One square,.... Two squares,... Three squares,.. 10 00 Four squares,. Half a column,

Select Poetry.

WHAT MAKES WOMEN?

Not costly dress, nor queenly air; Not jeweled hand, complexion fair; Not graceful form, nor lofty tread, Not paint, nor curls, nor splendid head; Not pearly teeth, nor sparkling eyes, Nor voice that nightingale outvies; Not broath as sweet as eglantine, Not gaudy gems, nor fabrics fine; Not all the stores of fashion's mart; Nor yet the blandishments of art ;---Not one, nor all of these combined, Can make one woman true refined.

'Tis not the cashet that we prize, But that which in the casket lies : These outward charms that please the sight, Are naught unless the heart be right. She, to fulfill her destined end, Must with her beauty goodness blend: Must'make it her incessant care To deck herself with jewels rare; Or priceless gems must be possessed, In robes of richest beauty dressed; Yet these must clothe the inward mind In purity the most refined.

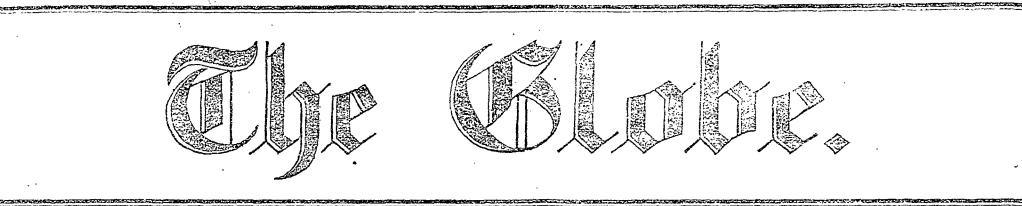
She doth all these goods combine Can man's rough nature well refine-Hath all she needs in this fiail life To fit for mother, sister, wife; He who possesses such a friend Should cherish well till life doth end. Woman, in fine, the mate should be, To sail with man o'er life's rough sea, And when the stormy cruise is o'er Attend him to fair Canaan's shore.



From the Pennsylvania Magazine. FORTUNE TELLING.

BY A. W. BENEDICT.

THE human heart is ever striving to read upon the dim and spectral future, the leadings of the footsteps of life. Is it not so? In your secret and searching communings with self, did no fleeting vision startle the inquiry --Why is it that, in every conflict of life, thought sends its peering eye to look beyond the entrest present, yearning to bring back to the aching heart its hopeful imaginings? Your daily hopes and fears, your air-built castles, your love of fame, and your love of self, now buried in the mysteries of time, are all the overflowings of the heart, in those yearnings to realize its hereafter-the fret-



HUNTINGDON, PA., OCTOBER 28, 1857.

WILLIAM LEWIS.

VOL. XIII.

time.

cross my palm to remove the dust of the Pres- of the past,-but gold and its glitter, self ent from the mirror of your Future. Yes, I and its sins curse instead of comfort. see the path you have taken, and I see where it ends. Even now you ape the "fast man," and are thinking of a fast horse; if you were free from the leading strings of the old wo-man, what a glorious "bust" you would have. Wind shall reap of the whirlwind!" The You do imbibe a little now. I can see that. Rum makes a track upon the sands of time like nothing else. You drink but little. I land is full of them; and their past and pres-know that. It will increase in quantity as ent awakens the vision of Future. years bring out the beard upon your face .-Oh, you only drink wine, you say. No mat-ter. It will come to that burning fire-water, whiskey, before long. At first the club, the oyster and game suppers, and night only will see when and where you are overtaken. The so stupid, so shameless, so near disgrace, so near crime. That is the terminus of the road you have taken. The wayside marks every-where warn and threaten. Stop! before pre-mature old age, if not pinching want, run their ploughsharz overyourface. A mothew's drunk of darkness leaves its mark in the

their ploughshare over your face. A mother's tear, a father's commands, have lost their power, you will not stop! Go on, if you dare. Death will wave his red light across your track to tell you of the danger. You will not heed the signal. Too late! there, there you go! Time has no record of your being, only that you lived and died—your sad example and frightful end—" the man goeth to his long home and the mourners go about the streets."

Another! You want to know what I can say for you. Well, well, I see enough—have seen enough, to remove every doubt as to your future, Sykesy-the name is significant. Your surly brow-bold, insolent look-rough, rude, devil-may-care-side-at-time walk, tell me to what school you have been. I know you. I saw you last evening on the corner tings of the immortal to etherealize its mortal presence, and to break away from its earthy prison, that it may revel amid the boundless the boundless ing remark as those ladies passed. I saw

word of doubt, nor would I urge to a more cager strife by words of cheer or promise, one whose brow is severely bent to win suc-cess. Your future shall be told at its proper a mow rich and daily add to my store.— Courtesy bids you to stand aside until True you have gold; and I am ashamed to of the object of life and impress upon the une. Courtesy bids you to stand aside until your readers have been served. Well, here comes one, a boy! no, nor yet a man. Tell me your name—the name is everything: and without that I shall tell no fortunes. Young America. What a quiet, complacent leer—how jauntily he wears his hat. He now knows more than I do, (so he thinks) but he does not know what I can tell in the passing Now Death will tear we are not only acting as benefactors to our own generation, but are smoothing the out the future from our view we could see thinks,) but he does not know what I can tell in the passing Now. Death will tear you him. Twelve years old—a standing collar, painfully shining hat, a beautiful little *stick*-*ee*, with an ivory leg and foot for its head—a segar in his mouth; and listen, he swears like a man, calls his mother "old woman," and his father "gov'ner." Poor thing, *it* has got no moustache yet. It needs no silver to cross my nalm to remove the dust of the Pres-of the next sold only be-cause it gratified solf. You did not learn to he lovely and and callous heart will be consumed with its maddening desire to fasten upon the shadows

But enough. My dear readers, you all see how I search in the present to find the trac-Young Americas, Sykesys, Dodgers and Gripes are no imaginary characters. Our HUNTINGDON, (Pa.) July 1857.

For the Globe.

The Teacher's Mission.

BY LEROY.

world to be filted for a higher that hoher ex-istence. And, believe me, the soul carries with it those glorious conceptions of the good and beautiful, when it breaks the fetters that with it these glorious conceptions of the good and beautiful, when it breaks the fetters that bind it to the earth and soars aloft to the spirit land. The human mind, or soul, united with the body, is capable of two kinds of en-joyment. That which is more lasting, and contains happiness approximating to the bliss of heaven, is derived from the proper cultiva-tion of the mind and heart. That which is inferior; and more transitory in its nature, is the result of gratifying our appetites and in-dulging our sensual propensities. The former dulging our sensual propensitics. The former mont, and has destroyed their legislativ brings with it good health, contentment of cendency in the State.—*Cin. Enquirer*. mind, and the numberless blessings which constitute human happiness, together with right views of the Deity and reverence for the good. The latter, though pleasant and nearly three thousand acres, two thirds whereattractive in the season of youth, hides be-neath its hollow smiles the bittorness of re-gret, the curse of crime, the innumerable of smooth flagging. The paved streets numevils to which man is heir, and steels the all her works are governed, not only deprives mankind of happiness, but creates countless groundless fears and superstitions, alike destructive in their effects, and disgraceful to beings of so high an order of intelligence as man. Do you dispute the correctness of my proposition? If so, I refer you to the history of the past in all ages of the world. Yes, even the escutcheon of our own fair land is stained with the record of transactions revolting to the enlightened mind. In the early history of New England, we are imformed ons and the gallows, are reaching then gaund fingers to clutch you. Unless you change, and that speedily, one, if not all, will be in at your death. A state stake; convicted of crimes which it was not in their power to commit. Do you ask the cause of this inhuman butchery? I reply, it was a belief in the ancient and modern superstition of the doctrines of witchcraft. And here in Old Pennsylvania, blessed with light and knowledge, in the middle of the ninetcenth century, are found hundreds, who, although ashamed to acknowledge it, cling to the hallucinations and delusions of the dark ages, and regard the numcrous phcnomena of nature, as so many demons hovering around them, endeavoring to lure them to destruction. Does our country boast of her free institutions? Our smiling vales, and lofty peaks re-echo the anthem of the free? And shall we teachers and educators, rest contented, while the free-born sons and daughters of America lie in chains more disgraceful than the serfdom of Russia, and grovel in bondage more miserable than that of ancient Egypt? Even the chains of ignorance, and the bondage of superstition. Teachers, ours is a work of true philanthropy. Philanthropy did I say? Yes, of as true a stamp as that which prompted the immortalized Howard, disregarding pestilence and death, to visit the foul dangeons of Europe, and shed tears of sympathy with the unfortunate and wretched. Would we be successful in our noble mission we must not labor for pecuniary advantages alone. We must be actuated by nobler principles, cheered by hopes of a higher re- of a piece of bread the size of one's hand, ward, or our work will be in vain. We have and two or three times as thick, hot as it can entered the arena in an auspicious moment. Our predecessors have wounded the horned dilemma Ignorance, and frightened the hydra headed monster Superstition; and if we rush on them fighting manfully, cheered and encouraged by our directors and patrons, we shall cause them to spread their stygian ing artistically imprinted with the thick wings and bear away the last romains of de-black fingers of the sable cook, the steam wings and bear away the last remains of delusion and error and no longer becloud the surging upward, meanwhile, from its nicely brightening of old Huntingdon County. Fellow teachers-I admit it, I admit it, I tremble when T think of the responsibility of our occupation. We are making impres-

arches ring with the pean of redeeming love. Then too we are responsible for the influence our scholars exert over the minds of the future generation. If we inculcate right views enough to urge us on to still greater execu-

tion. And although we can never expect to have our names recorded on the pages of history, or our deeds of chivalry sung in sweet measures upon the poetic lyre, yet we may engrave our actions, upon the tablets of many a heart.

> "Lives of great men all remind us, We can make our lives sublime, And departing, leave behind us

Footprints in the sands of time."

Yes, when these voices can no longer warn from the deceptive allurements of depraved nature, and encourage in the pursuit of seience, virtue and truth; these hands no longer point out the path that leads to honor and happiness below, and bliss supreme above, still shall our memory be cherished, and our spirits be rewarded in the full fruition of Heaven.

SPRUCE CREEK, Oct. 20th.

THE RESULT IN OHIO.-Whatever may be the final result in this State, whether Chase is successful by a few hundred, or whether he is defeated, it will be a substantial Democratic triumph. The proud majority of over sixteen thousand, which the Black Republicans had for Fremont, has melted away and will nover be heard of again. The Legislature is certainly Democratic, and the indications are unmistakable that the ten-dency of things is to put Ohio in the Democratic line. Democrats have every reason to be satisfied with the result. The Black Republicans are in their dying agonies in Ohio. mont, and has destroyed their legislative as-

The pavement of London is one of the greatest marvels of our time. It covers

eyed perch, and I would not dishearten by a gain. Should life be spared to old age, your and lead the way," shall make heaven's high taken up with the thumb and fingers; that is about a teaspoonful; then add as much sweet milk as will make it up into adhorent dough of which take up a double handful, laying it over on one hand, and thus carry it to the pan or skillet for baking; turn it in with one pat of the hand, and so on, until the vessel is full, and, with a good heat, let it remain until the crust is a yellowish brown. Put it on the table piping hot; press it open; lay in a large lump of grass butter, just made (if you can get such a thing,) and it is ready for demolition.

Editor and Proprietor.

NO. 19.

"Corn bread is best if eaten while it is hot; it becomes sadden as it cools. The milk supersedes the use of lard or butter; no water is needed, although many use butter and ents of a pone of bread are meal, milk, salt, nothing else. If you add eggs, it becomes Johny cake, and is no longer a "Pone of

bread."

We fancy that if housekeepers once succeeded in producing this simple article in the same perfection that we find it in the West, the artificially white bread from the bakers' would soon be at a discount .--- North American, (Philadelphia.)

Sweetbreads with Tomatoes.

Take two large sweetbreads, put them into sealding water. After remaining a few min-utes, take them out, and put them into cold water; when cool, skin, but do not break them. Put them into a stew-pan with one gill and a half of water and season with salt,

cayenne and black pepper to taste. Place them over a slow tire, mix one large teaspoonful of browned flour with a small piece of butter, until quite smooth, which add with a small blade of mace. Stir the butter and gravy well together, and if not sufficiently seasoned, more may be added. After letting them stew slowly for half an hour, set the stew-pan into a quick oven, and when the sweetbreads are nicely browned, place them on a dish, and pour the gravy into half a pint of stewed tomatoes, thickened with one desert spoonful of flour, mixed with a small piece of butter, and seasoned with salt and pepper. Then strain through a small wire seive into the stew-pan; let it come to a boil, and stir until done. Then pour it over the sweetbreads, and send to table hot, in a wellheated dish.

[This is an excellent way to cook sweetbreads; but we think tomato sauce is injured and not improved by the "spoonful of flour." Anything except seasoning put into stewed tomatoes, is a desecration of them.—Ed. Germantown Telegraph.]

TOMATO WINE .- Select and mash wellripened toinatoes; press out the juice; add one pint of water and one pound of sugar to

How TO MAKE TEA PROPERLY .- The proper way to make a cup of good tea is a matter of some importance. The plan which I have practised twelve months is this: The tea pot is at once filled up with boiling water, then the tea is put into the pot, and is allowed to stand for five minutes before it is used: the leaves gradually absorb the water, and as gradually sink to the bottom; the result is that the leaves are not scalded as they are when boiling water is poured over them, and you get all the true flavor of the tea. In truth much less tea is required in this way than under the old and common practice.-Exchanye.

CIDER WINE AND CHAMPAGNE .- An excellent article may be made by adding three pounds of sugar to each gallon of clarified eider, letting it stand three months to fer-ment. By bottling the above, and adding to each a small lump of sugar, a new fermentation will be excited. Wire down the corks and you will soon have fit for use, proper sparkling eider champagne.

PEAR MARMALADE .- A very excellent mar-PEAR MARMALADE.—A very excellent mar-malade may be made with pears, to use in making tartlets. Boil six good sized pears to a pulp, weigh them, take half their weight of sugar, put it into a saucepan with a very little water, boil it, and skim it while boil-ing; when boiled to a crack add the pulp of the pures give it a boil and add about four the pears, give it a boil, and add about four drops of essence of cloves; when it is cold, it is ready for use.

SOFT GINGERBREAD .- Two eggs, two small tumblers of molasses, a pint bowl of water, a lump of saleratus of the size of a small butternut, dissolved in water, half a teacup water instead of milk; but the true constitu- of butter; stir in the least flour that will enable it to bake well; one teaspoonfal of cloves add ginger if preferred. Bake in pans.

> WELSH RABBIT .- Cut up half a pound of new cheese, put in a lump of butter as large as an egg, a teaspoonful of mustard, set it over the fire in a tin pan stirring till thor-oughly melted; have ready two pieces of bread toasted, spread the melted cheese thickly over the toast, place it before the fire to brown and serve hot.

> GOOD PUMPKIN PIE WITHOUT EGGS .- One quart of boiling milk, two soda or Boston crackers rolled fine, put to the boiling milk, two teacups of strained boiled pumpkin, little salt, one cup of sugar, extract of lomon, little ginger. If this quantity will not make two pies, put in a little cold milk. Bake in a hot oven.

PRESERVED PUMKIN .- Cut a good pumpkin in strips like eitron, sprinkle sugar on them In strips like citron, sprinkle sugar on them over night, pound for pound, and the juice of four lemons, in the morning, boil the peel and a little ginger root, and add to the syrup. Boil the pumpkin till tender, then turn on the syrup boiling hot.

WEDDING CAKE .- One pound of flour, one pound of sugar, one pound of hour, one pounds of raisons, stoned, three pounds of currants well washed, one and a quarter ounce of mace, one ounce of nutmeg, one and a quarter pounds of citron, half gill of brandy, a few cloves. Bake in large loaves three hours.

CREAM FRITTERS.—Beat six eggs until quite light, then stir in one pint of cream, one teaspoonful of salt, half a grated nutmeg, and sifted flour enough to make a thin batter; stir it until it becomes smooth, then drop it by spoonfuls into hot lard; and fry, and serve.

MOLASSES PIE.-Take nine tablespoonfuls of molasses, six tablespoonfuls of good vin-egar; one and a half tablespoonfuls of flour, a small piece of butter, a few slices of lemon each quart of juice. Set away in a partially filled vessel to ferment similarly to grape wine. After fermenting sufficiently put in pice. pie.

freedom of the measureless future. It is the yeu trip that poor old man, and laugh as his longing after immortality that makes the soul "shrink back upon herself, and startle struction. I saw you rob that young tree of at destruction."

The superstitious and the ignorant feed that burning desire with the crude charlantry which advertises the prognostic astrology of Madame Fiddlefan, just from Paris-or which holds its court in the dark and dirty cabin, or cell, of some old mummyfied negress, whose greasy cards are the only horoscope by which she reads human destiny.

It is possible, my dear reader, that you conceived, when you read my title, that you were to be enlightened by the wise cogitations of some puritan, whose Salem-born hatred of witches had aroused him to a general assault upon all the fortune-telling cheats in our land-that they were all to be served up with at your death. the nicest dressing, and their benighted, foolish, crazy customers would each come in for a full share of his bitter denunciations.— Such may have been your thoughts. It is an easy thing to be mistaken.

I am a fortune-teller myself; and I shall claim your car. I doubt not I shall astonish you with the wonderfully truthful predictions I shall make. Fortune-telling is a science made yourself familiar with the orbit of your star, not Isaac Newton himself could tell more truly the pathway of the moon than you can rachs on their thrones. The witch of Endor, when she summoned from the past, the aged Samuel to tell the rebellious king, "To-morrow shalt thou and thy sons be with me."told with greater certainty, their changeless record of coming time, than I shall mark the destiny of the seekers after the unseen, at my hand.

A word of caution to the "unco gude," whose brows are already scowling at the bold sacrilege of my tone, declaring that I am not only no better than I should be, but in truth country; and you and the older thieves roband in fact, much worse than I ought to be. Smooth your brows, I shall invade none of Smooth your brows, I shall invade none of and a stool pigeon at night. Your future is the attributes of Deity—I will do no violence already told. Thousands like you, have hid to truth-I claim no supernatural power-I am in no league with "auld hornie"-I have no means whereby I draw wisdom from the skies. I am a plain matter-of-fact man. I know what I know; and instead of being selfish and proud over my wisdom, I am meek, frank, and communicative, as well as bonevolent. I wish that you, and every one of you, should know just what I know of the future, and how and why I know it; that with the same unerring truth, you can weave the web the memory. It will soon be all gone. Ah, of coming weal or woe, just as perfectly as I

can—and for aught I can say, a little better. With whom shall I begin? Who would first know their dark or shining destiny?— Your fears tell that you have some misgivings as to my powers. Fear not, I shall tell only Gripe, Esq. The dram shop-the gambler's truth; and if you fear that, ask for no re- den, and bad company he has ever shunned.

tottering limbs stumbled over the unseen ob-

its fruit, then wantonly break the tree. I saw you remove the signal lantern from a passing train, then sneak away to an "eating house." Eating house, indeed ! licensed under the seal of justice to rob you of what little moral sense you have left-commissioned to ent out with corroding canker the heart's best affections—love of God, of country, of kindred, of self. Yes, I saw it all. Shall I tell you of your future. I see it clearly. Up come the trooping shadows; and drunkenness,

riot, burglary, arson, robbery, murder, prisons and the gallows, are reaching their gaunt And another would see beyond the Present.

You have a genteel look. Smooth hair and smooth tongue. Mr. Dodger is your namea lineal descendant of the world-renowned Artful Dodger. Look up, I must see your eyes. Can't you look a man in the face ?-That is a bad sign. You are not bashful.-I have seen you before. Do you remember your lewd wink to your companions, while readily learned and understood. Having engaged in your daily vocation, selling dry made yourself familiar with the orbit of your goods to the ladies? I saw it—and I saw you on Broad street last Sabbath, driving an truly the pathway of the moon than you can solve the mystery of the shadowy future. I have done all this; and the magicians of old Egypt, whose wonders frightened the Pha-bay the mission of the magicians of a lady by your side. No, you below it was no lady. That cost you twenty dollars. Cost you, ah I no, it cost your em-ployer that. You got the money for that piece of silk that you put up the "spout" of your Jewish relative. Your "uncle" knew it was not yours, and so do I. Your future alone will tell you what it cost you. This is Nay, the prophets of inspiration, scarcely not all I know. There is a gambling hell, at the corner of —— street, up that dark pair of stairs. Your knock readily admits you. You are received like one of the familiars. I did not go in. I never do. It is not neces-

sary. I know what is done there without going in to see. You did not go there alone. bed him. You a merchant's clerk by day, underneath that smooth face and tongue for years, their crimes. They thought they were safe. So do you. But tardy justice sent her detectives, and the pawn-broker's tickets, and your "uncle's" shelves appeared as swift witnesses, and the felon's cell claimed its treasure. So it will if you do not stop. Stop now, while you can. A mother's prayer sometimes comes home to your heart, and starts a tear. More and more feeble becomes then, remorse and despair will drag you from the past and buffet you onward into the boundless ocean of the hereafter.

But here comes one, who fears nothing that I can say of him. The exemplary Pinchem as to my powers. Fear not, I shall tell only truth; and if you fear that, ask for no re-vealings from me. Perhaps you, my young friend Max, would like to trace the shadows of the Coming; as you now look upon the pictures which the Past have dagnerrectyped on the reflective surface of memory. Would you see the end of your anxious hopes? I will not answer you. The veil of your future should not now be raised. You are a fisher for Burley'c one-

sions lasting as eternity. Venus, Orion, Arcturus, and all the silvery host that now bedeck the ethercal Vault,

ber over 5000, and exceed 2000 miles in length.

THE VOTE FOR GOVERNOR IN PHILADELPHIA. -In the city of Philadelphia the official vote is as follows-Packer 27,749 Hazelhurst 14.355 Wilmot 10,001. Packer over Wilmot 17,748. Packer over Hazelhurst 13,-349. Packer over Wilmot and Hazelhurst united, 3,393.

The Housekeeper.

Excellent Domestic Receipts.

From various sources we make the following selections of Receipts for the Housekeeper, which we believe will be generally found to be practical and valuable. At least we shall have no objections-indeed would rather like it-if only one half of the excellent ladics-the household chiefs in our community-would give them all a fair trial, and send us samples · of their success! We promise to give them a fair trial, and enter udgment as our palate and conscience may decide.-[ED. Ger. Icl.

Corn Bread---A hint worth Knowing.

In an out of the way place up town, there stands a restaurant of very moderate pretensions and unassuming exterior, noted for its excellence in producing the viand whose name heads this paragraph. Kentuckians, Iowaians, and others, who have been reared upon that peculiarly western luxury called a pone of bread, resort to the spot in numbers every day to partake of this simple banquet, which, in its perfection, they cannot obtain at their ordinary lodgings. The cook employed to prepare it is a negross of elephantine proportions who was reared upon a plantation in Kentucky. Our travelled readers will remember the delicious "pone," an article of food more exquisite to the palate than is the daily dram of a drunkard-the pone of bread which graces the tables of western people on every one of the 365 consecutive days in the year-the simple pone consisting of a piece of bread the size of one's hand,

be, and made from the meal of yellow corn ground coarse. This is the 'western "pone of bread," the real simon pure original, genuine, nonpariel "com dodger." As served to the visitors at the place above referred to, the article is in its perfection, each pone betimes more inviting than the costlicst dish ever created by Soyer. The corn meal of our stores is too finely ground to make the western bread; we must purchase it ground

to order, at a mill, before we can indulge in the luxurious staple of a western diet.

tight kegs, and keep in a cool dry cellar until Spring, when it may be carefully drawn off

and bottled, adding a small piece of root gin-ger to each bottle. When opened for use, a brisk effervescence takes place, and to one skilled, even in grape wines, it is difficult to distinguish its origin. It is believed that it can be made equal to the best champaigne.

A SURE REMEDY FOR A FELON .--- Take a pint of common soft soap, and stir it in airslacked lime till it is of the consistency of glazier's putty. Make a leather thimble, fill it with this composition, and insert the finger therein, and change the composition once in twenty minutes, and a cure is certain. We happen to know that the above is a certain remedy, and recommend it to any one who may be troubled with that disagreeable ail-

ment.-Buffalo Advertiser. RECEIPTS FOR RUSK .--- To one quart of milk add one pound of sugar and half pound butter, one pint of the milk must be warmed to make a sponge of, with yeast and flour, about as thick as pancake batter, let it rise all night. When risen enough, warm the other pint of milk with the sugar and butter, put it into the sponge; kneed it, but not

very stiff. Let it rise again; when risen enough, mould it into cakes as large as biscuits, place them in tins and let them rise; rub them over with sugar and milk. Bake them in a quick oven. When baked, rub them again with sugar and milk to give them a gloss.

To MAKE SANDWITCHES .- Rub one tablespoonful of mustard flour into half a pound of sweet butter; spread this mixture upon thin slices of bread; from a boiled ham, cut very thin slices, and place a slice of ham be-tween two slices of bread prepared as above; cut the sandwitches in a convenient form and serve. Some chop the trimmings of the boiled ham very fine, and lay them between the slices of prepared bread. This is a good dish for lunch, or evening entertainments.

For PRESERVING CITRON.-Soak them in salt water three days; change the water evory day. Let them remain in clear water one day, after which boil them in water with oyster shells until tonder; take them out and ticle, and finally the police discovered that put them in alum water, let them soak one the dealers obtained their supplies for tea hour. Make syrup, allowing one pound and | and coffee by purchasing of servants what a quarter of sugar to a pound of eitron.— Let them boil in the syrup half an hour.— The citrons are best kept until the month of Febuary before preserving.

STUFFED PEPPERS .- Wash and drain large peppers, cut a small piece from the top of each, cutting around the stems and take out all the seeds; fill with chopped cabbage seasoned highly with alspice, cloves, salt, and mustard seed: sew on the top pieces which have been cut out; place in jars with the covers off and cover with scalding vinegar, pressing them down every day for a week.

To PICKLE RIPE CUCUMBERS .--- Pare the eucumbers and take out the seeds; turn over them a weak brine; let them stand twenty four hours; rinse them, then turn boiling alum water over them; cover with cabbage and and the effect was magical. He says that peach leaves and let them stand till cold, picture of despair reconciled him to his fate. slice them; to two quarts of vinegar add one

pound of sugar, and cloves. cinnamon and ginger root to your taste. Turn the vinegar

SNOW BALL PUDDING .- Pare and core large mellow apples, and enclose them separately in a cloth spread with boiled rice; boil them one hour; dip them in cold water before turning out. Serve them with cream sauce.

CRACKER PIE .- Two soda crackers soaked in one cup of warm water, one small teaspoonful of tartaric acid, or lemon juice, one cup of sugar. Season and bake as an apple

MOLASSES COOKIES.-One coffee cup of mo-lasses, half a cup of butter, three teaspoonfuls of soda, one and a half of cream of tartar, flour enough to roll out.

PORK CAKE .--- One pound salt fat pork, and one pound of raisins, chopped together fine, two cups molasses, one cup boiling water, one teaspoonful of soda, five and a half cups of flour, and plenty of spice.-Cor. Co. Gent.

COCOANUT CAKE.—Three cups white sugar, half cup butter, three and a half cups flour, one cup milk, the whites of six eggs, one teaspoonful extract vanilla, one teaspoonful salt, one teaspoonful soda, two teaspoonsful cream tartar, one grated nut.-Ib.

HARD GINGERBREAD.-One cup butter, one oup brown sugar, one cup cold water, one cup molasses, one teaspoonful saleratus, or a little soda, ginger to the taste, and flour enough to roll out easily.—*Ib*.

JELLY CAKE .- Three cups white sugar, one cup butter, one cup milk, four cups flour, six eggs, well beaten, a little spice. Drop three tablespoonsful in an ordinary sized eake-pan.-Ib.

CLARIFIED CIDER .--- Mix one quart each of lime and clean, dry ashes, and two quarts of new milk. Pour these into a hogshead of cider just from the press. In ten hours it is fit to rack.

MILK BATHS .- Lola Montez, in hor locture on beauty, tells a story of a certain city where the use of milk baths, by ladies, for the preservation of their beauty, became so general that it produced a scarcity of the arhad been used for their employers' bath!

155 A Yankee made a bet with a Dutchman that he could swallow him. The Dutchman lay down upon the table, and the Yankee, taking his big toe in his mouth, nipped it severely. "Oh, you are biting me," roared the Dutchman. "Why, you old fool," said the Yankee, "did you think I was going to swallow you whole?"

ESA printer not long ago being "flung" by his sweethcart, went to the office and tried to commit suicide with the "shooting stick," but the thing wouldn't go off. The devil wishing to pacify him, told him to peep into the sanctum where the editor was writing duns to delinquent subscribers. He did so,

ISTA follow, in Brooklyn, N. Y., has been compelled to pay \$150 damages, to a woman, for spitting in hor face. Served him right.