

THE HOUSEHOLD PAGE.

CONTRIBUTIONS FROM THE LADIES SOLICITED FOR THIS DEPARTMENT. TELL YOUR VALUABLE RECEIPTS, HOW YOU MAKE FANCY ARTICLES AND ABOUT THE DESIGNS AND CARE OF YOUR "ROSE GARDEN."

GOOD THINGS TO EAT.

Cream Cake.
One cup of sugar.
One egg.
One cup of sweet cream.
Two and one-half cups of flour.
Two teaspoons of baking powder.
One teaspoon of lemon.
Do not bake too fast.
Filling: One cup of sugar, one-half cup of cream, lump of butter the size of an egg, boil till thick enough to drop off a spoon then remove from fire and stir till cool enough to spread on cake.

White Cake.

Two cups soft A sugar.
One tablespoon of lard.
Pinch of salt.
Whites of two eggs.
One pint of cold water.
Two teaspoons of baking powder.
Flour enough for a thin batter.
Flavor to suit taste. Bake in layers.

Eggless Fruit Cake.

Two cups of brown sugar.
One cup of raisins rolled in flour.
One teaspoon of cinnamon.
One teaspoon of cloves.
One teaspoon of nutmeg.
One teaspoon of soda dissolved in one pint of sour milk.
One tablespoon of lard.
Three cups of flour.
Bake in loaf for one hour.

Rolled Oats Cookies.

Three cups of rolled oats,
Two cups of flour,
Two cups of brown sugar,
One cup of raisins or dried currants,
One teaspoon of soda,
One teaspoon of cinnamon.
Mix altogether and then add three eggs.
Five teaspoons of sour cream,
One cup shortening.
Mix all thoroughly together, drop the batter in a pan, one tablespoonful in a place, and bake in hot oven.

Doughnuts.

One quart of bread sponge that has been set the evening before using.
One and one-half cups of lard.
Two cups of soft A sugar.
One teaspoon of salt.
Flour enough to make a medium dough.
Let raise, mould in any shape desired, cook in hot lard and as soon as

cooked dip each doughnut in a mixture of granulated sugar and cinnamon, one cup of the sugar to two teaspoons of cinnamon.

Famous Biscuit Recipe.

Two quarts of flour,
Two-thirds cup of lard,
Three teaspoons of baking powder,
One scant teaspoon of soda dissolved in hot water,
Two tablespoons granulated sugar,
One teaspoon of salt,
Enough buttermilk to make as soft dough as can be handled. Roll thin but not too thin. Mould and bake in a quick oven.

Cream Pie.

For each pie use:
Three tablespoons of flour,
Three tablespoons of granulated sugar,
One-half teaspoon of cinnamon.

Mix all together dry, then stir in one pint of sweet cream and three-fourths teaspoon of lemon essence, bake with upper crust.

Bread Pudding.

Soak for a few hours one quart of bread crumbs in three pints of new milk and add three eggs, one teacup of A sugar, butter the size of a small hen's egg and a pinch of salt. Bake in a pan in a hot oven. Serve with cream.

Scalloped Oysters.

One quart of oysters, one pint of milk, one scant cup of butter before melted, pepper and salt, sixteen common crackers, butter, two eggs and milk together, then stir in the oysters lightly; butter your dish, turn in the mixture and bake light brown.

To Prevent the Cream Curdling in Tomato Soup.

Add a level teaspoonful of baking soda to one pint of milk used for making the soup. When this is added to the tomato it will foam quite furiously so be careful to use a dish sufficiently large.

Tomato Waffles.

Pare six medium-sized ripe tomatoes, chop very fine; add one level teaspoon of salt, one-fourth teaspoon of pepper, one teaspoon of butter melted after measuring. Now add enough flour to make a thin griddlecake batter, then beat three eggs until foamy

and add. Sift half a teaspoon of soda in a little flour before adding. Have the waffle iron very hot, grease both upper and under lids, place a cooking spoonful of batter into each section, close the lid upon it and bake at least one minute on each side. When serving cut the sections apart and arrange on a napkin. Serve as an entree.

Fudge.

One-fourth cup of butter, melted, One cup of granulated sugar, One cup of light brown sugar, One-sixth cup of molasses, One-half cup of sweet cream. Mix well together and pour into butter. Boil three minutes, add one square of Baker's chocolate, boil five minutes and add one teaspoon of vanilla. Let cool before beating.

Lemon Butter.

Two lemons,
Four eggs well beaten,
Two large cups granulated sugar,
One-half cup water,
One-half cup butter.
Grate the lemons, remove the seeds and cook all together, except the butter, for 15 minutes, stirring continuously. Add the butter just before taking the kettle off the stove.

Texas Ranger.

One peck of green tomatoes,
Two pecks of cabbage,
One gallon of green beans,
One-half gallon of butter beans,
One dozen mangoes,
One gallon of chopped cucumbers,
A few Chilli peppers,
Four stocks of celery,
Five cents worth of mixed spices,
Five cents worth each of cloves, allspice and cinnamon,
Fifty cents worth of brown sugar,
One-half gallon of good vinegar,
Ten cents worth of mustard seed,
Chop all fine except the beans, cook them until tender. Mix all together and salt. Let come to a boil and put in cans and seal. A few onions added will improve it.

Rice Balls.

To one pint of hot boiled rice add a large cup full of finely minced chicken, a well beaten egg, salt and pepper to taste, and sufficient cream sauce to moisten it slightly. Mix together and set aside until cold. Form into small balls, egg and bread crumb them, and fry in deep fat. Drain on unglazed paper and serve at once.

To Remove Rust.

Rust can be removed from an iron sink by washing carefully with hot suds. Turn boiling water into the sink until the iron is warmed. Wipe dry and rub thoroughly with a thin coating of vaseline applied with a soft cloth. This treatment followed daily will keep the sink as smooth and clean as a dinner plate.

Sauces for Meats.

With roast beef, grated horseradish. With roast veal, tomato or horseradish sauce.

Roast mutton, currant jelly.

Roast pork, apple sauce.

Roast lamb, mint sauce.

Roast turkey, chestnut dressing, cranberry jelly.

Roast venison, black currant jelly or grape jelly.

Roast goose, tart apple sauce.

Roast quail, currant jelly, celery sauce.

Roast canvas back duck, apple bread, black currant jelly.

Roast chicken, bread sauce.

Fried chicken, cream gravy or fritters.

Roast duck, orange salad.

Roast ptarmigan, bread sauce tartare or olives stuffed with pepper.

Veal sausage, tomato sauce, grated Parmesan cheese.

Pork sausage, tart apple sauce or fried apples.

Frizzled beef, horseradish.

Pork croquettes, tomato sauce.

Cornbeef, mustard.

Lobster cutlet, sauce tartare.

Sweet bread cutlet, sauce bechamel.

Reedbids, fried hominy, white celery.

"Don't you think so?" he queried.

"I think Mr. Porter is very kind, indeed," she said slowly. "Have you known him long?"

"We were at school together," was the answer. "I was a little chap," he continued. "No money, had to work hard, and he did all he could to help me. I shall never forget what he has done for me. I would give up anything," he went on. "For Tommy."

"What devotion!" was the reply, as the girl idly fingered the flowers at her side. Then turning her head towards him, she said, "that means a lot!"

"It may mean everything to me," he answered as his eyes met hers.

For a few moments Clifford allowed his gaze to rest on the girl's face, and unconsciously she once more raised her eyes, only to find his still resting upon her.

Their reverie was interrupted by voices.

"Ah! Miss Dunford, here you are," exclaimed Tommy.

Cissy rose and took the arm he offered her and without a word led her into the garden.

"Cissy," he whispered, without letting go her hand, "listen to me. I know I am a bluff chap, but have always tried to ride straight. I have brought you out here to propose to you," he paused. "I know what people think—confound my beastly memory," he ejaculated to himself. Then continuing in a deeper tone, "tell me, is there someone else?"

She made no reply, but turned her head away.

"Don't answer—if you'd rather not, I shall understand—"

As he stopped speaking it struck him that it was getting horribly cold, and how confoundedly uncomfortable his collar was.

A week later Tommy Porter stood on the deck of the ship that was to bear him and Clifford Trevor on their way to the scenes of war.

A three weeks' passage amid ocean allowed of plenty of time for reflection, and it was with feelings of intense relief that at last Tommy set foot at Cape Town.

Bang! Bang! Puffs of smoke followed by a shower of bullets were a sudden welcome a few days later.

The detachment had been surprised. On, on they go—"Play up, play up, lads, and play the game," came the voice of their leader—and on they went.

A cry at his side made Tommy draw rein—and wheeling round caught Clifford as he fell from his horse, while a volley of bullets was flying around him.

"Go—on," gasped Clifford, "don't mind me. I'm done for," as he fell heavily in Tommy's arms.

"Steady Bess, steady," came Tommy's voice, cool and quiet, as he threw his friend across his animal's back, and swung himself into the saddle.

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FOR LOVE OF HER

"My dear Clisy why not?"
"Because, Aunt Meg, I do not love him!"

The elder of the two women thus engaged in conversation made a gesture of disgust. "You are a foolish child," she said; "hasn't the man got \$1000 a year?"

The girl laughed. "Perhaps I am what the present world calls 'old-fashioned,' but I would rather marry a man I cared for than all the wealth in the world. But perhaps I shall never be asked!"

An unappreciative grunt was the only reply to this remark. "Tommy Porter will propose at the first opportunity. He would have done so before but you never gave him a chance," her aunt added to herself.

"I pray he never will," Cissy replied, as she rose slowly from her chair, crossed the terrace and made her way down toward the river, where, untiring a punt, she paddled herself down stream.

Hardly a craft appeared to disturb Cissy's train of thought as she lay at the bottom of the punt.

"Aunt Meg," mused the girl, "is unreasonable. Why should I marry Tommy Porter because he has money? I can't and I won't."

Her reverie was cut short by a shout of "Look out there!"

Raising herself quickly, she managed to prevent the punt from colliding with an approaching skiff.

"I am so sorry," she began apologetically to the occupant of the skiff, who raised his hat and smiled.

"Not at all," he replied; "I am afraid I disturbed your slumbers."

"I wasn't asleep," Cissy replied.

"Dreaming?" came the query.

Cissy wondered who this good-looking man was—then, with a slight flush, smiled her apologies and went on her way.

Clifford Trevor gazed at her until a curve in the river blotted out all view of the punt, then, with a muttered exclamation, he pulled on vigorously, calling himself a silly fool for wasting so much time.

"I'll ask Tommy who she is," he thought; "he is sure to know."

die. Then gathering up the reins he urged the animal on, while with his other hand he gripped his burden.

"Bess, Bess, we must ride straight on, good Bess!"

How heavy his charge was, and what a mist there was rising about him, but he must go on, for Cissy's sake. Surely he would soon gain cover, the detachment must be close by now—but how dark it was getting—and how cold he was; he could hardly clasp the reins. Then a sudden stop—and he fell into the arms of one of his brother officers.

"Take care of—Trevor," he gasped, "and tell Cissy—I did it for her!"

and the darkness closed in around him.

It was growing dark one evening several months later when Cissy opened the piano and allowed her fingers to glide softly over the keys.

Hearing the door open quickly, and feeling conscious of being watched, she slowly withdrew her eyes from the landscape, and turned her head to see who was present.

She ceased playing, allowing her hands to lie limp on the keyboard, then standing at the end of the grand piano was—Clifford Trevor.

"Cissy!" came in a low, suppressed tone.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, as she rose from her seat, "I—I thought I was dreaming!"

Then, as she did not move, he came quickly round to where she stood.

"Say you are pleased to see me," he said, as he held out his hand, looking down into her face.

"You know I am," she replied. "I gave you a very poor welcome, but you surprised me," she continued. "When did you return?"

"I landed yesterday," he said, straight to see you—come," he said, drawing her to the sofa, "I have a lot to tell you."

Then, looking straight in front of him, he said: "You, of course, heard of Tommy's death."

"Yes," came her answer, hardly above a whisper.

"He died in saving me," Clifford continued. "I was hit—and Tommy—here he paused, then continued, "Tommy brought me to cover, but he was—badly hit—and died soon after."

"I am so sorry. It must be dreadful for you!" Cissy said.

"Charlie Andrews told me his last words were, 'Tell Cissy I did it for her.' Clifford paused again. 'He left all he possessed to me.'

"Cissy," he whispered, "tell me Tommy did not do it in vain. Oh! my darling," he went on as he drew her to him, "tell me you love me."

For answer she lifted her glistening eyes to his and he knew it was as he wished—Madame.

It is a well known fact that persons living in the Pine forests do not suffer from kidney diseases. One dose of Pinole at night usually relieves backache. 30 days' treatment, \$1.00. Your money refunded if not satisfied. Sold by Huntley Bros.

Indiana for Portland Rose Show.

Leon Cohn, of Pendleton, a merchant who is known as a perpetual booster of his section of the state, is enthusiastic over the plant to bring a large band of Indians from the Umatilla Reservation to Portland during Rose Festival week next June, and more so, because he was largely instrumental in cutting the Federal Government red tape necessary to permit the aborigines to leave their official quarters.

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