The Chestertown Transcript.

VOL. XVI. CHESTERTOWN, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1877 NO. 24

WHERE IS THE NIGHT?

Bright cloudlets flecked the eastern sky,
Whose new-born radiance filled my room,
While through the open window crept,
Scents of ungarnered clover bloom,
My nestling woke; the raptured boy
Rubbed slumber's glamour from his sight,
Then questioned in a glad surprise,
"Dear mamma, where has gone the night?"

And thus, when fades earth's night of sin
Where restless dreamers moan and toss,
Where weary eyes that fall on sleep,
Drop unwiped tears their lids across,
With darkness, weariness all past,
Waking in Heaven's effulgent light,
The child's shall be our rapturous cry,
"Dear Lord, and is it gone—the night?"

—*Sarah Lawrence.*

THE HAUNTED MAN.

BY A. C. B.

In the spring of 1842, I chanced to be in Messina, a seaport of Sicily; and while there I was invited to visit the village of D——i and M——zo. Their location was in a pleasant valley some three miles back from the city, and beneath a portion of their grounds was extended a large wine vault, embracing an area of nearly two acres. After accompanying M——zo, the junitor pariner, through through the long vine arbors, and orange groves, we descended to the vault, and after passing nearly half the length of one of the pipe tiers, we came to a desk where a man was writing.

"There is one of your own countrymen," said M——zo, "and he will accompany you through the vault."

H——, for so my companion had called him, was a tall, well made man, apparently on the better side of forty, and he had a pleasing, intelligent look. But a casual observer would have though him slightly insane, and even I felt a conviction that his mind was not exactly *comme il faut*, or, any rate, not *comme je fus*.

"Do you reside in New York?" he asked, as we stopped for a moment at the extremity of the vault.

I told him that I did not belong there, though I had spent part of the winter and the spring of 1841 and 1842 in that city.

"I have a wife in that State somewhere, and perhaps a child, but I have not heard from them for a long time," he said.

I noticed that he wiped his eyes with the sleeve of his linen jacket as he spoke, and he turned away, as though to hide an emotion that might be thought unmanly.

"Does she not write to you?" I then asked.

"She knows not where I am"

"Do you not write?"

"Me?" he uttered with a sudden start a cold tremor shaking his frame the while. "Ah, sir, I dare not trust my superscription, nor my autograph, in——"

"H—— gazed furtively about as we entered the *cafe*, and, at his request, I ordered supper in a private room. He laughed and chatted freely, and the more I saw of him the more I liked him. After we had finished our meal we started on the proposed walk. It was nearly 11 o'clock when we thought of returning, and as we were passing the small church, St. Joseph, I noticed that the doors were open, and that in the center of the church there was a sable bier, around which were burning a mumber of wax tapers. In one of the confessionals near the door sat an old monk, and very naturally I asked of him who it was that rested upon the bier, knowing that most of the interments from this church were in behalf of charity.

The monk informed me that it was the body of a man who had come on shore from the American ship that came in the day before.

We slowly, reverently approached the somber scene. Upon the breast of the deceased were the various articles that had been found in his possession, consisting of an apparently well filled purse, a pocket-comb, a watch, and a heavy double-barrelled pistol, the latter of which the monk informed us had been loaded with extraordinary charges of powder, balls and buckshot. As I still gazed I heard a quick, stifled cry at my side, and on turning I was half frightened by the expression of my companion's countenance. His eye-balls seemed actually starting from their sockets, his mouth was half open and fixed, his hands, which were extended toward the corpse, trembled like vibrating harpstrings, and his very hair seemed fretful. He moved nearer toward the head of the dead man—looked a moment into that pallid face, and then sinking upon his knees, he clasped his hands toward heaven.

"Great God, I thank thee, I thank thee! thanks! thanks!" he ejaculated, in frantic tones, and then he arose and looked once more upon the features of the corpse. Then his eyes wandered to the heavy pistol that lay upon the sable pall, and while a cold shudder passed through his frame he took me by the arm.

"Come, come," said he, "come with me to your cafe, and I will tell you a strange story."

Without heeding the mute astonishment of the monk, I followed H—— from the church, and ere long we were seated upon the balcony that overlooked the beautiful Straits of Messina.

"Mr. C——," he commenced, "I can tell you my story in a few words. Nearly twenty years ago I fell in love with a young girl in the city of New York. I was then well-to-do in the world, being a clerk in a heavy mercantile house, and ere long it was arranged that we should be married. About a week previous to the time set for this ceremony, I accidentally heard my affianced bride use some most obscene and profane language in company with one of her female acquaintances. You can judge of my feeling under these circumstances much better than I can describe them. I turned away sick at heart, and on the very next day I received indubitable proofs of the utter infidelity of the object of my affections, and I at once broke off the engagement. Upon being questioned by some of my companions as to the cause of my course, I unguardedly, and perhaps foolishly, revealed to them the whole secret. The story, as having come from me, got wings and it soon spread among the lady's friends and acquaintances.

"A few days afterwards a young man, about my own age, called into the store, and came up to the desk where I was writing. His hands were nervously clasped together; and his face was livid with rage. He told me I had forever blasted the reputation of his sister: that I had faithlessly deserted her, and left her broken-hearted. I attempted to reason with him, but I might as well have reasoned with a lightning bolt. He demanded instant satisfaction, and proposed that I should accompany him over to the Long Island side and fight him. My natural timidity would have prevented me from complying with such a request, but I had also higher scruples, and of course I refused. Then he called me a base coward, and swore that he would have my life. I complained of him before a justice; he was apprehended, publicly tried, and placed under bonds to keep the peace.

"After that I met him in Broadway. He stopped me and whispered in my ear. He swore by the most fearful oath a man could take he would take my life, and that he would hunt me through the world until he had accomplished his purpose.—At length I feared to walk the streets, for one night as I passed a dark alley, near the head of Cheery street, I heard the report of a pistol close to me, and a bullet passed through my hat. I knew who fired that pistol, but had no evidence. I felt that my life was not safe in that city, and secretly I moved to a small town in the western part of Massachusetts, where I engaged with a dry goods dealer. Here I took to myself a wife; but I had not been married over a month when I saw my enemy pass the door of the store and look in. He saw me, and he pointed his finger at me. The cold sweat stood in huge drops upon my brow, and my fear came back more powerfully than ever. At night I contrived to get my employer to go home with me, and on the way I heard low, steadily steps behind me. I knew I was dogged! 'You are mine!' I heard a voice pronounce as I turned into my yard: and as I turned, I saw a dusky figure moving off beneath the shade of the road-side trees Next day I sent word to my employer that I was sick, and I kept the house all day. I explained all to my wife, and she agreed to go with me wherever I wished. Several times during that day I saw my sworn murderer pass the house and gaze intently up at the windows, but he did not see me.

"I got a boy to go to the stable and procure a horse and wagon, and, after dark, to take it around to a back road, nearly a mile from the house. My wife and myself tied up such articles of clothing as we could carry, and taking all my money with me, we stole out through the back garden, and rode away.

"I went to New Orleans, and there my enemy at length followed me. For three years I skulked from place to place, the very embodiment of terror and weakening fear; but go where I would that man was sure to haunt me. Six different times he fired at me with his pistol, and twice he wounded me. Our two lives seemed now to have but one end and aim. His was to take mine, and mine to escape his fell vengence. I became almost a walking skeleton. The falling of a leaf would startle. At length I got a chance to go to England. I was in London, standing one day at the door of an ale-house when—Oh, God—I saw my life-hunter pass. He was as pale and sunken as myself, restless and nervous; but his black eyes gleamed like balls of fire. He did not see me. I hurried down to the Thames, took a lighter as far as Gravesend, and there I was fortunate enough to find a bark bound directly for the Mediterranean. I got a passage in her, and was at length landed in this city, where I have been ever since. I have regained somewhat of my former health and spirits, though that same dread fear has not failed to haunt me.

"My enemy must have found me out, even here; but, thank God he has passed from the power to harm me more. A hand mightier than his has stricken him down. That was his cold, powerless corpse that we saw to-night in the church! If my wife still lives, I shall see her again."

* * * * * * *

H—— did see his wife again, for I saw them both at the White Mountains when last there. It was some time before I could recognize, in the portly gentleman who accosted me, and the poor haunted man I had met in Messina, but when I realized the truth, I grasped him warmly by the hand, received an introduction to his wife, and soon we three were straying away along the banks of the beautiful Ammonoosuc.

☞ The San Francisco papers chronicle with much enthusiasm the first arrival of a car load of lager from Milwaukee.

LIFE AND DEATH.

"What is life, father?" "A battle, my child,
Where the strongest lance may fail,
Where the weariest eyes may be beguiled,
And the stoutest heart may quail;
Where the foes are gathered on every hand,
And rest not, day nor night,
And the feeble little ones must stand
In the thickest of the fight."

"What is Death, father?" "The rest, my child,
When the strife and toil are o'er;
The Angel of God, who calm and mild,
Says we need fight no more;
Who driveth away the demon band,
Bids the din of battle cease;
Takes the banner and spear from the failing hand,
And proclaims an eternal peace."

"Let me die, father! I tremble and fear
To yield in that terrible strife."
"The crown must be won for heaven, dear,
In the battle-field of Life.
My child, tho' thy foes are strong and tried,
He loveth the weak and small;
The Angels of heaven are on thy side,
And God is over all."

CHINESE WOMEN'S FEET.

[From the San Francisco Call.]

Ah Moy, the Chinese woman arrested last Monday upon the charge of cruelty, for having suffered a child in her custody to remain with feet bandaged, was called for trial in the Police Court yesterday. The child, a girl 12 years of age, was carried into court by Mr. Locke, the Chinese interpreter, and placed in a chair on the witness stand. The arresting officer testified that he found the girl on Pacific street, in the care of the accused, and that she was scarcely able to walk, and appeared to be in great pain. The mother of the girl testified that the operation of reducing the feet of the girl was commenced in China, by a Chinese doctor, who had charge of the child for one year. Since then the girl's feet had been kept bandaged to prevent them from increasing in size. The girl, she said, had now arrived at an age when she could apply the bandages herself, and could have them loose or tight as she pleased. The mother said it was the custom in China to stunt the growth of the feet of female children, so that when the girls grew up they might marry rich merchants who would not make them work. The defendant said the witness was the grandmother of the child, but she did not have the control of her. At the request of the Judge, the girl removed the bandages from one of her feet. It was demonstrated by this exhibition that by reason of the barbarous treatment to which the girl had submitted since childhood, the feet have been deformed, and never can be restored to their normal condition. The Judge dismissed the complaint against the accused, on the ground that she did not have the care of the child, but intimated that the parents should be arrested. This is the first case of the kind that was ever tried in this city.

The Rev. Mr. Doolittle, an English missionary, in a book on the every-day life of the Chinese, writes as follows on the subject of compressing the feet of Chinese females: The distinction between the size and shape of the feet of the women constitutes the caste of China, if there be anything which constitutes caste of this empire. The common people neither know nor care anything about the origin of the custom of compressing the feet of small girls. Few of the literary class seem to have any clear opinion in regard to its origin. Some say that an Empress by the name of Tak Ki, during the Shang dynasty, originated the custom. She had club feet, and prevailed upon her husband, in order to conceal the deformity, to cause all the ladies of his court to compress or bandage their feet. In this way they were made to appear with feet like hers. Others say that the practice began in the time of the Tang dynasty, which flourished about one thousand years ago. Puang Hi, a favorite concubine of Ting Haluchio, according to these, inaugurated the practice by first binding her own feet. By degrees people imitated her example, until the custom prevailed in the provinces of the empire. The dominant race in the empire, the Manchu Tartars, do not allow their women to bind or cramp their feet. It unfits a beauty for entrance into the Imperial harem. The penalty is instant death should any small-footed female enter the Imperial palace at Pekin—at least, such is the common saying. The feet of the girls, usually when about 5 or 6 years of age, are compressed by bandaging, to prevent the further growth, and to reduce them to the form and appearance so much admired by the rich and literary people of China. For this purpose the foot is extended at the ankle, the fleshy part of the heel is pressed downward and forward, and the entire foot is carefully wound with a long bandage from the ankle to the extremity of the toes and back again.

It will be readily understood that this process [illegible] the circulation of the blood and retards or entirely prevents the further growth of the foot. The small toes are naturally, or rather unnaturally, crowded together and somewhat bent under the foot. The foot is prevented from spreading out, as, when the weight of the body is thrown upon it as in a state of freedom, it becomes very narrow and tapering to a point at the end of the great toe. The instep becomes unnaturally prominent, and the *os calcis*, or bone which forms the bottom and posterior part of the heel, is somewhat turned downward. The foot compressed is placed in a short, narrow shoe, tapering to a point, and sometimes a block of wood is used, so supporting the heel that the body seems to stand on tip-toe, the heel being from one to two inches higher than the toe. The heel also extends backward and upward beyond the heel of the shoe, so that a foot really four or five inches long will stand easily in and upon a shoe only three or three and a half inches in length, the ankle remaining nearly of the natural size and the instep being very prominent. The organs of locomotiun present to western observers a very uncouth appearance.

Usually it requires two or three years, properly attended to, for the feet to be crammed into the genteel shape. There is no iron or wooden shoe used for compressing the foot. The instruments employed are strips of cloth like narrow bandages. The foot gradually shrinks and shrivels up. When the bandages are removed for the sake of washing the feet or of bandaging tighter, the small toes, after months or years of compression, are unable to resume their natural appearance and position, but remain cramped, and are almost without sensation.

When the process is begun at the proper age, and the bandaging is properly attended to, the heel sometimes comes down to the ground, or rather to the level of the end of the large toe. The heel seems, under the process of bandaging, to elongate; but when the foot is large and almost full grown before the compressing begins, the heel oftentimes cannot be brought down to a level with the end of the toe; then a block is put in the shoe under the heel so that the bottom of the block of wood and the end of the toe shall be very nearly on the same level as the one on which the individual is standing. Really she walks on her tip-toes and heels. The ankle or instep bulges outward in front. The genteel shoe for the bandaged feet is about three inches on the sole; sometimes the shoes are even shorter than three English inches. The toes and the heels are thrust as much as possible into the shoes, and the shoe is then fastened upon the rest of the foot, leaving the bottom portion of the shoe visible. The upper part of the foot is always much larger than the shoe, and, being bandaged about with cloth, the whole has the appearance of a club-foot. The toes and the part of the foot in the shoes have more or less cloth or strips of cloth wrapped around them. It is manifest that no stockings can be worn by the ladies who sport such small feet as have been described.

The operation of bandaging is necessarily very painful. The flesh or skin often breaks or cracks in consequence of binding the toes underneath. Unless proper care is taken, sores are formed on the foot, which it is difficult to heal, because it is desirable that the parts should be constantly and tightly bandaged. If undue haste is endeavored to be made by bandaging them tightly in order to have the foot quickly become small, the pain becomes proportionally greater. If the girl is twelve or fifteen years old before bandaging her feet is attempted, it is found very difficult to cause them to assume the requisite shape.

The small footed class cannot walk firmly. Their gait is mincing and tottering, their steps being short and taken quickly. They are seldom seen to stride along. While they are often quite strong, physically, they are generally unable to carry heavy loads, or to manage themselves with ease or adroitness.

Small feet are a mark, not of wealth, for the poorest families sometimes have their daughters' feet bandaged. It is rather an index of gentility—it is the fashionable form. Small feet, as they appear bandaged, are considered by most of the Chinese beautiful.

Many poor families prefer to struggle along for a precarious living, bringing up their daughters with small feet rather than allow them to grow as large as they would grow, and oblige them to carry burdens and do heavy work in order to secure a more competent support. As has been said, small feet are not an index of wealth, but of gentility. Families whose daughters have small feet are enabled to marry them into more respectable and more literary families than though their feet were of the natural size.

The laws of the Empire are silent on the subject of bandaging the feet of female children. Bandaging is simply a custom.

☞ Mining is looking up even in the South. Remarkable gold discoveries are reported from Georgia, while coal has been again found in some of the Red river parishes in Louisiana, and even copper in North Mississippi.

A CONCEIT.

O, sweet and true, I hold your little hand,
And gaze down into eyes so bright and clear,
They seem to hold the summer's radiance, grand
With all the golden promise of the year.

I see in them the rest that winter gave,
And bud and blossom of the glorious spring,
The shim'ring light where summer corn-fields wave,
And autumn's stores that will such gladness bring.

How can I see all these, you ask? Ah, sweet,
Love holds for us all life can give to prize;
It makes its glory rounded and complete,
And love for me I see, dear, in your eyes.

—*Thomas S. Collier.*

FAITHFUL IN DEATH.

THE STRANGE CONDUCT OF A SAN FRANCISCO LODGER.

A reporter of a San Francisco paper applied to the landlady of a boarding house for an explanation of the fact, which he had noticed, that a light was constantly burning in one of the front apartments of her house. She told the following story:

Four years ago—I have held this house for nearly six years—a young man and woman came to me to rent a large bed-room. They said they were man and wife. He told me that he was the agent of a business house in St. Louis, and that he intended to make his permanent home in San Francisco. I gave them a room and they moved in. He had a nice lot of pictures, and she seemed to have plenty of fine clothes. He was a tall, dark, slim young man, not over 27, I should judge, and she was a brown-haired girl, very delicate-looking, and was always singing. She'd begin at 5 o'clock in the morning, and sing while she was dressing, before they went out to breakfast. Then when she came back she'd sing, and whenever I went in to make up her room she was painting in water colors. She seemed a perfect lady, and before I knew it I grew very fond of her.

"Did he seem fond of her?" asked the reporter.

"That he did," said the lady. "After he came home at night he'd take her out to walk, and I guess they used to go to the theatre most every evening. One morning he came to me and said: 'Mrs. ——, Ella is not very well. We are going to have an addition to our family pretty soon, and you'd do me a great favor if you'd drop in now and then and see her during the day, for she is getting low spirited.' I promised I would, and sure enough, she was getting sort of down-hearted, and I did not hear her sing any more. She told me that she felt as if she would like to see her mother, who, she said, was very far away. Once or twice she kissed me and cried, and told me that she felt homesick; but she said she would not have her husband know it for the world. I never asked the poor little thing where she came from, but always tried to comfort her the best I could."

"Did she have any female frinds come to see her?"

"Not one," said the landlady. "I don't think she knew a soul except the dressmaker who used to come up there and help her out making baby clothes. While they worked together she used to get very cheerful and sing; but the moment the dressmaker went away and I dropped into her room, as I promised her husband I would do, she was crying again. Well, a baby was born, and I was waked up late one night by her husband, who told me that he thought his wife was dying. I put on my wrapper and hurried to her bedside. The poor thing was lying there pale, and her babe lying by her. 'You have been very kind to me, Mrs. ——,' she said, 'and I thank you, oh, so much for it; for I am afraid I will not live to show my gratitude in any other way.' Well, she died, and the baby with her," and here the good natured woman wiped the moisture from her eyes. "He did not have her buried. I never saw a man so crazy. He had a doctor come here and take them both away. I asked him when the funeral was to take place. 'Funeral,' said he, 'there will be no funeral. What is left of her will remain with me as long as I live.' The baby he buried.

"Well, how about the light?" said the porter.

"I'll explain all that," said the landlady. "A few days after the lady went out of the house a long box came back and was carried to his room; what was in it I never asked him, but if you come up stairs I will show you just as much as I have ever seen."

The reporter followed her up stairs, and she opened the door. Lying on a couple of chairs and on one side of the room was a black mahogany box, about six feet in length and two and a half feet or so in width. A lot of flowers were strewn over it, which filled the room with a heavy odor. A sewing machine in the corner looked as if it had just been used. Some linen and lace fringe [illegible] the floor under it. An open work box was on the table. The room seemed as if it had been occupied by a lady, who had left her work unfinished and strewn around.

"He keeps his light burning every night," said the landlady; "and when I wake up I hear him walking up and down. What he has in that box, of course I don't profess to know. You can draw your own conclusions about that."

"Have you seen the lid of the box off?" inquired the reporter.

"Never," said the landlady, "and I never want to. 'Tis his business, and nobody else's, I suppose. But what bothers me is when he sleeps. He is never quiet in his room. But he pays me regularly, and I have nothing to do about it as long as he settles the extra gas and does not disturb any one in the house."

This is all that the reporter could learn about the mysterious lodger. It seemed an intrusion to pry into the man's secret, whatever it might be. There was evidently here a love extending far beyond the grave.

ENGLISH KINGS.

William the Conqueror died from his enormous fat, from drink, and from the violence of his passions,

William Rufus died the death of the poor stag that he hunted.

Henry the First died of gluttony.

Henry the Second died of a broken heart, occasioned by the bad conduct of his children.

Richard Cœur de Lion died like the animal from which his heart was named, by an arrow from an archer.

John died, nobody knows how, but it is said, of chagrin, which, we suppose is another name for a dose of hellebore.

Henry the Third is said to have died a natural death.

Edward the First is likewise said to have died of a natural sickness, which it would puzzle all the college of physicians to denominate

Edward the Second was most barbarously murdered by ruffians employed by his own mother.

Edward the Third died of dotage.

Richard the Second died of starvation, the very reverse of George the Fourth.

Henry the Fourth is said to have died of fits, caused by uneasiness, and uneasiness in palaces in those time was a very common complaint.

Henry the Fifth is said to have died "of painful affliction, prematurely."—This is a courtly phrase of getting rid of a king.

Henry the Sixth died in prison, by means unknown then only to his jailer, and known now only to heaven.

Edward the Fifth was strangled in the tower, by his uncle, Richard the Third.

Richard the Third was killed in battle.

Henry the Seventh wasted away as a miser ought to do.

Henry the Eighth died of carbuncles fat and fury.

Edward the Sixth died of a decline.

Queen Mary is said to have died of a "broken heart," whereas she died of a surfeit, eating too much of black pudding.

Old Queen Bess is said to have died of melancholy, from having sacrificed Essex to his enemies.

James the First is said to have died of drinking.

☞ An Englishman told an Irishman that porter was his meat and drink, and soon after, Pat found him, having become too heavily loaded, lying in a ditch. After surveying him for some time, he exclaimed:

"Arrah, my honey, you said it was meat and drink to you; by my soul, it's a much better thing, for it's washing and lodging too!"

☞ A Danbury deacon nearly captured five boys who had been devastating his chestnut trees one fine Sunday afternoon. Shaking his fist after the retiring forms, he angrily shouted: "The sneaking little devils! If I had hold of 'em one minute, I'd—" and then suddenly espying his pastor on the scene, he impressively added, "I'd pray for 'em."

☞ "Heaven tempers the wind to a blown lamb like me," said a philosophic young lady one blustering day last week; "the same wind that blows one's skirts around so fearfully, blows dust into the eyes of the young men who stand on the street corners,—and, anyhow, my feet and ankles are good."—*Philada. Press.*

☞ A recent advertisement contains the following startling information: "If the gentleman who keeps the shoe store with a red head will return the umbrella of a young lady with the ivory handle to slate-roofed grocer's shop, he will hear of something to his advantage, as the same is the gift of a deceased mother, now no more, with the name engraved upon it."

☞ It is noticeable that the vinegar-faced old woman who wouldn't give a cent toward the Sunday school picnic, because "it's a frivolous and ungodly amusement" is always on hand and steps to get her ice cream with the rest when the free refreshments are hand around.

☞ Which is the ugliest hood ever worn?—Falsehood.

HOUSEWIFERY.

Housekeepers may be glad to know that a tablespoonful of ammonia in one gallon of warm water will restore the color of carpets.

Vinegar and fruit stains upon knives, can be easily taken off by rubbing the blades with raw potato, and then polishing them on the knifeboard in the usual manner.

CEMENT FOR MEERSCHAUM.—A cement for meerschaum can be made of quicklime mixed to a thick cream with the white of an egg. This cement will all also unite glass or china.

MAMMALADE.—One peck of quinces and two pecks of apples, pare and stew separately, take a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit; mix well and cook for one hour, stirring all the time.

A stick of black sealing wax and one of red dissolved in two ounces of spirits of wine makes an excellent color for wicker baskets or other small articles of the kind. Lay it on with a small brush.

When the gilt frames of pictures or looking glasses or the mouldings of rooms have specks of dirt upon them from flies or other causes, they may be cleaned with white of eggs gently rubbed on with a camel's hair pencil.

CORN AND TOMATOES.—If corn is boiled on the cob, and then cut off and canned with tomatoes, in the usual manner of canning tomatoes, it will keep well and be an excellent dish. Have twice as much tomatoes as corn.

FROST CAKE.—One cup of sugar, two even tablespoonfuls of butter, seven tablespoonfuls of milk, yelks of four eggs; one and two-thirds cups of flour; one teaspoonful of soda, two or cream tartar; bake them in layers and put frosting between.

To do up shirt bosoms in the most perfect way one must have a 'polishing iron'—a small iron rounded over and highly polished on the ends and sides. Spread the bosoms on a hard and very smooth board, with only one thickness of cotton cloth sewed tightly across it.

TO POLISH TINS.—First rub your tins with a damp cloth, then take dry flour and rub it on with your hands, and afterward take an old newspaper and rub the flour off, and the tins will shine as well as if half an hour had been spent in rubbing them with brick-dust or powder, which spoils the hands.

JELLY CAKE.—Procure at the baker's the crisp, like cookies, known as sugar cakes—select those of a brown bake—spread the under side very lightly with currant jelly and stick together; pile handsomely in a dish. These are very quickly prepared. Do not spread them until just before serving, lest they become heavy.

PRESERVED QUINCES.—Pare and core quinces; take the cores and skins and boil them an hour, then strain the juice through a coarse cloth; boil the quinces in this juice till tender; take them out and add the weight of the quinces in sugar to this syrup; boil and skim till clear, then put in the quinces and boil three hours.

BROWN-STONE-FRONT CAKE.—One cupful sugar, two cupfuls flour, two eggs, two-thirds cupful milk, one-half cupful butter, one teaspoonful sea-foam; take half the cake and bake in a square tin; grate a cake of chocolate in the remaining half, with the yolk of two eggs; make an icing with the whites, and put it between the two cakes, having the chocolate cake for the top.

CUCUMBER CATSUP.—Grate large cucumbers before they begin to turn yellow; drain out the juice and put the pulp through a sieve to remove the large seeds; fill a bottle half full of the pulp, discarding the juice, and add the same quantity of good vinegar; cork tightly; when used add salt and pepper, but salt kills the vinegar if put in when making. This is almost like fresh sliced cucumber when opened.

STUFFED BAKED TOMATOES.—Choose smooth ones and cut a thin slice from the blossom end of each and lay it aside for further use; scoop out the inside and chop fine with a little grated bread, some green corn, salt and pepper and a little sugar and butter; mix well and stuff the hollowed tomatoes; fit the top on neatly, place in circular rows in a deep dish and bake for forty minutes to a light brown.

WALNUT CATSUP.—Bruise the green nuts and press out the juice, to a gallon of which add an ounce of cinnamon, half an ounce of mace and a quarter of an ounce of cloves; put the spices into a bag whole and throw into the juice and boil till the liquor is half reduced, when pour into a jar and add a little salt, let it settle two days, then filter through a fine piece of muslin till clear. Bottle in pints and half-pints and seal the corks. The older the better.

TOMATO SOUP.—Wash four quarts of tomatoes in a sauce-pan, add two each of onions, carrots and turnips, a small bunch of parsley and a few cloves; boil the whole till the vegetables are well cooked, then pass the whole through a coarse sieve, return to the sauce-pan and boil for half an hour; add a little butter, salt and pepper; cut some slices of stale bread into squares, fry brown and put in to the soup: if it is too thick add a little mutton broth.

©Maryland State Archives msa_sc3326_scm8204-0411