his sister, who stuck to him all during his trouble, even after his father had become reconciled to the thought that he should stay in prison. She made many attempts to have the Court of Pardons exercise clemency, but without avail. When she met him yesterday she had new clothes for him, and together they boarded a train for Paterson, where McAlister will go to his old home.

FORMER HUSBAND WINS SUIT

Reading Man Recovers \$750 From Divorced Wife

Reading, Nov. 21.—After a trial lasting several days the jury in the suit of Charles Drumheiser, of Shamokin, against his divorced wife, Anna Pennyl, known as Annie P. Drumheiser, for recovery of \$1,600, returned a verdict in favor of the once husband for \$750.

Mr. Drumheiser claimed he received the amount in a suit as benefits for

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PAID \$1,000 HE DID NOT OWE

U. S. Returns to Widow Sum Postmaster, by Error, Thought Due

Seammon, Kan., Nov. 21.—Thomas B. Evans, late Postmaster of Seammon, found last winter that his books showed him indebted to the Government nearly \$1,000. Worry over the discovery made him ill.

Evans, saying nothing to his family, began making up the supposed shortage and at the time of his death some months ago had done so.

Auditors of the Department checking through the books discovered an error and found that Evans did not owe the Government anything. Mrs. Evans this week received a check for \$920.81 from the Department, the amount Evans made sacrifices to pay.

RAIDS PRICE-RAISING RAFFLE

District Attorney Won't Tolerate York's Turkey Gambling

York, Pa., Nov. 21.—Conducting a raid Thursday night on a turkey raffle in a shed in the West End, District Attorney Harvey A. Smith caused the arrest of John E. Smith, George W. Clingan and Harry H. Clingan, the alleged principals. The names of about fifty players were obtained as witnesses.

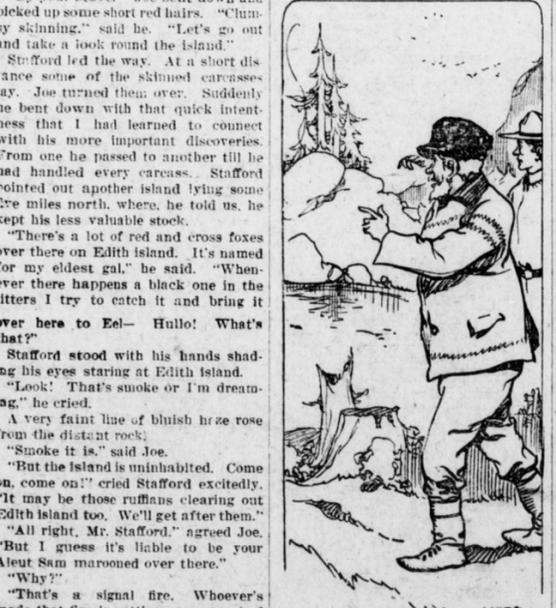
KILL THE KING OF BEARS

He's a Five-Hundred-Pounder That Chewed Up Traps

Kane, Nov. 21.—What is thought to be the largest bear ever shot in this region was killed yesterday afternoon, near Maple Run, by G. W. Bowley. The bear, which has been seen many times in ten years by hunters, was known as the king of bears and weighed 500 pounds.

FIVE SALOONS LOSE LICENSES

Keranton, Nov. 21.—Five saloons were put out of business yesterday when Judge H. M. Edwards handed down an order revoking the licenses because the proprietors had been found guilty of selling on Sunday. Licenses of five other places were revoked for the remainder of the year and two other cases are held under advisement.



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cases, but they was the carcasses of red foxes worth no more than \$10 apiece instead of a thousand. I examined those carcasses mighty careful. Their eyes wasn't the right color for black foxes. That's one thing. For another, I found some red hairs. It ain't in nature you can take a pelt off and not a hair stick on the body under."

Stafford digested this in silence.

"But why in creation should the chaps have taken the trouble to bring

CAT RESCUES HAWK'S PREY

Recovers Her Kitten, in the Talons of the Great Bird

Selinsgrove, Pa., Nov. 21.—In a desperate battle with a large chicken hawk a Maltese cat saved her babies and routed the bird of prey here yesterday.

An unusually large feline, the cat has for years made her home on the farm of Charles R. Forrester, an Upper Augusta township assessor. Yesterday she took her two-week-old brood of four out in the sun for an airing, when a hawk swooped down and caught the largest of the kittens.

Like a flash, the mother cat was on the hawk's back, and the pair rolled around in a fierce battle.

After a couple of minutes the hawk rose into the air and disappeared, without its intended dinner.

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To Be Continued.

EIGHT BODIES WASHED ASHORE

Believed Victims of Swamped Barge on Lake Superior

Seney, Mich., Nov. 21.—Eight bodies were found yesterday on the shore of Lake Superior, about eight miles from this place. Two of the dead are women.

It is thought they came from the lumber barge Anna M. Peterson, which left Baraga late Wednesday afternoon in tow of the steamer C. F. Curtis loaded with lumber for Tonawanda, N. Y. The barge is believed to have been wrecked in the gale which swept Lake Superior Thursday and last night.

Leave It in the Inkstand

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Girardville Blaze Believed to Have Caused Four Deaths

Pottsville, Nov. 21.—In addition to