Democratic Watchman.

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CHRISTMAS TIDE.

There's a little old man with silvery hair, An' a long white beard 'at flis 'in the air: With twinklin' black eyes an' a rosy, red face An' one't a year he comes to our place. An' our little maid

An' our little man Ez anxious to see 'im soon's they can !

In the dead o' night when all's asleep, An' the cold frost snaps an' the snow ez deep With a reindeer team an' a silver sled He comes straight from fairylans, 'tis said : So our little man

An' our little maid Ez anxious to see 'im-they ain't afraid !

But you better take keer, fer some folks say 'At ef yer naughty he'll fly away : An' quicker'n you kin whistle-phew Away he's gone up the chimney flue ! So our little maid An' our little man Ez tryin' to be jest ez good's they can !

But ef your good an' 'bey yer pa, An' don't never cry an' vex your ma. He'll fill yer stockin's with games en' toys, An' nuts an' sweets an' all sorts o' joys. So our little maid An' our little man Wants Santy to come jes as quick's he can ! -New York Sur



AFTER FIFTEEN YEARS. It is growing dark upon a December af-

ternoon and a snow is falling rapidly enough to conceal all the bare, unsightly places in the village of Rainsdale and give it a gala appearance for the nearing Christmas-tide. A country woman, well muffled in shawl and hood and equally well ladened with bundles is plodding her way along from the little railroad station to a white house at the end of the street. She enters the gate and proceeds around to the back door, where she lifts the latch with neighborly disregard of the formality of a knock. get to the home of her friend.

Martha Jackson and her mother are busily engaged in sorting a pile of colored rags preparatory to the manufacture of a braided rug. Several newspapers are spread upon the floor to protect from dust and ravelings the scrupulously clean carpet. Martha arose hurriedly at the entrance o their neighbor, greeting her with friendly

cordiality and hastening to help her remove her wraps. "My what a day for you to be out in, Mrs. Williams," she said, as she shook the snow from the heavy shawl. "Come up

close to the stove and get your feet warm and dry," and she bustled briskly about placing a chair at the oven door and poking the fire to produce a better blaze. "My feet ain't cold," answered Mrs.

Williams, as she accepted the warm seat. "I drawed on a pair of Jake's old socks over my shoes afore I left the station. hev been up ter the city ter do some buyin' an' I told Jake I'd run up here for a little spell bein' as he had ter go ter the post office an' blacksmith's afore we can start fer home."

"My land, but them big stores is a sight at this time of the year," she continued a few minutes later," as Martha began gathering up the rags preparatory to setting the tea-table." I declare I jist couldn't git away 'thout spending' a heap more of money than I laid out to do, but arter all, got good bargains an' being as both the children's a coming home I won't complain fer we'll hev a Christmas in the old house that they will allus remember.

"But you would never guess who I saw in one of the big stores. Why, Jim Caruthers, I'd never aknowed him if he hadn't a cotched a hold of me and made me stop and look at him. "Is this the way you Rainsdale folks treat your old friends ?" he asked, and I vow I was struck so dumb that I couldn't speak for a minute. But we went inter a waiting room an' set down an' had quite a visit. I tell you he looked tine. He's growed some whiskers since he left here and maybe he wasn't dressed swell, though. I did not see a man anywhere what compared ter him fer looks. He remembers all the folks 'bout here an' asked any number of questions. He was taken back ter know that you folks was alivin' in his uncle's old house. He inquired very perticler 'bout you, Marthy, an' seemed sprised that you wan't married yet."

A dull red mounted to Martha's faded cheeks and she gave a vicious flirt to the cloth she was laying preparatory to setting the tea table.

"It's fifteen years since Jim went away." said Mrs. Jackson, musingly. "I mind that he was around 'bout just the Christmas afore his uncle died an' that's been over fourteen years ago 'cause we moved inter this house fourteen years come next April."

"Wal, from what I can guees, he's made money some way er 'nother,'' continued Mrs. Williams. "He looked that way, an' when I asked him how he'd prospered he said he hadn't no cause ter complain. I asked him ter come up ter the old place once more and he said he reckoned he speak to me again," she added piteously. would. I spose he'll find a power of changes in fifteen years, but I reckon there'll be lots of folks 'll be glad ter see him. He was allus a mighty fine young By the way, Marthy, you an' him man. used ter be purty thick, didn't yer ?" Martha murmured something inaudible as she tied on an old hood before going to the barn to feed the chickens. "I mind that folks used ter say that Jim was struck on Martha an' on Lon Bickler ter the same time," oontinued Mrs. Williams. "And Martha treated him so high an' mighty, I suppose he thought that there was no use trying her; an. Lon went and married that good for nothing Charley Risel, an' sorry enough I reckon she's been for it. By the way, hev yer heard lately how Lou was ?" "Martha allus goes in ter see her every couple o' days," answered Mrs. Jackson, "and Lou don't 'pear ter get no better. Ol' Doc Edwards sez she has the consumption, an' I reckon she won't hardly last the winter out." 'Wal, poor soul, mebbe it's jist as well. Lord knows that Charley led her a hard 'nough life while he lived with her, ter say nothin' bout his runnin' off with that actor woman and leaving her so; mebbe it's a mercy if her troubles is cut short," said Mrs. Williams, pionsly. "What do yer calkerlate ter do fer Christmas, Mrs. Jackson," she added, as a change of sub-"I reckon Marthy 'll hev ter be up to the church helpin' as usual. There haint been a Christmas since she was 14 years old that she haint helped to decorate the church." answered Mrs. Williams, rather proudly. Then I reckon that John an' his children 'll be ter home for dinner, so that we'll hev a full day. And I heerd Marthy say yesterday that she was agoin' ter take Lou her Christmas dinner, bein' as the poor soul ain't able to cook much fer herself."

suspicion of it; but after all these years she was angry with herself that the mention of his name could so affect her.

Lou Bickler had been her friend from the time they sat together in the little log school house and though Martha's natural reserve prevented the confidence usual between girl friends, the friendship had lasted through the years, and in the trouble which came to Lou, Martha's sympathy and help had never been found lacking. So on this Christmas afternoon she bastened to finish her own dinner that she might the sooner

Lou seemed worse that day, and all of Martha's efforts to soothe her seemed ineffectual. As the afternoon waned and the early twilight fell upon the two women sitting together, the weaker one slipped her hand into the strong grasp of her friend and said, falteringly :

ways, Martha, and sometimes it comes over me that I hain't deserved it because I did something to you once that might have cession falling fal something to you once that might have cession, falling, falling. The river was made a difference if you had knowed about black in the white plain. A man came out

"Don't think that, Lou. Nothing would have made any difference."

"Mebbe not, Martha. I thought so then or I wouldn't have done it, truly I wouldn't, but it was a sin just the same and I can't A violent fit of coughing interrupted the ly habit of getting drunk.

frail speaker. When it was over she said : "Fetch me that little black box from that top bureau drawer, Martha." Martha obeyed, and Lou opened the box

and produced a letter yellow with age. bearing Martha's name written in a hand that made her heart beat faster.

he gave it to my little brother Dick to give

the letter, and there read the question she had expected Jim to ask her fifteen years The letter hinted at fear of a rival, ago. and asked her if she was heart free to show it by wearing a red rose in her hair that evening.

And while she yet read it the door opened and James Caruthers himself stood before them.

Strange to say, the sick woman did not appear at all surprised. "Oh, Jim," she exclaimed, reaching her

poor thin hand towards him, "I have pray-ed that you would come back and give me a chance to undo a wrong I done you so long ago. For, Jim, all of the stories used to tell you about that young preacher from Jonesville coming to see Martha was false, and I only told you them because I wanted you myself, and that letter you sent to her by little Dick I got hold of and I never gave it to her until just now."

There is a silence for a few minutes, the man afraid to trust himself to speak to the woman who has kept him so many years from his loved one, and Martha unable to realize at first the full meaning of the conession.

"I see you hain't agoing to forgive me." faltered Lou, as the suspense became oppressive, "but truly, Martha I thought that you didn't care for him. You always acted that way, and when I first found it was you he wanted I thought he would come back to me. Truly, I wouldn't have done it if I'd thought you cared. Martha, and now I can't bear it if you don't forgive me before I die. Arn't you ever going to

THE LOOM BOSS Ι. "Well, by gosh, it's a fact. As a gen-eral thing I get full on Saturday nights."

"You want to look out for to-morrow, calm. Tommy." "Not on yer life ! None to-mmorrow, I'm Loing to eat a big Christmas dinner. Tommy, the loom boss, sat on the clerks ed in silence.

high stool and toyed with a round ruler of ebony. The clerk leaned back in the proprietor's chair with his feet on the proprietor's desk. The three other bosses-the isher, with his steel-rimmed spectacles and white beard-stood up.

Out of doors the snowstorm was so great that the air had the vague, pale hue of the robes of ghosts. The sky could not ad said, falteringly : "You have been very good to me al-solt pallor, moving twining, like the float-

> of the distant forest, and trudged, kneedeep in snow, over the fields, toward the town. He had an ax on one shoulder, a' that it contained boxing gloves or ladies' little fir tree on the other. In the warm office of the Blue Mill the

verted to the loom boss' abominable week-

the clerk, "why not surprise your wife by taking home to her, instead of the accustomed skate, a piece of jewelry, a bunch of talk considering the speakers' age and bald

"This letter," said Lou, as she gave it turning proprietor passed the window, and to her, "was writ by Jim Carnthers, and straightway, without a word, the bosses ran swiftly from the office before he saw to you on that Christmas afternoon before them, the bespectacled and white-bearded

Next morning Tommy went to early church with the three older children. He took off his coat, shoes and made tie when he got back and read the paper and smoked in the parlor. He sat, very much ornmpled, rather on the back of his neck than on those parts which mankind usually sits upon, and his large white socks rested on the stool of the "pie-anna"-as we say in Manayunk. A vast picture of himself glared down at him from the wall. It was an enlargement from a photograph, done in crayon entirely by hand, which had only cost, bronze frame and all, three dol-The furnishing of the parlor was in lars. harmony throughout with this excellent work of art.

Upstairs the boys played some new game or other.

Mrs. Ryan and her little daughter in the kitchen, labored infinitely in the preparation of pies, cranberry sauce, turkey, plum pudding and vegetables. The baby sat solemnly on the floor beneath the tree, intent upon a Noah's ark. Frequently the

little girl or the mother darted over and extracted from its mouth lions or giraffes, and there was lamentation for a space. From all this business Mrs. Ryan found tin.e, now and again, to pause at the parlor door and say, smiling at the figure that read and sprawled and smoked in there : "Well, you look comfortable, Thom as."

She only called him Thomas when she was happy. III.

All sat down and waited. From the turkey a faint, thin, aromatic smoke arose. The hungry children surveyed this perfect Christmas feast and rejoiced. Waiting, they laughed and joked. The mother,

looked on. At the end of five minutes the smoke no longer rose from the turkey and the children were no longer gay. All, now, wait-

At the end of ten minutes little Annie and her mother avoided each other's gaze, because their eyes explained so much. The boys, with vicious smiles, exchanged carder, the spinner and the venerable fin- kicks beneath the table. Only the baby was content, breathing heavily over a mug of pap.

At last Mrs. Ryan signed to little Annie. Mother and daughter then began to remove thin. everything. "We'll wait till 1 o'clock for your father; maybe till 2," Mrs. Ryan

"No matter," said Mrs. Ryan. VI.

An old saw concerning Hogan's beer was tintypes; that is to say, it created in the consumer a desire either to fight or make

in an odd way about young girls they knew, and to ponder over the advisability of a

In Tommy's heer were boxing gloves. He said it made him ashamed to hear such heads, and their wives and innumerable children.

"Chop it off," he roared.

He was beginning to perceive that he no longer enjoyed his beer or his cigar, but he felt. get drunk.

He walked with the caution and uncerabout as aimlessly as the movable glass will surely please the children. eyes of a doll. His tongue was so unruly CANDIES. that when he attempted, as he did every little while, to rebuke someone harshly, it the strenous effort to pronounce some word he quite forgot what he wanted to say. The beer choked him. The cigar smoke choked him. He stood, emitting growls as inarticulate as those of a wild beast. At last he became so wretched that to abolish everything he ordered on the next round whisky. In an immense despair he

felt this burning draught overpower him, benumb him to the end of his hair, the tips of fingers, the tips of his toes. A black and horrible abyss yawned for him. *** He was falling, falling in *** With Hogan's help they raised him roughly from the floor and put him on a chair without interrupting his deep sleep.

VII.

At 2 o'clock the children drew up to the table again, and their mother carved the dry and tasteless turkey, and helped them to the spoiled vegetables. Suddenly without they heard a chorus of boys' treble voices, calling :

"Walk that chalk-line straight ! Hey, walk that chalk-line straight !" Then the door opened. and, smiling idiotically, their father contrived to get into the room. From head to foot he was white with snow, like a snow-man, and he moved himself along with but little more power. With his wife's help he got himself stretched out on the settee and began instantly to send forth loud snores.

Christmas Goodies CRULLERS.

One cup of butter, two cups of sugar and the yolks of three eggs creamed together. Dissolve one teaspoonful of soda in a little water and add it, and put two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar in a little flour. Add enough flour to make a very soft dough, but one that can be handled for rolling out. Flavor with cinnamon or nutmeg and cut with hole in the centre. Fry in boiling

JUMBLES.

fat.

One pound of sugar, one of butter, threequarters of a pound of flour, seven eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, one nutmeg. Make into small cakes in the hand. Do not roll

SUGAR COOKIES.

One pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, four eggs, one and a-half pounds of flour, using part of it for rolling out, half a teaspoonful of soda, flavor with vanilla. Mix the batter the day before you wish to bake the cakes. Bake in a hot oven. Sprinkle with sugar before putting into the oven.

SCOTCH COOKIES.

Beat together one cup of butter and two cups of sugar, and mix two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar with half a pint of flour. Dissolve one teaspoonful of soda in a five tablespoonfuls of milk. Beat two eggs light and add them. Flavor with one teaspoonful of cinnamon or other spices. Mix the whole well together and add more flour from time to time to make into a dough. Roll out very thin and bake in a quick oven. These are very good, and are very much like the old Scotch cakes of which all children are fond.

GINGER HORSE CAKES.

Take one pound of butter, half a pound kept on smoking and drinking, in a kind of sugar, one quart of molasses ginger, allto you on that Christmas alternoon before he went away, and I got Dick to give it to me, telling him I would give it to you my-self, and, Martha, I kept it." next day. Roll out very thin and cut out with a horse-shaped cutter. These may be tainty of a bare-legged man in a dark bought at any of the house-furnishing room full of furniture. His eyes rolled stores and only cost a few cents. They

No matter how much candy you are to make, make it in small amounts. Home-made candy may be made very cheaply if one does not count one's time. The fancy boubons that at some places sell for \$1.50 per pound usually cost but 25 cents as to raw material. Cheap candies are made of glucose instead of sugar.

PEANUT BRITTLE.

Put one cup of granulated sugar in a sauce pan (no water, remember.) Stir rapidly, as it heats, with a wooden spoon. In five minutes it will be a dark-colored syrup. Add a cup of peanuts. Roll them out on your board quickly. Either cut two ways quickly with a long knife or run a confectioner's cutter (a rolling pin with a row of knives, first one away and then the other, making the brittle into inch squares. All this must be done at a pace that will leave you entirely breathless. A few lightning-like moves and it's over.

Having caught you breath begin to loosen a knife may have to be used even with a roller cutter.

Either an aluminium or an iron sauce pan must be used, as 400 or 500 degrees Fahrenheit would ruin one's granite ware. Let it be filled with water immediately, lest cleaning it be impossible.

The materials for this most wholesome plateful of candy cost but seven cents. This is, too, the easiest candy to m If the cutting is to be done with an ordinary knife only half the above amount can be made at once.

men talked cheerily of oysters, minstrel love. There must have been tintypes in die 'thout telling you about it and I do hope that you will forgive me if I hurt you any, for, remember I always liked you." werted to the loom boss' abominable week-in an odd way about young girls they knew Some Saturday night, Tommy," said trip to town.

But just then the grave profile of the re

"I tell you, Marthy has been an uncommon good girl all of her life," said Mrs. Williams, emphatically. "It's allus seemed mighty queer ter me that she never got married

Well, taint that she never had no Mrs. Jackson, a trifle stiffly, for her daugu-ter's maidenhood was a sore subject with her. "But I thank the Lord Marthy wern't never one of the girls that seemed to here the bride, in the presence of all the friends who had known her from childhood. And the Christmases that came in after years her. But I chank the Lord harting her to never one of the girls that seemed to hanker arter men, an' I haint never had no all the Christmases that came in after years

"No, I'm most sure you've not. It's a of their wedding day. good thing fer you, too, that she did stay ter home, fer you would hev been mighty lonesome 'thout her. But I see Jake a drivin' in, so I'd better be sgettin' my things on '' and despite all the cordial urgings for them both to remain for supper, Mrs. Williams soon took her leave.

It took Martha much longer than usual that evening to get through with the barnvard chores. Mrs. Williams' sudden mention of James Caruthers had upset her and made her feel the need of a chance to regain her composure. Fifteen years before, as had been hinted, this man's name had be asked. But at the Christmas entertain- (Marzipan). ment the next evening he did not come

'It was a mistake," said Martha slow ly, as she again took her poor friend's hand in her own. "I did care, but I could dious loom boss to look up and greet two not talk about it then so, of course, you

could not know. And I forgive you now, Lon, so don't worry any more about it." 'And Jim, will yon, too?'' asked Lou looking pitifully towards the man. Jim looked at Martha whose eyes drop-

ped beneath his soulful gaze. "I guess Martha may answer for both of us if she will," he said.

And Lon took his hand and laid Martha's unresistingly within it. "Have I made it all right now ?" she asked wistfully, "and do you both truly forgive me for all the years I kept you apart?

"Yes. Lou, it is all right now. Don't think about it any more. You did not know what it meant to us, or you never would have done it, I am sure."

"God bless you, Martha, you have given me the only thing that could make my Christmas peaceful. All these years when you've been so good to me I have worried over it, but it just seemed that I could not tell you before. And Jim, are you sure that you forgive me now? I ain't ashamed to say now that I loved you then, but, indeed, I wouldn't a come between you if I

had thought that Martha really cared." "If Martha will come to me now, I will forgive you everything," he answered.

And when they took their departure a few minutes later the look of peace upon Lou's face indicated that Martha's answer had been all that could be desired.

The walk home that Christmas evening seemed very short to the two who had so much to talk over and explain, but before entering the house James paused. "Martha," he said gently, "after all, I was to blame myself, for I should have

come to you and not trusted to a letter. It was a case of 'faint heart,' and I have been justly punished. But dear, we have lost fifteen years. If you really forgive me, prove it by becoming my wife at once. We have nothing to wait for now."

So that evening, at the close of the asual Christmas services, the old pastor who had known Martha from a child, anchances, an' good ones at that," rejoined Mrs. Jackson, a trifle stiffly, for her daugh-

> were the happier for being the anniversary MAE RUTH NORCROSS.

Tree Decorations.

In many homes elaborate decorations for the Christmas tree, including a "Christ child," or angel, are kept on hand from season to season. Where the tree is dressed anew each year, the decorations are usually home-made and much less expensive.

Among the pretty and effective trim-mings are chains of cransberries, strung al of noon. as had been hinted, this man's name had been much coupled with hers, and despite the good understanding that cannot be gilded walnuts, cotton snowballs, dusted the good understanding that seemed to with diamond powder, festoons of popcorn, the good understanding that seemed to exist between him and Lou Bickler, he had with diamond powder, festoons of popcorn, bundles of stick candy tied with bright the vegtables and the celery, and little Ansaid something to Martha the day preced-ing that Christmas, which led her to feel and candy, handsome apples and oranges bib and arranged its tray, and mug before and the German almond-pastry cakes

near her, and the next morning he left the village suddenly with no sign to her. Martha had borne her disappointment in The solution of alum should be so strong silence, even her mother having had no that it will dry almost as fast as sprinkled. listlessly, and waited.

A tap on the window caused the stumen of middle age, who stood out in the snow and laughed and beckoned to him. They were brother loom bosses from the Falls, getting up, they explained, by walk or magician.

ing, an appetite for turkey. "Come on out au 'hit one,"' they said.

"No I can't; My dinner'll be ready "Ah' come on !" "Well, just one, mind-down at the corner," Tommy said reluctantly. He dressed, and, from the vestibule, calling to

his wife in an embarrassed tone that he was going out for a little while. She dropped everything and hastened to him. "Oh, Tom, dinner's nearly ready. If

you go out-I just know-'Annie, I'll be back in fifteen minuteshonest !'

But she looked at him miserably. IV.

Hogan's was empty when the loom boss-

es entered and took their places at the bar. They said :

'Gimme a beer.'' "Same " 'Same here.''

Hogan set out three thirteen-inch beers

and mopped the bar with a nondescript something wet and gray-a towel or dishcloth perhaps; perhaps an old flannel shirt or a trouser leg. The men now

said "Well, here's looking at you ! "Many happy days !" "Let 'er go !"

They drank thoughtfully their eyes rising by degrees to the wonders of glassware carved wood, bright metal and odd-shaped bottles of strange foreign firewater behind Hogan. Above all, they were impressed with the lovely winter scene done on the broad mirror in soap. Tommy laughed reproachfully when his

"No ye don't," he said hurrying toward the door. They rushed him back, but it was hard to make him take that second glass. He took the third much more readly, and the fourth he proposed himself.

A frightful argument concerning weav-ing now arose. With flushed faces and bright eyes the bosses smoked cigars very fast, tossed off the thirteen-inch beers easily and filled the air with queer technical talk about take-up motions, stripper rod, connectors, twenty-cut warps, picking shoes, guide wires and sweep sticks.

They were perfectly happy, and, know-ing this, they rejoiced, and were yet amazed and moved that such boundless happiness should be theurs. The beauty boundless and sweetness of living they appreciated as never before, and they were filled with joy and pride in the contemplation of their own excellence in all things.

Naturally, afloat on the deep sea of happiness. Tommy took no note of the arriv-

v. 10

Mrs. Ryan and the boys brought on the kept that pledge.

The table's appearance was admirable, Frost powder may be purchased at any flawless. It represented hours and hours

The children ate on in silence, gazing with large, awe-stricken eyes at the sleeper, as though he were some fabulous ogre

VIII. The man on the settee slept. His face, very pale, glistened as with a fresh coat of His mouth hung open; there was a oil. pinched appearance to the nostrils, and he looked very old.

Mrs. Ryan lowered the window: then she resumed her sewing by the lamp. He awoke. His eyes fell on the shaded figure quietly working in the lamp-light, about which there was something tender and good-something full of a home life useful and noble.

Remembering at first nothing of what had happened, he felt the vague content of covering. Fondant, in a bowl, under a one awakening from a long, deep sleep, and smiled. Then he moved his head a little, and at once a thousand sledges began to hammer his skull from within, and the nausea and unutterable nervous depression consequent on his excess, overwhelmed him He groaned.

His wife looked calmly at him; their eyes met, and for some unknown reason he felt that he must tell her he loved her and was sorry. He had not told her this for years. It was so true, he thought, she knew it without his telling her.

"Annie," he said, in a hoarse, mournful voice, holding out his shaky arms, "I'm sorry for this. How could I do it, when your're so good to me ?"

The woman started. She smiled bitterly. And then suddenly a paroxysm of weeping seized her, and she ran to him, knelt beside him, and, with her arms around him, r.sted on his shoulder her head, that shook with violent sobs. "Why, Annie," he said, "you knew I

was always sorry for these things, and always loved—you more than ever?' "Oh, no; Tom, how could I?" "I was sure you knew it. That's why I

never told you. "No, I didn't know it. I couldn't know t Tom.

"It's true, though. You believe it, don't

you ?'' "Yes, Yes," she sighed.

Nothing to them were the sunken cheeks the gray in the hair, the wrinkles of each other that they saw. They had married young; they had given all their best to one another. Their old love—a finer deeper thing than their young love had been-their pure and spiritual love could no more he moved by the change that time was working in them than a son's love for his mother can be moved by such a change. never regretted it, Annie, but I guess you have.'

"No, Tom; never, never. You've always worked hard. Never, never never." That Christmas night the loom boss went to Father O'Mahony's to swear-off. All of two years ago it was, but so far he has W. B. TRITES.

it is cracked up to be. Edith—How can you say such things,

green. She was married only a year ago, and now she is divorced, with such lovely Turn into a rock mold and place on ice to alimony !- Boston Transcript.

FONDANT. Use good sugar, a very little cream of tartar and water. To each pound of sugar allow a half pint of water and a level saltspoonful of cream of tartar. Stir until the sugar is dissolved. Then wipe down the sides of the pan and boil continuously until the mixture softens in water, that is when you drop it into ice water, it will roll a soft ball. Remember, you must not stir it while boiling. and you must wipe down the sides of your kettle carefully. Now, when the mixture will roll into a soft ball when dropped into the water, turn it out into a large dish or on a marble slab, and when cool stir rapidly until you have a smooth, white mass. This may be flavored and rolled into small balls ready to dip into chocolate, or orange, or vanilla moist cloth, will keep a week.

FOR CHOCOLATE FLAVOR.

To a half pound of fondant add two ounces of chocolate. a little vanilla and two teaspoonfuls of water. While dipping keep the fondant over hot water.

FUDGE.

Put over the fire a cup of sugar, two ounces of chocolate, a half cup of milk, and It is done as soon as it will harden boil. in cold water-

OYSTER PATES.

Into a pound of flour chop three quarters of a pound of cold, firm butter, until you have a coarse yellow powder. Have all your utensils cold. Wet the flour and butter with three gills of iced water and with a spoon work into a mass. Turn upon a floured pastry board, roll and fold upon a floured pastry board, roll and fold then roll again three times, lightly and quickly. Fold and put in the ice-box for several hours. Roll into a sheet half an inch thick, and, with a cutter, cut into rounds, like biscuits. Pile these three deep and with a small cutter press half-way through each pile. But into the ableway through each pile. Put into the oven which should be very hot-and bake to a light, delicate brown. The pastry should be very light. When done, remove, and lift off the little round in top of each pate. This will serve as a cover. With a small spoon scoop out the soft paste from the centre, thus leaving a cavity to be filled with the oyster mixture. Cook together a tablespoonful of butter

and flour, and pour upon them a cup and a half of rich milk-half cream, If you have it. Stir to a smooth sauce, then add the drained oysters, and cook just long enough for the edges to begin to ruffle. Now beat in gradually the beaten yolk of an egg; cook two minutes, season with celery-salt and white pepper, and fill the shells with the mixture. Fit on the littl covers, and set in the oven until all are very hot.

GINGER CREAM. Put an ounce of gelatin to soak in half a cup of cold water. Take one and one-half ounces of ginger and cut it up in very small pieces. Have a pint of double cream thoroughly chilled, set it in a basin of ice and whip to a stiff froth. Then stir in carefully, a little at a time, two ounces of powdered sugar, then a tablespoonful of he syrap from the ginger and teaspoonfal -----Margaret---Matrimony is not all that of essence of ginger. Have the gelatin dissolved in a cup of hot milk and chilled by stirring over cracked ice as it begins to thicken; fold in the cream, at the same