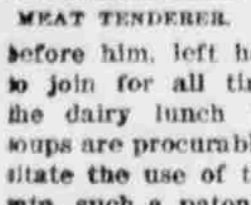


HOUSEHOLD DEPARTMENT

To Make Meat Tender.

It must have been a conscience-stricken boarding house-keeper who was the other day granted a patent for a machine to render meat tender. Doubtless she had tired of hearing the complaints and the pointless jokes of her boarders concerning her steaks, and probably she had lost her star boarder, who, having broken all his front teeth in efforts to masticate the meat set before him, left her in sheer despair to join for all time the patrons of the dairy lunch rooms, where hot soups are procurable, and do not necessitate the use of the molars. At any rate, such a patent was granted, and the accompanying picture shows not only its extreme simplicity, but also seems to indicate that it can and will do its work well. Toothed wheels, carried in a handle, are run backward and forth over the toughest meat until it has been brought to such a state that it can readily be mistaken for the most tender and the most toothsome venison.



MEAT TENDERER. The meat set before him, left her in sheer despair to join for all time the patrons of the dairy lunch rooms, where hot soups are procurable, and do not necessitate the use of the molars. At any rate, such a patent was granted, and the accompanying picture shows not only its extreme simplicity, but also seems to indicate that it can and will do its work well. Toothed wheels, carried in a handle, are run backward and forth over the toughest meat until it has been brought to such a state that it can readily be mistaken for the most tender and the most toothsome venison.

Cheese Souffle.

Put two level teaspoonfuls of butter in a frying pan and stir in a heaping tablespoonful of flour. Gradually add half a cupful of milk, and boil one minute. Then add a seasoning of half a teaspoonful of salt and one-tenth of a teaspoonful of cayenne. Stir in one cupful of soft-grated cheese and the yolks of three eggs, well beaten. Pour into a bowl and set away to cool. When cold, add the whites of three eggs, whipped to a light froth. Turn into a buttered baking dish, or into individual custard cups. Bake from ten to twelve minutes, and serve hot.

Corn Dumplings.

Make a nice light biscuit dough and form it into small, thin rounds, just large enough to hold a heaping teaspoonful of corn, seasoned to taste; add a lump of butter and form into round dumplings. Corn previously cooked on the ear is easier to use than fresh, unless the latter is well drained, as the milk of the corn makes the closing of the dumplings difficult. Steam for about twenty minutes and serve as a garnish to stewed chicken.

Good Layer Cake.

Cream a pint of powdered sugar with a cup of butter, add the well-beaten yolks of nine eggs and beat steadily for five minutes. Stir in a teaspoonful of baking soda, dissolved in a tablespoonful of boiling water, add the grated rind of an orange and the strained juice of two lemons. Last of all, fold in lightly two cups of flour or enough to make a good batter. Bake in four layer tins.

Chocolate Wafers.

One cupful of brown sugar, one cupful of granulated sugar, one cupful of butter, one egg, one cupful of grated chocolate, one teaspoonful of vanilla extract and sifted flour to make stiff—about one and a half cupfuls. Roll very thin, cut with a little square cutter, and bake very quickly. The should only be in the oven a few minutes.

Potatoes and Cheese.

Boil enough potatoes in salted water to measure a pint when peeled and cut into dice. Make a white sauce of a tablespoonful of butter and one of flour blended with a cup of hot milk; put the potatoes in a pretty baking dish, add a half cup of grated cheese and the sauce. Cover with cracker crumbs moistened with a spoonful of melted butter and bake until brown.

Short Suggestions.

To scale fish easily, dip them in boiling water.

Boiled cabbage is much sweeter when the water is changed in boiling.

In baking bread or rolls put a saucer pan of boiling water into the oven. The steam will keep the crust smooth and tender.

Much of the heavy cake and bread is the result of the oven doors being banged in closing. It should be closed as gently as possible.

Before beginning to seed raisins cover them with hot water and let them stand fifteen minutes. The seeds can then be removed easily.

Boiling liquids, jellies or fruits can be turned into glass without breaking the vessel if you press the bowl of a spoon on the bottom while filling.

Glass which has grown dull can be restored to a fairly bright condition by washing with diluted hydrochloric acid and afterward rubbing with moist chalk or whiting.

GOWNS FOR CALLING.

COSTUMES FOR WEAR BETWEEN NOW AND SPRING.

Woolen Dress Goods Endorsed for Wear During Season Are as Diversified as They Have Been All Winter—Gold Trimmings Popular.

New York correspondence:

THE woolen dress goods displayed for spring wear show the same diversity that has prevailed in such fabrics during the winter. There is a host of novelty weaves, in which roughness of surface is the chief point of unusualness, and smooth surfaced stuffs are galore. It is a fact that will be welcomed by most women that the latter weaves seem in better standing than they did in the winter lists, whose best places were reserved, practically without exception, for the hairy and nubby goods. Gold trimmings are making steady headway. They are appearing everywhere, and nowhere do they take forms that could offend anyone. Objectors

excite the interest of stylish dressers at this time, there is matter of more urgent concern in calling and reception gowns to be worn between now and spring. Stylish folk are making much of these costumes this year. Reception dresses are the extreme of dressiness and elaboration, if the wearer admires that sort of thing, and little that is really simple is in good standing. Calling gowns are plainer. Not that there's much in them that is severe, but they partake of few of the fanciful embellishments that appear almost as freely on reception gowns as on evening dresses. In use these calling suits may be re-enforced by fine sets of the costliest furs, so they can make quite as grand an appearance as if they were of more complex construction. It was among calling gowns for the Lenten period that the artist sketched for these pictures. Her first selection was fuchsia voile banded with silk of the same color, the bands fringed, and with white silk yoke extending over the arms. In her next picture are a brown broadcloth trimmed with brown satin, and a gray voile self-trimmed. Both these suits depended much on accompanying furs. In the next picture are a purple venetian cloth trimmed with sable and embroidery of white passementerie, and a royal blue etamine trimmed with silk cording of the same shade, and with collar and vest of panne velvet to match.

Costumes of this grade are not very useful to a majority of women, except as they give insight into approaching fashions, for of course the ordinary woman isn't going to get up a fine gown for another purpose than for Lenten calls. But considered as intermediates between winter and spring, these dresses are of gen-



SWAGGER CALLING GET-UPS.

prophecy that they soon will be massed in quantities suggestive of barbaric splendor, and this may be true before the fashion for them is exhausted, but as yet the criticism isn't warranted, so why shouldn't women wear them? Traces of this glist are found in millinery, as well as on gowns, but these are mostly in fine

eral interest. They are marked by much elaboration of skirts, and by continuance of shoulder slope. Some spring materials are put into them, as if to put the goods on trial a bit before their time. Appearing thus are a host of voiles, though more than half the time the crafty weaver has devised a new name for the ma-



TWO MORE STYLISH CALLERS.

lines or flecks put on color that is far from outshone by the gold. For dresses the chief mediums for displaying gold are braids, passementeries and buttons. While fashions for spring and summer

Patronize those who advertise.

THE BATTLE-FIELDS.

OLD SOLDIERS TALK OVER ARMY EXPERIENCES.

The Blue and the Gray Review Incidents of the Late War, and in a Graphic and Interesting Manner Tell of Camp, March and Battle.

The late Rear Admiral Daniel Ammen, who as a boy, was a schoolmate with Gen. Grant in Ohio, and who was appointed to the naval academy on the same day that young Grant was appointed an army cadet, was known among his fellows in the service as "the indefatigable student of science." He invented many improvements of more or less value to the service. He also attained as much prominence as any man whose name has been connected with the trans-isthmian canal question, for he was commander of one of the naval surveying expeditions in 1865, and personally plotted the course for the proposed canal from Greytown to Lake Nicaragua. He also designed the Katahdin, known as the Ammen ram, but which has not yet shown any value as a war vessel, says the New York Tribune.

An amusing story is told of him in connection with one of his fads of keeping a record with a pedometer of the distance he would traverse, whether on duty on board ship or on shore for exercise. While only a lieutenant and a watch officer on one of the wooden ships of the early days, he had a young midshipman, George Bigelow, as a junior watch officer, whose duty it was to look after the forward part of the ship. His slack attention to duty caused Ammen to suspect him of going to sleep on watch or sitting down on the gun carriage, instead of keeping his eye on the crew on deck and below.

So one night Ammen said to the midshipman as he displayed the pedometer, "Did you ever try one of these instruments?"

Bigelow had not only never tried one, but had never before seen a pedometer, which fact he admitted. Then Ammen continued:

"It is an instrument that notes the number of movements of the ship, either rolling or pitching, in a given time. Put it into your pocket and test it."

At the end of the four-hour watch Ammen asked for the pedometer, and as he looked at it, he savagely remarked:

"Mr. Bigelow, you are not an efficient officer, sir; you've neglected your duties, sir, for I find that you've not walked so much as half a mile. You should not have spent so much time in sitting down on the gun carriage, sir. I've a mind to report you to the captain, sir, but I'll be lenient with you this time, sir."

The next time the two officers were on watch together Ammen gave Bigelow the pedometer for another test. But Bigelow was determined not to be fooled again, so he went forward, took a seat under the fore-castle, and then, with the little tell-tale instrument in his hand, he waved it quickly back and forth, after the motion of walking, but at a swifter pace. At the end of four hours he reported to Ammen, and as the latter took the pedometer in his hand and glanced at it he said in a most serious tone:

"I see you are improving, you're improving, sir; you've walked just twenty-four miles and fifteen feet, a most remarkable distance in four hours on the deck of a ship with a foot at less than fifty feet each time."

Col. Ellsworth's Zouaves.

Ellsworth's zouaves were recalled a few days ago to the minds of all who remember the incidents of the early days of the civil war, when it was announced in a Washington dispatch that the War Department had received from William Claussen, of New York, the old flag of the First New York Zouaves, the regiment raised and commanded by Colonel Ephraim Elmer Ellsworth at the beginning of the war, says the New York Tribune. It was the same flag that Ellsworth hoisted on the staff of the Marshall House at Alexandria, Va., on May 24, 1861, after he had torn down the rebel flag, which incident cost Colonel Ellsworth his life. Mr. Claussen came into possession of the flag as a gift from Andrew Govan, who was quartermaster of Ellsworth Post, G. A. R., and he asserts he has documents to prove that it is the flag represented. The gift to the War Department was made on condition that the flag should be added to the war collection in Cullum Memorial Hall at West Point.

The original Ellsworth zouaves were a company of military men under E. E. Ellsworth, who were drilled in acrobatic feats and who distinguished themselves all the way from Chicago to Washington in 1860. When the civil war broke out Ellsworth and his company offered their services, whereupon Ellsworth was commissioned a Colonel and authorized to raise a regiment, which he did in April, 1861, by recruiting from the firemen of this city. They at once proceeded to Washington, and had been there about twenty days only when they received marching orders.

Resistance to any invasion of the "sacred soil" of Virginia was confidently expected. Late in the afternoon of May 24 the zouave regiment landed on the Virginia side of the Potomac, and a little later Ellsworth detailed a small squad of men from his command, and, with Sergeant Brownell at the head and accompanied by a correspondent of the Tribune and Chaplain Dodge, they marched rapidly up one of the quiet streets of Alexandria, and when about turning a corner in the direction of a telegraph office Ellsworth saw flaunting from the top of the Marshall House a rebel flag, which had often been observed from the balconies of the President's house in Washington. Ellsworth sent Brownell back to bring up his company, but not waiting for it to join him, he rashly passed on to the hotel and demanded of the first man he met: "What sort of a flag is that flying over the roof of this house?" Then, without waiting to demand its removal, he ran upstairs to the top-most story, and, clambering to the roof, cut the halyards and pulled the flag down. As he was descending from the roof the proprietor, J. W. Jackson, stepped out from a dimly lighted passage and fired a charge of buckshot from his gun into Ellsworth's body, and he died almost instantly. Jackson then tried to shoot Brownell, but the latter was too quick, and, grasping the gun, he fired at Jackson from his own rifle and killed him instantly.

Was No Bonny Jumper.

During a recent social campfire, held at the big round table in the quartermaster's corner of a comrade's canteen by several Grand Army survivors of the strenuous "unpleasantness" between Yankee Doodle and Dixie, the Major was called upon to contribute his share of heroic and humorous reminiscence.

"Well, boys," replied he, "you all ought to know by this time that I can draw a small pension much easier than I can tell a funny story, and I can just now recall but one, and in that you'll be apt to find more truth than tinkle."

"At the time of the first draft I was stationed in Buffalo as a recruiting officer for my regiment, and the price of substitutes to fill the allotted quotas often reached a bigger figure in greenbacks than a common soldier could earn in a couple of years. So universal and overwhelming was the patriotic desire to be huskily represented by somebody else in defending Old Glory that even 'Lo, the poor,' etc., was accepted for that purpose. Buffalo, too, was the biggest recruiting station in the whole country, and, as such, a golden field for a small army of bounty brokers, among whom one Cy Phillips was conspicuous.

"Under these conditions Phillips was approached one day by an individual with 'hayseed' written all over him, from his flapping straw hat to his 'talented' cowhide boots, who stated that he had an Indian, as sound as second-growth hickory, whom, for pressing and plausible reasons, he was willing to dispose of for the small sum of \$400 cash on the nail.

"Where is he?" inquired Phillips, whose cupidly was blindly stimulated by the fact that substitutes were in extraordinary demand, prices away up and soaring, and competition red-hot.

"I've got him locked up in a barn down on Canal street, an' here's the key," explained the rural bargainer.

"This apparently innocent and sincere assurance was accepted by Phillips, who paid over the amount demanded, and hastened to take possession of his aboriginal gold mine. On opening the door he was startled to find himself confronted in the dim light by a huge, ferocious savage, holding a tomahawk in his uplifted hand.

"Here, now, no nonsense!" cried Phillips, as he fell back. "I've bought you and paid for you, and neither a dollar nor a drink do you get, unless you behave yourself."

"But the big Indian stolidly and silently retained his threatening attitude; nor could he well do otherwise, for as Phillips pulled himself together and his eyes became accustomed to the gloom, he discovered that he was the unhappy purchaser of a wooden cigar store chief, and one undoubtedly as sound as warranted."

"Well, what did he do about it?" asked one of the party.

"Do?" echoed the Major. "Nothing, except make that innocent red man look as if he'd run the gamut of a thousand sledge hammers."—New York Times.

In the Old Parlor.

"I would like to do away with all tobacco," said the girl with the frost-tinted cheeks.

"So would I," replied her pre-chum, "and I break up four or five cigars every night."

"You do, dear? How?"

"By leaning against them."

Experimenting Days Over.

Visitor—And what does your father do?

Little Boy—O, father is a doctor. "Indeed! I suppose he practices a great deal, does he not?"

"O, no. He doesn't practice any more now—he knows how."—Stray Stories.