

THE MIDDLEBURGH POST.

T. H. HARTER, Editor and Prop'r.

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Advised received from Australia say that the funeral of Henry Searle, the deceased clampany carman, took place at Sydney. The ceremony was witnessed by fully 170,000 people. The Mayor and Aldermen and a deputation of members of Parliament formed part of the procession, which was the longest of its kind ever seen in that city. There is a movement on foot to erect a monument to his memory.

John Kunze, who was among the four men found guilty at Chicago of the murder of Dr. Cronin, and whose punishment the jury fixed at three years, is a free man again. Judge McConnell granted him a new trial and he was admitted to bail in the sum of \$5000. This was furnished by a dining museum manager, who signed Kunze's bonds, and the little German, in return for the favor, will appear on exhibition at the museum.

The Commercial Advertiser considers that the refusal of the Rothschilds to float the new Russian loan brings forcibly before us the fact that war is no longer merely a pastime of Princes. It has come to be a game in which the financier may checkmate the King. When it is borne in mind that there are guns of which the ammunition costs \$1500 a shot, it will be seen that in these days of industrialism, the banker's voice as well as that of the strategist compels itself to be heard in councils of war. And in this fact lies more hope for the future of humanity than in many peace societies.

General Gourko, the Governor-General of Russian Poland, who recently returned to his post after a long leave of absence, spent in Paris, has signified his resumption of office by the issue of a decree prohibiting the use of telephones at Warsaw, except for Government communications. Warsaw is a city with a population of some 600,000 inhabitants and provided with a most elaborate telephone system. It is almost impossible, therefore, to realize the dismay which this arbitrary and despotic order of General Gourko has created both in social and in business circles of the Polish capital. The grounds which he gave for this extraordinary measure were that the telephones were being used for revolutionary purposes.

The annual report from the Bureau of Statistics, Treasury Department, shows that the number of immigrants landing at our various ports of entry during 1889 falls short of the figure of 1888 by 22,000. An examination of the details of the report shows that the falling off applies to all the leading countries whence we derive our imported citizens. Three thousand more Hungarians came over last year than the year before; but, with this exception, the shortage is so general that it looks as though America had grown less attractive to Europeans, or else that there were new rivals in the field. There was a time, says the Commercial Advertiser, when such a falling off in immigration would have been viewed by our people with regret, but that day has been passed—there is a very general feeling throughout the country that we need a little time for assimilation of the heterogeneous elements of which our people now consist—and if the Congo or the new republic of Brazil shall turn the tide away from our shores, we shall be thankful for the respite granted.

Says the Chicago Herald: "The scheme of a San Francisco man, who advertised a matrimonial bureau devoted exclusively to the business of marrying American heiresses to titled foreigners, appears to have been a mere joke, but its success, so far as it went, shows the something of the kind is one of the impulsive needs of the day. Although in operation but a short time it attracted wide attention and received many applications. Three letters came from Princess, sixteen from Dukes, and innumerable letters were received from Barons and Marquises. The result is an interesting indication of what might be done by a permanent and reliable enterprise of this kind. If merely in the way of a joke, and in a brief few days the San Francisco man found so many customers, a regular bureau organized for the same purpose could rely upon a large and steady business. There are plenty of American heiresses who are ambitious to marry for a title; there are plenty of titled foreigners who are quite as anxious to marry for money. They sometimes meet by chance, the usual way, but otherwise they may never meet at all. A bureau of this kind would bring such persons into communication and greatly facilitate the exchange of titles and wealth."

The oldest Odd Fellow in the State, Dr. Hugh Arters, of Meadville, is ill. He was made a member 60 year ago.

A VALENTINE.

If only I might sing  
Like birds in spring—  
Robin, or thrush, or wren,  
In grove or glen.  
If only I might suit  
To harp or lute,  
To chime in tender time  
Some touching rhyme—  
Then I'd not care to wait  
Things ear to gain;  
But now—I halt—I quail—  
Ah! must I fail?  
So small my skill to please  
My earnest need,  
Love—love is all the plea  
I bring to thee.

—Clifton Scudder, in the Century.

A TREASURE HUNT.

In the fall of 1859 a man named James Shields, who hailed from Charleston, appeared in Boston and interested several capitalists in a strange adventure. As near as I was ever able to learn, for reasons which I will explain, he had located a treasure-wreck to the east of the Canary Islands—between them and the coast of Morocco. What papers he had is known only to the other members of the syndicate. He must have had a pretty plausible yarn, for they bought and outfit a brig and sailed away on the search. I was second mate of the brig, and all I knew about the voyage was that the articles read: "To the Canary Islands and surrounding waters and return." The first mate knew no more than I did, and while the Captain, no doubt, knew all about it, he was as mum as an oyster. Shields went along as passenger, and a man named Harper was aboard to act as agent for the others.

While the object of the voyage was kept secret, we had hardly cleared Boston harbor before it was understood by all that it was a treasure hunt. We were in ballast only, had a full crew and one man over, and the chains and cables and diving bell put aboard all went to prove that we were going to fish for dollars lying under water.

It is a long voyage from Boston to the Canaries, but we had a fairly good run of it. Our brig was called the Swallow, and as she was a good sailer and well provisioned, there was no growling among the men, when, at times, she lay heaving on the glassy seas without wind enough to flare a candle. The object of the voyage had almost been forgotten when the islands were finally sighted. It was not until we ran into Sima's Bay, on the eastern side of the group, that interest was again at fever heat. Here we took in fresh water, overhauled the standing rigging, secured fresh provisions, and were almost ready to sail away when a large dhow, such as the Arabians use in the slave trade, and seemingly carrying a large number of men, arrived in the bay and anchored within a cable's length of us. The West African coast of thirty years ago was not traversed almost daily by the steam war ships and steamships of several nations, and the merchantman never felt perfectly safe outside the Straits of Gibraltar. Whether this dhow was bound down the coast after a cargo of blacks or was cruising for nobler fry was an enigma. We carried an arsenal of small arms, but nothing in the way of cannon. One of our men, who was sent aloft for the purpose, reported that he was certain the dhow carried two pieces of ordnance forward.

The dhow came in about ten o'clock in the morning, and as soon as her anchor was down her boats started for the shore. What the strand was we could not tell, but guessed they were after fruits. After dinner the Captain was pulled aboard of us. He was an Algerine, with a wicked face on him as any pirate ever carried, and though he tried to render his visit very pleasant he left nothing but distrust and suspicion behind. One and all believed that he came as a spy. He asked, as natural, our port of hail, whether bound, our cargo, and so on, and it was thought best to tell him that we had been sent out by the American Government to rescue a crew of American sailors shipwrecked some time before about three hundred miles below the coast. We had put in for water and repairs, and would soon resume our voyage. This story seemed to satisfy him, and, after a lunch in the cabin, he took his departure. That afternoon he dropped out of the bay with the tide, and we expected we had seen the last of him. We were all glad enough to see him go, for no man aboard doubted that he was up to mischief.

The next morning we were ready to sail, and now I learned more of the object of the voyage than ever before. Shields had a British chart of the waters, and midway between the northeastern island and the mouth of the Draha River he had made a pencil mark. Whether this stood for a shoal or a wreck I did not learn.

At 5 o'clock in the afternoon, having held a course to the northeast, since we left the bay, we took soundings, and found bottom at five fathoms. This went to show that Shields had marked a shoal. I heard the Captain and mate talking about coming to anchor, but no orders had yet been given when the dhow came stealing down upon us from the east, coming out of the blur which hung over the water as one might suddenly appear from behind a curtain. She wasn't over two miles away when first sighted, and after a hurried consultation the brig's head was permitted to fall off and we headed to the north with a light wind abeam. The dhow altered her course to intercept us, at the same time signaling that she wanted to speak us. Her appearance created surprise and consternation, and when it was seen that she meant to lay us aboard a consultation was held in the cabin as to what should be done. A decision was reached very quickly. She could sail two feet to our one, and it was plain that she could board us whether we consented or not. There was some talk of getting up the arms, but this was only among the men forward. The head of the brig was brought forward to the wind, and as darkness came stealing down over the sea the dhow came gliding toward us like a serpent approaching its prey.

From the first appearance of the dhow I had no doubt that she meant us evil. I was ready to do my full share toward beating her off, but when I was told that there would be no resistance, and when she was within pistol-shot of us, I entered the fore-castle, and from thence by means of a sliding door in the bulkhead, passed into the hold. We were rock-balled, and in the hold were a score or more of empty crates and boxes. I selected one of these as a place of refuge, having a plenty of matches to enable me to see my way through the darkness, but waited a while to see what would happen above. I heard a hail from the dhow, another from above, and then a shock as the stranger came alongside. In a moment, as I knew by the tramping overhead, we had been boarded by a large gang. Two or three pistols were fired, there was shouting and running, and after few minutes I made certain that the Algerine had taken possession. Men began to rummage the brig, and as one of the hatches was pulled off I retreated to the hiding place I had selected. Three or four men came down with a lantern to examine the hold, and I heard them cursing away in the Moorish tongue because they found no cargo.

It was now evening and the wind had died entirely out. I crept out of the box and stood under the main hatch, and as the cover was partly off I could plainly hear what was going on, although I could not understand what was said. As I heard nothing from any of our crew, I concluded that they were either prisoners in the cabin or had been transferred to the dhow. Up to midnight the vessels lay side by side, the flap of their sails proving a dead calm, but soon after that a breeze sprang up and we were forging slowly ahead. I heard them hailing from one craft to another, and I would have given a great deal to have been able to understand the tongue. It was my idea that they were going to run the brig over to the Moorish coast as a prize, and that the crew would be sent into the interior as captives and slaves. This had been the fate of more than one crew shipwrecked on that inhospitable shore, and at that very time France had a man-of-war on the coast and was demanding the release of fifteen sailors known to be held in captivity.

The wind not only held light during the remainder of the night, but came from the east and thus headed us off. I sat on the hard ballast under the hatch, wondering and planning but arriving at no conclusion. It was fair to presume that I had not been missed, as no search was made for me; but this was little comfort. If the brig was taken into some bay on the coast she would be thoroughly searched and I would be dragged out. It would be only two or three days at the longest before hunger and thirst would drive me out.

Daylight was not half an hour old before I heard an alarm on deck, and it might have been another thirty minutes when the boom of a cannon proved that we had a signal to heave to. The brig was brought head to the wind, amid a great clamor of voices on deck, and then everything was quiet. I now made my way across the ballast to the sliding door, opened it a little to find the fore-castle deserted, and I at once passed through. Not hearing any one immediately above me, I ascended the ladder and got a look along the decks just as a French naval officer came over the rail. I sprang up the ladder and rushed aft with such a speed that no one saw me until I was at the officer's side. Lying off to windward was a big French frigate, and alongside was one of her boats. Hanging in the wind, half a mile distant, was the dhow, with another of the frigate's boats just boarding. On our decks were thirteen Moors—swarthy, ragged, and showing the villain in every movement. The fellow in command was just opening his mouth to make explanations to the officer when I came upon the scene and shouted:

"Lieutenant, that dhow yonder is a cursed pirate, and she captured us at dark last night!"  
"Explain," he replied as he looked me over with curious eye.  
I briefly told him who and what we were, and the actions of the Moors corroborated my story. He called four marines aboard and sent the boat back with a message. The frigate had drifted down a little near, and some of her guns had been cast loose. This was lucky, as all of a sudden the dhow spread her wings to sail away. We saw the frigate's boat sent aloft, and afterward learned that the boarding officer was cast neck and heels over the rail to take care of himself. It was a desperate resolve with the dhow, and it might have succeeded at longer range. As it was she had not moved a hundred yards when boom! boom! went the guns and we saw the splinters fly. She at once huffed up and let everything go, and another boat's crew was soon alongside.

Everything was soon made plain to the Frenchman. When the dhow boarded us her hot-headed crew were ripe for killing, and without the slightest provocation Shields was shot through the head. Harper protested, and shared the same fate, while one of the villains slashed our Captain across the face and gave him a wound which was months in healing. The dead bodies were searched and thrown overboard, and the living transferred to the dhow. They were found in her hold half dead for want of air, and momentarily expecting to be led out and murdered. The Algerine was caught red handed, and could trump up no excuse. He and his whole gang were transferred to the frigate, a prize crew put aboard of the dhow, and we sailed away for Malta. I was taken very ill there, and had no part in the proceedings. The Captain, mate, and one or two others were condemned and executed, and the dhow was made a prize to the frigate. It was currently reported that a large sum of money was found under her cabin floor, and that every man aboard the frigate was well rewarded. The remaining prisoners, numbering over forty men, were after a time exchanged for the shipwrecked Frenchmen, while our brig sailed home empty handed and much the worse off for the strange voyage.—New York Sun.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

PLEASANT LITERATURE FOR FEMINE READERS.

SIMPLICITY THE STYLE.

It may be interesting as well as profitable to the young ladies who have limited means to dress on to know that the coming queens of society make a study of simplicity. Not a particle of jewelry is worn, and even the belles eschew every ornament but a string of pearls. In the hair aigrettes half wreaths of lily of the valley or white violets are often seen and occasionally small side combs bound with carved silver or gold hold the hair in place. A girl who prides herself on her good taste would soon wear a girlish and chateleine pendants with evening dress as a bracelet or earrings. Gauze is the regulation fabric for her dress and ribbon bows or garlands of flowers the only garniture permitted.—Washington Star.

FRENCH DRESSMAKING.

French women are clever in the little niceties of dressmaking which give finish to the appearance. For example, unless a skirt sits quite evenly, it looks unsightly. They insure this by sewing a large-sized dress hook on the stays, not a big stay hook, which might show, but just an ordinary one. Every skirt has an eye which fastens on to it and renders moving impossible. Possibly some reader would like the dimensions for the foundation skirt of a good French dress. I think you will find that it hangs well. The front is 29 inches at the hem, and diminishes to 9 inches at the waist. There is only one side gore at each side, 24 inches at the hem, 16 inches at the top. The back is straight and 37 inches wide.—Mail and Express.

A FEMALE PAWNBROKER.

There is a woman up in West Fifty-fourth street who does a thriving business in the sale and exchange of what she calls ladies' miscellany. Party dresses, street suits and wraps, ten-gowns, furs, hats, bonnets, shoes and silk underwear are brought to her by ladies' maids and sold for a song. The owner may be going in mourning, going abroad, or in such straitened circumstances as to regard a few dollars as a fortune. Brand-new gowns and bonnets are daily received from ladies who are penniless. They have unlimited credit, but to get spot cash orders are sent to the modiste, and as soon as filled their garments are disposed of to the female Pagan for a tenth of their cost. Legitimate sales of second-hand, slightly worn clothing are made by economical women, who receive an extra dollar or two for the waist-band or bonnet-ling bearing the name of some good house. Nine-tenths of the sellers are carriage people, and of these sixty per cent. demand spot cash. The rest are content to give a wrap in exchange for a yard of good lace, a carved fan or some such confection as a manicure tray, bon-bonniere or vinaigrette. For a sealskin wrap an old cabinet has been accepted. Quantities of gloves, slippers and shoes are almost given away, and so ignorant of value are the patrons of this "miscellany" that jewels watches and shell goods are bought by the house at a profit of from 200 to 300 per cent. The buyers for the most part are actresses. They are capital judges of fabrics, they buy closely, and when the garments are remade get a lot of good out of them.—New York World.

DOWDY WOMEN.

It is feared that Boston women can never claim the title of being well dressed, says the Boston Herald. Do what the few may aspire to that favorable verdict, there is always the ordinary, uncorrected, hygienic majority to counteract it. It would be laughable, were it not pathetic, to note the shortcomings in this one direction of the average Boston woman. She has as much opportunity, as many means of dressing well as women elsewhere, but she invariably fails in producing the effect which strikes the observer in New York. Regard the throngs of women who daily pass up and down Boylston street, for instance, and point out ten, if you can, who become their clothes, or who carry themselves with grace and elegance. Nearly all have been to fashionable tailors, who have done what lay within their power to give chic, air, style; but the Boston woman is stubborn. She will not permit her preconceived notions to be displaced by the newest fashions; she will wear a hygienic waist, if she wants to; she won't wear her hair except so, and she will kick up her skirts at the back because her gymnasium teacher tells her to bring all the muscles into play when she walks. Beside this, she is in haste. How can she take life easily and gracefully when sixty different calls are being made on time and brains all at once? The art of wearing her clothes well is unknown to her. She puts them on. She does not make her toilet. She wouldn't be guilty of "prinking," nor of being sure her boots were well blacked; nor would this usual Boston woman consider it worth her while to take a hand mirror to see if the angle of her virtuous bonnet corresponded with the angles of her profile and her back hair. It is these little omissions, this forgetfulness of detail, which renders two-thirds of our women dowdy—in the eyes of appreciative, though critical observers.

FOR WOMAN'S WRISTS.

The favored bracelets just now must, first of all, be unique, and the Exposition has, because of its wonderful exhibit in jewelry, afforded opportunity to whoever had the good taste and ducats to get just the jeweled band that one woman would most envy another. One of the most beautiful is of Indian work, the background being of that soft gold in which the Indian workers so delight; in this is set a circle of every known, and, I do believe, unknown gem, uncut. The effect is marvelous. A pink pearl

is wooing your eye and claiming admiration close to an opal, while a black pearl is making more beautiful the depth of color in a ruby. Three different shades of turquoise are shown; a dark and a light amethyst form a contrast, while one of the most perfect emeralds imaginable seems to be throwing out a ray of hope as it nestles closely to a milk-white pearl. The ordinary, everyday bracelet designated by even the extraordinary jeweler sinks into insignificance beside this wondrous band of color, which can be traced to opal and pearl, turquoise and emerald, ruby and diamond, chrysoberyl and chrysoptase, onyx and amethyst, Alexandrite and moonstone, garnet and sapphire, and all the wondrous family of gems that mean so much in color, and delight so the artistic or poetical mind. Another bracelet which also had its birth in India is lucky to wear because it is made of iron; but unless you had it in your hand and knew what you were to look for, you would never be conscious that such an unromantic material was used for it. It is entirely overlaid with gold, which on the other side is smooth, and on the upper is etched out in the finest way possible, after a curious design of flowers and birds, giving the effect of a gold band heavily enameled in black; on the top a me-lalon outline is achieved, and engraved on this, in the most intricate manner, is one of the thousand blessed names of Allah. This bracelet was submitted to a jeweler to be made smaller, but he said it was impossible for him to do it, as it might be necessary to pass it through the fire, and the etching once injured or defaced, there was no one in this country who could restore it to its original condition. If you haven't an Indian bracelet, then get one such as is worn by the Chinese women. The lady of the higher classes wears one of gold, the next grade of silver and the next of iron; in pattern they do not differ, being a twist of the metal that can be slipped over the hand—that is, not a complete circle. The Chinese ladies are far-sighted in possessing these bracelets, for whatever the material may be, it is real and solid. Whenever Madame Chinois gets a little hard up she doesn't create a racket in the establishment trying to get a little more than her usual allowance from monsieur, nor does she borrow from her women friends, or play against her luck at poker; not she! She simply marches off to the place where they make the money, takes off her bracelet, throws it in the scales, and the obliging man heaps up the other side with money until the weight of the bracelet is reached; it is worth exactly what it weighs in the money of the realm, either in gold or silver.—New York Sun.

FASHION NOTES.

Nearly every dress is double-skirted. The polonaise dresses will be the rage in the spring. One of the Yankee notions is a glove with a purse in the palm. A rosette of colored velvet ribbon trims a large muff of black martlet fur. Velvet sleeves and chatelaine are added to elegant evening gowns of satin or lampas. The Russian collar of fur, lapped to the left side, remains the favorite finish for long cloaks. Very large muffs of beaver, sealskin or sable are shown by modistes among the midwinter importations. Dressy waists of soft silk or satin in some brilliant or artistic color are worn with various skirts at the theatre. Useful dresses of serge, cashmere and plain merino are trimmed with a good deal of braid, especially of fancy weaving. A substitute for the boa is found in the new capes of coqs' plumes with long mantilla fronts, with tasseled bits of plumage all over them. French furriers combine sealskin and Russian sable in the same garment, in the same way sealskin and Persian lamb are used in this country. Plain dresses of cloth and serge are made with jacket basques and straight skirts, relieved by straight rows of braiding in various arrangements. Jacket bodices, with a deep pointed Swiss belt and full plastrons laid in tucks, are very fashionable for completing the walking costumes of young girls. Entire toilets of velvet often have petticoat fronts of satin in a contrasting color, and the rich effect is sometimes enhanced by garnitures of gold cord passementeries. Ostrich feathers in profusion trim the large-brimmed hats worn by little girls, and the rule seems to be, the smaller the girl, the greater the number of feathers. The very swiftest visiting costume consists of patent-leather shoes, brown gloves, a close-fitting bonnet and a long polonaise buttoned diagonally from neck to hem. Combinations of velvet and broadcloth are now made up in such similar styles for cloaks and costumes that it is sometimes difficult to tell which a lady may be wearing. Fur-trimmed, tailor-made costumes of brown or gray cloth are very much affected by young ladies, the only outer wrap worn by them being a princess or other shoulder cape of fur. Garnitures of silk cord, made up in V-shaped pieces for the front and back of the waist, and in deep Vandyked borders for the bottom of the skirt, are the usual trimmings for costumes of plain velvet. Full velvet sleeves, darker than the material of the costume, and half-breaths, inserted between the breadths of the skirt, give a striking effect to many of the newest gowns of dark or black cloth and silk.

The late Thomas Parker, of Washington, became so attached to a cane, which he had carried for years, that he kept it in bed with him during his illness, and before he died expressed a wish that the favorite stick be buried with him. His wish was carried out, the cane being put in the coffin.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

TO PREPARE MACCARONI.

Maccaroni is a preparation of the gluten of flour, almost as nourishing as meat. It can be prepared with cheese, with beef tea, with bottled tomatoes, or with fruit. Put a quart of boiling salt water and cook for fifteen or twenty minutes. Drain it and serve hot with a little butter. That is one way. Grate some cheese over it while it is hot, that is another. A third is to put the maccaroni into a baking dish, strewn cheese through it and a few bread crumbs on the top and bake to a light brown. Serve in the dish. That is maccaroni au gratin. There are three well-known sizes of the little hollow stalks of flour paste; the largest size is called maccaroni, another size is spaghetti, and the smallest of all is vermicelli, used as "noodles" for soup. Spaghetti is cooked with beef tea and makes a very rich dish. Put it on with salted hot water, alone, and when it is half done, half tender, drain off the water and let it stew slowly in beef essence, which it absorbs, making a good dish. Bottled tomatoes added to either the combination or the plain maccaroni make a very appetizing dish. Cooked as at first directed and added to stewed or canned fruits, it is also good; that is with apples, peaches or pears, but not with red fruits, such as cranberries or plums, as they would be too acid.—Washington Star.

SOURCES OF IMPURE AIR IN WINTER. There are many sources of foul air in a house in winter when nature's outdoor purifiers, the frost and snow, are keeping the outside air. Next to the plumbing, which may at any time become a source of danger to health if not continually looked after, the furnace claims special attention. The stupidity of the average workman who is set to cleaning chimneys and furnaces can hardly be exaggerated. In the majority of cases he seems to regard his duties as purely perfunctory. Tapping the stovepipes, heater pipes and different parts of the heater with a poker will soon tell whether the work has been done properly. The cold-air box of the heater is one of the most fruitful sources of foul air. In many cases the furnace is set so that the cold-air box opens into the cellar or basement kitchen instead of outdoors, as it should. This the unwholesome warm air of the lower part of the house, laden with the cooking odors of the kitchen, is forced into the upper part of the house, to be breathed over there.

Not only should the furnace have a cold-air box opening outdoors, but there should be no crack or opening through which the air of the basement can become mixed with that from outdoors. The spot where the cold-air box opens outdoors should be as far removed as possible from the kitchen cesspool, or any source from which impure air may come. It is doubly necessary in winter, when the house cannot be so freely ventilated as in summer, to look after all parts of the premises, where debris of vegetables or refuse of the kitchen may engender source of disease. The practice of keeping the garbage pail in the kitchen under the sink, as is sometimes done in careless households, cannot be too severely censured.

Beef Loaf—Two pounds of raw, lean beef, one cupful of rolled cracker, half teaspoonful of salt, two eggs; chop all together, form into a loaf, cover the top with small pieces of butter and bake one hour. Cup Cake—The whites of four eggs well beaten, one cupful of white sugar, half a cupful of butter, half a cupful of sweet milk, two cupfuls of flour, one tablespoonful of cream of tartar and half a teaspoonful of soda. Wheat Bread—Sift two quarts of flour and four teaspoonfuls of baking-powder and a teaspoonful of salt, stir up to a soft dough, with cold sweet milk or water; knead but little, mold and bake immediately. This bread is easily digested. Seed Cookies—One cupful of butter, three cupfuls of sugar, two eggs, one cupful of cream, eight cupfuls of flour, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful of caraway seed; roll out, cut, and sift with sugar; bake in a quick oven. Eggs and Cream—Hard boil ten eggs, slice them in rings in the bottom of a baking dish, sprinkle in some cracker crumbs, then place a thick layer of the egg, add pieces of butter, salt and pepper, and sprinkle more cracker crumbs thinly over them; continue this until all the egg is used; sprinkle cracker crumbs last, add pieces of butter, and pour over the whole half a pint of cream; place in the oven to brown; serve with any kind of cold meat for lunch. English Rolled Pastry—Roll out the pastry should be prepared with chopped and sifted suet instead of lard or butter, but otherwise in the same manner as the pastry. Roll jam or preserved fruit into a thin sheet; spread over a thick layer of fruit, and then, commencing at one side, roll carefully until all the fruit is included within the paste; pinch together at the ends and tie up in a strong cotton cloth. Serve with sweet sauce. Cottage Pudding—One cupful of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, two eggs, one cupful of sweet milk, two cupfuls of flour, or enough to make a crumbly stiff batter, one half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar sifted with the flour, one teaspoonful of salt. Rub the butter and sugar together, beat in the yolks, then the milk and soda, the salt and the beaten whites, alternately with flour. Bake in a buttered mold; turn out upon a dish; cut in slices and eat with liquid sauce.

There are upward of 10,000 professional beggars in New York.