

"I VEX ME NOT WITH BROODING ON THE YEARS."

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I vex me not with brooding on the years
That were ere I drew breath; why should I then
Distrust the darkness that may fall again
When life is done? Perchance in other spheres—
Dead planets—I once tasted mortal tears.

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

Dr. Singleton's Coast

...By Ira Rich Kent...

It was a moonlit February night,
and the finest coasting of the winter.
From Dr. Singleton's house, at the
top of Keeler's Hill, down the steep,
hard-packed road, through the Corners,
and straight out to the sawmill
flew the big and little sleds.

Zip went the "jumpers," fast but
uncertain, balanced by waving legs.
Chur-ur-ur-ur came the single sleds,
with their riders going "bell-bunt."
Pur-r-r-r-r—that was Jim Blair's little
"traverse," home-made, hard to
steer, and flecter than the wind.

Then, as a magnificent climax,
came the roaring rush of Billy
Moore's wonderful new double-runner,
the Meteor, that held ten, and
had pulleys for its guide-ropes, be-
sides being painted scarlet and gold.

The "coast" from the doctor's
straight down to the sawmill was
about a third of a mile. Turning
sharply to the right at the Corners,
however, set one on the long, steep,
winding road that led from the hill
village, a mile and a half down to the
river valley. Once in a while some
venturesome spirit essayed this as an
especial adventure, but the hill was
too steep and crooked and the walk
back too long to be popular.

Eleven o'clock! That is late in the
Corners neighborhood! All the girls
and the small boys, and many of the
bigger ones, had gone to bed surfeited
with sport. Only the gluttons re-
mained.

Billy Moore and three of his
cronies swung the scarlet Meteor
about at the top of the hill and pre-
pared to go down once more.

The door of Dr. Singleton's house
was opened, letting out a broad beam
of lamplight. In the centre of it was
the doctor in overcoat and tippet, bag
in hand.

"O Billy, Billy Moore, are you out
there?" The little doctor's pleasant
voice had a hint of anxiety in it.

"Yes, sir." Billy stopped winding
the steering-ropes round his hands.
"Wait a moment, Billy." The doctor
closed the door behind him and
came trotting down to the road.

"Don't you want me for a passen-
ger?"

"Yes, of course!" "Come on, Dr.
Singleton!" "Hooray!"

The little doctor was popular; a
jolly, boyish look in his wrinkled face
and twinkling eyes told why plainly
enough.

"No, this is serious, boys. William
Gove has just telephoned up that his
baby is sick. It may be only a little
croupy; but he doesn't know, and his
wife is young and frightened to death.
Old Nancy's in the barn, dead lame,
and I've driven the new horse forty
miles to-day. Don't you boys want
to take me clear down the hill on the
Meteor? And then when I've straight-
ened out young Mr. Gove, we'll all
pull the sled back together, and have
some supper at my house."

"Of course!" "Come on!" "Hooray!"
We'll get you there in no time!"
This from Maurice and Harvey Kel-
ton and Mahlon Goodnough. The
Meteor did not belong to them.

The owner and captain was less
enthusiastic; William Gove lived at
the foot of the "big hill." But his
pride spurred him. The Meteor's
reputation and his own were at stake.

"I'll take you down all right, doc-
tor. Get on here next to me, Maurice,
you and Mahlon sit next. All ready?
Push her off, Harvey!"

The passengers took their places as
he indicated; Harvey "pushed off,"
and sprang aboard at the last moment
in the approved side position, resting
on one hip; and the Meteor leaped
downward to the rescue of William
Gove's baby!

Keeler's Hill was icy and smooth;
the double-runner reached the Corners
under terrific headway. At the psychol-
ogical moment steersman
Billy pulled sharply to the right. The
rear bob "slued."

"Everybody lean!" cried the doc-
tor.

The Meteor straightened herself
out and took the big hill—without
the rear-guard. The sudden snap on
the turn had been too much for Har-
vey's graceful balance.

"Harve—fell off!" announced Mah-
lon, gaspingly. It was not easy to
breathe in the wind of their flight.

The others heard and grinned to
themselves; they were too busy hang-
ing on for audible comment.

After the first straightaway plunge
of the big hill, about a quarter of a
mile, there is an easy curve at a little
rise. Whether Harvey's sudden re-
moval had shaken Mahlon's nerve re-
mains to this day a debated question;
but certain it is that as the Meteor
swept up the incline and, slackening
speed, gathered herself for the next
plunge, Mahlon gathered himself, and
rolled as unobtrusively as possible off
the sled.

This defection at once became
known to the man in front.

"Mahlon's gone!" stated Maurice.
"What?" "Gone?" "Gone?"
"Rolled off." Maurice was evi-
dently a little alarmed himself.

"My goodness!" cried the doctor.
"What did he do—that for?"
But if Maurice attempted any re-
ply, it was lost in the rushing wind
of their new speed.

On dashed the Meteor with its di-
minished crew. Billy, the pilot,
strained at the tiller-ropes and
searched the moonlit path ahead with
blurred and watery eyes. Behind
him the little doctor hung on and en-
joyed it. In the rear Maurice
clutched the doctor with all his
might, and hoped for a fortunate out-
come, although he had ceased to ex-
pect it. At this hour there were no
travelers abroad, and they had the
road to themselves.

For something like a quarter-mile
at this point the descent is less ab-
rupt; but the road is full of sharp
turns. On these the unweighted back
part of the double-runner skidded
and bobbed about. All Billy's skill
was called on to keep his craft in the
track.

"Shove back there, Maurice, and
hold her down!" he called, as they
approached the second corner.

Morris was loath to leave his place
of security at the doctor's back, and
hesitated. The hesitation was fatal.
The rear bob slued against the
banked snow on the curve. The next
moment it was out of the road. Like
lightning the Meteor swung half-way
round and "turned turtle."

Billy's face plowed into the snow,
but he clung to the tiller-ropes;
Maurice, pursued by the doctor, shot

"HE has achieved success who has lived well, laughed
often and loved much; who has gained the respect
of intelligent men and the love of little children;
who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who has
left the world better than he found it, whether by an im-
proved poppy, a perfect poem or a rescued soul; who has
never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty or failed to ex-
press it; who has always looked for the best in others and
given the best he had; whose life was an inspiration; whose
memory a benediction."

out over the crust, and both came to
an anchorage in the roadside alders.
"Whoof!" from the doctor, as
Maurice's head drove the breath from
him.

"Ouch!" from Maurice, as the doc-
tor's elbow jabbed his nose.

All three scrambled up and took
account of the situation. No one had
received any serious injuries, except
the faithful Meteor. The king-bolt,
which attached the front bob, was so
twisted and bent that only the black-
smith's forge could set it straight.

The doctor straightened up from
his investigation and brushed the
snow from his knees. His spirit was
roused now. "Come on, Billy!" he
cried. "We'll see this through. Take
off the front sled, and we'll go on
with that."

And Billy, when he found that the
Meteor's injury was not fatal, also
rose to the occasion. The twisted bolt
was removed, and the rear bob, to
which the long seat was permanently
fastened, set to one side.

"But there isn't room for three
now," declared Maurice, in a very odd
tone that might mean either dismay
or relief.

"So there isn't. Billy must go to
steer, of course. We'll have to leave
you, Maurice. You can wait here—
or you'd better walk back to my
house. We'll get the sled in the
morning. Come on, Billy. Remember
William Gove's baby."

The two were off, the doctor curled
up on the front of the single sled,
and Billy perched behind to steer.
Maurice watched them out of sight,
then turned and plodded back up the
hill.

The single sled, of course, did not
equal the speed of the double-runner;
but they came now to a steeper part
of the hill, and flew downward at a
good pace.

The road here comes out on the
side of the hill which borders the
valley. Below and ahead of them
the doctor could look across the
gleaming snow-fields and see the light
in William Gove's window; but to
reach this, a short quarter-mile away
down the slope, they must follow a
long U of a half-mile, down the hill-
side, across the frozen river, and
along the gentle decline of the river
road.

There were but few farmhouses
along the hill road. In a few mo-
ments they were approaching one that
stood on the valley side.

"Ghur-ur-ur-ur!" growled the front
bob of the Meteor.

"Isn't she going fine!" shouted
Billy.

"Whoop-ee!" cried the doctor.

Old Bose, faithful guardian of the
Rider farmyard, heard the noise of
the three, and came lumbering out
to make investigation, barking
hoarsely as he ran. The sled was
upon him before his stiff old legs
could get him out of the way. Billy
put his rudder too down hard to
avoid collision. The bob hopped out
of the road as if it, too, were fright-
ened. It spilled its two passengers
under the old dog's startled nose,
frighted itself, then slid over the fence
and fled away down the slope.

Once more the doctor and Billy
Moore picked themselves up. They
stared a moment at the rapidly dis-
appearing sled; they looked at Bose,
now wagging a friendly tail at these
two suddenly discovered old friends;
then they turned to each other in dis-
may that, in spite of William Gove's
baby, presently turned to helpless
laughter.

"Well, Billy, the luck's a little
against us to-night, isn't it?" cried
the doctor. "Do you think we can
slide the rest of the way on Bose?"
Then his face grew serious. "But I
must get to that baby, somehow.
Here, you go get the sled; I'll run
down across lots on the crust."

"All right, sir. I'll wait for you
here." And the two voyagers parted,
Billy trotting down the hill after the
recreant bob, while the doctor, his
precious bag in hand, set off nimbly
along the road.

He reached the Rider yard and
turned in there, intending to go be-
tween the shed and the barn to the
open field, and then straight down
the hillside and across the frozen
river to William Gove's. The crust
would bear his light weight easily.

But as he passed the wood-shed he
caught sight of a row of round milk-
pans, put out to air, and now gleam-
ing dimly in the moonlight.

A boyish recollection flashed into
the doctor's mind. He stopped and
chuckled to himself.

"Elizabeth Rider won't mind; and
since I started out to coast, I'm going
to coast."

He snatched one of the pans from
its place and scurried on round the
corner of the shed. When he reached
the open hillside, he set the pan on
the smooth crust and himself in it.
Holding his bag in front of him with
one hand, he pushed off vigorously
with the other.

The first swoop of the new craft
was disconcerting. In a moment the
doctor found himself traveling swiftly
backward, and at a great variety of
angles. He had gone some distance
before he straightened himself out,
and something of the boyhood knack
of sidewise balancing came back to
him.

A pan makes a surprisingly good
toboggan on an icy crust like this.
That it had been forty years since
the doctor had used one for that
purpose troubled him not at all. He
had kept the spirit of youth unwith-
ered through all the long, tollsome
years. It was characteristic of him
that although the fun of the situation
appealed strongly to him, he did not
for a moment relax the rigor of his
haste. He confidently believed that
William Gove's baby was in no dan-
ger; but he took no chances on that
score.

So now he chose the steepest de-
scents and made all possible speed.
Once he picked up his pan and ran a
little way across a "bench." But for
most of the distance to the river it
was smooth coasting. Leaning back
a little to tilt up the front of the
"sled," he curled himself up like a
kitten and dropped swiftly down the
hillside.

So quickly did he go that he shot
off very unexpectedly on to the frozen
river. He scrambled up, still clutch-
ing his bag in one hand and Mrs.
Rider's pan in the other, and ran
across the ice to the farther bank.
Climbing this, he soon found himself
at the top of a knoll which sloped
down to William Gove's back door,
not thirty feet away.

With the goal in sight, the doctor
ran hastily forward—too hastily, for
the treacherous footing played him
false. His feet shot suddenly into
the air, and he finished his adventur-
ous journey on his back—but coast-
ing still!

The snow was drifted to the level
of William Gove's broad back porch.
The broad back porch itself was icy.
Dr. Singleton went across it very rap-
idly. He came up against the back
door with a resounding bang!

William Gove sprang up at the
noise and threw open the door.

"Good evening, William!" said the
doctor. "How's the baby now?"

"Why—why—he seems to be all
right now!" stammered the startled
father. "Gone to sleep as nice as can
be. I telephoned up that you needn't
come, but you'd started. How did
you get here so quick?"

"Oh, I coasted down," said Dr. Sin-
gleton.—Youth's Companion.

A delicious sweetmeat is made in
Santo Domingo from ripe bananas,
cut into slices about a quarter of an
inch thick. These are sprinkled with
sugar and placed in the sun several
days, being turned occasionally, and
each time dusted again with sugar.

The total population of the British
empire is over 400,000,000.

THE GIRLS I ALMOST KISSED.

From the fish I have almost caught—
Lobster or sucker or skate—
To the witty things I've thought
Just half a wink too late;
From the riches I've almost had
And the merry, the madcap Mae,
There is never a memory so sad
As the girls that I almost kissed.

There was Alice who said me nay,
And Anna who spurned me cold,
And the merry, the madcap Mae,
Who cried I was bad and bold.
Their bright eyes haunt my dreams
In a dim delicious mist,
And a glint of pearl and ivory gleams
Thro' the lips that I almost kissed.

There was Rose of the soulful sigh
And June of the wistful face,
Allegra of luring eye,
And the courtly pout of Grace;
Lo! Out of my giddy past,
Tho' I squirm and struggle and twist,
The sweet ghosts find me out at last—
The girls that I almost kissed.

Tho' I'm fat, smooth-domed and old,
And none would kiss me now,
My loves come back to fold
New wrinkles in my brow;
And each has a suit to lay
On my breach-of-promise list,
For the girls that I almost kissed one day,
Next day I always kiss!

—Chester Firkins, in Puck.



"Pat!" "Well, what is it now?"
"What's atavism?" "Atavism is why
a descendant of an old family robs a
bank."—Cleveland Leader.

"Not a cent. Get along with you
or I'll call the police." "Gee!" ejacu-
lated the mendicant, "dat must be
one o' dem vicious rich. I've read
about 'em."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Maud Muller on a summer day
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.
Then charged the judge upon the scene
And scented things with gasoline.
—Puck.

"The women's hats are as big as
houses now." "Well, maybe they
won't have to have an entire new
structure every year. Maybe they'll
be satisfied just to add a wing."—
Louisville Courier-Journal.

Customer—"Why, I thought you
called him 'the colt?'" Ostler—"
Sure, yer honor, and that's the name
he's had for the last twenty years,
and he sticks to it like a respectable
baste, the same as yourself."—Punch.

"You wrong me," said Plodding
Pete, "when you say I ain't willin' to
work. I'm jes' dyin' to work." "Then
what's the trouble?" "I'm too con-
scientious. Whenever I git a job I'm
so anxious to fill it well dat I gits stage
fright."—Washington Star.

"What's that crank in 38 kicking
about?" asked the hotel clerk. "He's
complaining that everything's too old
and shabby," replied the bellboy. "He
wants everything new." "All right.
Begin by giving him those new stiff
towels."—Philadelphia Press.

"Ah," complained the visiting no-
bleman, "but you have no privileged
classes in this country." "We haven't,
eh?" replied the prominent citizen.
"You ought to be out some night
when a gang of college boys are on a
tear."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"Another new dress! Where do
you think I get the money from? Do
you suppose I can pick it up in the
streets?" asked an angry husband.

"Excuse me," responded the wife, "it
is not within my province to give you
financial advice!"—Philadelphia In-
quirer.

When your cup of happiness is full,
I tell you what to do:
Leave a little in the bottom for
The one that follows you.
—Life.

"I want two battleships," declared
the first Senator. "Well?" said the
second Senator. "How can I work up
a following among the people and get
some sentiment behind the scheme?"
"Admit two States to name those
ships after."—Louisville Courier-
Journal.

"You don't object to these investi-
gations of the affairs of your great
monopoly?" "No," answered Mr.
Dustin Stax. "They're a good deal of
help in enabling me to catch up with
details of my business that might
have escaped my attention."—Wash-
ington Star.

We Pay For All We Get.
In this world you generally get
what you pay for. At least, in the
long run.

Thousands are not willing to pay
the price of success with the sterling
coin of hard work and patient wait-
ing. They are looking for some
lucky chance to mend their fortune.

Why should men expect to make
\$100 out of \$10 by betting on a cer-
tain horse?

Why should they expect to sit
down at a poker game and get up
with a month's salary earned in an
hour or two?

Why should they expect a big per-
centage on money invested in get-
rich-quick concerns?

Why do they continually get "let
in" by purchasing goods said to be
up to the mark at a ridiculously low
figure?

The answer is that they are all
looking for something for nothing.
And the outcome in most cases is
that they get nothing for something.

The man who has not a great stock
of ability to sell should not ask too
much for it.

The employer who is continually
seeking more than he, or she, is
worth will never get it—for long. On
the other hand, the employer who is
continually hunting for help at less
than it is worth gets the poorest class
of labor—the most unskilled and un-
reliable.—Milwaukee Journal.

The United States consumes more
than half of the world's production
of sugar. This means 6,000,000,000
pounds a year.

A man must have a certain amount
of pull to take time by the forelock.

THE SNAKES OF THE INDIAN EMPIRE.

Major Wall's Valuable Work
in Identifying Venomous Rep-
tiles.

If you hear the word "snake" in
India, "cobra" instantly and natu-
rally comes to your mind, as the cobra
is generally supposed to be the most
deadly of all snakes in India. Yet
there are other snakes which are even
more dangerous, and it seems that the
cobra must descend from the high
pedestal on which he has been placed
and do his basking on a back seat.

India offers a limitless field for the
study of snakes—both real and imagi-
nary—the latter are innumerable—
yet there are few Anglo-Indians who
have made especial study of these in-
teresting and important reptiles, or
contributed any original matter on
the subject. Most of the Indian resi-
dent's information about poisonous
reptiles of the country is derived
from books written by Europeans at
home, whose observations have been
confined to glass-jar or museum speci-
mens.

Recent research and investigations
have given the medical profession
much more knowledge of snake venom
than it possessed formerly, and the
unfortunate sufferer from snake-bite
has a fair chance of recovery now-
adays if he has instant and intelligent
treatment, and the medical attendant
knows the species of snake which did
the biting. The poison of the com-
mon krait is twice as virulent as that
of the cobra, while that of the most
common sea snakes is eight times
more deadly. With increased knowl-
edge of snake venom a more rational
treatment through antivenes has
been introduced into practice, but it
is essential that the attending physi-
cian should correctly identify the
snake which caused the trouble, so
that the strength of his poison may
be known and treated accordingly.

The Indian Medical Service has
produced a specialist in ophology in
Major F. Wall, the only Anglo-Indian
of note who has made sufficient study
of the subject to be considered a first-
hand authority. For several years
Major Wall has contributed to the
pages of the Journal of the Bombay
Natural History Society and else-
where a series of well written and
admirably illustrated articles on In-
dian snakes, which should tend to in-
crease common knowledge of these
enemies of man.

Major Wall has recently collected
these articles, and, with an introduc-
tory chapter, has published them in a
brochure. He gives clear descrip-
tions of the thirty-four species of poi-
sonous land snakes of India, Burma
and Ceylon, in nearly every case sup-
plemented by illustrations which give
the chief distinguishing characteris-
tics of each.

Illustrations and text are so com-
prehensive that identification of any
particular species becomes easy, how-
ever mutilated the snake may have
been by its captors. The little vol-
ume will doubtless become a text-
book among Indian practitioners and
others, who, after mastering Major
Wall's simple system of identification,
may place any poisonous snake in its
proper place, and in a case of snake-
bite prescribe the required treatment
for that particular species. Major
Wall has done a great deal to famil-
iarize the people of India with their
snakes, and it would be well were his
example followed in other countries
inhabited by poisonous snakes.—S. S.
M., in the New York Post.

The Canny Scot.
Scotsmen are noted for their can-
niness, and a story told by a Lanca-
shire commercial traveler, who was
up in Aberdeen a few days ago, shows
that the men beyond the Tweed are
still worthily upholding their reputa-
tion. The traveler in question was
asked by a prospective buyer to sub-
scribe to the prize fund for the local
golf tournament.

He parted with five shillings, and
as he was interested in golf he re-
marked that he would like to be kept
informed of the progress of the tour-
nament so that he could look out for
the result.

"Oh," said the customer, as he
picked up the five shillings and placed
it securely in his pocket, "ye needna
dae that. The tournament was held
last Saturday."

This was rather a staggerer for the
latest contributor to the prize fund,
but he retained curiosity enough to
inquire who had proved the happy
winner.

The guttleless solicitor for sub-
scriptions was quite undaunted, how-
ever. "The winner?" he said coyly.
"Och, just mase!"—Tit-Bits.

Avoid the Evil Eye.
Very curious to the Occidental
mind are some of the ways of Arabia
and other Mohammedan countries.
A traveler says: "One of the objects
of the most anxious solicitude for
Mohammedan parents is the shield-
ing of their children from the evil
eye; any person expressing admira-
tion for a child except by pious ejacu-
lation or the invocation of blessings
upon the prophet fills the heart of
the parent with apprehension. When
children are to be taken into the
street their faces are often even
smeared with mud or greasy subst-
ances lest their comeliness should
attract attention, and in order that
the person of the child itself should
escape attention gaudy and glittering
ornaments are hung about it, and
written charms sewn into leather me-
dallions suspended from its neck."

There are 60,000 motor cars and
autocycles in Great Britain at the
present time.

Household Matters

One of the latest fancies is to have
the initial or monogram directly in
the centre of the napkin.

An Odd Milk Test.
One clever housekeeper has learned
to outwit a milkman, whom she sus-
pected of diluting his stock of milk.
She kept in her kitchen a fine steel
knitting needle, which was always in
a high state of polish.

As soon as the milk came into the
house she stuck the needle lightly
into the can and drew it out in an
upright position. If no drop adhered
to the needle that milkman heard a
line of talk on watered milk that
caused him to be careful how he dal-
led with the pump on his next visit.

It is said if there be even a little
water in milk not a drop of it will ad-
here to a needle so used.—New York
Times.

Rag Carpet Rugs.
There is quite a revival these days
of old-fashioned rag rugs. The car-
pet made of strips of cloth has been
in use for some time, even in smart
houses built in the country. This
kind of carpet is not especially fit for
city houses.

So wide was the demand that hand-
loom looms were put up all over the
country, and farmer's wives made
many an extra penny by turning out
satisfactory work.

Now the rag rug has come into its
own again. The favorite ones are lit-
tle mat rugs that are so widely used
as dots all over a room. These are
put before the bureau, in front of the
cheval glass, at the side of a bed, in
front of the bath tub and under
chairs.

They are made in artistic designs
and colorings and are quite within
the purse of the woman of small
means.—New York Times.

Vegetables as Medicines.
Carrots are excellent for gout.
Cranberries correct the liver. Aspa-
ragus stimulates the kidneys. Wat-
er-cress is an excellent blood purifier.
Honey is a good substitute for cod
liver oil. Parsnips possess the same
virtues as sarsaparilla. Celery con-
tains sulphur and helps to ward off
rheumatism. Bananas are beneficial
to sufferers from chest complaints.
Celery is a nerve tonic; onions also
are a tonic for the nerves. Beet root
is fattening and good for people who
want to put on flesh. Tomatoes are
good for torpid liver, but should be
avoided by gouty people. Lettuce
has a soothing effect on the nerves
and is excellent for sufferers from in-
somnia. Spinach has great aperient
qualities and is far better than medi-
cine for sufferers from constipation.
The juice of a lemon is excellent for
sore throat, but should not be swal-
lowed, but used as a gargle.—Ameri-
can Cultivator.

Velvet Lunch Cake.—One cup sug-
ar, one-half cup butter, one cup sour
milk, one egg, two cups flour, one
teaspoon soda, one teaspoon molasses,
one-half teaspoon each of all kinds of
spice.

A Relish Sauce.—Peel six shallots,
cut them through and put them in a
bottle with one-half ounce of cayenne
pepper, one teaspoonful of Indian soy,
two teaspoons mushroom ketchup and
one quart best vinegar; shake well.
In one month it will be excellent.

Whipped Cream Sauce.—One table-
spoonful butter, three-fourths cup sug-
ar, two teaspoons cornstarch, one-
half cup boiling water; cook until it
thickens, remove from the stove, add
one teaspoonful of vanilla and three-
fourths cup of whipped cream; beat
well together.

Plain Cake.—Cream together one
cup sugar and one-half cup butter
(scant), one teaspoonful soda, one
teaspoonful cream tartar and two cups
flour sifted together, one egg thor-
oughly beaten with the butter and
sugar, one cup sour milk, a little salt.
Flavor as desired.

Celery Soup.—Cook in two quarts
of white stock two large bunches of
celery, leaves and stalks, till the cel-
ery is tender. Press then through a
sieve, set the soup back to reheat,
season with pepper and salt, add a
pint of thin cream, thicken with flour
blended with a little milk and serve
with croutons.

Chocolate Cake.—Two cups sugar,
one cup butter, one cup milk, three
and a half cups flour, five eggs, two
teaspoonfuls baking powder, one tea-
spoonful extract vanilla. Cream but-
ter and sugar, add the yolks of five
eggs and the whites of two, milk and
sifted flour and baking powder. Bake
in jelly cake tins.

Scones For 5 O'clock Tea.—Six
ounces flour, two ounces butter, one-
fourth pint milk, level teaspoonful of
baking powder, pinch of salt; mix
baking powder with flour and salt,
and rub with it the butter; add milk;
roll out, cut into little rounds; bake
in hot oven a light brown; split and
butter and serve at once.

