

Mix well and wet with pure cream, making only moist enough to roll; if too wet they will not be crisp. Roll rather thin, and cut in squares the size of soda crackers, and bake. We often use white flour and sifted graham, equal parts, and they closely resemble the graham wafers we buy. City folks can order them from their country friends, who have pure cream.

#### Mutton Suet as a Household Remedy.

It is very vexing and annoying, indeed, to have one's lips break out with cold sores, but, like the measles, it is far better to strike out than to strike in. A drop of warm mutton suet applied to the sores at night, just before retiring, will soon cause them to disappear.

This is also an excellent remedy for parched lips and chapped hands. It should be applied at night in the liquid state and well rubbed and heated in before a brisk fire, which often causes a smarting sensation, but the roughest of hands, by this treatment, will often be restored to their natural condition by one application.

If every one could but know the healing properties of so simple a thing as a little mutton suet no housekeeper would ever be without it. Get a little from your butcher, try it out yourself, run in to small cakes and put away ready for use. For cuts and bruises it is almost indispensable, and where there are children there are always plenty of cuts and bruises. Many a deep gash that would have frightened most women into sending for a physician at once I have healed with no other remedies than a little mutton suet and plenty of good castile soap.

A wound should always be kept clean and the bandages changed every day or every other day.

A drenching of warm soap suds from the purest soap that can be obtained is not only cleansing but healing; then cover the surface of the wound with a bit of old white muslin dipped into melted mutton suet. Renew the drenching and the suet every time the bandages are changed, and you will be astonished to see how rapidly the ugliest wound will heal.

#### Prune Pie.

Cover the desired amount of prunes with water and soak over night; in the morning drain. Have a dish lined with pie crust, fill with the prunes, sprinkle over four tablespoonfuls of sugar and tablespoonful of lemon juice. Cover with an upper crust and bake in a moderately quick oven for thirty minutes. The moisture of the prunes should blend with the sugar and form a syrup. If the prunes are hard, they may require a little cooking before going into the pie, but if they are soft, you will find the pie richer if put at once into the crust. The lemon juice must be added, or the pie will be flat.

#### WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS.

LONDON, Jan. 30, 1893. I wonder how many Americans ever visited the famous Skellig's of the southwest coast of Ireland? They are the most south-westerly extensions of Ireland; are three in number; and lie in a direct line south-west of Port Magee. The first, and the least, is called Lemon Rock. It is a round, solid mass rising only a few feet above the water. The second and next

larger is called Little, or Lesser Skellig, and is a craggy grouping of rocky pinnacles, standing grim and black against the sky; as though some city of churches with wondrous steeples had been submerged, rearing above the waves their mighty Gothic spires, among which millions of sea-birds had found their desolate homes.

The third, the Great Skellig, is precisely nine miles at sea from Port Magee. It is an enormous and precipitous mass of rock rising perpendicularly at nearly all angles to the height of several hundred feet, and from thence pushing skyward stupendous, irregular groups, terminating in two lofty pinnacles, the highest of which reaches an altitude of 710 feet. It is said that the ocean soundings around it are far deeper than those in any part of the English channel; and at no other point upon the whole Atlantic are witnessed such awful battles between wave and stone. The base of the only lighthouse now in use upon a levelled rock, 140 feet above the sea, and the roof of this lofty structure was a few years ago crushed in and partly carried away by the assaults of the waves, which must have been lifted upwards of 180 feet above the sea-level to have been dashed upon it!

A determination to land upon and scale Great Skellig rock is more easily formed than is the project performed; for certain destruction attends attempted landing, save when old ocean may be caught napping and for a few hours quite at rest. Every day for nearly a week, with a Kerry fisherman friend, I arose before day and tramped to the cliffs below Port Magee for forecast of wind, weather and sea. At last a propitious day came. With my friend and three of his hardy companions we set forth in a strong open boat with the outgoing tide from the tiny pier of the port, and without stroke of oar were soon sweeping through the southern entrance of the harbor of Valentia.

The sea was perfectly calm as we left the channel, save where imperceptible distant swells, massing upon the half-hidden ledge that protects the harbor entrance, flung glittering spume and spray landward behind us. Over to the west, Bray Head rose precipitously 1,000 feet out of the water. Beyond this, innumerable fishers' sails blended like a huge oncoming surge at the edge of the horizon. To the left, grim headlands stretched away in dark projections to far Bolus Head; and the long, regular stroke of the oarsmen soon sped us past Puffin Island. In an hour and a half, we were alongside Lemon Island lying like some sleeping half-hidden monster to our right; and in two hours' time we had come abreast of Little Skellig.

Here we were favored with a characteristic sight. This island is the only one off the Irish coast where the puffin haunts and breeds in countless numbers. Taking advantage of the placid sea, perhaps three score coastwise folk were here seeking these fowl within the fissures and clefts of the crags. Many aerial battles between men slung with ropes from dangerous heights and the birds they were mercilessly seeking, were seen in progress as we passed. The eggs and flesh of the puffin are eaten; their feathers are dried and sold; and a trifling traffic is carried on in pickled, or cured, puffins which are ex-

changed for potatoes and meal with the country folk of the Iveragh wilds.

At last the Great Skellig was reached; and we made a landing without difficulty at the only spot upon which foot can be set from the sea. I begged the boatmen to climb the crags with me, but they shook their heads gravely and refused. The reason for this, as related by my fisher friend who consented to accompany me, was on account of certain portentous superstitions the peasantry and fishermen tenaciously hold regarding the spot. The only human beings now living upon Great Skellig are those having charge of the lighthouse.

But more than a thousand years ago, hundreds, if not thousands, passed their lives in religious devotions upon this wild sea-mountain; for this place was then the St. Michael's Mount of Ireland. Its history was luminous even in the earliest days of Christianity in Erin. A majestic monastery once stood in the little valley between the two lofty peaks of the island. From the single landing-place, 620 stone steps, many portions of which remain, led to the monastery, the great cashel, the oratories, the stone cells, the ancient burial place, and many unrecorded structures which the incalculable toil and zealous consecration of a remote age grouped within this sacred spot. Easily traced remains of nearly all these structures still exist; and fragments of gigantic crosses here and there push through the strange debris, whose contemplation cannot but send a thrill through the least impressive heart.

Far, far above this tens of thousands of pilgrims in the intervening centuries have climbed. Near the top of the highest pinnacle one must squeeze through a narrow orifice called the Needle's Eye, in order to follow their olden painful way. Just beyond this is a narrow ridge or saddle of solid rock. One must get astride this and work along with legs and hands until an ascending shelving rock is reached. The danger here is terrible. One false movement, and you are plunged headlong into the sea from either side. From this to the highest point any fairly sure-footed man may pass securely to the slender yard-wide summit, along which are found rudely-sculptured crosses, or stations.

I have been in some eerie spots in my travel, but never before have I stood where such sense of sublimity mingled with awe inspiring insecurity possessed me. On three sides you look down a black, straight line of over 700 feet into the ocean. Behind and below you, are the solemn ruins of remote ages. Far to the north and east is the weird, sea-walled coast. Your own land is 2,000 miles beyond those white specks of fisher-boats to the west. Around and above you are only the palpable clouds, and ghostly whistle of darting sea-bird's wing. The solemn grandeur and awful impressiveness of the place are appalling.

The descent was more dangerous than the climbing, but we accomplished it safely, re-entered the boat and made for Port Magee. I never wish to see Great Skellig again—unless from the deck of an Atlantic steamer, when a sight of it as the first glimpse of Europe is occasionally had; and as we rounded the reef into the safer channel, while night was softly descending, and the lights from a