The Chestertown Transcript.

VOL. XVI. CHESTERTOWN, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1877 NO. 26

A WOMAN'S LETTER.

BY MARY AINGE DE VERE.

My letter's late by one day,
But truth is, Jenny dear,
Ned Grayson came on Sunday—
It seems he's always here.
He, and young Fred M'Kenzie,
They stayed three blessed hours,
And ma was in a frenzy—
He brought some lovely flowers.

I meant to tell you, Jenny,
The news and everything,
But I find there isn't any—
Oh, next week, Ned's to sing
With the Mozart Club at Irving;
I'll manage, dear, to go,
The fates and weather serving—
I don't want ma to know!

Jen, lovers are a nuisance!
George brought the ring last night—
A solitaire, like Susan's;
It gave me such a fright!
I cried and wouldn't wear it;
How, underneath the sun,
Do girls contrive to bear it—
This narrowing down to one?

Poor George, the foolish fellow,
Began to storm and fling,
And turned quite green and yellow—
I hate that sort of thing.
Now, Ned is always quiet;
I think his cool, gray eye,
Would still an Irish riot,
Or make a regiment fly.

But what's so very funny
About him—Ned, I mean—
He hasn't any money;
I heard from Clarence Green
Just how he's suited—
Keeps books for Webb & Ware,
Ah, well—those things are fated—
George owns a million, square.

Yes, dear, fate trims the corners,
Rough-hew them as we may!
We can't go clad like mourners,
Or weep the livelong day.
But, oh, don't breathe it, Jenny,
I'd marry Ned, you see,
Without one single penny,
If only he loved me!

Ah, well—well—well—that's folly,
But sometimes, Jen, I've thought,
He, too, seemed melancholy;
Quick glances that I've caught,
Looked full of speechless sadness—
There goes a silly tear
To blot the page—with madness,
Good-by, pet, George is here.

We dine at Ella Johnson's.
P. S.—I must decide;
He won't stand too much nonsense,
The crepe comes full yard wide.
Don't get the buff, it fades so;
Have train and split-up sack,
For organdies are made so.
My heart aches. Love to Jack.

—*Scribner for September.*

SLYMPKIN'S REVENGE.

'Sam! Sam! Sam! Where the deuce is that fellow?'

I had rang the bell until I was tired and out of patience, and then called for him until I was out of breath, and still he did not come.

If you want to know who I am, allow me to inform you that my name is Geo. H. Boomerang, better known in Farzedona, where I reside, as Captain Boomerang, late of the army. I am a man of considerable wealth, own the finest house in town, and keep, or did keep, a man by the name of Sam, whose duty it was to brush my clothes, hats and boots, and adjust my leg.

I refer to a wooden leg. The original leg ran against a cannon ball during our late unpleasantness, and I have never seen it since.

Well, it was Sam's duty to take that wooden leg off at night, and to be at hand again in the morning to put it on before I got out of bed; and now you know why I was yelling 'Sam! Sam! Sam!' And when I inform you that this was the morning of my wedding day, perhaps you can imagine how anxious I was to get on my legs as soon as possible.

Yes, I was the lucky fellow that had walked into the affections—on a wooden leg, too—of the handsomest girl in Frazedona, and was that day to lead her to the altar. But I must get my leg on first, and as Sam wouldn't or couldn't come, I rolled out of bed, and went hopping round on one foot to find it.

Well, Samuel didn't come, but my housekeeper, Mrs. Brown, did.

'Mrs. Brown,' I cried, 'where is Sam?'

She answered me through the keyhole of the door.

'He left the house last night about 11 o'clock—took his trunk with him, and said he was going to leave town by the midnight train.'

'Gone!' Why didn't you tell me?' I cried.

'He said you knew all about it,' Mrs. Brown replied.

'Why, confound it, woman, I didn't know anything about it! Furthermore, ma'am, the scamp has carried off my leg, and left one in place of it which is certainly a foot and a-half, at least, too short.'

'Oh, what will you do?'

'That's just what I would like to know, ma'am,' said I, staring fixedly at that leg.

'And it's your wedding day,' said she.

'Which is just what makes this little difficulty of mine intensely interesting,' said I.

'Oh, isn't there some way for you to surmount the difficulty?'

'I can surmount a pair of crutches,' said I; 'but, hang it, ma'am, I don't want to be married on crutches.'

'It's awful to think of!' cried Mrs. Brown. And then I heard her leave the door.

'To be married at 2 o'clock, in church, and only a leg and a half to stand on!' I groaned. 'Oh, Samuel! Sam! I don't see how you could have had the heart to do it.'

I couldn't understand it at first. I had always used Sam well, paid him good wages, and he had always seemed perfectly contented with his situation, and he had always served me faithfully until now.

Suddenly an idea struck me, and the whole cause of Sam's perfidy was revealed to me.

'By heavens, it is Slympkins!' I yelled. 'Slympkins is the cause of all my woe. He bribed Sam to steal my leg, on this, my wedding day, and leave this insufficient prop in place of it.

Now it is very natural to suppose that the reader would like to know who Slympkins is, and if he will only be patient I will endeavor to enlighten him.

Jim Slympkins is, or was, my rival. He is about my own age (32,) and is the eldest son of his father, who, by the way is the most wealthy gentleman in Farzedona. Consequently, Jim doesn't do anything but smoke cigars, drive about town behind his splendid grays, and devote himself to the ladies generally.

Farzedona is noted for its pretty women. Statistics show that there is more pretty women in every square yard of ground in Farzedona than in any other city or town in the world.

Well, when I returned from the war, and established myself in the halls of my fathers, I somehow, in a very short time, found myself violently attached to seventeen of the most beautiful young ladies of Farzedona; and, singular as it may seem they were the very young ladies whom Slympkins was courting. To be sure, Slympkins had, or was expecting to have, much more wealth than I could boast of; but he hadn't my face, you know, or anything like it. Furthermore, the ladies always have been, and probably always will be, fond of the military, and Slympkins was not a military man. But what raised the very deuce with Slympkins was my wooden leg. When that wooden leg walked in, Slympkins had to walk out. Not that the dear creatures loved Slympkins less; but, 'ah, me, Captain Boomerang, with his wooden leg, was so charming, you know.'

Yes, I was charming. Anybody with half an eye could see that. Slympkins saw it distinctly, and it was very painful to him.

It was a good thing for Slympkins, my return to Farzedona. You see he had contracted such a habit of roving from from flower to flower, that at last it had become almost an impossibility for him to settle upon any one particular rose.—But I took the wind out of his sails, and before I had been in the town a month, he was glad to concentrate all his affections upon one lovely flower.

Unfortunately for Slympkins, this flower happened to be the choicest one in my collection of seventeen; and so, you see, when he concentrated his affections, I did the same, and before he had an opportunity to offer his heart, I laid mine at her feet, and she accepted it, and gave hers in return.

I was sorry for Slympkins, but what could I do? If he had chosen Miss Smith, Miss Brown, Miss Jones, or, in fact, any one but Miss Amelia Seymour, all would have been well. But it was really absurd for Slympkins to suppose that I would allow him or any other man to marry Amalia—at least while I had a wooden leg.

Yes, I had won her, and poor Slympkins was wild with rage. He had sworn to be revenged, but I laughed at his threats. You see, I didn't see then how he was going to be revenged.

I saw it now very distinctly, on this the morning of my wedding day; and I rocked myself to and fro in my chair and groaned, and bedewed that short wooden leg with my tears; and I said to myself, in my rage towards Slympkins, that I would enforce the old Mosaic law, and take an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth and a leg for a leg.

But this would never do for me, to be groaning when there was work to be done I must prepare for the wedding; for I was bound to be married that day, if I had to hop all the way to church.

I was seated at the breakfast table sipping my coffee half an hour afterwards, when Mrs Brown came rushing in crying:

'O, Captain, I know all about it!'

'What—the leg?'

'Yes, I think so. My daughter Eliza says she saw Mr. Slympkins give Sam some money last night.'

'Yes, I knew it was Slympkins,' I replied.

'More than that, Sam was married last night to Miss Seymour's maid, and they went off together by the 12 o'clock train last night.'

'But, my dear woman,' said I, 'I don't care anything about who he has married, or where he has gone. The question is, has he carried my leg with him?'

'Why, I am sure I don't know, Mr. Boomerang.'

'Well, that is just what I want to know ma'am. This isn't a time for trifling.—You remember that I am to be married to-day, and, by Jove, I want my leg.'

'Why don't you ask Mr. Slympkins for it?'

'Yes, and be laughed at. No, I don't intend to let him know anything about the trouble he has caused me. Besides, I don't believe he has got it.'

'But what are you going to do about it?'

'Why, just as soon as I finish my breakfast I shall go to Mr. Seymour's and tell him of the perfidy of my servant (and I shall take that leg to prove my statement;) and unless he objects very strongly, I shall persist in being married upon crutches, rather than to have the wedding postponed. That would please Slympkins too much. It's what he expects; but I'll disappoint him.'

Then I finished my coffee, and going to my chamber I took the ownerless leg, and wrapping it up in paper I came down and ordering my carriage, rode out to Mr. Seymour's residence.

The old gentleman met me at the door. He took no notice of my crutches. With averted face, he bade me good morning and led me into the parlor.

'I'm sorry, Captain Boomerang, very sorry, but the wedding will have to be postponed.'

'What! not on my account, I hope?' for, you see, I thought he had already heard of my loss.

'Amelia is—'

'What! my dear Amelia! Oh, has anything happened to her? Is she ill?' I cried.

'It is nothing serious, my dear Captain.'

'But is she ill? Oh, Mr. Seymour, where is she? Let me go to comfort her. Do let me see her.'

'She is in her boudoir. Go; perhaps you can comfort her.'

I did go. I burst into the room and found her lying on the sofa, in tears.

I rushed forward to clasp her in my arms, but recoiled in surprise and amazement, when I saw upon the chair, in front of the lounge upon which she was lying, my——

'Great heavens, Amelia, where did you get my leg?' for you see, I recognized the limb instantly.

'The le——, Oh, George Henry, I—I can never be your wife!' she sobbed, fixing her liquid orbs upon the limb before her.

'But where did you get my leg?' I reiterated, at the same time unfolding the paper from the short one I had brought with me.

Where did you get mine?' she screamed, hopping up from the lounge, and clutching the limb that I still held in my hand

'Yours?' I grasped.

'Mine?'

'Oh, this is too much!' I sighed, sinking into a chair.

Amelia sat down, too, and for about two minutes we gazed into one another's faces without speaking a word. At last I spoke:

'Oh, Amelia, Slympkins has played a cruel joke upon me! He bribed your maid and my man to change these two limbs.'

Yes, and now—'

'But, luckily, we found it out in season, and now the wedding can go on as if nothing had happened.'

'What, would you marry me now?'

'Now!' I cried, clasping her to my breast. 'I'd marry you now if you hadn't a leg to stand upon.'

Then I kissed the dear creature, while she laid her beautiful head upon my breast and cried for joy.

In conclusion, I am happy to inform the reader that the wedding took place at precisely 2 o'clock that day. Slympkins was not there, and I haven't seen him since; but when I do see dim—well, I'll write you about it.'

RUM, CRIME, AND RUIN.

The Cincinnati papers tell an impressive story about one Ben Burr Cox, or "Burr" as he was familiarly called. He is dead now, killed by his own son; and his long suffering wife and terrorized children are glad that the master of the house will trouble them no more. The tragedy of the life and death of this husband and father are too terrible for any but the simplest words. A frank, manly, handsome fellow twenty years ago, and inheriting a fine farm in the Wabash valley, he married the prettiest girl in Butler county, and she, too, the owner of an equally valuable farm. Burr began to drink whiskey and neglect his family. After he had squandered his own farm in riotous living he set about trying to get the fee simple of his wife's property. At times he would cry like a child, and in obedience to his wife's entreaties, would go off to another part of the country and give his family a season of rest. Returning, he lost not a moment in assuming his place as household tyrant. Determined to extort his wife's consent to have her property placed in his hands he sat on the edge of her sick bed with a gleaming butcher knife in his fist and puffed tobacco smoke in her face, swearing that she should not sleep until she said yes. For fifteen years this degraded brute dragged his patient-hearted wife through a hell of nameless suffering. The neighbors all knew, the county magistrates all knew, the ghastly skeleton in that lonely homestead by the roadside, but no friendly hand dared interpose. Year after year the sad story was rehearsed to the passing stranger, to the newly come preacher, or the commercial traveler idling an hour on the porch of the village tavern; women wept at the thought of such a fate, and men of heart and feeling flushed hot with wrath—but all the same the long moan of pain went on. Nothing could be done to sweeten those bitter waters. People must mind their own business. The wife might lift a pallid face in prayer, and little children cower in dark corners to avoid the paternal kicks and cuffs, and the sense of outraged humanity to thrill the community for miles around—still nothing could be done. The husband and father was entrenched in his rights. Society, law, the State, had given him power to hold the delicate woman and her little ones in his grasp like a vice; and sympathetic friends could only wait in sullen despair for the catastrophy. And it came at last. The drunken wretch drove up to his house one night after having spent the day carousing in the village; his eldest son, Willard, a stout lad of seventeen, took the horse to the barn, while the father went into the house to "raise hell" with the family. Calling up the stairs for the second son, Edward, to get out of bed and come down and be thrashed, he staggered into the sitting room, where his wife with a sick child in her arms sought with caresses and by every means known to woman's art to pacify him. Willard, coming in from the barn, told his father to be quiet and go to bed. Seizing a chair the ruffian rushed upon his own son who had retreated to the kitchen. The mother stepped between them and the babe was struck bleeding and senseless from her arms. Heedless of this, the madman pursued his boy into the yard, where the boy stood hiding in the shadow of a tree, and with a crushing blow of the chair, felled the stripling to the earth. The father now clutched the throat of the boy, who had managed to get his jack knife from his pocket and began to use it effectively. They rolled over and over upon the ground fighting like two bull terriers. Among a dozen other wounds the knife found an artery in Burr's right arm, and the boy was drenched from head to foot with his father's blood. The mother and the next eldest son at last succeeded in parting them, the old man now being weak from loss of blood. Staggering to his feet, the incarnate blight of a happy home, danced wildly around in the moon light, filling the air with curses, until he fell like an ox—dead. Then a quiet peace fell on that liberated household.

DRINKING SALOONS.

Dr. Crosby writes the following letter to the New York Tribune:

SIR:—Let me suggest through you to my fellow citizens of New York a few facts and propositions:

1. The eight thousand groggeries of New York are a direct cause of much of our pauperism and crime.

2. These groggeries do *no good whatever* as a set-off to the fearful evil.

3. The vast majority of New Yorkers would rejoice in their suppression.

4. United action will suppress them.

5. No religious, moral or political theory is involved in the matter. It is a work of decency, order and common sense.

6. The present laws are sufficient to do the work. Forbid the Legislature to weaken them.

7. Hotels are necessary. Groggeries have no excuse to live. If hotels may have some evils connected with their bars, those evils are as nothing compared to the evils of the groggeries. Hotels have a reputation to lose. The hotel is as different from the groggery as a private dwelling house is from a brothel.

8. The courts will soon show that three bunks in a back room cannot transform a groggery into a hotel.

9. I believe, after some observation, that New York city has a high a moratone and is as well governed as any large city on the globe. I have found its officials in the police and other civic departments uniformly ready to expedite all movements for the city's good. Let us not malign our own city by echoing the rustic cry that it is a Sodom, but unitedly contribute to the furtherance of its prosperity by helping our magistrates in cleansing it from its moral stains.

10. Where efforts are being made by respectable citizens towards the ends designated, let all assist, and the enemy is routed.

HOWARD CROSBY.

☞ "Doctor, my daughter seems to be going blind, and she's just getting ready for her wedding, too! O, dear me, what is to be done?'

'Let her go right on with the wedding madam, by all means. If anything can open her eyes marriage will.'

☞ A Dutchman reading an account of a meeting in Philadelphia, came to the words, "The meeting then dissolved."—He could not define the meaning of the latter, so he referred to his dictionary, and felt satisfied. In a few minutes a friend came in, when Mynheer said, 'Dey must have very hot wedder dere in Philadelphia, I ret an agount of a meeting vere all de peoples had melted away.

☞ The first printing press in the United States was introduced in 1639.

HOW THE OYSTER GROWS.

The body of an oyster is a poor weak thing, apparently incapable of doing any thing at all. Yet what a marvelous house an oyster builds around his delicate frame! When an oyster is first born, he is a very simple, delicate dot, as it were, and yet he is born with his two shells upon him. For some unknown reason he always fixes himself on his round shell, never by his flat shell, and being once fixed, he begins to grow; but he only grows in summer. Inspect an oyster shell closely, and it will be seen that it is marked with distinct lines. As the rings we observe in the section of a trunk of a tree denote years of growth, so do the markings on an oyster tell us how many years he has passed in his "bed" at the bottom of the river. Suppose the oyster under inspection was born June 15, 1870, he would go on growing up to the line we see well marked; he would then stop for the winter. In summer, 1871, he would more than double his size. In 1873 and 1874 he would again go on building, till he was dredged up in the middle of his work in 1875; so that he is plainly five and a half years old. The way in which an oyster grows his shell is a pretty sight. The beard of an oyster is not only his breathing organ,—i. e., his lungs,—but also his feeding organ, by which he conveys the food to his complicated mouth with its four lips.

When the warm, calm days of June come, the oyster opens his shell, and by means of his beard, begins building an additional story to his house. This he does by depositing very, very fine particles of carbonate of lime, until at last they form a substance as thin as a silver paper, and exceedingly fragile. Then he adds more and more, till at last the new shell is as hard as the old shell. When oysters are growing their shells must be handled very carefully, as the new growth of shell will cut like broken glass, and a wound on the finger from an oyster shell is often very dangerous.

WHY THAT CASE WAS ENDED.

A rather good-looking young woman stepped up to Justice Wandell, in the Fifty-seventh Street Police Court yesterday afternoon.

"I would like to have my case against James Theobold tried now," she said, with a winning smile.

"Your case against Theobold?" said his Honor, graciously. "Certainly madam. Just look up that case against Theobold," turning to his clerk.

The clerk found the paper. "Case against Theobold, before Justice Murray last Sunday," said the clerk, "and dismissed, as no complainant appeared."

"Your case has been dismissed," said his Honor to the lady. "You were not present when it was called."

"Well, sir, I couldn't come then. Can't the case be taken up now?"

"No, it has been settled."

"But why can't it be taken up?"

"Justice Murray has passed upon it already."

"I know that, but why can't it be taken up now?"

"Well, madam," said his Honor, "you demand to know the reason; you must not find fault with me for being frank with you; remember that I should not have told you this had you not insisted upon it. The reason why your case cannot be taken up is that it is now a res adjudicata."

"Oh," said she with a blush, "can it be possible," and at once left the court room satisfied.—*N. Y. World.*

A WONDERFUL NEGRO.

A COLORED MAN THAT TURNS HIMSELF INSIDE OUT.

From the Wilmington (N. C.) Star.

There is now in this city one of the most remarkable specimens of humanity that have been known to inhabit the earth since the days of Adam. He is colored and goes by the name of "Dr. George Thomas," and seems to have literal control of his entire physical nature, being able by the simple exercise of his will, as it were, to change at pleasure the location of the machinery of his body, besides which he is possessed of muscles almost the consistency of iron, which he is capable of developing to a most remarkable degree. For instance he takes a solid bar of iron, about three inches in circumference and some three or four feet in length, and holding it in one hand, bends it by striking it repeatedly across his disengaged arm, the blows being sufficiently vigorous to break the limb of any ordinary man, but which do not seem to have the slightest effect upon his own, the muscles of which are as hard as the iron itself. He asks you to feel the pult in his wrist, and it beats with the same regularity and power of that of an ordinary mortal, but, by a sudden and almost imperceptible movement of the muscle of the arm, the pulsation apparently ceases altogether but is in reality removed from its original position. By the exertion of the same power it is then restored at pleasure to its proper place.

He can also remove his ribs from the side to the abdominal region, where they can be distinctly felt, and return them to their proper place at will, while by the same power the heart is changed from the left to the right side of the body. Two of our physicians, we learn, examined this remarkable specimen of humanity, and were astonished at the extraordinary developments which resulted from a practical test of the wonderful powers of the man. One of the physicians was asked to place his ear to the region of the heart, and its beatings were regular and distinctly noted, but suddenly there was an entire cessation of the throbbing, and on the instant, his companion, who had his ear to the right side of the body, exclaimed that he could then detect the beating of his heart on that side.

JOHN WESLEY AND THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

The Rev. F. B. Harvey writes from Cheddington rectory: "Mr. Osborne Morgan, M. P., is reported to have said at a Primitive Methodist gathering at Wrexham, on Thursday last, 'The day when John Wesley separated himself from the Church of England, was the worst day the Church of England had had since the Reformation.' As it is of consequence that no error should be circulated on so important a matter, let me state, in correction of Mr. Osborne Morgan, that John Wesley, on his own authority, never separated himself from the Church of England. In a sermon published by him in 1790, a few months before his death, he said of himself: 'I dare not separate from the Church; I believe it would be a sin so to do. I have been true to my profession since 1730' (that is the time when he and his brother Charles first began their zealous work as College Fellows in Oxford) 'to this day.' And to the hearers of this sermon, especially Wesleyan ministers, he said—'Ye yourselves were first called in the Church of England, and though you have, and will have, a thousand temptations to leave it and set up for yourselves, regard them not. Be Church of England men still.' It is difficult, perhaps, for Mr. Osborne Morgan, M. P., and others, to reconcile Wesley's actions as an evangelist with his adhesion to the Church. The difficulty existed in the minds of many in Wesley's own time. He refers to and explains it in the sermon I have quoted from. This sermon is now published in a popular form, and fully deserves the attentive perusal of all who take an interest in the teachings of John Wesley and his faithfulness to the last to the Church of England."

BISHOP WHIPPLE ON THE INDIANS.

Bishop Whipple, distinguished for his missionary work among the Indians, preached in Holy Trinity Church, Brooklyn, recently, on the "Wrongs of the Red Man." Eighteen years ago, when he went to labor among the Chippewas, he said, he found them drunken, ragged, painted and debased. On a recent visit which the pastor of Trinity, Dr. Charles Hall, paid to the mission he showed him a congregation of 300 Indians engaged in devout worship, and two Indian ministers, one the son of a chief, who were assisting in the services. Over sixty millions of dollars have been spent by the government in its efforts to deal with the Indian question, and with what poor success the world knows. We read daily the telegraphic dispatches recounting the efforts made to exterminate a handful of Indians. They are the only heathen race on the globe that is not idolatrous. They believe as firmly in a Great Spirit as we do. They have lasting family ties, and are passionately attached to their homes. When they are forced to go from the land they believe to be their own is it strange that their feelings of sorrow should be followed by a thirst for revenge? They have seen their wives and children slaughtered in cold blood. Is it strange that they should swear by the blood of their lost ones to avenge their death. Bishop Whipple defied any one to show where an Indian was the first to break a treaty. He thought that the only way to bring into a loyal state the 300,000 lawless Indians was to spread freely among them the Gospel of Christ, and to send the servants of the Lord thither to teach natives how to teach others of their own race.

☞ Often the grand meanings of faces as well as written words may lie chiefly in the impression of those who look on them.

☞ Is it to be thought unreasonable that the people, in atonement for the wrongs of a century, demand the vengeance of a single day?

☞ Satires and lampoons on particular people circulate more by giving copies in confidence to the friends of the parties than by printing them.

☞ A man's dearest object should be his wife; but alas! Sometimes it is his wife's wardrobe.

Gov. Thomas A. Hendricks has ... ed from his ...

HOUSEWIFERY.

MOLASSES LEMON PIE.—One cupful sugar, one cupful molasses, one cupful water, one and a half tablespoonfuls flour, two lemons, and one egg. This makes one pie.

APPLE CUSTARD PIE.—One pint of sweet milk and three grated sweet apples, two well beaten eggs, little salt, sugar, and nutmeg to taste. Have only an undercrust.

COTTAGE PUDDING.—One cupful of milk, one-half cupful of sugar, one pint of flour, three eggs, two teaspoonfuls cream of tartar, and one of soda, added before baking.

WHEAT GRIDDLE CAKES.—One quart of sour milk, two even teaspoons soda, one even teaspoonful of salt, flour enough to make a good batter; stir until the lumps are broken; fry at once.

FLANNEL CAKES.—One quart of sweet milk, three tablespoonfuls of yeast, one teaspoonful of salt, flour enough to make a good batter; mix it the night before; in the morning add two well-beaten eggs, and you may put in one tablespoonful of melted butter.

CURRANT CAKE.—Cream, one cup of best butter, and two cups of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, three well beaten eggs—the whites and yolks separately—three cups of sifted flour, two cups of well washed currants—dried, and well dredged with flour—two teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

SUET PUDDING.—Two and one-half cupfuls flour, one teaspoonful salt, one cup suet chopped fine, two eggs, scant pint milk, one-half teaspoonful soda, one-half cup apples chopped fine, one cup raisin, one teaspoonful each of cloves and cinnamon, three teaspoonfuls molasses; steam one and three-quarter hours.

RICE PUDDING.—Put in an earthen pudding dish quarter of a pound of well washed rice, (cost three cents,) three pints of milk, (cost twelve cents,) four ounces of sugar, (cost three cents,) and a little spice, or flavoring; bake it in a moderate oven about an hour and a half. It costs about eighteen cents.

SAND TARTS.—One pound of flour, the same of sugar, half a pound of butter, one whole egg and the yolk of another; make a stiff paste, roll out thin and cut with a biscuit-cutter; wash the tarts with the beaten white of the egg, and stew over them some powdered sugar and cinnamon, and lay a few blanched almonds on top.

CUP CAKE.—One cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk, two cups of sugar, three well beaten eggs, four cups of sifted flour (always sift flour after measuring it), one-half teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little hot water, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, sifted in the flour, one cup of raisins well dredged with good flour.

SPICE CAKE.—To a pound and a half of raised dough add a half pound of butter, and the same of brown sugar, also the same of raisins after they have been stoned and cut in half; half an ounce of cloves and cinnamon, powdered and mix, will supply sufficient flavoring. Beat the cake thoroughly and bake in a slow oven one hour.

CITRON CAKE.—One cupful of good butter and two of white sugar, beaten to a cream; three cupfuls sifted flour, four well-beaten eggs—whites and yolks separately—one cupful sweet milk, one teaspoonful of cream tartar sifted in the flour one-half teaspoonful soda dissolved in the milk, half pound of citron (or less) cut in very thin pieces, well dredged with lemon or rose.

SPONGE CAKE.—Two cupfuls of sifted flour, two of powdered sugar; four well beaten fresh eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately; one-half teacupful cold water; one teaspoonful cream of tartar sifted in the flour; one-half teaspoonful soda dissolved in very little warm water; flavor with the juice and grated rind of half a lemon; bake 20 minutes in shallow tins.

WAFFLES.—Sift one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, the same of salt, with three cupsful of flour, dissolve one half teaspoonful of soda in a very little hot water, two well beaten eggs, two cupfuls sweet milk, one tablespoonful melted butter, mix well. Add the flour at the last and if the butter is too thick pour in a little warm milk; bake in waffle-irons and dredge with powdered sugar before sending to table.

FRENCH CREAM CAKE.—Boil scant pint milk; take two eggs and two small teaspoonfuls corn starch beaten with a little milk; when the milk boils stir this in slowly with scant cup of sugar, one tablespoonful butter, two teaspoonfuls lemon essence; make a cake of three egg, one cupful sugar, and one and one-half cupfuls flour, teaspoonful baking powder, two tablespoonfuls milk; bake in three layers, and while warm spread with cream.

APPLE SHORTCAKE.—To one quart of sifted flour add two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar and one of soda; half a teaspoonful of salt, quarter of a pound of butter, sweet milk enough to mix it. Have the dough rather stiff, roll and bake in a sheet. As soon as baked, split open the whole, spread one piece quickly with butter, cover with well-sweetened apple sauce, press over some thin ... on ...

©Maryland State Archives msa_sc3326_scm8204-0420