

CURE HAMS AT HOME

MORE ECONOMICAL, AND THE MEAT IS BETTER.

Expert Tells of the Methods of Preparation for Best Results—"Sugar-Cure" More Expensive, But Better Than Salt Process.

(By MRS. W. C. HUTCHINSON.) There is no other product of the farm to which the owner points with greater pride than to his abundance of well-cured hams, one of the daily essentials for the table, and if the ham is well cured and well cooked, we certainly have one of the most appetizing dishes which can be set before us.

This edible need not be limited to the farmer alone; those of the city may enjoy, equally with him, by purchasing the slaughtered hogs, or hams of the butchers, then, using a good method of sugar curing.

It is economy to those in the city, and a profit to the farmer should he place his home-cured hams on the market; there is always a ready sale, and they bring a much better price than the packer's meat or the ordinary salt ham.

Should we decide to market our own "home-made," "sugar-cured" hams, there would be a very great demand for them. Each year we are compelled to refuse a number of would-be purchasers.

To all interested in the sugar-cured method of preparing it, we give the following recipe:

For 1,000 pounds of meat, take 40 pounds of common salt, ten pounds of Orleans sugar, four pounds black pepper, three pounds saltpeter, half pound cayenne pepper. Mix thoroughly, then rub one-half of the mixture on the meat, let it lie two weeks, and then rub on the remainder, after which let it lie four weeks, then hang and smoke.

As soon as the animal heat is out of the meat, apply first half, carefully covering skin and flesh side alike, and well over hock bone.

The extra expense over salted meat is small and I think about equal to other methods of curing; the amount of labor required for first application is very little more than ordinary salting, and for second, requires one man about one hour. If you wish to cure smaller quantities, time and labor will be in proportion.

Do not think the quantity of the preparation too small when mixed, for although it may look so, yet it is an abundance.

As this is put on the meat, each ham is placed separately upon a platform, there to await the second application, when it is again placed for the four weeks, after which we hang and smoke for four days from wood fire, not being partial to hickory wood.

By this time the meat is firm and dry, and it is wrapped in newspapers, then placed in sacks made of denim, or other strong material and hung in a cool dark place.

We have used this recipe for 15 years, have never had a ham spoil and have never tasted better hams.

Raspberry Shortcake.

Make a rich biscuit dough by mixing one quart of flour sifted with four heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-half teaspoonful salt; work in one tablespoonful of butter, one cupful of cream, milk enough to make the dough easy to handle, one egg broken in and stirred well. Roll the dough until about an inch thick, brush over with melted butter, cut with biscuit cutter size of the top of a cup. Place one over the other. When baked, break open, put sweetened raspberries between and put a large spoonful of whipped cream on top and one large berry, also juice poured around.

Cotton Rugs and Cushions.

Nothing is more satisfactory as a floor covering for summer bedrooms than a washable cotton rug. They can be bought for 65 cents, in the small size—a yard long and 24 inches wide. A big one, 9 by 12 feet, costs \$10. They are made either in plain colors, with white stripes for a border across the ends, or in mottled, hit-or-miss patterns. They are edged with cotton fringe. Cushions, for the hammock or porch floor, are also covered with this cotton homespun. Twenty-four inches square, they cost \$1.50.

Steak and Olives.

Take about two pounds of rump steak, brown well in frying pan with a little butter, then put in casserole with a little water and bake slowly three hours. Then put in enough water to make a sufficient gravy, about half a quart cut in cubes. About half an hour before serving put in a small bottle of stuffed olives cut in halves. Serve in the casserole. The meat will not need much salt, on account of the olives being salty.

Currant Nectar.

Take a quart of well-picked currants and bring to a boil. Press through a cheesecloth bag and return to fire, adding a pound of sugar. Fill goblet a fourth full and add cracked ice until full.

Strawberry Nectar.

Cut fine strawberries in small pieces and sweeten with powdered sugar. Fill the goblet quarter full of this fruit and fill with plain or aerated iced water. A slice of lime may be added to this.

SAVING TIME AND STRENGTH

Proper Planning of Household Duties Will Do Away With Much Unnecessary Wear and Tear.

The housewife should carefully study the conservation of her strength and energy during the hot weather. All the short cuts to housekeeping, as well as the many little devices for saving time and labor, should be carefully considered. That is one of the best features of the modern housekeeping. It teaches the conservation of energy, of training the head to save the heels; the adding of the element of inventiveness and scientific thought to the problem of the home that will save the wife and mother from unnecessary wear and tear.

Careful menu planning is one of the means by which she may reduce her labor—by omitting many dishes laboriously made that are often served from force of habit. The mother and grandmother probably handed them down as prized possessions, and it seems almost a sacrilege to omit their preparation, even though it means hours over a hot stove.

By substituting others of equal food value, but which require less time and labor in preparing, much time and strength may be saved. A more careful study of food values will soon enable even the busiest housewife to do this.

The same reduction of labor may be made in regard to clothing. There are so many fabrics on the market that are equal in appearance if not superior to garments made from those that often require hours and hours of the most arduous toil over the wash-tub or ironing board to make ready for a few hours' wear.

When the housewife studies the elements of the science of utility and proportion that underlie even the commonest household task she will then be guided more than ever by common sense, which avoids unnecessary work, worry or any of the things that rob a woman of her birthright of pleasure and happiness and make her look old before her time.

MAKE USE OF RASPBERRIES

No Other Fruit More Suitable for the Tit-Bits That All the Family Appreciate.

Raspberry charlotte is made from one pint of raspberries, half a pint of bread crumbs, two eggs, one pint of milk, two ounces of powdered sugar, one ounce of butter.

Butter a pie dish and sprinkle with bread crumbs, then put in a layer of raspberries and sprinkle with sugar. Repeat the alternate layers of crumbs, raspberries and sugar until the dish is full. Beat up the eggs with milk and pour into the dish. Scatter a few bits of butter on top and bake in a moderate oven.

For a delicious raspberry pudding take half a pint of raspberries, six ounces of bread crumbs, quarter pound of powdered sugar, quarter pound suet, two eggs and half a pint of milk. Finely chop the suet and mix with the sugar and bread crumbs. Beat the eggs separately, then with the milk and add to the other ingredients. Lastly add the raspberries. Put the mixture into a greased mold and steam from two and a half hours to four hours.

Raspberry porcupine requires a large stale sponge cake, half a pint of berries, one pint of made custard and two ounces of sweet almonds. Stew the raspberries gently with a little sugar and set them aside to cool. Scoop out the center of the sponge cake and fill the hole with the raspberries. Pour over it the custard and when partly cool stick it all over with blanched almonds.

Custard Sauce.

Add a pinch of salt to a pint of milk and scald in a double boiler. Pour this over the yolks of two eggs which have been well beaten and added to one-half cupful of sugar. Stir for a few minutes, then pour back into the double boiler. Cook until smooth and creamy, but not too thick to pour easily. When cold flavor with one scant teaspoonful of vanilla or almond, or, better still, crack a few peach stones, blanch the kernels and cook them with the custard.

Blueberry Cake.

One cupful of sugar, cupful of milk (sweet), two and one-half cupfuls of flour, four tablespoonfuls of butter (melted), one egg, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one cupful of blueberries and flavor with one teaspoonful of lemon. Do not omit this, as it makes a great deal of difference in the taste of the cake.

Ice Box Care.

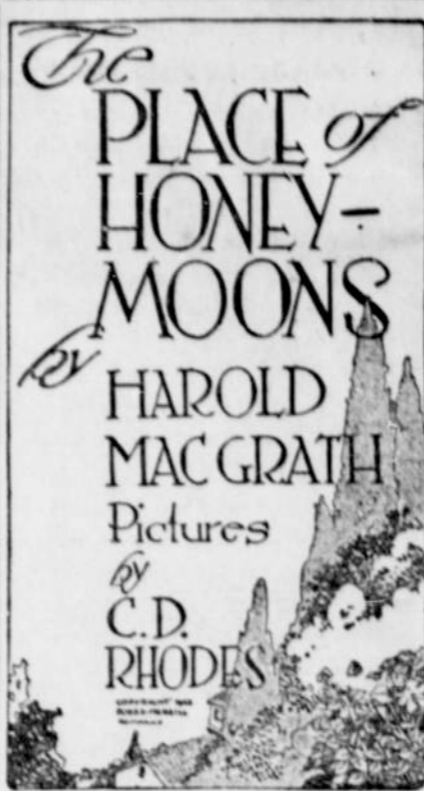
Make a cheesecloth mat of two thicknesses of the material, and after cleaning the blocks therein, lay the mat carefully over the drain pipes and it will collect all matter that would otherwise clog the water pipe.

Fight the Fly.

The flies will keep you fighting these days. Clean up every dirty spot around the house and barn, and go over every floor and window screen carefully to see that there are no broken spaces.

For Cleaning Zinc.

First wipe carefully with a dry cloth. Then apply kerosene oil and allow it to remain on the zinc over night. In the morning wipe it off with a soft cloth and again apply kerosene.



The PLACE of HONEY-MOONS

HAROLD MACGRATH Pictures by C.D. RHODES

CHAPTER XII—Continued.
"You have spoiled it!" cried Celeste. She had watched the picture grow, and to see it ruthlessly destroyed this way hurt her. "How could you!"

"Worst I ever did." He began to change the whole effect, chuckling audibly as he worked. Sunset divided honor with moonlight. It was no longer incongruous; it was ridiculous. He leaned back and laughed. "I'm going to send it to L'Asino, and call it an afterthought."

"Give it to me."
"What?"
"Yes."

"Nonsense! I'm going to touch a match to it. I'll give you that picture with the lavender in bloom."

"I want this."
"But you cannot hang it."
"I want it."

"Well! The more he learned about women the farther out of mental reach they seemed to go. Why on earth did she want this execrable daub? "You may have it; but all the same, I'm going to call an oculist and have him examine your eyes."

"Why, it is the Signorina Fournier!" In preparing studiously to ignore Flora Desimone's presence they had forgotten all about her.

"Good morning, signora," said Celeste in Italian.

"And the Signora Abbott, the painter, also!" The Calabrian raised what she considered her most deadly weapon, her lognette.

"What is it?" asked Flora, squinting.

"It is a new style of the impressionist which I began this morning," soberly.

"It looks very natural," observed Flora.

"Natural!" Abbott dropped his mahlstick.

"It is Vesuvius, is it not, on a cloudy day?"

This was too much for Abbott's gravity, and he laughed.

"It was not necessary to spoil a good picture . . . on my account," said Flora, closing the lognette with a snap.

"The signora is wrong. I did not spoil it on her account. It was past helping yesterday. But I shall, however, rechristen it Vesuvius, since it represents an eruption of temper."

Flora tapped the handle of her parasol with the lognette. It was distinctly a sign of approval. These Americans were never slow-witted. She swung the parasol to and fro, slowly, like a pendulum.

"It is too bad," she said, her glance roving over the white walls of the villa.

"It was irrevocably lost," Abbott declared.

"No, no; I do not mean the picture. I am thinking of La Toscana. Her voice was really superb; and to lose it entirely . . ." She waved a sympathetic hand.

Abbott was about to rise up in vigorous protest. But fate itself chose to rebuke Flora. From the window came—"Sal cos' ebbe cuore!"—sung as only Nora could sing it.

The ferrule of Flora Desimone's parasol bit deeply into the clover-turf.

"Am I all right?" asked Harrigan. Courtlandt nodded. "You look like a soldier in mufti, and more than that, like the gentleman that you naturally are," quite sincerely.

The ex-gladiator blushed. "This is the reception-room. There's the ball-room right out there. The smoking-room is on the other side. Now, how in the old Harry am I going to get across without killing some one?"

Courtlandt resisted the desire to laugh. "Supposing you let me pilot you over?"

"You're the referee. Ring the gong."
"Come on, then."
"What! While they are dancing?" backing away in dismay.
The other caught him by the arm. "Come on."
And in and out they went, hither and thither, now dodging, now pausing to let the swirl pass, until at length Harrigan found himself safe on shore, in the dim cool smoking-room.

"I don't see how you did it," admiringly.

"I'll drop in every little while to see how you are getting on," volunteered Courtlandt. "You can sit by the door if you care to see them dance. I'm off to see Mrs. Harrigan and tell her where you are. Here's a cigar."

Harrigan turned the cigar over and over in his fingers, all the while gazing at the young man's diminishing back. He sighed. That would make him the happiest man in the world. He examined the carnelian band encircling the six inches of evanescent

happiness. "What do you think of that!" he murmured. "Same brand the old boy used to smoke. And if he pays anything less than sixty apiece for 'em at wholesale, I'll eat this one."

He lighted his cigar, and gave himself up to the delights of it.

Courtlandt loomed in the doorway. "Comfortable?"

"Perfectly. Good cigar, comfortable chair, fine view."

Young men began to drift in and out. The air became heavy with smoke, the prevailing aroma being that of Turkish tobacco of which Harrigan was not at all fond. But his cigar was so good that he was determined not to stir until the coal began to tickle the end of his nose. Since Molly knew where he was there was no occasion to worry.

Abbott came in, pulled a cigarette case out of his pocket, and impatiently struck a match. His hands shook a little and the flare of the match revealed a pale and angry countenance.

"Hey, Abbott, here's a seat. Get your second wind."

"Thanks." Abbott dropped into the chair and smoked quickly. "Very stuffy out there. Too many."

"You look it. Having a good time?"

"Oh, fine!" There was a catch in the laugh which followed, but Harrigan's ear was not trained for these subtleties of sound. "How are you making out?"

"I'm getting acclimated. Where's the colonel tonight? He ought to be around here somewhere."

"I left him a few moments ago."

"When you see him again, send him in. He's a live one, and I like to hear him talk."

"I'll go at once," crushing his cigarette in the Jeppore bowl.

"What's your hurry? You look like a man who has just lost his job."

"Been steering a German countess. She was wound up to turn only one way, and I am groggy. I'll send the colonel over. By-by."

"Now, what's stung the boy?"

Nora was enjoying herself famously. The men hummed around her like bees about the sweetest rose. From time to time she saw Courtlandt hovering about the outskirts. She was glad he had come; the lepidopterist is latent or active in most women; to impale the butterfly, the moth, falls easily into the daily routine. She was laughing and jesting with the men. Her mother stood by, admiringly.

This time Courtlandt gently pushed his way to Nora's side.

"May I have a dance?" he asked.

"You are too late," evenly. She was becoming used to the sight of him, much to her amazement.

"I am sorry."

"Why, Nora, I didn't know that your card was filled!" said Mrs. Harrigan. She had the maternal eye upon Courtlandt.

"Nevertheless," said Nora sweetly, "it is a fact."

"I am inconsolable," replied Courtlandt, who had approached for form's sake only, being fully prepared for a refusal. "I have the unfortunate habit of turning up late," with a significance which only Nora understood.

"So, those who are late must suffer the consequences."

"Supper?"

"The Barone rather than you."

The music began again, and Abbott whirled her away. She was dressed in Burmese taffeta, a rich orange. In the dark of her beautiful black hair there was the green luster of emeralds, and pearls she looped around her dazzling white throat.

Unconsciously Courtlandt sighed audibly, and Mrs. Harrigan heard this note of unrest.

"Who is that?" asked Mrs. Harrigan.

"Flora Desimone's husband, the duke. He and Mr. Harrigan were having quite a conversation in the smoke room."

"What!"—in consternation.

"They were getting along finely when I left them."

Mrs. Harrigan felt her heart sink. The duke and James together meant nothing short of a catastrophe; for James would not know whom he was addressing, and would make all manner of confidences. She knew something would happen if she let him out of her sight. He was eternally talking to strangers.

"Would you mind telling Mr. Harrigan that I wish to see him?"

"Not at all."

Nora stopped at the end of the ball-room. "Donald, let us go out into the garden. I want a breath of air. Did you see her?"

"Couldn't help seeing her. It was the duke, I suppose. It appears that he is an old friend of the duchess. We'll go through the conservatory. It's a short-cut."

The night was full of moonshine; it danced upon the water; it fired the filigree tops of the solemn cypress; it laced the lawn with quivering shadows; and heavy hung the cloying perfume of the box-wood hedges.

"O bellissima notte!" she said. "Is it not glorious?"

"Nora," said Abbott, leaning suddenly toward her.

"Don't say it, Donald; please don't. Don't waste your love on me. You are a good man, and I should not be worthy the name of woman if I did not feel proud and sad. I want you always as a friend; and if you decide that cannot be, I shall lose faith in everything. I have never had a brother, and in the two short years I have grown to look on you as one. I am sorry. But if you will look back you will see that I never gave you any encouragement. I was never more than your comrade. I have many faults, but I am not naturally a coquette. I know my heart; I know it well."

"Is there another?" In despair.

"Once upon a time, Donald, there was. There is nothing now but ashes. I am telling you this so that it will not

be so hard for you to return to the old friendly footing. You are a brave man. Any man who takes his heart in his hand and offers it to a woman. You are going to take my hand and promise to be my friend always."

"Ah, Nora!"

"You mustn't, Donald. I can't return to the ballroom with my eyes red. You will never know how a woman on the stage has to fight to earn her bread. And that part is only a skirmish compared to the ceaseless war men wage against her. She has only the fortifications of her wit and her presence of mind. Was I not abducted in the heart of Paris? And but for the cowardice of the man, who knows what might have happened? If I have beauty, God gave it to me to wear, and wear it I will. My father, the padre, you and the Barone; I would not trust any other men living. I am often unhappy, but I do not inflict this unhappiness on others. Be you the same. Be my friend; be brave and fight it out of your heart."

Quickly she drew his head toward her and lightly kissed the forehead.

"There! Ah, Donald, I very much need a friend!"

"All right, Nora," bravely indeed, for the pain in his young heart cried out for the ends of the earth in which to hide. "All right! I'm young; maybe I'll get over it in time. Always count on me. You wouldn't mind going back to the ballroom alone, would you? I've got an idea I'd like to smoke over it. No, I'll take you to the end of the conservatory and come back. I can't face the rest of them just now."

Nora had hoped against hope that it was only infatuation, but in the last few days she could not ignore the truth that he really loved her. She had thrown him and Celeste together in vain. Poor Celeste, poor lovely Celeste, who wore her heart upon her sleeve, patent to all eyes save Donald's! Thus, it was with defined purpose that she had lured him this night into the garden. She wanted to disillusion him.

The baron, glooming in an obscure corner of the conservatory, saw them come in. Abbott's brave young face deceived him. At the door Abbott smiled and bowed and returned to the garden. The baron rose to follow him. He had taken but a step forward, when a tableau formed by the door, causing him to pause irresolutely.

Nora was face to face at last with Flora Desimone.

"I wish to speak to you," said the Italian abruptly.

"Nothing you could possibly say would interest me," declared Nora, haughtily and made as if to pass.

"Do not be too sure," insolently.

Their voices were low, but they reached the ears of the baron, who wished he was anywhere but here. He moved silently behind the palms toward the exit.

"Let me be frank. I hate you and detest you with all my heart," continued Flora. "I have always hated you, with your supercilious airs, you, whose father . . ."

"Don't you dare to say an ill word of him!" cried Nora, her Irish blood throwing hauteur to the winds. "He is kind and brave and loyal, and I am proud of him. Say what you will about me; it will not bother me in the least."

CHAPTER XIII.

Courtlandt Tells a Story.

The colonel and his guests at luncheon had listened to Courtlandt without sound or movement beyond the occasional rasp of feet shifting under the table. He had begun with the old familiar phrase—"I've got a story."

"Tell it," had been the instant request.

At the beginning the men had been leaning at various negligent angles—some with their elbows upon the table, some with their arms thrown across the backs of their chairs. The partridge had been excellent, the wine delicious, the tobacco irreproachable. Burma, the tinkle of bells in the temples, the strange pictures in the bazaars, long journeys over smooth and stormy seas; romance, moving and colorful, which began at Rangoon, had zig-zagged around the world, and ended in Berlin.

"And so," concluded the teller of the tale, "that is the story. This man was perfectly innocent of any wrong, a victim of malice on the one hand and of injustice on the other."

"Is that the end of the yarn?" asked the colonel.

"Who in life knows what the end of anything is? This is not a story out of a book." Courtlandt accepted a fresh cigar from the box which Rao passed to him, and dropped his head wearily into the ash-bowl.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Ships' Hulls Quickly Cleaned.

Mr. F. C. Browne of Melbourne, Australia, has invented an ingenious machine for cleaning the hulls of ships below the water line. In this contrivance a watertight dynamo drives a revolving brush that is held firmly against the hull of the ship by a small propeller. After the machine has been lowered by a crane from a small boat alongside the steamer, the end that holds the rapidly revolving brush is worked up and down the sides of the vessel. It is stated that the machine can clean an 8,000-ton steamer in six or seven hours.

American Flag Association.

The "American Flag association" was organized February 17, 1898, its motto being: "One flag, one country, one God over all." Its object is to secure "National and state legislation for the protection of the flag from degrading and desecrating uses," and to secure a general observance of June 14 as "Flag Day," because on that day, in 1777, congress adopted the present United States flag—the Stars and Stripes.

WIT and HUMOR



START OF ARKANSAS FIGHT

Fort Scott Man Resents the Remark of Stranger That He Was Raised In a Barn.

A Fort Scott man walked out of a building the other day and left the screen door open. A stranger sat inside and he looked at the open door with a swarm of flies coming in. "Shut the door," he shouted in his loudest and roughest tones. "Were you raised in a barn?"

The Fort Scotter meekly closed the door, then a tear trickled down his cheek. The man on the inside felt sorry. He walked up to the local man and put his hand on his shoulder.

"What's the matter, brother?" he asked in sympathetic tones. "Did I hurt your feelings?"

The Fort Scott man wiped his eyes gently. "No," he replied. "I was raised in a barn and every time I hear a mule bray I always think of home."

It was right there that a little boy yelled "Fight!"—Fort Scott Tribune.

OUR ILLS.



"Most of our ills are purely imaginary."

"Yes. But when you eat mushrooms and develop toadstool symptoms there is usually something more than imagination to be reckoned with."

A Rural Solomon.

The court has taken your case into consideration, Mr. Slithers," said the judge at Slithers' trial for violating the motor ordinances at Crickett's Corners, "and in view of what ye've said, and with some truth, about the badness of our roads hereabouts in your sworn testimony, I've decided not to fine ye \$50, as the law permits."

"That's very square of you, Judge," said Slithers.

"We try to be square, Mr. Slithers," said the Judge; "and, instead of the \$50 fine, we're going to sentence ye to work on them roads' for ten days, in the hope that your superior wisdom as a road expert will make 'em considerably better."—Harper's Weekly.

Political Laurels.

A palatial touring car had attracted the attention of a visitor to Boston, and he asked his friend:

"Who is the man seated in that large car?"

The Bostonian glanced in the direction indicated and replied: "That is the poet-laureate of a well-known biscuit factory."—Everybody's.

An Unwarrantable Insult.

"I call it an unwarrantable insult," said the company promoter, angrily. "Why, what's wrong?" asked his partner, in surprise.

"Did you see what that old scoundrel did?" roared the company promoter. "He carefully counted each of his fingers after I shook hands with him."

Nothing to Send.

The steamer rolled and pitched in the mountainous waves, and Algy was very seasick. "Deah boy," he groaned, "promise me you will send my remains to my people." An hour passed.

"Deah boy," feebly moaned Algy, "you needn't bother about sending my remains home—there won't be any."

Proof Positive.

Patience—They say she's an awful flirt.

Patrice—So I've heard. I don't think she's capable of loving.

"Oh, yes she is. She's got a dog, you know!"

Between Hugs.

"Oh, Clara!" exclaimed the young man on the sofa, "you have broken those two cigars I had in my vest pocket."

"Too bad, George," said the sweet young thing, "but why don't you buy stronger cigars?"