SONG.

If you had thought a heart
  Was worth the keeping,
When passion could impart
  More than the heart's quick leaping!

If you had taken pains
  To guard love's treasure,
When love forewent refrains
  Of dalliance and leisure!

Had you but done these things,
Love would have grown new wings
  For happy, wider flight
  And deeper-felt delight!
  —William Struthers, in Ainslee's.

His First Case.

A reminiscent look came into Garret's eyes as he read the letter bearing the postmark of an up-state town. It carried him back to his early life of toil on a farm where he had earned the money for college.

From college, by a stroke of fortune, in attracting the favorable notice of Judge Larned he had been taken into a law office where he had assisted in the preparation of many a case, but his first case, one in which he would have entire and undivided sway, was yet to be, and to the gaining and winning of this case he had a great incentive.

The incentive now darkened the doorway, and a charming laugh rippled in, calling him back from the land of meadows.

"Denise," he cried, starting to his feet, his eyes luminous.

"I am glad to have caught you dreaming, for once, Garret. You are so strenuously industrious and practical."

"My life hasn't been of the stuff that dreams are made of," he replied.

"Were you dreaming," she asked with a fleeting glance, "of your first case?"

"No;" he replied, reluctantly forced to the truth. "The letter I just received carried me back to my early life —on a farm."

"You have never told me about those days," she said, reproachfully.

"There is little to tell. Such homely details—I was a ragged, hapless little chap, and I worked hard and grew up to be a gawky lad with a longing for the law. I saved enough to eke my way through college. Then your father took me in here. I met you, and now, O, Denise!"

"What is it, Garret? It isn't. O, dear, I see; it is—your first case!"

"Yes."

There was only time for a rapturous glance before her father, the judge, entered.

Garret read him the letter, which was from the son of a man who owned the farm on which Garret was raised, and who had advanced him the money to go to college. There were some complications in the will by which the young farmer had inherited his land, and a lawsuit was impending. He had written to Garret to employ his services.

Garret explained, at length, the details of the case. Denise listening with concentrated attention.

"Papa," she asked earnestly, "do you think Garret can win this case?"

"Frankly, I do not."

"Then, Garret," she said imploringly, "don't take it."

The young attorney looked at her with troubled eyes.

"Some way, it seems like a call to me, and fitting that my first effort in a legal way should be for the good of my friend and the son of my benefactor. He was my chum."

There was an assumption of vexation in her fair brow and pouting lips that enlightened the judge. He knew that Garret was "conditioned" and he concluded that the condition was the winning of his first case.

"He can win it, if it is to be won," predicted the judge. "He cannot refuse of course."

The next day Garret went to the scenes of his early struggles in life to look over the ground. Two days later, he returned, going directly to the home of the judge where he found Denise alone. Her attitude was still reproachful—almost resentful.

"Well, Garret," she asked, "did you find any encouraging evidence?"

"I fear not. I ran up for the day to let your father's focusing eye magnify a little speck that I see. The farm belongs to my friend morally and I must see that it does legally."

"Why, of course," she said a little coldly, "if so much hinges on your winning your first case, you would naturally want to win."

"Denise," he replied, earnestly, "as deeply as I love you our marriage is not the only incentive. My friend has a wife and babies. The loss of all his property would wreck a happy little household."

Her eyes were turned persistently from him.

"I must go to the office now," he said after a slight pause. "I go back tonight."

Her farewell was in a frigid tone, and he went away, depressed by her lack of sympathy and understanding. It took the entire day for the judge to go over the tangled evidence with him, and he barely made his train.

"I will come out when the case comes to court if you wish, Garret," volunteered the judge. "I may see a point here and there to suggest."

"Oh, judge, it is more than I dared ask," exclaimed Garret gratefully. "It is awfully kind—"

"Well," said the judge, "it seems to be a matter of importance to my family that you win."

Then noting the wince in the young man's eyes, he added kindly. "You mustn't put too much importance on a young woman's pique. Her heart is all right."

Two weeks later, the judge informed Denise of his intention.

"I shall go with you, papa," she announced.

"That's a good idea, Denise. Your presence will sustain Garret even more than will mine."

But when they reached the little country town the night before the trial, she decided to keep her presence a secret from Garret.

The court room was already crowded when she entered, and she sought standing room at the rear of the room. Her eyes, eagerly searching for a glimpse of Garret, encountered him talking to his client.

Suddenly the little mist of resentment cleared, and her heart went out to him anew. The deputy sheriff who had met her at the hotel came up and escorted her to a seat in the second row from the circle where were the lawyers, the client and his friends.

Denise looked interestedly at her rival, the client. He was a lank, honest-eyed fellow. The look in his homely face when he turned to his wife quite transformed his expression and found instant response in Denise's warm little heart. She asked the sheriff to tell Garret to come to her.

At the tap on his shoulder Garret turned and saw her.

"Garret," she whispered, her heart aglow at the lovelight in his eyes as he slipped into the seat beside her. "I hope you will win this case."

"And if I don't, Denise?"

"Why, then, dear, we won't count this as your first. And, Garret, I want you to win—for his—for your friend's sake."

He pressed her hand and then went on the case with the best reinforcement a man can have.

"How did you happen to come. Denise?" he asked as they were leaving the courtroom.

"Papa thought you would lose, and I thought if you did you would need my consolation. And you won against such odds, he says. I am so glad that —"

"That—What, sweetheart?"

"That I said 'yes' before you yon."—New Haven Register.

BIRD PARADISE IN THE PACIFIC.

Laysan Island Nesting Place of Albatross, Frigates and Petrels.

To the northwest of the Hawaiian Islands, about an equal distance from the shores of Asia and America, there is a small group of islands and cliffs upon which hundreds of thousands of birds live. Every year they lay their eggs and raise their young. Among small strips of land and rock there is what might be called a veritable bird paradise. This is the island of Laysan.

Layson measures about five and a half kilos by four kilos, and possesses no vegetation save a few thickets and occasional seeweed, and now and then a sickly little palm tree. Upon the banks are to be found large quantities of driftwood brought from the shores of America by the currents.

But the number of birds that come here at the season of nesting exceeds the wildest imagination. There are places on the island where it would be impossible to put the foot without crushing a bird, a nest or an egg. Apparently, to the eye, there are hundreds of thousands of birds. There are albatross, white and brown, petrels and frigates in innumerable colonies, but distinct.

The albatross of Laysan are of two kinds, the white and the brown. The latter live chiefly in the southern part of the island. They are, moreover, fewer in number, than their white cousins. The two kinds unite in colonies, which are always distinctly separate, however. Their nests are almost identical, simple little mounds of earth with a hole in the middle. The female here lays a solitary egg. The parents provide for the nourishment of the young until the latter is able to go to the sea and hunt for himself.

The albatross are good neighbors themselves, but they show a decided repugnance to living in the vicinity of the frigates. These big birds, so remarkable for their swiftness in flight, are great gluttons. All those who travel in the South Seas know with what obstinacy they keep up with the speed of the vessel in hope of getting food.

The frigates are also to be found in prodigious numbers at Laysan and about the neighboring islets. The males, with their brilliantly colored plumage, are beautiful birds, and there is nothing more curious than to observe the haughty air which they assume on account of their beauty. The frigate is neither a born swimmer nor diver. This, however, is compensated for by his extraordinary power in flight.

The petrels are very numerous in Laysan. They show a preference for the crevices of the rocks during the day. They are in fact birds of night habits and avoid the bright lights. But when the tempest breaks forth and the wind rages they mingle their cries with the noise of the elements. The fish and other marine animals which at such times come to the surface, are chased by the petrels and seized from the chest of the waves. The frigates, who are watching the petrels in the chase, seize this moment for capturing their abandoned young. The citron is among the remarkable kinds of sea gulls. Citrons are noisy, spualling, quarrelsome birds whose principal occupation is keeping up incessant cries to disturb the repose of the other occupants of the island.—Los Angeles Times.

The Equanimous Frog.

A drought of sustained duration which recently prevailed the Delaware Valley offered some interesting facts with respect to the question how frogs and mud-minnows managed to survive under the most adverse conditions.

While the mummified remains of ordinary minnows, salamandors and aquatic insects were scattered in the parched mud of dried-up pools, the mud-minnows and the frogs buried themselves where the ground was still moist, although the surface was crusted hard, and apparently went to sleep. When taken out and placed in water they gradually revive and seemed none the worse for their experience. On the sudden termination of the drought, within a single day the mud-minnows reappeared in their usual numbers, and the frogs were seen squatting on the banks of the half-filled books and leaping into the streams as unconcernedly as if nothing unusual had happened.—Harper's Weekly.

A Benefactor.

"Are you doing anything for others?" asked the philanthropist.

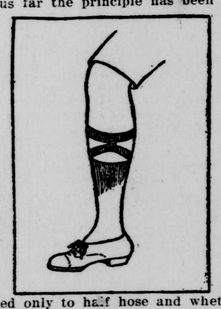
"Sure," answered Mr. Crosslots, "I make a garden every year for the benefit of my neighbors' chickens."—Washington Star.

BRITISH NAVAL TARS PRACTISING THE ART OF STOPPING A SHOT HOLE IN ARMOR PLATE.

The operator dons his rubber suit, which is made of one piece, the tank is filled with water, the plug is removed and he now has to insert his leak stopper and fix it in position by pulling out a pin and screwing it taut. The pressure of the water holds the leak stopper in place when once it is in position, but the rush of water is tremendous, and any one who out of bravado or forgetfulness stands too close will probably let himself in for a good ducking. The hole in the tank is supposed to represent a shot hole.

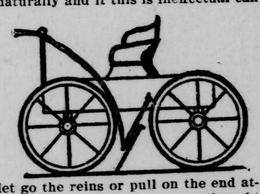
Stocking Stays Up.

A self-supporting stocking that will stay up without the use of a garter has been devised by a New York man. Thus far the principle has been applied only to half hose and whether it would be practicable in women's stockings is a question. The supporting section fits around the calf and it might not hold above the knee. A double band, with the lower part attached to the stocking at opposite points, acts as the supporter. This band fits around the calf and when stretched up it takes a firm grip on the leg, supporting the stocking as well as any garter. For use with knee-length drawers a supporter of this kind is unusually desirable, as it is much more comfortable than a rubber or leather garter which has metal joints. Many men who would otherwise wear this cool type of under garment are deterred from so doing because they do not like the feel of the old-style garter on the bare leg.—Washington Star.



To Stop Runaway.

Runaways are robbed of their terrors by the invention of a Michigan man. A horse may bolt if he likes, but unless he wants to tear up the roadbed at the expense of extraordinary effort he will stop immediately when the device works. Underneath the carriage is a pointed rod, inclining downward and forward and held above the ground by a strong spring. The reins pass through rings on the top of the dashboard and the ends are fastened to the brake device in such a way that when there is unusual pressure on them the spring is released and the rod shoots down and acts as an effectual brake. If a horse runs away the driver can first exert all his or her effort to stop him naturally and if this is ineffectual can let go the reins or pull on the end attached to the brake. At first thought it would seem that this brake would stop the team so abruptly as to pitch the occupants of the carriage out, but the spring prevents this.—Washington Star.



Her Smile.

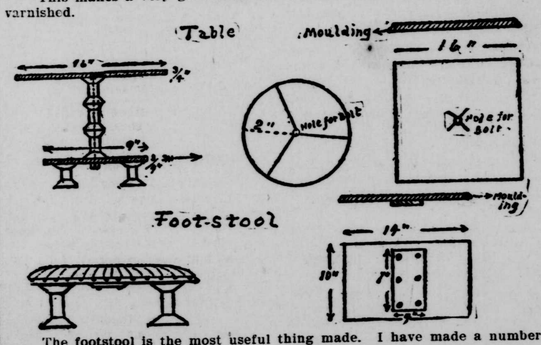
When a woman smiles at her husband's jokes it is the same kind of a forced smile you see on the stage.—Atchison Globe.

Table and Footstool Made of Spools.

For the table get two pieces of white wood, say about eighteen inches square. The spools may be found at some shoe factory; you will need six. If more height is required, get seven. The iron rod may be found at some blacksmith's shop.

The top should be square and moulding be put around if desired. The bottom should be fastened to the spools by screws. Care must be taken not to split them.

This makes a very good table for a fern or plant if it is painted and varnished.



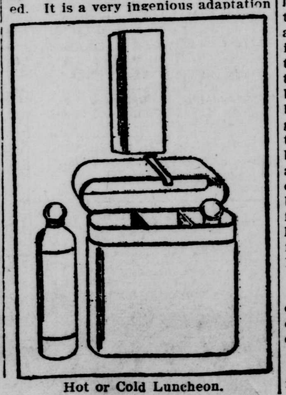
The footstool is the most useful thing made. I have made a number of them.

Get a piece of pine board about fourteen inches by ten inches, and four spools, and about five feet of panel moulding. A short piece of board should be screwed to the bottom of the top board to prevent splitting. The moulding is then fitted to the top and it is fastened to the spools by screws about an inch from the edge.

The top may be covered with a piece of carpeting and stuffed with excelsior.—F. Raymond Pierce, in Boston Post.

Hot or Cold Lunch Box.

The limitations of the lunch box have been overcome to a great extent by a new receptacle recently patented. It is a very ingenious adaptation of the vacuum insulated bottle by which articles of food are maintained at an almost unvarying temperature, either hot or cold, for a considerable length of time. In fact it is possible to pack up a luncheon embracing, in addition to more substantial things, ice cream and hot coffee and to have them each at the desirable temperature at the time of consumption. The box in shape and appearance resembles the case in which a pair of field glasses might be carried and contains three compartments. There are two bottles to fit into two of these sections and a box slides into the third. Soup, coffee or hot beverages put into the bottles will remain hot for twenty-four hours, and cold things will be kept cool for three days. The box is for sandwiches and such things.—Boston Post.



Hot or Cold Luncheon.

Austria is the country most lenient to murderers. A very small percentage of those convicted are executed.

Castro to the fiery Zelaya: "Come in. The water's fine!"

The Sunday=School

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR FEBRUARY 13.

Subject: Worldliness and Trust, Matt. 6:19-34—Commit to Memory Verse 24.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." Matt. 6:33.

TIME.—Midsummer A. D. 28.

PLACE.—Horns of Hattin.

EXPOSITION.—I. Where to Lay Up Treasures, 19-23. Our Lord forbids our laying up treasures for ourselves on earth. This does not forbid us to lay up treasures upon earth for the benefit of others (1 Tim. 5:8). But it is not wise to lay up very large treasures even for others. Earthly treasures are perishable; moth and rust consume them and thieves steal them. But it is right for us to lay up treasures for ourselves—in heaven. Those treasures will never fail; moth nor rust cannot consume and thieves can never get at them. The Bible tells us very plainly how to lay up treasures in heaven (Prov. 11:30; Dan. 12:3; Jno. 4:35, 36; 15:16; Luke 16:9-12; Matt. 19:29; 5:11, 12; 2 Tim. 2:12; Rom. 8:18; 2 Cor. 4:17, 18). Our hearts should be fixed on heaven (cf. Col. 3:1, 2), and therefore we should lay up treasures there. If our treasures are upon earth, we will wish to stay here; if our treasures are in heaven, we will always be willing to go there (Phil. 1:23). The will is to the soul what the eye is to the body. A surrendered will brings illumination to the whole soul (Jno. 7:17, R.V.). When the will is wholly surrendered to God, then the whole person will be full of light; if the will itself is perverted, then the whole person will be full of darkness. And how great is that darkness!

II. The Impossibility of Serving Two Masters, 24-34. There are some things no man can do. One of them is to serve two masters. We can have but one absolute sovereign of our wills and service; that one absolute sovereign should be God. If we try to serve both the world and God, we will end by hating God and loving the world. The history of the centuries proves the truth of Christ's utterance, "Ye cannot serve God and mammon." Time and again the church has tried it, but it has always ended by serving mammon and forsaking God. Every man must serve some master. He must choose between God and the devil. God demands the whole heart of every one who would serve Him. If we are not with Him with the whole heart, then we are against Him (Matt. 12:30). If a man would serve God he must give up all love of the world (1 Jno. 2:15; Jas. 4:4). If a man's whole heart is set on pleasing God he will be absolutely free from any anxiety regarding worldly things (v. 25). If we are anxious about our life, our food, our drink, or our clothing, it is proof positive that the whole will is not surrendered to God. A true believer will be anxious for nothing (Phil. 4:6). God provides for the birds and He will certainly provide for His children. The one who feeds the birds is our Father. Need we fear, then, that we shall go hungry? Anxiety is foolish anyhow, for it never accomplishes anything; it cannot even add one cubit to the measure of our life. The flowers of the field should teach us to be free from all anxiety about our own clothing. If God clothes them, He certainly will clothe us. For our own good He may let us wear poor clothes for a time, but the day is coming when He will clothe us with a beauty beyond any this world ever saw. Anxiety about temporal affairs may be pardonable in a heathen, but it is inexcusable to one who believes that God is his Father (v. 32). Our Father knows what our real need is and we can trust Him to supply it. The thing to put first is God's kingdom and His righteousness; they are first, and therefore we should put them first. If we are anxious about food and drink and clothing, it is evident that we have not put them first; if we put God's kingdom first, God will see to it that we shall not lack any good things (v. 33; cf. Ps. 84:11). We should be absolutely free from anxiety about the future; we should live a day at a time. Most of our anxiety about the future is over troubles that never come. God will take care of our troubles when they come.

True Goodness.

He only is good who does good. Every man is good in the measure of the life he gives the world. He only is fit for heaven who really is fit, efficient, for the service of heaven here. The greatest need of the world is men and women to whom the divine plans of life are so glorious that they will pay any price to become proficient in realizing them.

There is a world of good work to be done right here. You may cease to worry as to whether you are good or not if you will but begin to do with all your powers the good work that lies next to your hands. The only way to be is to do. Every man really reflects the thing for which he works. He who works for the ideal kingdom shows its glory in his countenance. He who serves the good, who does good, is changed to its glory though he knows it not.

Salvation.

Salvation means more than simply a kind of ticket to heaven.

The Mathematical Mind.

The late Lewis Carroll, author of "Alice in Wonderland," used to tell this story to illustrate the average mathematician's contempt for poetry:

"In the course of an argument about poetry with an instructor in trigonometry he gave the instructor Tennyson's 'Charge of the Light Brigade' to read.

" 'There, read that,' he said, 'and if you don't find it full of beauty, I'll give in.'

"The instructor sneered, looked at the page, and began to read:

" 'Half a league, half a league, half a league—'

"Then he threw down the book.

" 'If the fool means a league and a half,' he snorted, 'why can't he say so?' "—Buffalo Commercial.

Mean to the End.

The meanest man in Cinnaminson has just passed away, leaving careful testamentary instructions that his doorplate was to be taken down and put on his coffin.—Los Angeles Times.

EPWORTH LEAGUE LESSONS

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 13

The True Dignity of Human Life—Amos 9: 7; Psa. 87: 4—The Freedmen's Aid Society's Work.

This theme is meant to have special reference to our work in the South which is conducted in the schools and colleges controlled by the Freedmen's Aid Society. There is abundant hope for permanent success in this work. The south is belated, but not degenerate. Behind its black people are from five to ten generations of American-born ancestry. In the single generation since slavery they have clearly demonstrated their eagerness and capacity for education and the higher life.

The society begins with its students where it finds them. It must provide education at a cost much below its real value. This it does so effectively that it is possible for a student to go through every grade from the kindergarten to the professional school; and at every point there is industrial training, and the training of the religious nature as well as the culture of the mind.

The present need of the work is two-fold. It needs the intelligent sympathy of the young people of Methodism, to whom this work of education should appeal with peculiar force. Then the work needs larger resources of every kind. The present equipment is inadequate for the students crowded into the schools. Openings for enlargement and advance cannot be entered. The society hardly dares to assume any new responsibilities. It has reduced economy to a fine art; all its dollars do double duty; its teachers are working on mere fractions of the salaries paid for like work in the north and in the foreign mission field, and yet there arises on every side the insistent appeal of the increasing multitudes who are no longer content to sit in darkness.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR NOTES

FEBRUARY THIRTEENTH

Topic—Bible Texts That Help Me. Ps. 119: 97-104.

My help in weakness. Phil. 4: 13.
My help in want. Ps. 23: 1.
My help in sickness. Jas. 5: 13-18.
My help in sorrow. 2 Cor. 4: 16-18.
My help in living. Gal. 2: 20.
My help in dying. 2 Cor. 5: 1-5.

Love of the Bible leads to meditation on it, and that leads to more love, and so the beautiful process runs on.

Obedience is wisdom; a child that obeys God is wiser than an old man that disobeys God.

The test of love for the Bible is that one longs for time for Bible reading, and seeks the book more and more.

The Bible is a touchstone of life, a safe test of what to avoid and what to seek. There is no safety outside its guidance.

Thoughts.

Texts help as they are remember- No merely intellectual enjoyment of the Bible will help a man much with- help others with them.
out obedience.

Textsy help as they are remembered. The wise man will be more eager to store his mind full of them than to add to his bank account.

Read great lives, and see how many Bible texts are quoted therein as helping them. What has helped them will help you.

Illustrations.

A text is a seed; but shall it be left in the air—merely seen or heard—or shall it be buried in the soil of memory and watered with the rain of obedience?

Bible texts are stepping stones over the Slough of Despond.

When Christian had spent some time in the dungeon of Doubting Castle of Giant Despair, he found that he had in his pocket a key that would unlock every door. It was a Bible text.

WISE WORDS.

A woman believes in her husband so as to know that she ought to.

Relatives can give you a lot of kind feelings for them by your not having any.

There is only one thing that a girl would rather be than pretty, and that's prettier.

What a man likes about holidays is how glad he is to get back to business when they are over.

Somehow the people you can lean on in an emergency are never the ones who promised you could.

Pompadours are responsible for many a high brow.

How loafers grate upon the nerves of a busy person!

Most of a man's friends are of the long distance variety.

Hope is a magic lantern which often shows impossible pictures.

Every time we see a sponge it reminds us of some men we know.

A peach of a girl always hopes the right young man will pick her.

It takes a lot of courage to enable a woman to admit that she is growing old.

The right kind of a conscience has has handicapped many a man in the race for wealth.

Our idea of a foolish woman is one who is afraid of a mouse and isn't afraid of a man.

There are some big surprises ahead of the young man who thinks he understands women.

If a man looks at his watch while you are telling a story cut it short.

Wives look forward to buying new clothes and husbands to paying for them.

When it comes to minding their own business men have women beaten to a frazzle.

If people were compelled to follow their own advice they would generate a better brand.

No man would be able to escape matrimony if nature had fixed it so that all women could have been born widows. — From "Pointed Paragraphs," in the Chicago News.

Woman's Luck.

A St. Louis woman is reported to be very angry because by mistake she married a cook instead of a count. Some women never do know when they are in luck.—Des Moines Register and Leader.

Prevent Tearing A Curtain.

When putting a rod through the hem of a curtain the stick is liable to tear it. In any case it does not slip through easily. To prevent this put a thimble on one end of the stick and it will then glide through without causing any inconvenience.—Woman's Life.

To Clean Skillets.

An excellent way to clean skillets or kettles in which food has burnt or stuck is to put a teaspoonful of soda in them with some cold water and let come to a boil. By that time the soda will have cut the burnt mixture so it will not be necessary to scrape or scour the vessel in order to clean it.—Farmers' Home Journal.

To Keep Gloves from Soiling.

Nothing is so hard on gloves as carrying a muff. It will quickly soil a dark kid, while is often ruined at one wearing.

To avoid this many girls keep old gloves to use with the muff. This is all right if the hands were never taken out of the fur covering, but is impossible when one is going to call or to a reception.

One girl wears a loose pair of cotton gloves over her kid ones and pulls them off when entering a house. Easier yet is it to pin a handkerchief inside the muff to prevent the gloves from soiling.—Philadelphia Press.

What She Says Of Onions.

Every housewife understands that onions are a kind of all-round good medicine, without knowing why.

She knows that a solid red onion eaten at bedtime will, by the next morning, break the severest cold.

She also knows that onions make a good plaster to remove inflammation and hoarseness; but she does not know why.

If any one would take an onion and mash it so as secure all the juice in it, he would have a most remarkable smelling substance that would quiet the most nervous person.

The strength of this substance inhaled for a few minutes will dull the sense of smell and quiet the nerves until sleep is produced from sheer exhaustion.

This all comes from one property possessed by the onion, and that is a form of opium.

Suggestions for the Hostess Who Is Without A Maid.

The hostess of small means often wonders how she can serve a ladies' luncheon without a maid. The matter is not very difficult if you plan everything to save yourself effort after your guests are seated. To begin with, you can place the salted nuts and bon bons in their dainty little dishes near the centerpiece. Then arrange a side table near your elbow and on this put extra plates and the like. Your salad course can be there, if you think best, and anything else which will not spoil by standing. Have the fruit on the table when you come in.

Fill your bouillon cups with hot water ten minutes before the meal, and just before you go to table turn this out and fill the cups with scalding soup. Put the cups on the table at the side of each plate, and after the grapes are eaten, each guest will lift her cup and put it in front of her, first handing you the used plate to lay on the side table close to you.

This course over, you will be considerate enough to chat together while this is going on, and not complicate matters by attempts to rise and help. After this course the salad will come, and when this is gone the table must be crumbed before the dessert is brought in. The tea or chocolate may be brewed at the table. With thoughtful planning there is no reason why the meal should not progress smoothly.

Recipes.

Pickled Cucumbers.—Take small cucumbers and wash them. Put in glass jars. Put 1-2 a teaspoonful salt in. Fill the jar with vinegar. Snap on the covers.

Tomatoes With Onions.—Fry a mess of onions in some good drippings. Season well, and when half done, add enough green tomatoes (sliced) to cover the onions. Put on cover and cook until well done. Add a tablespoonful of butter, more salt and pepper if needed, and send to table hot.

Dressing Without Oil—Cream a small cup of butter and stir into it the yolks of 3 eggs. Mix together 1 teaspoonful of mustard, 1 tablespoon of salt and 1-4 saltspoon of cayenne, and add to the butter and egg. Stir in slowly. Instead of oil, 1 cup of cream and the juice of 1 lemon and 1-2 a cup of vinegar.

Popcorn Balls—Make an old-fashioned molasses candy, and just before removing it from the fire, stir in enough popcorn to thicken it. Take the mixture out by the spoonful and roll, as soon as it can be handled, into balls, then roll these over and over in kernels of popcorn until no more will adhere to the balls.

Cheese Salad.—One head of lettuce; using the outside leaves to chop and the inside for shells for the salad, 2 hard boiled eggs and 2 neufchatel or any cream cheeses chopped also, mix all together thoroughly and add the dressing, which must be well mixed with salad. Serve in lettuce shells. Dressing—One cup of vinegar, 1/2 cup of butter, 1 teaspoonful of mustard, 1 teaspoonful of sugar, 1 teaspoonful of salt, a little thick cream. Cook like soft custard.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2929_scm3538-0034.jpg