WHEN WE SAT ON THE STOOP.

Twilight's reflected glories
Made the twinkling star look pale;
And the hush of the country's stillness,
Was falling on hill and vale.
The tree, with its dark, green branches,
Seemed to spread a sheltering wing,
When we sat on the stoop in the evening
To hear the brown thrush sing.

The honeysuckle wafted its fragrance
From its climb on the south porch door;
And the sweet, rich scent of the new-mown hay
Came afar—from the high barn floor;
The moon was new, and shining
In its quaint, half-circle ring,
When we sat on the stoop in the evening
To hear the brown thrush sing.

The light and shadows tremble—
The picture is fading—slow—
Vanishing quite—into dreamland
The mystical long ago,
A wave of thy wand, good fairy,
For the days when love was king;
And we sat on the stoop in the evening
To hear the brown thrush sing!

—*Anna B. Lowell, in Boston Transcript.*

PRETTY GLADIS CURTIS.

BY MERAB MITCHELL.

"I was thinking of a compliment to pay you, so I have done it."

"Really! Well, you are one of those friends who grow pleasanter and pleasanter till one—"

"P. M. That means I am to go; it wants just ten minutes to one."

"As you like; but I did not say P. M."

And Gladis Curtis gave he head a proud little bend that said "Good-morning" as plain as could be to her companion, who stood leaning lazily against the railing of the piazza, watching her with his heart in his eyes, and a question on the tip of his tongue.

"May I come again at four?"

"If you like. I shall not be here. I am going with Jack Hilton for a paddle in his new canoe; but Miss H. W. C. Bacon, of Commonwealth avenue, Boston, Massachusetts, will grace this corner of the piazza at exactly a quarter past four. I heard her say so."

And Gladis prepared to answer a summons from her mother, who sat in the cool shade of the hotel parlor, where the matrons and chaperons were wont to spend the mornings in select little circles, each with its own particular kind of fancy or charity work and topic of conversation.

Beverly Post escorted Gladis to the door, and there, with a smile and certain lift of the hat that showed him to be a New Yorker, he left her without a word, for his heart was in a tumult.

What had he said or not said, and what could she mean by substituting Miss Bacon for her own dear self?

Now he came to think about it, Gladis had not been at all like herself. What was it? Was she tired or indifferent? Perhaps a little of both, and yet there had been times even that morning when he felt certain that she cared for him.

What was it all about? And, lover-like, he began blaming himself in the most bewildering way for all sorts of imaginary faults—his dress, his walk, his inability to appreciate certain things or people that she liked.

She had given him a little book to read—somebody's longings or conditions; he could not remember the name. That was a week ago, and she was probably waiting for his opinion; and he had not looked at it, but had talked of stocks, elections and a bicycle trip his club had taken. What did she know or care about such things? And yet she had listened to him, and even pretended to be interested.

He was one of New York's most promising young lawyers, and was taking a month's vacation before entering on the great duties of life.

A handsome man with dark eyes and hair, and a quick, responsive nature that was as honest and earnest in all its purposes as men of Beverly Post's birth, education, and training are sure to be; and although the fortunate possesser of an independent income, he had not only chosed a profession, but thoroughly fitted himself to meet its requirements. He was just twenty-six when he first met "pretty Gladis Curtis," as every one called her; "and that was only three weeks ago" he was saying to himself as he ran up the steps of his hotel, "I will make a poor lawyer if I do not"—and here he hesitated, and blushing like a school-girl, "win this my first case."

In the mean time Gladis was listening in an impatient sort of way to her mother's little lecture about always appearing with Mr. Post.

"You know well enough my dear, that I have decided to take you abroad next season, and you do not know what chances there are in store for you. Mr. Post is very nice, but I have great hopes for you. We have been invited to visit Lady Mildale, and Mrs. Whitney has been telling me about them, and how royally they entertain."

"Well, mamma, I do not think you need worry about Mr. Post; he is charmed with Miss Bacon, from Boston; he told me himself that he admired the pose of her head, and the intellectual curve of her lips, and that she had read Blackstone from begining to end. And I asked him who the author of Blackstone was, and he actually laughed at me, and said I had better ask Miss Bacon to lend me her copy. I was so provoked that I assured him I could provide myself with reading. Oh dear! this dress never does go on as it ought to. There's the lunch bell, and I am not nearly ready. Do go, mamma!"

After her mother had gone Gladis had a little cry. Then she rearranged the offending dress, and started down stairs, determined to be as unlike Miss Bacon as it was possible to be, which, in truth, would not be a difficult task.

Gladis was an only child. Her father had died before she could remember him. Her mother, who was rich, and of an old New York family, was one of the sure-to-be-theres of Bar Harbor. She had spent the entire season there for many summers, and occupied the same suite of rooms in the "House by the Sea," as the hotel was known to the folks year after year, which fact she could prove by the date on her veranda chair; for all permanent guests provided themselves with their own veranda chairs, and asserted their ownership by neat little cards bearing the owner's name, and often a date, as in Mrs. Curtis's case, of old residenceship tied to the upper right-hand corner on the back of the chair.

There was the judge's chair, the admiral's chair, the doctor's chair and Mrs. Lewis Longworth Curtis's chair.

The young people did not affect this fad, and never sat in the "big bears' chairs," as Beverly irreverently named them; in fact, nothing so surely indicated a stranger to Bar Harbor and its ways as taking possession of one of these chairs.

Gladis had been given every opportunity that good schools and a well-filled purse could provide. She was barely nineteen, a very handsome girl, with bright winning ways that made her a favorite with every one. And although not a student as Miss Bacon was, she was bright and quick, and really knew and studied a great deal more than she admitted; but the well-dressed comfortable out-of-door life of the place charmed her, and she had given herself over to walking, driving, tennis, dancing, canoeing, as completely as it was possible, wondering at times if life could be any happier.

But one day a little cloud sailed in, and with it came, first, Beverly Post, and then Miss Bacon.

Now Gladis would not acknowledge that she was jealous, that was too mean a feeling, and yet she was, and she really had no cause for she had never seen Beverly speaking to Miss Bacon; he had only spoken of her, and if she had stopped to analyze her feelings—as no doubt quiet little Miss Bacon would have done in her place—Gladis would have been surprised to find that it was not of Miss Bacon personally she was jealous, but of Miss Bacon's accomplishments. For the little lady had been through college, understood perfectly five languages, had been all over Europe, written a prize essay on the inheritance of property, and, it was whispered, was reading law. A woman can forgive another for being badly dressed, but it is hard to forgive superior knowledge; and so it was that although Gladis could find all sorts of excuses for Miss Bacon's plain sensible dressing, she could not excuse her for having read Blackstone.

She was fretted and unreasonable, and, like Beverly, felt her imperfections. It had taken some time for her to acknowledge that she cared for Beverly, and the fact had not really come to her until his unfortunate remark concerning the Boston girl's cleverness; that was more than a week ago. At first it had the effect of making her a little thoughtful; then she had hunted up a package of books some one had sent her early in the season, and among which had been the book she had loaned to Beverly—Besant's "All Sorts and Conditions of Men."

Yes, she had read it, but felt sure not as carefully as Miss Bacon would have done; in fact, she had hurried through with it so as to loan it to Beverly, with an idea of letting him see that she could appreciate a good book.

He had taken it because she had asked him to read it, but had forgotten that he had it until that morning. Now he would read it. But some way the story dragged, and he summed up his verdict long before it was time to appear at the club. Anyway, he would walk down to the hotel, and perhaps see Gladis, if only for a moment. He did not think of the time, or of what Gladis had told him of Miss Bacon, but took his seat near the front entrance of the hotel office, and waited.

It was just ten minutes to four when Jack Hilton, a jolly captivating young man, drove up to the door in a handsome cart, and, running up the steps and into the office, with a bright and cheery nod to Beverly, sent his card up to Miss Curtis.

Beverly knew it was going to be a trying moment, but he determined not to run away; so he talked to Jack, asking him all sorts of foolish questions. Both men watched the stairway.

"There she comes," came involuntarily from Jack's lips, in answer to Beverly's question if he knew Judge Dawson, and Jack went forward to meet the belle of the season.

Gladis never looked lovelier, in a a dainty white serge costume, with tan-colored cap, gloves and shoes. She was drawing on her gloves as she came toward them, and talking gayly to her mother. Perhaps she did not know that Miss Bacon was just behind her, in a plain Brown gown, her only bit of color being a soft pale blue "Liberty handkerchief" knotted loosely about her shoulders.

Beverly never attempted to put himself forward, but stood up, bowing as Gladis passed him. Always before she had stood a moment and chatted with him, making some future engagement; but this time she had shown him at her first glance that she was going straight on.

And she never had been so bewitching and gay; and while paddling along Jack was beginning to think that such a companion would be delightful through life, and was half inclined to tell her so, when Gladis asked:

"What time did you order the cart? I am tired. I know I must return."

"But you promised me the whole afternoon, and it wants a good half-hour to sunset. Do let us paddle around that yacht before going in."

"No. You will excuse me. I want to return." And Gladis sent the canoe forward with such strong, swift strokes that there could be no mistaking her intentions.

The trip home was rather a quiet one, and it would have been hard for either man to have understood Gladis's thoughts.

She knew in her heart that Beverly was not talking to Miss Bacon, and yet she accused him of it, and so determined to prove herself right by returning at once.

When they reached the hotel, the piazzas were crowded, and life was at full speed everywhere, so that she could not help being influenced; and then, too, Beverly might be watching her from the club windows, and she certainly was not going to let him see her even appearing tired. There sat Miss Bacon, surrounded by a lot of children, to whom she was reading "Alice in Wonderland," but Beverly was nowhere to be seen. After wandering about a bit she went to her room, and on her dressing table lay the book she had loaned Beverly, with a few sprays of golden rod.

"I did behave shamefully," she thought; "and I will tell him so to-night." Then she pinned his flowers, the flowers he loved best—the golden-rod—in her belt and hair, and promised herself a happy evening. But how little we know of the hidden powers that are constantly either working for or against us! Gladis was barely out of sight that afternoon when a telegram was put into Beverly's hand, and he, in the rush of sudden departure, had only time to leave the book and golden-rod while taking a polite farewell of Mrs. Curtis, who was just starting for an evening entertainment; so that Gladis did not know of his going, and was not only puzzled but anxious at his non-appearance, for she knew now that she loved Beverly, and had made up her mind to be good to him in spite of everything; so, dressed in her loveliest evening costume and wearing his flowers, she watched for him as she never had before, playing the role of bewitcher to perfection, and captivating every one with her bright smile and witty sayings.

The next day was one of Mount Desert's gloomiest days, and well suited Gladis's feelings. She pleaded headache, and kept her room until sheer weariness of answering inquiries concerning her health and receiving flowers and bonbons made her resolve to face her friends.

Wise grandmothers and matrons shook their heads when they saw her pale face and tired look, declaring that such a gay life was too much for a first season.

Perhaps no one but little Miss Bacon guessed the true cause of Gladis's headache. She had been from the first a great admirer of Miss Curtis, and had watched the friendship between Beverly and Gladis grow and ripen into love. She had unintentionally been a witness of their meeting the day before, and divined there had been a misunderstanding, but she had also seen the great love in Beverly's eyes, and felt sure that he would come back. Miss Bacon was one of those loyal girls who never made gossip, especially of other people's sorrow, and therefore she kept her own counsel concerning the two, but watched as faithfully as Gladis did the train and boat, feeling sure he would come.

One never knows how it all happens, and yet it always will be so as long as the world lasts, and it is safe to say and good to believe that every one has at least once in his or her life been willing to give up everything to some other will for love's sweet sake.

So thought and felt Gladis as she sat all alone in a shady nook on the piazza, just one week after Beverly had left her, and she longed so to see his bright handsome face that it seemed as though he must come.

It was the first time she had not watched for him, always standing a little behind those who were sure of arrivals, but this afternoon she had been so busy thinking, instead of watching, that she did not hear the bustle and confusion attending the coming of new guests, or the return of old ones.

But Miss Bacon was there, and a glad little cry escaped her as she saw Beverly Post hurry up the steps, and with him her brother.

"Why, Larry dear, this is a great pleasure!"

"Yes; I knew you would be glad. I was thinking of coming later on, but Bev here persuaded me to come now. Oh, excuse me, Harriet, this is my dear old classmate Beverly Post, and this is my clever little sister, Beverly."

It is needless to say that they were delighted to know each other, but Beverly could scarcely wait before asking:

"Do you know if Mrs. Curtis is still here?"

"I know where Miss Curtis is. Shall I take you to her?" asked Miss Bacon, with a mischievous smile playing about the sweet mouth that had been accused of having lips with an intellectual curve.

Beverly answered with a happy little nod, and the next moment was holding both of Gladis's hands, and saying:

"I could not stay away, Gladis, I could not; life is not worth living without you."

"But—but— Oh, I am so glad to see you, Beverly!"

By far the prettiest wedding of the season was that of Mr. Beverly Post and Miss Gladis Curtis. The church was profusely decorated with golden-rod, and golden-rod only; even the bride's bouquet was of golden-rod, and was the only bouquet carried.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Born in the White House.

Only two children have ever been born in the Presidential mansion—and neither of them was a Presidential baby. Strange to say, they arrived under two consecutive administrations, but, stranger still, they both now live in Montgomery. One of them is Miss Letitia Tyler, a lady of rare accomplishments, and the other Colonel Hal T. Walker, a prominent lawyer, who also has large planting interests.

As the name of the first indicates, she was born under the Tyler administration, and is the granddaughter of President Tyler. Colonel Walker's mother was a niece of President Polk and his father the President's private secretary. How gloomy the White House must have been during most of the years of its existence! Only two babies for nearly a century is a poor rerord for any house, and no degree of official splendor can atone for this fatal shortcoming.—*New York Mail and Express.*

BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

An Enthusiastic Musician—A Soft Answer—A Horse of Another Color—Cause for Apprehension, Etc., Etc.

There was once a young woman of Chester,
Who was eager to sing when one pressed her;
When she once got a start
She would sing with such art
That it took twenty men to arrest her.
—*Harper's Bazar.*

A SOFT ANSWER.

"Are you ailing?" babbled the brook.
"Not much," gurgled the spring.
"Still welling."—*New York Sun.*

IN THE POSTOFFICE.

"Home again," said the postmaster to the returning stamp clerk.

"Yes, back to my old stamping ground," and he took his place at the window.—*Detroit Free Press.*

FOSTERING CARE.

Kittie Winslow—"Why don't you let your moustache grow, Mr. Boysen?"

Mr. Boysen—"Let it grow! Why, my dear Miss Winslow, I am offering it every inducement!"—*Life.*

BRAINLESS.

"They say Robinson has water on the brain."

"Where did he get it?"

"What—the water?"

"No—the brain."—*Life.*

A HORSE OF ANOTHER COLOR.

Little Johnnie—"There's a man at the door with a bill."

Brown—"Tell him I'm not at home."

Little Johnnie—"But it's a five dollar bill he says he owes you."—*Epoch.*

HOW HE LOST IT.

Jangle—"Poor Tableigh lost half of his fortune by that last failure of his."

Bangle—"So bad as that?"

Jangle—"Yes; he was forced to compromise at fifty cents on the dollar."—*Detroit Free Press.*

CAUSE FOR APPREHENSION.

Jack—"What is the matter? Did Maud say she'd be a sister to you!"

Tom—"No; but after she had accepted me, we broke the news to the old folks, and Mrs. Inlaw said she'd be a mother to me."—*Puck.*

FASHION AND FOOD.

Husband—"Mrs. Tiptop's dinner was grand, wasn't it?"

Wife—"I didn't enjoy it."

"Why not?"

"My new dress was so tight I couldn't eat anything."—*New York Weekly.*

HE WILL COLLECT THE INTEREST.

"Now this is an event of interest to me," exclaimed Staggers, glancing up from the newspaper.

"What is it!" asked his wife.

"A company in which I am a stockholder announce a dividend."—*Detroit Free Press.*

CONTAGIOUS IN THEIR CASE.

Mr. Noopop—"Doctor, is insomnia contagious?"

Dr. Paresis—"Certainly not, sir. What makes you ask that?"

Mr. Noopop—"Because I noticed that when baby is troubled with insomnia, my wife and I invariably catch it, too."—*Life.*

ENCOURAGING HIM.

Brother Jack—"I asked Virginia Cooper to marry me and she said there was too great a discrepancy in our ages."

Sister—"How old is Virginia?"

Brother Jack—"Twenty-three."

Sister—"And you're nineteen. So just wait two years and you'll both be twenty-one."—*Judge.*

UNDECIPHERABLE.

Educated Egyptian—"You have no wonderful hieroglyphics in your country, sir; no mysterious inscriptions, no undecipherable relics of an ancient literature whose secrets the wise men of the world have tried for ages to discover."

American Citizen—"No, we haven't any of those things, but (brightening up) we've got our 'railway guides.'"—*Chicago Tribune.*

THEN MR. PIKKHAM SCOWLED.

Mr. Pinkham—"How do you do, Mrs. Willis? You are the last person I expected to see in Florence."

Mrs. Willis—"Why, if it isn't Mr. Pinkham! Yes, we are spending the winter here. You must call on us often. You know just how it is—persons we never think much of while at home seem like dear friends when we meet them in a strange place."—*Harper's Bazar.*

WHAT HE HOPED.

Mr. De Brute—"My wife has a dog which knows one hundred different tricks. Wouldn't you like to have him?"

Showman—"Indeed I would. Is he for sale?"

"No."

"Won't she sell him at any price?"

"No."

"Then why do you speak to me about him?"

"I was in hopes maybe you would steal him."—*Good News.*

GEORGE ALL RIGHT.

Anxious Mother—"My dear, I'm afraid George is getting into bad company. He is out very late nearly every night."

Observing Father—"Oh, he's all right. He goes to see some girl or other. Shouldn't wonder if he'd announce an engagement soon."

"He hasn't said a word about any young lady."

"No; but he's keeping company with one all the same. His right wrist is full of pin scratches."—*Good News.*

WHAT SHE WAS WAITING FOR.

"I understand, Mrs. Sassafras, that you are the owner of a hen which laid an egg with a five-cent piece in it one day and the day following one containing a dime."

"I am, sir."

"I represent a dime museum, and I would like to buy your hen."

"No dime museum can touch that fowl, sir. I'm waiting for a British syndicate to make me an offer, sir Good morning!"—*Epoch.*

INDIGNANT AT LAST.

Customer—"Mr. Briggs, there seems to be a good deal of sand in the sugar this week."

Grocer—"I'm very sorry, I'm sure."

Customer—"And the butter is three-quarters oleo."

Grocer—"Well, I must look into that."

Customer—"But what surprises me the most is that the tea is pure, and weighs sixteen ounces to the pound."

Grocer—"By gracious, Mr. Snooks, I'll be more careful in the future!"—*Harper's Bazar.*

YE ADVERTISING CLERK.

Fussy Man (hurrying into newspaper office)—"I've lost my spectacles somewhere, and I want to advertise for them but I can't see to write without them, you know."

"Advertising Clerk (likely to be business manager some day)—"I will write the ad. for you, sir. Any marks on them?"

Fussy Man—"Yes, yes. Gold-rimmed, lenses different focus, and letters L. Q. C. on inside. Insert it three times."

Advertising Clerk—"Yes, sir. Five dollars, please."

Fussy Man—"Here it is."

Advertising Clerk—"Thanks. It gives me, sir, great pleasure, to inform you sir, that your spectacles are on top of your head."

Fussy Man—"My stars! So they are. Why didn't you say so before!"

Advert'sing Clerk—"Business before pleasure, you know."—*New York Weekly.*

Fortunes in the Sale of Flowers.

New York boasts of many industries. New Yorkers have the faculty of making a nimble dollar about as rapidly as such a feat can be accomplished. There are one or two big florists in this city who are making fortunes every year by the sale of flowers. One man on upper Broadway has an income of $30,000 a year from such a business, and there are half a dozen other men in New York who make from $5000 to $15,000 a year in the same way. These are big figures, but when the prices charged are recalled they do not seem so unlikely. For example, the man who does the largest business in cut flowers in New York very often has orders for house or church decorations that cost from $500 to $5000. This man does not undertake any work that does not pay well. If it is a fashionable wedding he will not agree to decorate the church for less than $500, and as much more as the bride's stern papa will spend. If both the church and residence of the bride's parents are to be decorated, quite $3000 can be spent, without even the suspicion of great extravagance. For elaborate dinner parties, dances and receptions, from $250 to $5000 may be expended, as the purse of the purchaser may elect. Every fashionable bride must carry at least $100 worth of flowers in her gloved hand to the altar, and sometimes even more costly ones. Many wealthy people are supplied with fresh flowers daily, and the bills for these quickly foot up into a snug sum. A few of the fashionable men have bouquets for their coats sent to their clubs or homes daily, and the charge is never less than $1 a day. Ladies who entertain a great deal, and who go out every evening, follow the same rule, only in the latter case the price is usually from five to ten times as much as for the bouquets for men. Then there are thousands of men and women, who are neither rich nor poor, who buy flowers every day. Roses and violets and orchids are worth nearly their weight in gold in winter, and so it comes that a few florists reap a rich harvest.

The least surprising part of the flower trade of New York is that the work is not confined to the big city and its suburbs. But residents of Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago and other cities send to New York for flowers for weddings, receptions and dinner parties, and of course the florists make a handsome thing of it all. The flowers sent to distant cities are daintily packed in soft cotton and paper, and are so arranged that they may be preserved in all their freshness for over a week.—*New York Mail and Express.*

Relic of a Prehistoric Race.

Well diggers at Laconia, Ark., have made a remarkable find. At a depth of 125 feet the drill penetrated a peculiar, hard substance, which they declared must be a layer of bricks. There are no brick houses in the town and people laughed at them. The drillers persisted in their assertion. Later, in a mass of mud brought up by the drill, was found a piece of money. It is octagonal in shape and has hieroglyphics on it which have not been deciphered, but which evidently are meant to represent the value of the piece. It is totally different from anything ever seen in that neighborhood, and the piece was taken to Helena, Ark., where it was shown to numismatics, but all agreed in pronouncing it as something beyond their knowledge. It is claimed by antiquarians that the bricks and coins are relics of a prehistoric race which lived in Arkansas many years before the Indians, and who built the pavements and roads which were discovered at Memphis on the other side of the river above Helena. The coin will be sent to the Smithsonian Institute for examination, but the owner says it will take a large amount of money to buy it, as he thinks it is worth a fortune to some one.—*Chicago Post.*

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

HOW TO BOIL A HAM.

A properly boiled ham is a delicious dish. For this purpose soak in cold water over night a small ham, weighing about seven pounds. In the morning take it out, wipe it and put it over the fire in a saucepan, covering it with fresh cold water.

Let it boil slowly for about three hours; then remove the skin and sprinkle it with a little sugar, make a few incisions on the surface, and cover it lightly with fine bread crumbs, sprinkling a little white pepper over it.

Set it in an oven and bake till well browned. It may be served at once, but it is considered by many to be in fine condition when it is sliced in delicate slices after it is thoroughly cold.—*Boston Globe.*

DUSTER BAG AND DUSTER.

A pretty duster bag is of pongee embroidered in outline with a spray of flowers or a conventional design, and bearing the word "Duster," also worked in outline stitch. A simpler bag is made of a strip of cretonne a quarter of a yard wide by three-quarters long. One-third of the length is turned up for the pocket, and the sides stitched together, while the remaining third forms a flap cut to a point and hemmed, the extremity being adorned with a bow of bright ribbon. A brass curtain ring attached to the back of the bag provides a strong and convenient loop by which to hang it up.

A common mistake in making cheese cloth dusters is that of having them too large. One yard square gathers up no more dust than one half that size, to say nothing of its being more clumsy to handle. Then, too, the general appearance of griminess which a duster readily assumes seems to be more obvious in the the large cloth even after it has been in service but a short while.—*New York Recorder.*

LEFT-OVER MEATS.

A book might well be compiled on the numberless dainty dishes which may be made of left-over bits of meat, game or poultry; and yet, brought down to matter of fact, they might all be catalogued under the prosaic name of hashes. Nearly all of the daintiest rechauffe dishes of the French are served minced and seasoned. There are very few people who really understand how to make a good appetizing hash and serve it folded on a napkin, a dainty brown crust on the outside, but delicately seasoned and soft as soon as the crust is broken. Scarcely any dish comes on our breakfast tables better than this, when it is well made and well served. About two-thirds cold potatoes (not mashed) and one-third cold beef, or corn beef, are required to make a good beef or corn beef hash. A little fat may be put in with the corn beef, but beef hash is better made of all lean meat. Mince the meat thoroughly, then add the potatoes, and season more thoroughly than for almost any other dish. If it is a beef hash add a large spoonful of butter to three cups of the chopped mixture. Add also enough boiling water to make it moist, but not "salvey." Put a large frying-pan over the fire. When it is hot add a large tablespoonful of butter, and when this is melted pour in the hash. Smooth it down evenly, and set it a little back, where it will slowly brown. The browning takes about half an hour. Loosen it at the sides of the pan in about twenty minutes to see if it is browning; if not, pull it a little forward. When done fold one side of the hash over the other with an omelet-turner, and turn it on a hot platter. Remember that it should be covered by a crisp brown crust, but be soft within.—*New York Tribune.*

RECIPES.

Tomato Pie—Slice tomatoes and stew in syrup of sugar and lemon juice. When transparent lay in pans covered with rich crust and bake.

Bubble and Squeak—Into your chafing dish put two heaping tablespoonfuls of butter; into this place some thin slices of cold corn beef, well prepared; add some cold boiled cabbage, chopped fine, well seasoned with pepper and salt, a tablespoonful of pickled cucumber and onion, mixed, and a small teaspoonful of made mustard. Serve hot.

Calf's Liver—Mince an onion fine and place in your chafing-dish, together with two tablespoonfuls of butter; cut half a pound of calf's liver into slices, season well, dredge with flour and put into the chafing-dish. Cook until done, and serve hot with a sauce made of the yolk of one egg beaten with a tablespoonful of butter, a little cayenne and a desertspoonful of lemon juice.

Chocolate Pudding—Rub two tablespoonfuls bucter to a cream, add two tablespoonfuls flour and pour on slowly one and one-half cupfuls hot milk. Melt three ounces grated chocolate with three tablespoonfuls sugar and three tablespoonfuls hot water. Put the first mixture on to boil in a double boiler, add the chocolate and cook eight minutes. Remove, add the beaten yolks of five eggs and set away to cool. One-half hour before serving add the well-beaten whites and bake in a buttered dish about one-half hour. Serve with one cupful cream sweetened with two tablespoonfuls powdered sugar and beaten till thick.

Rice Croquettes With Jelly—Cover one cupful well washed rice with two cupfuls of boiling water; add one-half teaspoonful salt, and steam till tender. Make one cupful thick cream sauce, with one tablespoonful butter and two tablespoonfuls flour, one saltspoonful salt and one cupful hot milk; add the slightly beaten yolk of one egg and the rice. Cool, shape, roll in crumbs, in egg and crumbs; fry in hot lard; serve with jelly. The rice must be washed thoroughly, washed until no starch remains in the water. Put it on in the double boiler and steam until tender. Follow the rule carefully and the result is delicious. Shape the croquettes like little nests and put a bit of jelly in the centre of each.