

with two ounces of butter, pepper and salt, and a few drops of vinegar; pile in a hot dish; pour over the puree of tomatoes, and arrange round the edge some prettily-cut shapes of bread fried a golden brown.

HEDGEHOG PUDDING.

Chop half a pound of beef suet very finely. Mix with it a quarter of a pound of flour, quarter of a pound of breadcrumbs, half a pound of currants, half a pound of raisins, half a pound of sugar, one ounce each of candied lemon, orange, and citron, half a nutmeg grated, a dessertspoonful of lemon-juice, a small pinch of salt, three or four sweet almonds, blanched and sliced, four eggs, and as much old ale as will make the pudding into a stiff paste. Mix the dry ingredients a first; afterwards add the eggs and ale. Tie the pudding in a cloth, plunge it into boiling water, and keep it boiling for five hours. Have ready three ounces of blanched almonds. Stick them into the pudding before sending it to table, and serve with brandy sauce. Sufficient for six or eight persons.

HER MAJESTY'S PUDDING.

Flavour half a pint of cream or new milk with half an ounce of pounded almonds, or if preferred, a little lemon or raita flavoured. Simmer gently, and when lukewarm, pour the milk gradually over two well-beaten eggs. Stir it over the fire for a minute or two until it begins to thicken, then take it off and sweeten it, and when quite cool pour it into a buttered mould which has been lined with a small sponge cake, previously sliced and soaked in sherry. Place a cover on the mould and steam the pudding. When done enough, let it stand a minute or two before turning it out, and ornament with crystallised fruit of different colours. Time, three-quarters of an hour to steam. Sufficient for two persons.

NURSERY NOTES.

When giving a baby diluted milk-and-water never warm it just up to the right point and no further; let it boil for three or four minutes, and then cool down to the desired degree, as this will ensure the destruction of germs, as one cannot always depend upon the absolute purity of milk and water.

German measles is a disease of comparatively small importance, although—like all fevers—if care is not exercised, it may be followed by bad consequences. It is an acute, contagious and eruptive fever, runs its course quickly, and occurs only once in a lifetime. The patient should be kept in bed, and the room darkened if there is any weakness of the eyes. Perfect isolation should be insured by keeping a sheet soaked in disinfectant over the door, and not allowing anything to pass out of the room without being disinfected. The diet must consist of light food, such as milk, broths, toast, etc., and plenty of barley-water if asked for.

To administer castor oil, or, indeed, any aperient medicine, to a newly-born baby is a great mistake. To start the poor little mite on its journey through life with anything in the nature of medicine, unless by the doctor's orders, is most unnecessary and bad for the child.

Children should be, if possible, taught to eat fat with their meat—but very often they show a great dislike for it—as it is necessary for their growth and health. If it cannot be taken in one way, it must be taken in another; and it should be remembered that there are many kinds of fat besides animal fat—such as fresh cream, butter, and dripping. A little suet boiled in milk, which then must be carefully strained, will form a drink of the most nourishing description, to which very few children will object.

Paddling is often a great cause of headache in children, the feet being chilled while the hot sun keeps the head warm; and it has even been known to cause convulsions and other maladies of a dangerous kind. If children are allowed to paddle they should only stay a few minutes at a time, and then run in and out of the water. A wet cabbage-leaf put on the head, under the hat or sunbonnet, will keep the head cool.

THEORY OF THE FLAMING SWORD.

'Ah, talk of blessings! What a blessing is digestion! To digest. Do you know what it means? It is to have the sun always shining and the shade always ready for you. It is to be met by smiles and greeted with kisses. It is to hear sweet sounds, to sleep with pleasant dreams, to be touched ever by gentle, soft, cool hands. It is to be in Paradise.

'There came a great indigestion upon the earth and it was called a deluge. All the evil comes from this. Macbeth could not sleep; it was the supper, not the murder. His wife talked and talked; it was the supper again. Milton had a bad digestion, and Carlyle must have had the worst digestion in the world. Ah! to digest is to be happy!

'There!—how does that strike you for a burst of eloquence? I quote from Trollope. If there is anything wrong about the theory you must hold him responsible. As for its physiology and pathology (pardon all these 'ologies') I can answer for the correctness of these two. And so can millions of people besides me. They speak of the curse of indigestion continually in every language; they groan and write under it in every land and climate.

'For many years,' says one of this innumerable army of martyrs, 'I was obliged to bear as best I could the torments of indigestion. My appetite was practically destroyed. I ate, of course, because one must eat or die! but after meals I had great pain at the chest and around the sides.

Sleep almost forsook my pillow, and naturally I was tired and exhausted. Sometimes better and then worse, but never free from pain and illness. I lived on with little or no hope of getting well. It is hardly necessary to say that I had medical treatment, yet no real benefit resulted from it. Happily at this time Mother Seigel's Syrup was brought to my notice, and so strongly commended that I laid aside other medicines, which were doing me no good, and began using this one only.

'In a short time I realised a great improvement; food agreed with me and I gained strength. A little later—continuing to take the syrup regularly as directed—the pains at the stomach, sides and chest wholly ceased and I have not felt them since. My indigestion was cured at last, and I enjoyed the blessing of health. My son, who suffered severely from rheumatism has been relieved by Mother Seigel's Syrup as by nothing else he ever tried. In gratitude I give you full permission to publish my letter should you desire.' (Signed) (Mrs) Ann Barker, Field Lane, Braughing, Ware, Herts., Oct. 7th, 1898.

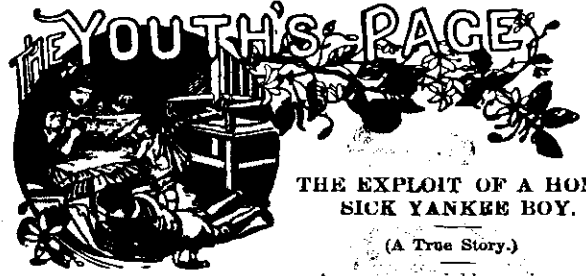
It was a fortunate circumstance for Mrs Sarah Gell, of Melchbourne, Bedfordshire, that one day she had a personal talk with Mr Smith, the butcher at Rushden. He told the lady that in his opinion if she went on suffering from indigestion and asthma (one of its consequences) it would be because she neglected to use Mother Seigel's Syrup. 'And,' said Mr Smith, 'I speak from knowledge.' She had been ill with this abominable ailment for many years, and had spent time and money in unavailing efforts to obtain relief.

Acting on Mr Smith's advice, Mrs Gell began using this remedy at once, and tells the outcome in a letter of which we have room for the conclusion only:—

'I was better almost immediately, and was soon as well and healthy as one could wish to be. Now I keep "Mother Seigel" in the house and it never fails to help us when needed for any passing complaint.' (Signed) Sarah Gell, Oct. 5th, 1898.

Judging from the force of his comment on the disease, I should say Mr Trollope knew something about indigestion from experience. Most literary people do. To them, and to all other victims, I confidently commend the best remedy yet found—Mother Seigel's Syrup.

Velvet hangings and cushions which are stained with grease may be cleaned by pouring a little turpentine on the stained part and then rubbing it dry with a piece of clean flannel. If the stain is not removed at once, repeat the process. Afterwards place the articles in the air till the smell of the turpentine departs.



THE EXPLOIT OF A HOME-SICK YANKEE BOY.

(A True Story.)

Among my neighbours in a rural Maine town, was a family which bore the name of Junkins. It was not a prosperous household. The shadow of a crime reaped upon the father.

'Old Jack,' as he was commonly called, was a man of ferocious temper. As years went by he became so malevolent as to be an object of dread to the people of the locality. Children would run away at sight of him. His ordinary garb was an old fur coat, made from woodchuck skins, sewn together, with a cap of skunk-skin, and this garb helped to make him more terrible to the children. I well remember the panic which his sudden appearance at the district schoolhouse, with a large stick in his hand, once caused among us youngsters. On this occasion he was in pursuit of his oldest boy, Noel, who had come to school contrary to his wishes. The old man not only hated his fellow-men, but detested the public schools.

For several years he was in constant conflict with the school committee and the selectmen of the town, because he would not allow his six children to attend school. Despite numerous legal processes, he usually succeeded in keeping them at home. His threats and oaths on the day he came after Noel left on our youthful brains memories which were almost scars.

Old Jack died very miserably on one bleak December night. He had built a kind of retreat or den for himself at one end of his house, where none of his family dared enter; for he had weapons at hand, and also missiles, but refused the overtures of neighbours to have a physician summoned, and at length was found dead like a wild beast in his lair, having perished as much from cold and lack of proper food as from disease.

This man was a pitiable example of how low a human being may fall who allows himself, habitually, to cherish enmity towards his fellow creatures.

After Old Jack's death, his widow, an illiterate woman, and the children lived on at their place, a squalid old house and barn at the end of a local road, somewhat remote from neighbours. They were very poor.

Noel, the oldest child, was thirteen or fourteen years old at this time; next in point of age were two or three girls, and then another boy named Caspar. They subsisted after an odd, semi-civilised manner. It was said that the family was at times so dis-



SOMETIMES THEY WORKED FOR FARMERS

tressed for want of food as to eat the green sprouts of raspberry shrubs, brake roots, and the boiled green leaves of the beech and birch. At

THE 'GRAPHIC' COUSINS' COT FUND.

This fund is for the purpose of maintaining a poor, sick child in the Auckland Hospital, and is contributed to by the 'Graphic' cousins—readers of the children's page. The cot has been already bought by their kind collection of money, and now £25 a year is needed to pay for the nursing, food and medical attendance of the child in it. Any contributions will be gladly received by Cousin Kate, care of the Lady Editor, 'New Zealand Graphic,' Shortland street, or collecting cards will be sent on application.

CHILDREN'S CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN.

Any boy or girl who likes to become a cousin can do so, and write letters to Cousin Kate, care of the Lady Editor, 'Graphic' Office, Auckland.

Write on one side of the paper only. All purely correspondence letters with envelope ends turned in are carried through the Post Office as follows:—Not exceeding 4oz. 4d.; not exceeding 4oz. 1d.; for every additional 2oz or fractional part thereof, 4d. It is well for correspondence to be marked 'Press Manuscript only.'

Please note, dear cousins, that all letters addressed to Cousin Kate must now bear the words 'Press Manuscript only.' If so marked, and the flap turned in, and not overweight, they will come for a 4d stamp in Auckland, but a 1d from every other place.

PRIZE COMPETITIONS

FOR

GRAPHIC COUSINS.

Two prizes of half-a-crown each will be presented to the cousin who sends in the prettiest set of coloured pictures from the fashion page in this week's issue of the 'Graphic.'

WHAT YOU HAVE GOT TO DO TO WIN THE PRIZES.

On pages 502 and 503 you will find several pictures of ladies in ball dresses and opera cloaks. Cut out any one, or more, of these (if I were you I would take the big one called the Debutante) and then colour them with either paints or crayons. Of course, you must promise to do it 'all by yourselves.' When they are done, send them to me, with a little note, saying you are (or would like to become) a 'Graphic' cousin. You must send them back to reach 'Cousin Kate' ('Graphic' Office, Auckland) by May 1st, 1899.

THE PRIZES.

One prize will be given to the cousin of over 12 and under 16 who sends the best picture. The other prize will be for cousins under 12.

Now, boys and girls! half-a-crown will buy quite a number of nice things, so make certain to have a try for it.—Yours affectionately, Cousin Kate.

The Pictorial Post Card.—The pictorial post card is quite a feature of the period. A short time since the German Emperor was at the army manoeuvres at Aeynhausen, and one morning the young ladies of that place presented him with a bouquet of wild flowers. The Kaiser handed them to the aide-de-camp and inquired what the fair donors would like to receive from him in return. They requested that when in Jerusalem he would send them a post card with a view of the Holy City on it. Could they possibly have been the envoys of an enterprising firm of colour printers about to send a consignment of such cards to Palestine?