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## BABY IN HEAVEN.

I prayed that God would take my child, I could not bear to see
The look of suffering, strange and wild, with which he gazed on me.
I prayed that God would take him back, but oh! I did not know
What agony at last 'twould be to see my darling go.

He faded, faded in my arms, and with a faint, low sigh
His fair young spirit went away—Oh! God, I felt him die:
So lightly to his baby form death's kindly angel came,
It only seemed a zephyr passed and quenched a taper's flame.
A little flower might so have died, so tranquilly he closed
His lovely eyes, and on my breast his helpless head reposed.

Were'er I go I hear his low and plaintive murmuring—
I feel his little fairy clasp around my fingers cling—
For it did seem the darling dreamed that while he clung to me
Safe from all harm, from death and pain he could not help but be.
That I who watched in helpless grief my flower fade away—
That I, ah! heaven, had life and strength to keep him from decay.
He clung there to the very last—I knew that all was o'er
Only because that dear, dear hand could press mine own no more.

I know, I know that he is blessed, but oh! I pine to see
Once more the pretty, pleading smile he used to give to me.
I pine to hear the low, sweet sounds with which whene'er I came
His little, soft voice welcomed me—half welcome and half blame.
Some angel now, more wisely kind than ever I could be,
With all my blind, wild motherlove, my darling, tends on thee,
And every sweet want of thy heart her care benign fulfills,
And every whispered wish for me with lulling love she stills.

And now, when I am all alone, I cannot calm my grief,
I think of all thy touching ways, and find a sweet relief;
Thy dear, dark, wistful eyes look up once more into my own;
Thy faint, soft smile one moment plays, one moment thrills my tone—
The next the vision vanishes, and all is still and cold,
I see thy little, tender form, oh misery! in the mould.
I shut my eyes, and pitying heaven a happier vision gives;
Thy spirit dawns upon my dreams, I know my treasure lives.

My child, while joy and wisdom go through that calm sphere with thee,
Oh, wilt thou not sometimes look back my pining heart to see?
For now a strange fear chills my soul, a feeling like despair,
Lest thou forget me 'mid those scenes—thou dost not need me there.
Ah! no, the spirit love that looked from those dear eyes of thine
Was not of earth—it could not die—it still responds to mine.
And it may be (how thrills the hope through all my soul again)
That I may tend my child in heaven, since here my watch was vain.

## DIOCESE OF EASTON.

### Pastoral Letter.

*Brethren of the Clergy and Laity:—*

Having lately returned from the meeting of our General Convention, I desire to congratulate you and all the people of God, upon the harmony which characterized its deliberations, and upon the earnestness with which it addressed itself to those measures which may bring wanderers back to the fold of God, and promote true saintliness of character and life among his elect people.

If we shall be permitted to assemble again in Diocesan Convention, I shall seek to enlist your sympathy and co-operation in the various measures and policies which our united council deemed of special importance.

At present I invite your attention to some matters of Diocesan interest.

I. Thursday, the twenty-ninth day of this month, is set apart as a Day "of Prayor and Thanksgiving to Almighty God, for the fruits of the earth and all the other blessings of his merciful Providence.

How abundant have been those fruits! How numerous those Providential mercies!

Year after year, for a long time past, there has been disappointment of the farmer's hopes. But this year the earth has brought forth by handfulls. I know that in some localities there has been partial failure, but as a rule your barns have been filled with plenty.

The condition of our national affairs is calculated to fill us with mingled gratitude and awe. A reign of peace and quietness has succeeded to bitter discords. Almighty God has so ordered results as to baffle the speculations of the most sagacious, and to bring us out of a storm of political strife, into still waters.

Does it not become us by a formal act to acknowledge, that it is not by our own industry and sagacity that plenty and peace have smiled upon us again, but that the LORD our God, He it is that maketh us to prosper?

I entreat you then to make ready for this National Thanksgiving, and on the day appointed to go up to the House of the LORD to render unto Him our thanks and praise.

I ask that the Offertory on that day may be devoted to the Home for Friendless Children, which is our Diocesan charge, and that besides the offertory you will send, as some of you are wont to do, boxes and barrels of provisions greatly needed.

I have visited elsewhere large and expensive institutions established to reclaim those friendless ones who have fallen away from an upright life. But how much better it is to preserve instead of reclaiming, to prevent rather than to cure! These twenty little ones were emphatically friendless, until the church befriended them. They have no mothers, or else their mothers are unable to care for them, and they are the adopted children of the Diocese. While they are not free from the faults of childhood, yet I am sure that one seldom sees a household so healthy and so happy, so docile and affectionate.

Consider, I pray you, that this is the one only asylum on the Eastern Shore, apart from the Jail and the Almshouse, for the friendless. Consider that its needs at this moment are very pressing; and you will not withhold from the fatherless the gleanings of an abundant harvest.

II. The General Convention has authorized as an experiment for three years, the use of the Scripture Lessons according to the calendar of the English church; and also of Special Lessons for Lent and for the Rogation and Ember Days, prepared by its own committee.

It was thought that actual experiment was the surest test of the suitableness of these Tables. A committee was appointed to watch this experiment and to report thereon three years hence.

The clergy are thus at liberty, in their discretion, to make choice among these several Lectionaries. I think it will be best to make fair trial of each. In the congregations of the Cathedral, I purpose to begin at Advent the use of the English Table and to continue it for a year, availing myself in Lent of our own new Table. I should be glad if the clergy would do the same, so that in due time we may be able to compare our experiences and our judgments. I give this as my opinion and advice, but I do not urge it as an official admonition.

III. I do, however, officially enjoin the clergy to read publicly in every congregation, the following important canon. Scandalous divorces are very infrequent among us. While I have had painful cases to adjudicate elsewhere, I am glad to say that in the eight years of my residence in this diocese, I have not in a single instance, had any such brought to my notice.

Thanks be to God, that there is in Maryland, large reverence for the sanctity of marriage, and that the Divorce-brokers, who elsewhere drive so brisk a trade, find here no encouragement to their enterprise. For this very reason, we should be at the greater pains to let our people know what the church has ever taught and in this canon affirms anew, 'that man or woman once joined together in Holy Matrimony con be released from that bond only by death or by the adultery of the other party.

The canon is in the terms following:

CANON 13—OF MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE.

*Sec.* 1. If any persons be joined together otherwise than as God's word doth allow, their marriage is not lawful.

*Sec.* 2. No ministsr shall knowingly, after due inquiry, solemnize the marriage of any person who has a divorced husband or wife still living, if such husband or wife has been put away for any cause arising after marriage; but this canon shall not be held to apply to the innocent party in a divorce for the cause of adultery, or to parties once divorced seeking to be united again.

*Sec.* 3. If any minister of this Church shall have reasonable cause to doubt whether a person desirous of being admitted to Holy Baptism or to Confirmation, or to the Holy Communion, is a person of godly life, he may require such person to make a written or verbal declaration touching the matters in question, and may call upon such persons as he shall deem expedient to be present when such declaration is made. If the minister be satisfied with the godliness of the life of such person, he shall admit such person to the Holy Ordinances, unless he shall deem it expedient to refer the case to the Bishop. If the minister be not satisfied with the godliness of the life of such person, he shall refer the case to the Bishop. If the Bishop be satisfied with the godliness of the life of such person, he shall direct the minister to admit such person to the Holy Ordinances. If the Bishop be not satisfied with the godliness of the life of such person, he shall inform the minister that he ought not to admit such person to the Holy Ordinances. If any person shall be refused by the minister, or by the Bishop, as aforesaid, he may make his complaint to the Standing Committee, and the Bishop to whom such questions have been so referred shall thereupon make inquiry in such manner as he shall deem expedient, and shall deliver his judgment in the premises.

*Sec.* 5. This canon, so far as it affixes penalties, does not apply to cases occurring before it takes effect, according to canon 4, title 4.

I have suggested that this canon does not at all differ in principle from previous legislation, but only re-affirms the established law of the church.

Its peculiarities are twofold: it distinctly imposes penalty, not only upon the minister who celebrates, but upon the person who contracts an unlawful marriage. Moreover, it relieves the Parish clergyman from the responsibility and the odium of determining the questions which may arise under this canon, and refers them directly to the bishop as "Ordinary." The bishop is thus recognized not as an appellate court, but as the court in ordinary, by whose godly judgment each case is to be determined.

Invoking upon you the blessing of God Almighty, and praying that He will continue to bless you, not only in your basket and your store, but in your bodies and in your spirits which are His,

I remain, very affectionately, your servant and brother in the LORD,

HENRY C. LAY,
BISHOP OF EASTON.

Easton, Nov. 13th, 1877.

## THE BIBLE ABOUT THE BOTTLE.

Abstain from all appearance of evil.—1 Thess. v. 22.

Be not among winebibers; among riotous eaters of flesh. For the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty.—Prov. xxiii. 20, 21.

Strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise. Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? Who hath contentions? Who hath wounds without cause? Who hath redness of eyes?—Prov. xx. 1; xxiii. 29.

They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine. Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright.—Prov. xxiii. 30. 31.

At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.—Prov. xxiii. 32.

It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak. If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me.—Romans xiv. 21; Luke ix. 23.

Noah began to be a husbandman, and he planted a vineyard: and he drank of the wine, and was drunken; and was uncovered within his tent.—Genesis ix. 20, 21.

Wine is a mocker.—Prov. xx. 1.

We will drink no wine.—xxxv. 6.

Touch not, taste not, handle not.—Col. ii. 21.

Be not drunk with wine.—Eph. v. 18.

Not given to wine.—Tim. iii. 3.

Do not drink wine nor strong drink.—Lev. x. 9.

Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine.—Isa. v. 22.

No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God.—1 Cor. vi. 10.

Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink.—Hab. ii. 15.

Their wine is the poison to dragons.—Deut. xxxii. 33.

Woe unto them that follow strong drink.—Isa. v. 11.

☞ A remarkable frog story is told by the Toronto Globe. It says:

"A pine log was being sawed into lumber at a saw mill in Acton. The outside slab and one board had been cut off, and while the workmen were turning over the log they were surprised to see a large toad poke his head out of a hole in which he was imbedded, and where he had barely escaped being cut up by the saw. As the log was the fourth or fifth from the butt of the tree, his position must have been at least fifty or sixty feet from the ground. The animal was quite flat, and nearly as large as a man's hand. He was perfectly blind, but when taken from his bed he made use of his limbs to crawl away. The tree was perfectly sound with the exception of a decayed spot of about a foot in length below the hollow place in which he was imbedded. How did he get there, and what did he live on? And is the story true?"

## A TWO-HEADED RATTLE SNAKE.

[Mt. Sterling (Minn.) Democrat.]

A large rattlesnake was killed in Breathitt county a few days ago that proved to be quite a curiosity. It was perfectly formed, save it had two well developed necks and heads. The prongs of the necks were about four inches long, and the snake used both heads at the same time, striking with both, and thrusting out its tongues in a spiteful manner, and had the appearance of two snakes—so much so that the parties who killed it, did not discover the deformity until his snakeship was dead. We give Judge E. C. Strong, of Breathitt, as authority for the above, and he says he can be substantiated by a dozen good witnesses.

## A BLOCKADE STORY.

In the early part of the war there were frequent accounts of dashing affairs, in which the Harriet Lane took the lion's share. The papers were all the time giving spirited descriptions of some of her brilliant adventures. Some of these accounts were mere grape vine stories, but then she had a full share in all the operations that were going on up to the bombardment of the forts on the Hatteras cape—she was in the revenue service up to that time, but in going in to receive the surrender of the forts she got aground in the channels, and received such damage that she was turned over to the Navy Department, and was eventually captured by the rebels in Galveston bay.

At the time, and before the bombardment of Sumter, I was a seaman, in this vessel. She was commanded by a well known New Yorker, Captain Faunce, who had a fancy of having none but old man-of-wars-men make up his crew.—The crew were well-treated, had abundant food, regular leave of absence on shore, and good wages. Their duties were light, and the discipline of the navy was carried out in every detail.

A few days before the attack on Fort Sumter the steamer Baltic received a full load of troops from the different fortresses in the bay, and the Harriet Lane was detailed to convoy them South. It soon became known that the destination of the troops was Gharleston harbor, and by the time the Harriet Lane was ready to trip her anchor the battery was crowded with people, who gave her cheer after cheer as she swung around and got under way.

The passage down to Charleston was rather rough, but the two ships arrived off that place in the early hours of a Friday morning, and the rebels opened fire on Fort Sumter at daybreak. For awhile the cannonading was fast and furious, but in the course of a few hourse it had settled down to regular hammering. The fort replied rather deliberately, and it never entered into the imagination of the sailors in the harbor that the banner that floated so gallantly over it would be hauled down so soon. During the day the Pawnee and the Pocahontas, both new gunboats, arrived, so that there was quite a respectable little force to look on, and, if required, to lend a hand in any occasion that might turn up. During the day the flag on Fort Sumter was run up and down for a considerable time, carrying the impression to those on the bar that Anderson, the major commanding waited to communicate There was no code of signals at that time, for both arms of the service, and so those on the bar could not make out the meaning of the signals beyond that he wanted to attract attention. Towards night arrangements were made to communicate with the fort and agree on the best way to throw the reinforcements that were in the Baltic into it. Volunteers offered themselves for the boat service, and the boats were prepared to slip in after dark. The night, however, proved very stormy, and the attempt was put off until the next night but before the next night came the fort had been surrendered, and the following Sunday morning witnessed the evacuation of the fort and the transfer of its garrison to the Baltic. The ceremony of receiving of garrison, and then the hoisting of the tattered flag to the foremosthead of the Baltic being ended, the little squadron steamed north to tell the sad, sad story.

Thus you see, the Harriet Lane was present when the first gun of the 'new order of affairs' thundered defiance to the government, and from that time until her desperate struggle with a 'cutting-out party in Galveston, she was a constant theme for the papers.

There was one affair, however, that has never been told, and it will certainly be worth while to give it to your readers, as it is a true story of one of the most exciting races that occurred on the blockade.

After the surrender of Sumter and the call for troops, the Harriet Lane was tendered to the government, and her service was at once accepted and she was detailed to proceed south and watch the shores of South Carolina, and capture all vessels entering into any of the ports on the coast. She proceeded down to Charleston and made it a point to watch at that place especially. At that time the blockade was a mere paper one, and the Harriet Lane was the only vessel of war at that point.

One morning, after a rough and disagreeable night spent in beating about the entrance to Charleston bay, a large, full rigged ship was seen to the southward, beating up and clear in shore. The Harriet Lane being hid in a thick bank of fog, the ship did not see her until the Lane had steamed out of the fog and was distant about three miles, and then she at once wore ship and began to pack on the muslin.

It was beautiful to see how promptly the follow in command of the ship got her before the wind and began to 'crack on.' The wind was blowing fresh from the northwest—just enough to carry a main-to gallant sail; but while we were looking we saw his three royals drop and before they had time to flutter, they were sheeted home and hoisted.

"Hook her on," shouted the commander of the Harriet Lane; "that fellow is full of war material, and he must be a fast one that gets away from Harriet—Come Harriet, old gal, do your level best this morning, for I do want to range along side of that ship ahead."

'Oh, we can heave him too pretty soon, with the long thirty-two pounder forward. Shall I clear it away and send him our compliments?" put in the executive, who had just made his appearance.

"Yes, sir; but you need not hit him. Just let him know that we want him to shorten sail."

The executive went forward to superintend the operation of sighting and filling the big gun on the forecastle.

At that time out navy did not carry the effective and accurate Parrott guns that afterwards became noted for their long range and fighting qualities. Eight and eleven-inch Dahlgren were then the most formidable weapons on our ships of war. They were clumsy things, and on a light vessel like the Harriet Lane were unserviceable. She carried at that time a battery of four thirty-twos forward and abaft her wheel-house, a long thirty-two on her forecastle, and two brass twelve-pounders on her quarter deck, working on carronade slides. It was called a heavy battery in those days, and it was, so far as weight went; but a vessel with a thirty pound Parrott gun could keep out of range and sink her with ease.

Meanwhile the chase hoisted the Spanish flag and ran out fore and main topmast studding sails. With the glass we could see her crew swaying at the halliards and checking the yards. The enormous pressure on her masts canted them over her bows, and in the smooth water close in shore she was going through the water faster than an average steamer.

Presently the long thirty-two pounder blazed away and the round shot went humming away towards the ship. Rising higher and higher, it at last reached its highest speed and then began to descend in a graceful curve. It was a good line shot, but it fell short, taking the water half a mile from the chase. The chase lowered his Spanish ensign and in its place the 'meteor flag' was run up and 'dipped' three times as an acknowledgement of the honor, but he did not mean to stop, by the way, for presently we saw something white go fluttering aloft, and in a twinkling a tiny top gallant studding sail was set. A round shot or two was not going to scare this British seaman with the nimble legs, and so a blue cartridge was slipped into the forecastle gun and a round shot, carefully grummeted, was rammed on top of it. Then the gun was elevated a trifle, carefully trained, and the lock string pulled. The gun recoiled the whole length of the slide, and the shot went roaring up in the air, and presently took the water a little to the right of the ship and a considerable distance beyond her. Again the meteor flag acknowledged 'honors easy,' but declined to "heave to."

Both ships were now passing North Edisto Inlet, and the Harriet Lane, a little to seaward, was slowly gaining. Every sail they could pull was set, and down below the firemen were working like beavers to keep a steady spressure of steam up. Every little while the long thirty-two roared out to stop, and though the shots fell all about him he seemed to be one of the lucky chaps that never are hit.

As the morning wore along Stony Inlet was passed, the chase still bowling along at the rate of fourteen miles an hour and the two vessels about two miles apart. She could not very well get outside the Harriet Lane, because that vessel was out side of her, but she hugged the shore pretty close and seemed to know the bottom better than those on the cruiser.

Towards noon the chase was a mile and a half ahead, and we could hear the voice of the seaman in her chains calling the depth of water. The wind had freshened and it gave an advantage to the chase, who was keen enough to know it. Every little while we could see her crew make the rounds of the sheets and halliards, and when they had nothing else to do they would cluster aft and watch us.—There was no regular dinner in the Harriet Lane, but the men drew on the scuttle butt to keep calm. Already some of them were building castles on the prize-money they were going to have, and those not directly engaged either at the wheel or the "Long-Tom," were discussing the gameness of the chase and the cool daring he displayed.

After two bells the low sandy shores of Hilton head became visible on the starboard bow, and the long reach of coast that trends a little easterly to the bay into which the Savannah river empties began to appear. Here was a chance to head him off and shorten the pursuit.—He would scarcely run into Port Royal because that would end in his capture, and his only hope of escape would be to keep on until night, that is if he could keep out of our reach until the shades of night should hide him.

Accordingly the same course was kept well to seaward until just off Port Royal, when to our astonishment the chase handed her light sails and braced up to run up the bay.

"By gracious! The fool! Now we have him!" and such like expressions were freely vented by those on the Harriet Lane, but her head swung around promptly after the stranger and away the two vessels went booming up the bay.

The two vessels at this time were hardly 1,200 yards apart, and the captain of the cutter had given orders to cease firing as he was afraid it would injure his prize. Besides to most people it was hardly shipshape to train a shotted gun on a man who could not retaliate. It looked cowardly, and so ever since noon the chase had quite a peaceable time. Now, however, when it seemed plain that he was sailing into a trap, and at best could not go any farther than the head of the bay, every one began to feel that in a few moments the stranger would let go the halliards and "come to."

Present'y a light whiff of smoke shot off a ridge of sand on Hinton Head, and a shot singing in a high key fell between us and the chase. The chase clewed up his top gallant sails, and boldly stood in toward the head, then another whiff of smoke, and a ten inch round shot came screaming over us and struck the water three hundred yards beyond us.

"The devil! Stop her!" roared the captain, and each face on board the Harriet Lane became suddenly rad. The "Secesh" had already fortified Port Royal, and while astonishment had complete possession of us the rattling of the chain cable on board the chase told us he had come to anchor. Then the Harriet Lane was turned around and made her way back to Charleston, which place was reached the next day.

A few days after we overhauled a small schooner trying to get out, and learned that while the Harriet Lane was chasing the ship half a dozen steamers had run in with valuable cargoes: that the ship was a mere decoy, and flying light to draw us away so that the steamers could run in. The schooner people also said that the ship belonged to Savannah, and was worked through Scull creek to Port Royal, and that a man named Tatnall sailed her. At all events Tatnall got the credit for it whether it was for he or some other body.

T. J. GOLDRICK.

## LOST OCCUPATIONS.

Half a century ago, bellows making was a thriving trade. Every house had its pair of bellows, and in every well-furnished mansion there was a pair hung by the side of every fire place. But as stoves and grates took the place of open fire places, and coal was substituted for wood, the demand for bellows diminished, until the business as a separate trade has quite died out.

The same is true of flint-cutting. Flints were once necessary, not only for firearms but for tinder boxes, and a tinder box was as necessary for every house as a gridiron or a skillet. Both have as completely vanished from England and New England as have the red Indians and the Druids.

Then, again, are gone the pin makers, who though they have been in their graves this quarter of a century, still figure in lectures and essays to illustrate the advantages of division of labor. Instead of a pin taking a dozen men or more to cut, grind, point, head, polish, and what not as it used to do, pins are now made by neat little machines at the rate of three hundred a minute, of which machine a single child attends half a dozen.

Nail making at the forge is another lost industry. Time was, and that in this nineteenth century, when every nail was made on the anvil. Now, from one hundred to one thousand nails per minute are made by machines.

In the days of President Madison and Monroe, and even later, straw bonnot making was practiced in every middle-class house where there were growing families, and straw plaiting formed the staple of domestic leisure work. At my grandfather's, around the huge kitchen fire place, Pompey, a born slave, who sat on an oak bench directly under the gaping chimney, and we boys, who crowded upon the settee, used to pass Winter's evenings splitting straws, while the lassies were plaiting them. Then bonnets were bonnets, covering the head with a margin of a foot or two to spare, and presenting a sort of conical, shell shaped recess, in which dimpling smiles and witching curls nestled in comfort, The work has vanished, and will never re-appear again unless the whirligig of fashion should glide again into the forsaken track.

☞ Purchasers of new and curious trifles have already supplied themselves with the "barometrical flower." It is an artificial flower, of course, and its deep blue tint is caused by chloride of cobalt. When the atmosphere changes, at the approach of rain, the blue turns to pink. This is the simple explanation of a pretty toy. But the Parisian ladies are utilizing the invention by wearing the blue flowers in their hats. Thus, on the promenade, they furnish to each other mutual "cautionary signals." When a lady discovers, by her neighbor's bonnet, that rain is coming, she is put on her guard; while she herself is warning others. This is the latest "mutual protection" device, and its adoption among the votaries of fashion shows that scientific ladies may be more easily known by the tints of the ornaments in their hats than by the cerulean hue of their stockings.

☞ Out of suffering have emerged the strongest souls, and the most massive characters are seamed with scars. Martyrs have put on their coronation robes glittering with fire, and through their tears have the sorrowful first seen the gates of heaven.

☞ Luvers manage to liv on luv for a very long time, with an ockasional chang of beefstake and onions.

☞ Yes, dear; the blarney stone is the same as the sham-rock.

## HOUSEWIFERY.

A DISH FOR BREAKFAST.—Take six good cooking apples, cut them in slices one-fourth of an inch thick, have a pan of fresh, hot lard ready, drop the slices in and fry till brown; sprinkle a little sugar over them and serve hot.

APPLE JELLY.—Very clear apple jelly can be made from the cores and parings of nice apples; cover with cold water and stew gently; strain, and add a pound of white sugar to a pint of liquid; boil half an hour.

GINGER SNAPS.—Six teaspoonfuls o butter, four teaspoonfuls of water, one teaspoonful of soda, one of ginger, put this in a cup and then fill it with good molasses; sifted flour enough to roll; be careful not to scorch.

GREEN TOMATO SAUCE.—One quart of green tomatoes cut up fine, a small onion shred fine, a tumbler of good brown sugar, one of vinegar, pepper, salt, allspice and cloves to taste. Boil to a jam, stirring frequently. It must not scorch.—An excellent sauce for fresh meat. Keep in small jars.

AN EXCELLENT RECEIPT FOR DOUGHNUTS.—One pint of clabber milk, one teaspoonful of soda, one coffeecup of sugar, and spice to taste—adding a little salt, make the dough only stiff enough to roll and drop into *hot* lard and fry to a light brown. This is an excellent receipt for doughnuts.

APPLE SNOW.—Put twelve very tart apples in could water over a slow fire.—When soft remove the skins and core and mix in a pint of fine sugar: beat the whites of twelve eggs to a stiff froth and add to the apples and suffar; cool in glasses, with a piece of red currant jelly to ornament the top of each.

CHILI SAUCE.—Eighteen ripe tomatoes, two onions, two green peppers, two teaspoonfuls of salt, one teacup sugar, two and one-half teacups of vinegar, one teaspoonful each of cloves and cinnamon. Chop and mix, boil slowly, and put into glass cans. This makes an excellent sauce for meat.

TO PRESETVE LEAVES.—Autumn leaves can be perfectly preserved by rubbing wax on a medium hot iron and ironing the leaves on both sides. Autumn leaves that retain their color best are those which are gathered when frost comes early in September. Frost is rather late this year for handsome leaves.

GERMAN PICKELS.—Wash the pickels thoroughly, and dry well with a coarse towel; put in a stone jar, and strew salt thickly over them; leave in this for one day, and add mustard seed, cloves, bay leaves, whole allspice, and enough water to cover the pickles, put a board over them, and a heavy stone to press them down.

JELLY CAKE.—One cupful sugar and a lump of butter the size of an egg—creamed—three eggs, the whites and yelks beated separately; one cupful sifted flour one teaspoonful cream tartar sifted in the flour, one half teaspoonful soda dissolved in one tablespoonful milk; bake in jelly cake tins: when cold spread jelly between the layers. If the edges are uneven trim them smooth with a sharp knife.

MUTTON CHOPS GRILLED.—Melt a little butter in a pan with some seasoning.—Cover the mutton chops with the melted butter then sprinkle bread crumbs over them as quickly as possible. The chops are now to be cooked over good fire, in hot butter, care being taken that the bread crumbs do not burn, and that the meat be thoroughly cooked. Serve with sprigs of parcely and sliced lemon.

FROZEN FRUIT CAKE—One pound of fruit, one quart of good fresh cream, sweeten to taste, rub all through a fine sieve, place in freezer: as it freezes scrape from sides like ice cream; if moulded in fancy forms it must be first frozen then packed well in forms, and repacked in ice and salt, like in the beginning; place the forms in warm water for a moment, so as to turn out nicely.

TIPSY SQUIRE —Take a loaf of sponge cake, stick the top full of blanched almonds, bake and put into a large glass dish; over this pour enough sherry or port wine to thoroughly saturate it, and over all pour a rich custard—enough to cover well—made of cream, if you have it, and flavored with lemon It will be found a delicious dessert.

APPLE SHORT CAKE.—To one quart of sifted flour add two teaspoonfuls cream of tartar and one of soda, half a teaspoonful salt, quarter of a pound of butter, sweek milk enough to mix it. Have the dough rather stiff, roll and bake in a sheet. As soon as baked split open the whole cake, spread one piece quickly with butter, cover with well-sweetened apple sauce, pour over some thick sweet cream, grate on nutmeg, place the other half on this, crust side down, spread with butter, cover with apple sauce, cream and nutmeg.

QUICK PUDDING.—Here is a receipt for a pudding which may be made while preparing breakfast; Crumble four or five biscuit into three pints of new milk, add one cup of brown sugar, a pinch of salt, a spoonful of butter, and yolks of four eggs; a little nutmeg when done; spread the whites of the four eggs beaten to a foam with three spoonfuls of sugar and a little essence of lemon on top of the pudding; set in the oven till brown, which will be in two minutes. Make sauce with one cup sugar, half cup butter, scant spoonful of flour, pint and half water; season with lemon. It will be delicious either hot or cold.

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