

LOOKING BACKWARD.

Can't you imagine in the days when Shakespeare would not wed. The James of Stratford when they met. Their market baskets down would set. And we they went their separate ways. Such things as follow said.

"Have you heard?" "What?" "Anne Hathaway to marry?" "Why, no, forsooth! Who is he, pray?" "She's going to throw herself away on young Will Shakespeare, so they say. Unless all plays miscary."

"What, that poor, foolish rhymester lad! He never can support her." "Yes, doesn't it seem almost sad? Because we know she might have had one of true worth. It seems too bad when better came to court her."

"They say some years the elder she." "And let's not wish his fall, as anyone with eyes can see." "Well, if young folks will foolish be as long as they wish, you and me—It's surely not our fault."

Yes, don't you p'ose such things were said when young Will Shakespeare would not wed?—Kansas City Times.

Once there was a little boy named James Montmorency Stebbins. He had yellow hair, a turned-up nose and freckles of assorted sizes, and he didn't like to go to school. He hated it so much that at last he made up his mind to go to the old gray witch who lived at the top of a volcano that overlooked the Stebbins' back yard.

This witch was very old and very gray, and so wise that people used to come from miles around to ask her what to do when they didn't know themselves.

So one afternoon James put on his coat and hat and started to climb the volcano. There was a path up the side of the volcano that had been worn by the feet of the people who came to ask the gray witch questions. So James followed it. And at first as he went along there were trees and flowers on either side, but as he got farther up they grew less and less until at last there was none left and their place was taken by burnt black stones and gray ashes. And there were no birds or butterflies or hoppy toads about, only a few brown lizards, which whisked out of sight as soon as they saw James coming.

Everything was lonely and so still that he almost wished he hadn't come, but he got to the top of the mountain. There, just under the rim, perched like a swallow's nest, was a little gray house.

"That must be where the gray witch lives," thought James, so he went up and knocked at the door. And right away quick the door flew open, and there stood the gray witch on the threshold.

She looked at the little boy over her spectacles. "Good morning, James Montmorency Stebbins," she said. "You've come to see me about school, haven't you?"

Now that surprised James Montmorency Stebbins very much, for he had never told any one of his plan of going to see the gray witch and he wondered how she could possibly know. The gray witch chuckled when she saw how surprised he looked.

"Make your request, and speak your request," she said, "and speak quickly, for I haven't any time to waste." "If you please," said James, as fast as he could, "I'd like it never to be 9 o'clock in the morning any more."

"Mother," he said, "I don't believe it's much use waiting breakfast till the sun gets over the pear tree, for it never will get any higher, because I've pinned it fast to the sky with my magic arrow, and it can't get away." "James Montmorency Stebbins," said his mother, "whatever did you do that for?"

And when James told her, she said: "That was very naughty of you. Go and take it down at once." "But I can't," cried James. "I don't know how. It will have to stay that way for always."

"In that case," said his mother, "we may as well sit down to breakfast now, and after breakfast you can go right off to school."

So James had to go to school in spite of all his trouble. And the sun stayed just where it was all that day, and all that night James could scarcely sleep because his room was so light. And it kept on that way for a whole week. Because he was so much in the sun James' freckles increased so that he was mostly freckles, and he thought: "If this keeps on I shall soon be brown all over, and that won't be a bit nice."

But the trees and plants had a much harder time than James, as the sunlight continued day after day, and they began to droop, for they grew all the time, and had no time to rest. At the end of the week James said: "The gray witch was right. I don't like this a bit. I have to go to school just the same, and it's hot and horrid all the time. I'm going back up the mountain to ask the gray witch to help me again, for I've thought and thought, and I can't think how to get that arrow out again."

So he climbed up the mountain and when he got to the top there was the gray witch standing at the door of her little gray house, waiting for him. "I thought you wouldn't like it," she chuckled, as he came panting up. "Whenever I do anything for people they come back the next week and want it all undone again. I declare I don't see much use in being a witch. I think I will go out of business. But first I will help you fix the sun."

So she went into her house and came out with a long coil of fine magic rope. She made one end of it into a lasso and gave it to James. "See if you can lasso the arrow with that," she said.

So James twirled the rope about his head and flung it up, and up and through the air till it reached the sun. And then it went right past it and never caught the arrow at all. "Try again," cried the witch; so James tried and the second time the loop fell right over the shaft of the arrow. The James drew the lasso tight and pulled and the arrow came out of the sun with a jerk and the sun jumped forward to its proper place in the sky. And that was the last time James Montmorency Stebbins meddled with the sun.—Washington Star.

RARE COLORS IN MOLES. Particular Varieties Confined to Certain Fields—Piebald and White. Molecatching first became a regular occupation about a century ago when English molecatchers were introduced on the lands of the then Duke of Buccleuch.

The handsomest varieties belong to the "silver gray" class. If these could be obtained in any quantity their skins would bring a high price in the fur market.

Mr. Service, of Dumfries, lately lecturing before the Edinburgh Field Naturalists' Association, stated that he had never seen a really white mole, and he believed it to be a great rarity. Nor had he ever seen a piebald variety. He had little doubt that variation of color in moles ran in certain families.

The regularity with which a particular variety occurred repeatedly in the same field or on the same farm was well known to every molecatcher, while no abnormal coloration would perhaps occur in any other part of the parish.—From the London Globe.

Use of Sugar in Bread Manufacture. Several of the sugar journals have lately published articles dealing with the use of a small amount of sugar in bread manufacture. The Sugar Beet for January has a short note on the subject. Apart from the advantage claimed in this note, bread so prepared would, of course, have "an additional food value."

The Sugar Beet says: "France every possible idea is being brought to the front view of increasing the home sugar consumption. At a recent meeting of the Sugar Chemists' Association at Bordeaux, a French chemist, M. F. Dupont, read a paper discussing the possibilities of adding seven per cent. of sugar to bread, and this without materially altering the taste of the latter product. An addition of five per cent. of sugar has no influence on the flavor. The chief advantage of this sugar addition is that the bread has greater keeping qualities. Bread which will ordinarily be sour in forty-eight hours, will undergo very little alteration, even after several days, when a slight proportion of sugar has been mixed with the dough.—Agricultural News.

The Fussy Woodsman. Did you ever find yourself in the woods with a "fusser," that is, a man who only sees the disagreeable side of everything, and published his views early and often? For such a man the trail is frightful; the woods that occasionally slap him playfully across the cheek are anathema, the water is too wet, his rod or cast or something or other gets broken or lost, his shoe pinches one foot. About an hour before dark, just at the time when it is worth a king's ransom to be beside the favored waters, he wants to get back to the boat, and as you unwillingly wind up your line to prepare to depart your disgust is too deep and sacred for common words.—Forest and Stream.

WOMAN'S REALM

Social Transformation in England. In England, the lower upper-class women are going down the social ladder; the upper lower-class women are rising. The former are taking to the stage, shopkeeping and service, and the latter are moving rapidly forward, and several are even replacing the first in "society."

Chicago Women to Wear Sandals. Nearly 1000 Chicago women will wear sandals this summer, local shoe dealers predict. One firm already has laid in a stock of several hundred in adult sizes, as well as sizes for children. The women of Chicago don't need the support of a physical culture club to give them courage to go sandalizing.—Chicago Daily News.

Englishwomen Grow Bold. The Englishwoman of the past shrank from publicity; that of the present pursues it. The stage appears to be increasingly attractive, and from the woman of Helgravia to the girl of Bermuda there is a rush to be engaged for it. There are managers who predict that in the near future there will be no women in the audiences; they will all be before the spotlights.

A Red Lip Season. Lips will be of a deep red this season. Hips, as a topic, have had their day, and despite all the dictates of Paquin, women seem to be as hipless or "hipful" as they were before. The prophets could make only conjectures in regard to hips. It remained to be seen what the New York woman would do. But a writer has seen the lips, and unlike all the talk about hips, can say that the deep rich red is the latest fad. The majority of the women whose lips looked as though done with pure crimson madder from the tube were beyond the kissing-age.—Brooklyn Life.

Ex-Empress Eugenie's Memoirs. The ex-Empress Eugenie is busily engaged writing her memoirs, the last page of which she hopes to have finished this spring, which she hopes to spend as usual in the Riviera. The Empress observes the utmost secrecy.

Our Cut-Out Receipts. Paste in Your Scrap-Book. The cookier which our Southern cooks made in such richness and ripeness is selected, usually some variety of the yellow peach, because of its superior richness. Butter a deep earthenware pudding dish at least three and one-half inches deep. Line the side with good pastry, then fill the dish with peeled peaches torn in halves instead of cutting. Leave in enough pits to impart flavor. Sweeten abundantly, then cover with a rich layer of crust, sealing down so that none of the juices may escape. Bake in a hot oven about three-quarters of an hour, covering with paper if there is any danger of it browning too rapidly. When nearly done draw to the oven door, dredge with powdered sugar, and set back to glaze.

about her work, every word of which was written with her own hand, her secretary not even seeing the manuscript. Her Majesty uses a penholder studded with diamonds with which the Peace of Paris was signed. The memoirs, which are not to be published for twenty years after the death of the Empress, should prove interesting reading for the next generation.—London Bystander.

Evolution of Hatspins. Hatspins grow longer and more fascinating every minute. One of French make is a rose-tinted cameo, oval in shape, set in dull gold and oxidized silver in an Empire design. The mushroom shaped Japanese hatspins are pretty, looking something like a small hat with a curvilinear crown and a silver brim. One of the newest hatspins is decidedly startling. There is a large, colored, cut stone, and beneath this a reflector attached to spiral springs. With every movement of the wearer's head the reflector vibrates, sending forth flashes of light, and the effect is quite dazzling.

St. Petersburg Grows Gay. So strong is the spirit of gaiety this season in St. Petersburg that there is much talk of reviving that dream of sumptuous glory, the boyard fetes of 1902, declared to be the most magnificent court spectacle of modern times. The boyards were the old Russian nobles of the time of Ivan the Terrible, and for the fete of 1903 costumes and jewels were worn that were worth millions. A dozen women spent a fortnight in sewing jewels on the costume of the Czarin, who represented the first wife of Czar Alexis Michaelovitch. The dresses weighed over six hundred pounds, and has never been worn since.—The Arconaut.

Modernized Wonderland. A pretty idea for a banquet is a modernized Wonderland. All the figures wander about just as Alice found them, with Alice herself looking on, while a motor car keeps rushing in and out among the figures and through a mysterious castle. One has only to give this motor or the mock turtle or the fish footman or other well known characters ten cents, and immediately, with extreme amiability, he goes rushing off to the castle, and brings back a beautiful large pink and white parcel which, when it is opened, reveals precisely the thing that one has been looking for. There may be also in the garden an enormous Humpty Dumpty, who obligingly smashes himself every time one gives him ten cents, and discloses in his interior a box of chocolates.

Mere Man Has Helped. "Mere Man has a strong advocate in Dr. Elizabeth Sloan Chesser, who maintains that he has helped rather than retarded woman's progress. "Man has been woman's friend this last decade, not her enemy," she declares. "If he had wanted to keep us from advancing, from emancipation and a fuller life, he could easily have

done it, but, on the contrary, many men worked royally in our behalf. We must give man his due. He helped us to higher education for one thing, and when the time comes he will help us to secure the vote. Most men are not antagonistic, but progress. In their attitude to woman's progress, let them succeed if they can, is their creed, and we can hardly expect more. Many are working with splendid disinterestedness for us. Are not our fathers and brothers and husbands? And is it natural for a man to grudge success to his own daughter?"

An Animated Album. A novel and enjoyable device for a home entertainment, or for a church social, may be found in an animated reproduction of the photograph album that was common thirty or forty years ago.

Each person who is to take part in a proposed performance of this kind should, under the oversight of the committee entrusted with the general management of the affair, choose for imitation, in dress, general appearance, speech and suppositional conduct, one of the types of character represented in such a collection, which would include interesting specimens of humanity of assorted ages, sizes, callings and circumstances, from a ministerial country grandfather down to a long-trooked city baby.

Not only photographs representing single subjects should be depicted, but plans should be made to have two or more individuals keep together, forming a living portraiture of an old man and his wife, side by side, a picture of two quaintly garbed children going hand in hand, a family group of the last generation, or an illustration of a case of four contemporaneous generations in one line.

The selection made, each of the future performers should fit himself to carry out, in as lifelike a manner as he can, the role that he has assumed for the time being, and some one of a quick wit and lively tongue should be appointed master of ceremonies for the occasion. This one should become as familiar as possible with the fictitious names and the disguises of the would-be-actors, and he

should also have ready a store of jokes, comments and anecdotes for use in the position. At the hour for opening the entertainment he should announce that the figures in the photographs in one of the old albums have come to life and been freed from restraint for a short season, and then he should mingle with the guests, introducing them one to another in a telling way, and by his fact and vivacity forestall any tendency to stiffness.

Part of the program for the evening should be made up of contributions from the people present. For instance, a supposedly sentimental young woman, with long flowing curls, might warble a solo, or recite a ballad or a scrap of poetry; two men or two women might engage in a dialogue concerning farm or town matters or church or domestic doings; some pretended school children might speak pieces in a bashful, awkward style, or sing some of the school songs of the period under consideration, or some of the musicians in the assembly might be prepared to render some of the glee or choruses of that day, or to draw melody from the harp, the flute or the violin.

For further amusement, some of the old games, such as "Stage-Coach," "Spin the Platter" or "Going to Jerusalem," might be played by the whole company, and a spelling match might furnish one of the attractions of the gathering.

If the refreshments are to be served on a long table, after the fashion of a New England tea party, they should consist of tea, fresh biscuits and butter, chilled beef, baked or boiled custards in tall cup, pickles, preserved quinces or preserved ginger, fruit cakes and several other kinds of cake, custard pie and apple pie. If the refreshments are to be passed round among the guests, there may be a simple collation, composed of doughnuts, crullers, cookies, nuts and apples, or a more elaborate one, comprising creamed or fried oysters, chicken salad, sandwich, cake and coffee. The party should break up with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."—Martha Burr Banks, in the Ladies' World.

Fearfully and Wonderfully Frugal. Fearful and wonderful are the ways of frugal and industrious woman-kind. They will seize on the most unlikely objects, such as empty tins or frying pans, and with infinite toil and patience turn these dubious articles into precious ornaments of the home. English dispatches say that the women in that country have now attacked the men's hats, and so chimney-pot, however new or treasured, is safe from their marauding hands. Male visitors are afraid to leave their headgear in the hall lest it should vanish from their sight, and there is no place, public or private, where a man can feel safe with his top hat. Elderly women have even been seen to snatch prizes from beneath pews when seemingly engaged in their devotions, and the only thing that has been found effective in cooling the unholly ardor of the sex is retaliation upon the cloche and feathers of offenders.

NEWS OF PENNSYLVANIA

LOST ON MOUNTAIN. Carlisle (Special).—George W. Bear, a well-known young farmer residing on the Walnut Bottom Road near Carlisle, returned after the seeming desertion of his family for two weeks.

Bear left his wife to drive to his father's home in Perry County, twelve days ago. Thursday his horse drew his buggy up to his home and he recognized her husband seated in the vehicle. Bear was dazed, as it afterwards was shown, from the effects of typhoid fever, with which he was quite ill. When he was revived he could hardly realize that he had been wandering through the mountains for eleven days. All that he could remember was that he had been lost in the mountains with his team wedged between two trees. How he lived can only be surmised, although attending physicians stated that on account of his illness with typhoid fever he would eat little or nothing. Some passersby must have found him on his way, as his buggy contained a paper sack holding oats and bearing the name of a Franklin County grain dealer.

People throughout Cumberland County are at a loss to understand how Bear could have been lost in this thickly settled section, but the testimony of the physicians is positive evidence that his mind has been unbalanced for several weeks, and the fact that both horse and man have evidently done without food is additional corroboration.

SAVE WOMAN'S LIFE. Scranton (Special).—Owen Murray leaped from his car going at full speed into the Lackawanna River to save a woman, Mary Boyle, who was carried away. A fourteen inch water pipe burst while she was walking on the bank of the river and she was sucked down by hundreds of gallons of water.

Murray saw her danger, grasped his shirt and in a turn was held fast by another man, who saw the accident, and a human chain was formed by other bystanders. With much difficulty Murray and the woman were dragged from the flood.

NAMES RAILROAD CLERKS. Harrisburg (Special).—The State Railroad Commission announced five appointments, although none of the appointees were assigned to positions. The five are: H. C. Handerman, attorney, Bedford, and James C. Watson, attorney, Williamsport, who will probably be assigned as assistant attorneys; Verda S. Johnson, assistant station agent at Erie; Arthur R. Anwell, stenographer, Harrisburg; John G. Hopwood, Uniontown, who will probably be made a clerk.

These are the first appointments to be announced for some time, and the new men will assume their work in a short time.

BREACH OF PROMISE SUIT. West Chester (Special).—Papers have been filed here in a breach of promise suit of Miss Annie Mary Philips, of East Nantmeal Township, against George L. Walters, of Phoenixville, for \$10,000.

Miss Philips is a daughter of O. Milton Philips, well known in the northern part of the county. Mr. Walters is a son of Major Louis R. Walters, former United States Treasurer at Philadelphia, and a chemist in the United States Department of Agriculture. The case has been scheduled to come up at the October term of court.

NEW G. A. R. COMMANDER. Erie (Special).—Patrick Delacy, of Scranton, was elected commander of the Pennsylvania Department, G. A. R., defeating John L. Grim, of Philadelphia, by a vote of 21 to 133. J. W. Sayre, of Reading, was re-elected chaplain unanimously, this being the thirty-seventh time he has held this office. Albert M. Smith, of Beaver Springs, was re-elected department medical director.

Gets \$15,000 For Wife's Death. Meadville (Special).—The jury in the case of Professor Robert S. Breed, of Allegheny College, against the Meadville Traction Company, awarded the plaintiff \$15,000 damages for the death of his wife, who was one of several persons killed in the trolley car accident on College Hill, December 13, 1905.

Wildcat Attacks Man. Canonsburg (Special).—In a desperate fight with a large wildcat, which attacked him, John Brady, a farmer, was probably fatally injured. The animal was shot.

ITEMS IN BRIEF. Hiram Betcher and his son-in-law, Wilson Blew, miners at the Reliance Colliery, Mt. Carmel, were caught by a premature blast and seriously injured. The former had his right eye blown out.

Harry W. Rhodes has been elected president of the Media Title & Trust Company, to succeed the late George Drayton, who died at the age of 91 years. For years Mr. Rhodes was the secretary and treasurer of the company. He is the youngest bank president in the county.

DEFAULTING BANKER PLUNGED IN MINES. Pittsburg (Special).—William Montgomery, former cashier of the Allegheny National Bank, has finally concluded to open up a portion of the bank's troubles, and to assign Receiver Robert Lyons in winding up the affairs of the bank. He has been approached repeatedly by friends that suffer by the bank's crash, and implored to disclose where the funds went, but heretofore he has maintained a stolid indifference to the supplications of his closest friends.

Among these friends was Secretary of the Commonwealth Robert McAfee, who lost his fortune by Montgomery's crime. It was not until Receiver Lyons got after the cashier Thursday, however, that any information that would assist the receiver was obtained.

Owens 4,000,000 Shares. The disclosures made to Lyons make Montgomery appear to have lost his reason entirely. He confessed to owning upwards of 4,000,000 shares of mining stocks, the present value of which nobody can estimate.

The mines in which Montgomery put the bank's money are scattered along the Pacific Coast from Central America to Alaska. Montgomery seems to have had a mania for buying wildcat mining stocks at whatever price he could get them. He paid for some of the stocks as low as one cent a share, and others ran into hundreds of dollars.

Receiver Lyons, in a desperate effort to get some idea of Montgomery's methods that would help him, or give him a lead that would enable him to extricate the bank's affairs from the apparently hopeless tangle, put all the former clerks on the carpet, but they were ignorant of any clue that would be of value to the receiver.

Represent Immense Losses. While some of these mining securities may be of use in clearing up the affairs of the bank, it is said that many of them represent immense losses over the original prices. Montgomery, it now appears, carried on this speculation over a number of years, and it has been ascertained that his defaultations date back two years, when the value of mining stocks began to show a marked shrinkage.

To make good his losses, Montgomery found it necessary to seek assistance and as the bank of which he was managing head offered the best opportunity, the reason for his downfall is apparent.

Settle Many Notes. As far as the work of settling up the bank's affairs have progressed, a large amount of collateral in the form of notes have been found. The people whose signatures were attached to them have been notified to settle, and this has been done to such an extent that the bank has now on hand \$500,000 in cash.

Others are complying with the receiver's request almost daily. No statement has been made concerning these borrowers, since the Government seldom goes into details in matters of this kind. Whether it will be necessary to sue on some of the collateral in the bank has not been made known.

With the money on hand and what is believed will be collected almost the entire amount due the depositors can be paid without resorting to an auction of the stockholders, although such an assessment is inevitable.

Stockholders Will Lose. The depositors will receive their money, but the stockholders will lose every cent of their stock.

The manner in which Montgomery talked of his transactions was a surprise to all who have followed the course since he was put in jail. Now that he has begun to talk it is expected that more will be forthcoming with the result that more of the funds heretofore undiscovered will be brought to light.

BIG CARP TOWNS ROWBOAT. Selingsgrove (Special).—After having been towed in a rowboat for half an hour by a big fish, two 12-year-old youths, Philip Fashold and William Wolf, of Shamokin Dam, succeeded in landing a twenty-four-pound carp.

The boys were fishing with hook and line in the Susquehanna River, near their home, four miles above here. Young Wolf had just cast his hook when a fierce tug on the line almost pulled him overboard. Both he and Fashold pulled with all their strength, but could not land the fish. Instead, their boat was carried up stream by the monster carp.

The HOUSE and HOME

Indian Apple Jelly Pudding. Turn three pints of scalding milk on to a pint of sifted Indian meal, stir in two heaping tablespoonsful of sugar, two teaspoonfuls of either cinnamon or ginger and a teaspoonful of salt. Add a dozen sweet apples, pared and sliced thin. Bake three hours in a moderate oven. The apples will form a nice, sweet jelly.—New York Telegram.

Meat Croquettes. Put the meat through a cutter. Any kind will do. Put your onion through with the meat; mince a bunch of parsley and season with a little red pepper and salt. If they are not well seasoned they are not good.

For a quart of meat I take a half cup of milk, put it on the stove, thicken with cornstarch and mix with the meat. When cool, form either into cone shape or into round cakes. Dip into bread crumbs, then an egg; have deep boiling fat, as for doughnuts. Boil until brown. A wire sieve is good for frying.

Sometimes I put mashed potatoes with the meat. If these are made right they are splendid.—Mrs. M. R., in The Bee Hive.

Dressing Salads. Most salads should be dressed just before serving, whether French dressing or mayonnaise is used. Celery or lettuce wilts if left in oil and vinegar. Celery should not even be washed long before serving, as it becomes rusty. Potato salad, however, is an exception to the rule. Potatoes take up large quantities of oil and need to be very well mixed with whatever dressing is used. Salads made of greens should always be served crisp and cold. Canned or cold cooked left-over vegetables are well utilized in salads, but are best mixed with French dressing, and should be placed in the refrigerator an hour or so before serving. Meats for salads should be freed from skin and gristle, cut into small pieces, and allowed to stand with French dressing before combining with vegetables.—American Home Monthly.

Casserole. The term casserole applies to two very different modes of cooking. It all depends on whether one refers to the method of preparation and cooking the food or the dish used in the process. Casserole in the old French name for a saucepan of heavy brown and white earthenware, well glazed inside and out and having a tight fitting cover. The Japanese also have a dish of heavy china which they use for the same purpose. It differs somewhat in form from the French dish, but the same principles apply to its use. In this dish the native cooks prepare the most delectable baked stews of sweetbreads, chicken, game, etc.

At a recent dainty little French luncheon "ris de veaux petits pois" was served in little individual silver casseroles, the lids fastened on with a bow of ribbon corresponding with the color scheme.

The general utility of these dishes appeals to the American housewife more than the fact that they are of French or Japanese origin, and they are gaining rapidly in popularity.

A very different proposition, however, is the casserole mold—a baked shape of boiled rice or potato, mashed, seasoned, and when shaped hollowed out and filled with a ragout or mince, the outside decorated, brushed over with egg and browned. Casseroles are the same thing, only smaller cup-shaped cases are used for holding a meat preparation or a sweet filling. These are usually dipped and fried, but can be prepared by baking. These forms are familiar to most housewives under the guise of chicken in rice or potato mold.—Boston Cooking School Magazine.

Good Things to Eat AND HOW TO PREPARE THEM. Chicken With Oysters.—Boil a chicken until tender, crumb up your bread, pour over it the broth from the chicken, and season to taste. Add one quart of oysters to the bread crumbs, stir well and fill the chicken with it, and put the rest out in the pan. Place it in the oven to bake until it is crisp and brown.

A Delicious Confection.—Popcorn mixed with nuts makes a delicious confection. Take a cup of chopped pecans to about two quarts of freshly popped corn. Put two cups of sugar into a kettle or frying pan, place over the fire, and when melted add two tablespoonfuls of molasses, a large lump of butter, and pour over the corn, stirring constantly. The syrup should be cooked until it begins to string, or congeal, when dropped into cold water.

Potatoes Baked in Milk.—Pare and cut in thin slices crosswise one dozen potatoes, slice two large onions, and add about one-half cupful of finely chopped fresh parsley. Put the whole into a granite pudding dish and cover with milk, putting a piece of butter on top. Bake in a hot oven for one-half hour. Salt and pepper should be added when served, as the milk is apt to curdle if it is added before cooking. This recipe is also good if canned tomatoes are used instead of milk.

Almond-Drop Cookies.—Beat two eggs lightly; gradually beat in one cupful of sugar; then two ounces of chocolate melted over hot water, one and one-half cupfuls of blanched almonds chopped fine, and a teaspoonful of vanilla extract. Sift together three times one cupful of flour, one level teaspoonful of baking powder and half a teaspoonful each of salt and cinnamon, and stir into the mixture. Drop by the teaspoonful onto a buttered baking sheet to make little rounds of dough. Bake in a moderate oven. This recipe makes about three dozen little cakes.