

The Sunbury American.

NEW SERIES, VOL. 10, NO. 43.

SUNBURY, NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, PA.—SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1857.

OLD SERIES, VOL. 18, NO. 1

The Sunbury American.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY
BY H. B. MASSER,
Market Square, Sunbury, Penna.
TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
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TO CLUBS:
Three Copies to one address, 50 Cts.
Five Copies to one address, 75 Cts.
Ten Copies to one address, 1.25
Fifty Copies to one address, 6.00
One Year in Advance, will pay for three years' subscription in the American.
Advertisements will be inserted at our office, and sent to the printer, at the rate of 10 Cts. per line for the first week, and 7 Cts. for each subsequent week. For longer advertisements, no per centage.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING
One Square of 10 Lines 2 Times, \$1.00
Every subsequent insertion, 50 Cts.
One Square, 10 Lines, 1 Month, 2.00
One Square, 10 Lines, 3 Months, 5.00
One Square, 10 Lines, 6 Months, 9.00
One Square, 10 Lines, 1 Year, 16.00
Small Advertisements, no per centage.

JOB PRINTING.
We have connected with our establishment a well-qualified JOB OFFICE, which will enable us to execute in the most perfect manner all kinds of printing.

H. B. MASSER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
SUNBURY, PA.
Business attended to in the Counties of Northumberland, Union, Lycoming, Montour and Columbia.

References in Philadelphia:
Hon. J. B. Truitt, Esq.,Chas. G. Fisher, Esq.,Samuel & Sons, Esq.,Linn, Smith & Co.

NEW STORE.
ELIAS EMERSON,
115 N. 2nd St., Philadelphia.

ESPECIALLY to inform the citizens of the County of Lower Augusta, that the public generally, that he has purchased the store lately kept by Isaac Murr, in Lower Augusta, and has just opened a splendid stock of

Fall and Winter Goods.
This stock consists of Cloths, Cassimeres, Cashmeres of all kinds, Linen, Cotton and Woolen Goods, Silks, Ribbons, Laces, Muslins, Linens, and all kinds of Ladies Dress Goods. GENTS, Hardware, Queensware of various styles and patterns.

Also, an assortment of Ready-Made Clothing of all descriptions, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps. SALT FISH, and a variety of other articles which are suitable to the trade, all of which will be sold at the lowest prices.

Country produce taken in exchange at the highest market prices.
Lower Augusta, Pa., October 10, 1857.—H.

PHEASANT WHEAT, GIBBS.
PHEASANT WHEAT is recommended in the notice of W. Gibbs, Esq., a reliable keeper, &c., as being superior to anything of the kind ever introduced. As it does not gum upon the axle— is much more durable, and is not affected by the weather, remaining the same in summer as in winter, and put up in an earthen jar, and 75 cents, for sale by A. W. FISHER, March 14, 1857.

MUSIC!
MR. O. KIMBALL, his of Hairs, having become a resident of Sunbury, respectfully informs the citizens, that he intends to open a Singing Class, both secular and sacred, and will impart instruction to all who may desire to place themselves under his charge.

N. E. Mrs. O. Kimball is prepared to give instructions to a few more pupils on the Piano Forte.
Sunbury, September 19, 1857.—H.

New Philadelphia Dry Goods!!
SHARPLESS BROTHERS,
LATE TOWNSEND SHARPLESS & CO.,
HAVE REMOVED to their new store, N. W. corner of Chestnut and 5th Streets, and have opened their usual stock of Antwerp and Winter DRY GOODS, which they sell at very low prices. Their stock includes Shawls, Black and Fancy Silks, Merinos, and other Dress Goods, Men's and Boy's Wear, Blankets, Housekeeping Goods, and Groceries for "Viands & Co." Oct. 24, 1857.—G. S.

SUNBURY STEAM FLOURING MILL
THE subscribers respectfully announce to the public, that their new Steam Flouring Mill in this place, has been completed, and will go into operation on Monday the 31st day of August, inst.
Having engaged a competent and careful Miller, they trust they will be able, with all the modern improvements adopted in their mill, to give entire satisfaction to all who may favor them with their custom.

SNYDER, RINEHART & HARRISON,
Sunbury, August 29, 1857.—H.

GILBERT BULSON,
DEALER IN PRODUCE, FRUIT AND VEGETABLES, No. 4 North Wharves, 4th door Market street, Philadelphia.

Oranges, Apples, Dried Fruits, Butter, Lemons, Onions, Mercer Potatoes, Cheese, Raisins, Tomatoes, Sweet Potatoes, Beans, Peas, Nuts, Peaches, Cranberries, Eggs, &c.
Orders for shipping put up with care and dispatch.

GOOD SHIP on commission for Fat mers and Dealers.
October 21, 1857.—

The 810 and 815 Single and Double Threaded Empire Family Sewing Machines.
AN AGENCY for the sale of these Sewing Machines can be secured on liberal terms for the County of Northumberland. No one need supply without capital sufficient to conduct the business properly and who cannot bring references as to reliability and capacity. A personal application will be necessary.

The peculiar adaptation of these Machines for all purposes of Family Sewing, will, wherever they are offered for sale command a ready and unlimited demand.

JOHNSON & GODDALL,
S. E. Corner of 6th and Arch Sts., Philadelphia.
August 15, 1857.—H.

BLANKS! BLANKS!
BLANK Deeds, Mortgages, Bonds, Warrants, Attachments, Commitments, Summons, Surpetenas, Executions, Justices, and Costable Fee Bills, &c., &c., can be had by applying to this office.

HYDROLEUM PAINTS.—These paints are mixed with water, thereby saving the cost of oil, and are for sale by
March 14 '57. A. W. FISHER.

THE BRIDE OF AN EVENING.

BY EMMA D. E. SOUTHWORTH.

CHAPTER I.
THE ASTROLOGER'S PREDICTION.

Reading, a few weeks since, one of Do Quincy's papers—"Three Memorable Murders,"—recalled to my mind the strange circumstances of one of the most mysterious domestic dramas that ever taxed the ingenuity of man, or required the flight of time to develop.

The locality of our story lies amid one of the wildest and most picturesque regions of the Old Dominion, where the lead waters of the Harpshamock wash the base of the Blue Ridge.

The precise spot—Crossland—is a sublime and beautiful scene, where two forest-crowned ranges of mountains cross each other at oblique angles.

At the interesting point of these ridges nestles a little hamlet, named from its elevated position, Altamont.

At the period at which our story opens the four estates, in the four angles of the irregular mountain cross, were owned as follows:

The eastern farm, called Piedmont, was the life property of Madame Audery, a Virginia lady of the old school.

The western and most valuable estate was the inheritance of Honora Paul, an orphan heiress, granddaughter and ward of Madame Audery.

The northern and smallest one, called from being the deepest vale of the four—Haw's Hole—was the property of old Hugh Howe, a widower of gloomy temper, parsimonious habits, and almost fabulous wealth.

The southern tract, named from the intricate tracery of the elegant mansion-house, elaborate out-buildings, and highly ornamented grounds, which had absorbed the means of the late owner, "Parquise's Folly"—was the heavily-mortgaged patrimony of Godfrey Farquise Dulaney, the grandson of Hugh Howe, and next of kin to his grandson.

But little benefit to the heir was to be hoped from the inheritance of his father's bartered property. In the first place, old Hugh Howe had bought up in his own name all his claims against the estate of Parquise's Folly—doubtless to prevent a foreclosure, and to save the property for his grandson.

But, unfortunately, Godfrey had mortally offended the despotic old man by declining an agricultural life, and persisting in the study of a profession—a course that had resulted in his own disinheritation.

To make this punishment more bitter to his grandson, the old man had taken into his private counsel, Dr. Henry Howe, whom he had established near himself at Parquise's Folly.

At this time, the disinherited heir, having finished a term at the University, had come down to spend a part of his vacation in his native place.

It was upon the Saturday evening of his arrival that he found the little hotel, and indeed, the whole village of Altamont, in a great state of excitement, from the fact that the celebrated heiress, Miss Honora Paul, had just stepped there, and passed through on her way home.

Those who had been so happy as to catch a glimpse of her face, vied with each other in praise of her many charms, while those who had not, listened with eagerness, and looked forward to indemnifying themselves by seeing her at church the next morning.

The next day, Godfrey Dulaney attended church, where he saw and fell in love with the most beautiful and intelligent-looking girl he had ever beheld. From the cheapness and simplicity of her attire, he supposed her to be some poor dependent of Madame Audery's, in whose pew she sat. Godfrey was completely captivated, and he resolved at once to woo, and, if possible, win this lovely being for his wife, poor girl though she was.

"Well, Mr. Dulaney, go on! what was the third predicted event?"

"Do you command me to inform you?"

"No, sir; I beg you, of your courtesy, to do so."

"Very well," he said, dropping his voice to a low undertone. "It was to be my marriage with the woman I should worship."

A deep vivid blush supplanted the bright smile that quivered over Honora's variable face. The young man paused a moment at length by her voice, as she gently inquired—

"And the fourth?"

"The answer came reluctantly, and in tones as low as to meet only her ear."

"The fourth and last prediction was, that before my twenty-fifth birthday I should partake of the Snybil's Circle."

A low cry broke from the lips of Honora as her hands flew up and covered her face. After a minute or two she dropped them, and looking him steadily in the face, said with quiet firmness—

"You doubtless wonder at my emotion. Now hear my tale. On the autumn following the summer in which that prediction was made to you, I was in Baltimore with my grandmother, and with Mr. Willoughby, who was then Miss Howe's guardian."

Such were the words of the prophecy. She spoke with a solemnity that seemed to overshadow every other feeling.

CHAPTER II.
THE SYBIL'S CIRCLE.

The next day, Honora informed her grandmother, Madame Audery, of Godfrey's presence in the neighborhood, and the old lady sent for her only brother, Colonel Shannon, to fetch him to Piedmont. Godfrey accepted the invitation. On his arrival, he found that General Stone, the governor elect of Virginia, and his son, had just taken up their quarters, for several days, with Madame Audery; and the only lady, in his opinion, at once sent off cards of invitation to some of the neighbors to visit her that evening.

When tea was over, the company adjourned to the drawing-room, where, soon after, the guests invited for the evening joined them.

First came Father O'Loughery, the parish priest of St. Andrew's Church, at Crossland. The next arrivals were Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby, and Mr. Howe.

Immediately after them came Dr. and Mrs. Henry Howe—the doctor, a man of great fashion and elegance, the lady, a delicate, nervous woman, with a sort of sad, moonlight face, beaming softly out between her heavy locks of jet.

And last of all, to the astonishment of everybody, came old Hugh Howe, who had been invited as a matter of courtesy, and was not in the least degree expected to make his appearance.

He came not alone. On his arm he brought a young girl, uninvited, but whom, with grave courtesy, he presented to his hostess as Agnes Darke, the daughter of a deceased friend and now his ward, who had arrived only that morning, and whom, presuming on Madame Audery's well known kindness, he had ventured to present to her.

Madame Audery, a reader of faces, was certainly attracted towards her; and, after a little talk, that confirmed her first favorable impressions, she took the hand of the orphan girl, and conducted her to the group formed by the Misses Audery, Mr. Sterne, Mr. Heine, Mr. Dulaney, and Honora Paul.

"Look! I declare how pale the doctor has grown!" exclaimed the flippant Jessie. "One would really think to look at him, that a deep remorse for some unacted crime" preyed on his mind.

"Nonsense! Jugglery!" said the lady, turning away to conceal his agitation.

The eyes of Honora Paul followed him with the deepest interest—there was that upon his brow that she had never seen before.

"The next in turn was Agnes. Turning to her, Rose said: "What seek you in the magic circle, lady?"

"My destiny," answered the taciturn tones.

"Invoke the knowledge!" Agnes drew a tablet, and passed it as usual to the Sybil, who read—

"Oh, ask me not to speak thy fate! Oh, tempt not to tell The doom that shall make thee desolate. The wrong that thou art not to do! Away! Away!—for doom will be Even as a mercy unto thee!"

Agnes shuddered, and covered her face with her hands. "Invoke the knowledge!" Agnes drew a tablet, and passed it as usual to the Sybil, who read—

"Not for the world—now that each word is fate! There is a couple yet to be disposed of! Miss Paul, draw near!" said Mr. Heine.

The check of Honora Paul changed; yet striving with a frown that she felt to be unworthy, she smiled, reached forth her hand, drew a tablet, and passed it to the Sybil, who in an effective voice read—

"But how is this? A dream is no my quest! I see in shades, all crowded with flowers, and smiling, As in delighted raptures, on the brink Of a dream's cascade, and that art thou art!"

Honora heard in silence, remembering the strange correspondence of those lines with the prediction of the fortune-teller, made long ago, endeavoring to convince herself that it was mere coincidence, and vainly trying to subdue the foreboding of her heart.

"Mr. Dulaney," said Rose, shutting the tablets, and passing them to him.

He drew a card, and returned it to be perused by the Sybil, who it and a thrill of superstitious terror shook her frame as she read—

"Disgrace and ill, And shameful death ere near!"

An irrepressible low cry broke from the pallid lips of Honora. "Throw up the cards!" she said; "It is wicked, this tampering with the mysteries of the future!"

The above was the commencement of Mrs. Southworth's great story, which is now being published in the New York Ledger. We give this as a sample; but it is only the beginning of this most interesting, fascinating, and beautiful tale—the balance, or continuation, will be found in the New York Ledger, the great family paper, for which the most popular writers in the country contribute, and which can be found at all the stores throughout the city and country, where papers are sold.

Remember and ask for it in your New York Ledger of January 16, and in it you will get the continuation of the story from where it leaves off. If you cannot get a copy from any news office, the publisher of the Ledger will mail you a copy on the receipt of five cents.

The Ledger is mailed, to subscribers, at \$2 a year, or two copies for \$3. Address your orders to Richard Hoffman, publisher, 41 Ann street, New York. It is the handsomest and best family paper in the country, elegantly illustrated, and characterized by a high moral tone.

The story is of itself alone, worth the price of the Ledger. To peruse the history of the lovers, Honora Paul—how she came to be a bride for only an evening, and all the strange and absorbing particulars connected therewith, will be a treat for all who take the trouble to get the Ledger.

Her smile so soft, her heart so kind, Her voice so low, her looks so true, All such were her words and looks and air.

Richard Hoffman, a tale of love and retribution.

Rachel Bentley, the lovely daughter of one of the richest merchants of London; having married George Hoffman, one of her father's clerks, during the old man's absence in India, he on his return disinherited her and discharged George. The latter being overwhelmed by disappointment, took to drink, and in a few years became a habituated drunkard; his supporting himself and two children—Richard, now a fine boy in his thirteenth year, and Mary, a sweet child of six—by selling, one after another, the remnants of her once costly wardrobe and jewelry.

On the last day of December of the year in which our story opens, Rachel was without food, light or fire, and that very day the rent must be paid.

Little Mary was moaning for bread, and crying with cold.

The aged mother was at the drum-shop, but she could not find a loaf, and with the money she had saved, she had bought a loaf of bread and milk for her children, and then set out, with them, to visit the old confidential clerk of her father, Peter Mangies, who had ever been kind to her, to consult him about reading Richard away from the contaminating influences with which he was surrounded.

On returning home late on New-Year's eve from her fruitless visit, for the old clerk was not at home, Rachel discovered that her husband had been home and stolen the sum she had put by for the rent from the place where she had concealed it, and gone off again to the "Green" tavern to waste it in drunkenness. Little Mary, chilled and hungry, began to cry for food, and the suffering mother, in hopes of regaining a portion of the money taken by her husband, set out with her children to the haunt of vice whither George Hoffman had gone.

There was a great crowd at the bar of "The Crown and Mappie." The landlady, a stout, vulgar-looking woman, with red ribbons in her cap, a profusion of false curls, a heavy gold chain round her neck, and numerous rings on her fat fingers—was busily engaged in pouring out gin for her customers; the regular ones she was waiting for; it must not be forgotten that it was New-Year's eve.

Such was the scene of vice and dissipation which met the eye and sickened the heart of Rachel when, with little Mary in her arms, and protected by the presence of her son, she ventured into the house.

"Is Mr. Hoffman here?" she inquired, faintly.

The question had to be repeated several times before she could get an answer.

"Can't tell the names of any of my customers," replied the mistress of "The Crown and Mappie," snappishly.

"Perhaps you will oblige me by ascertaining?"

"Too busy, ma'am! Hot water Sally! Three and eight-pence, sir. Half-and-half directly!"

"You can't go in there!" shouted the landlady, as Rachel was making her way towards the parlor. "Miss is a respectable house; I allow her to be so, but she's not to be seen in the street."

Select Poetry.

THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

BY TESSYRON.

Full knee deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing;
Toll ye the church-bell and low,
And tread softly, and speak low,
For the Old Year lies a dying.

He hath still; he doth not move;
He will not rise the dawn of day;
He hath no other life above—
He gave me a friend, and a true, true love,
And the New Year will take 'em away.

So long as you have been with us,
So long you have been with us,
Old Year, you shall not go.

He frothed his bumpers to the brim;
A jollier year we shall not see;
A pound of little salt, mix water, strain them,
And though his foes speak ill of him,
He was a friend to me.

Old Year, you shall not die;
We did so laugh and cry with you,
I've half a mind to die with you,
Old Year, if you must die.

He was full of joke and jest,
But all his merry grips are o'er;
To see him die, across the waste,
His son and heir doth ride post-haste,
But he'll be dead long by his own;

The night is starry and cold, my friend,
And the new Year, blithe and bold, my friend,
Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes! Over the snow
I heard just now the crowing cock,
The shadows flicker to and fro;
The cricket chirps—the light burns low,
'Tis nearly one o'clock.

Old Year, will you deary me for you,
What is it we can do for you,
Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin—
Alack! Our friend is gone!
Close up his eyes; tie up his chin;
Step from the corpse and let him in
That standeth there alone.

And waiteth at the door,
There's no new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door.

DOES ONE'S STYLE OF WALKING INDICATE HIS CHARACTER?—Professor Fowler says that those whose motions are awkward, yet easy, possess much efficiency and positiveness of character; yet lack polish; and just in proportion as the motions refined in mind will accomplish proportionately much, and pass most of their competitors on the highway of life. Their heads and plans too will partake of the same far reaching character evinced in their carriage. Those who shuf or draw the heels, crawl in awfully progress, while their steps are long and quick will accomplish proportionately much, and pass most of their competitors on the highway of life. Their heads and plans too will partake of the same far reaching character evinced in their carriage. Those who shuf or draw the heels, crawl in awfully progress, while their steps are long and quick will accomplish proportionately much, and pass most of their competitors on the highway of life. Their heads and plans too will partake of the same far reaching character evinced in their carriage.

WHAT BECOMES OF OLD BOOTS?—The Shoe and Leather Reporter contains the following solution of the great mystery—where the old boots go to: "Since the rise in leather, there has been a great increase in demand throughout the country for old boot leathers; and mysterious pedlars of an antiquarian cast of countenance, have cleared out all the garrets of New Jersey, to the extreme wonder and delight of the unsophisticated natives. For the last six months, the importations of old leather by the Jersey City ferry boat, have been positively immense, and we recommend to the attention of the collector these untaxed arrivals of datable merchandise from a foreign port. New boots which are considered old in Jersey would be regarded as a miracle of age in any other country, and the specimens of leathers which these travelling antiquarians bring to the New Jersey for sale, are so impregnated with red clay, and so utterly destitute of backbone, that the Spartans could not hesitate to acknowledge that they had 'outlived their usefulness.' Nevertheless, these leathers are taken in quantities from retail shops by the shoemakers of Mulberry street and vicinity, and after being submitted to certain revivifying processes, are manufactured and returned in the shape of 'Oxford toes' to the general operator, and found them a neat and serviceable looking article."

A German in Albany lately came into possession of \$24,000, the largest sum his wife, who ran away to California with another man several years ago, made money inhumanly, but reported on her death-bed, and made statement by leaving her property to the injured husband. Meanwhile, the German married a second wife and has several children who will have the benefit of the fortune.

WHY TUSCALOOSA ALWAYS VOTED AGAINST GEN. JACKSON.—Old Hickory crossed the Warrior river at the close of a campaign at Carthage, in Tuscaloosa county. There he halted and rested for the recruit and refreshment of the sick and wounded for a few days. The citizens of Tuscaloosa, then a small village, got up a public dinner to the General. A deputation of militia officers, armed capitation, went to Carthage to extend the invitation to Jackson. They found him busy, on foot near the main road, dismounted, and with well set phrase, their spokesman invited him to dinner.

"For how many have you made provisions?" asked Jackson. "For all my men!"

"No only for yourself and officers?"

"Then," replied the old hero, "I nor officer of mine will eat a dinner not quite so full as my boys!" Then turning on his heel abruptly, he left them.

The poor militia men were sadly discomfited and mortified at this rebuff. But worse was in store for them. A general master was summoned at their want of patriotism, every horse of the delegation, and claimed them for public service. Furious, they appealed to the General. He declined interfering; could make no distinctions. Other men's horses were taken, why not theirs—willing to give up their horses for the transportation of the sick and wounded soldiers! The case was hopeless—the weather warm—the military trapping, coat, sword, boots, &c. all unsuited for a long march in the hot and dusty weather. No conveyance, however, could be had. The general, colonels, majors and captains of the Tuscaloosa militia walked to Tuscaloosa. "And that of the reason," naively added my informant, "why Tuscaloosa always voted against the old General!"—Mobile Mercury.

Recipes.

How to Make a Plum Pudding.
The following receipt for making this renowned pudding, without which no English set dinner would be complete, will be found to be all that a first-rate pudding demands.

Take half a pound of flour, a pound of stale bread-crumbs, a pound of beef-suet, chopped fine, a pound of raisins, mix water to cook, and dried, a pound of raisins, strain them through a sieve, and add a little sugar, if required. Stir this well into the other ingredients; make it thick, but not too stiff—Just before you are going to boil it, stir into it a glass of orange juice. The general, colonels, majors and captains of the Tuscaloosa militia walked to Tuscaloosa. "And that of the reason," naively added my informant, "why Tuscaloosa always voted against the old General!"—Mobile Mercury.

Wash soiled apples, being careful to do it quickly, and put in a porcelain kettle. Have ready a tea kettle of boiling water, and pour over them, filling your preserve kettle. Cover closely, and let it stand a few minutes, or dip it into cold water. Then turn it into a dish, and serve it with candle sauce. A plain pudding may be made by using less fruit and spices.

COOKING DRIED APPLES.
Wash soiled apples, being careful to do it quickly, and put in a porcelain kettle. Have ready a tea kettle of boiling water, and pour over them, filling your preserve kettle. Cover closely, and let it stand a few minutes, or dip it into cold water. Then turn it into a dish, and serve it with candle sauce. A plain pudding may be made by using less fruit and spices.

EXCELLENT DRIED BEER.—For convenience, the beef needs to be cut in strips before boiling. Have ready a tea kettle of boiling water, and pour over them, filling your preserve kettle. Cover closely, and let it stand a few minutes, or dip it into cold water. Then turn it into a dish, and serve it with candle sauce. A plain pudding may be made by using less fruit and spices.

How to Make Tea Properly.—We clip the following from a newspaper, but do not endorse it. Household can try it, if inclined. A good cup of tea is a luxury not always to be had, and the fault is often in the selection, than in the leaf. "The proper way to make a cup of good tea, as a matter of some importance. The plan which I have practised for these twelve months is this: The teapot 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 tea is greatly improved by the water, and as gradually as the bottom of 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."

WATER CURT JEWELRY.—Two cups sugar, one cup butter, two cups sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls cream tartar, one of soda.

MUFFINS.—Take one pint of new milk, one pint of hot water, four lumps of sugar, one egg, half a pint of good brick yeast, and flour enough to make the mixture quite thick as a pound cake. Let it rise well, bake in a deep pan in a gridle.

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