# The Chestertown Transcript.

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### A POPPY.

A luscious poppy! neath whose head,
The lowlier flowerets of the bed,
Are drinking in the faint perfume,
And with it, a too deadly doom.

They know her tall—they deem her fair:
Lifting their little heads in air,
Breathless, they strive in vain to rise,
To the same height beneath the skies.

The shifting sunbeams overhead,
Are partial, in the light they shed;
And full aslant on one who stalks,
Impatient down the garden walks.

He swings a cane—with foul intent,
As though upon some mischief bent;
And lighting on the scarlet flower,
Down come her petals, in a shower.

Proud, flaming thing! he says in wrath—
Thus perish all, who cross my path!
And each small flowret in the bed,
Is fain to hide its shrinking head.

Her scarlet glories round them lie,
In silent protest, neath the sky.
"Is this," they say, "the price of fame?
Then blessed be our lowlier name!"

And neath the shifting sunbeams now,
They register a silent vow,
To be forever more content,
With any sphere, that Heaven hath sent.
* * * * * * *

When lo! a yellow cowslip now,
Beruffling her tiny brow,
And casting round, a look of scorn—
Thus gave her murmurings to the morn:

"Ye stupid dolts!" she wrathful cries,
Upraising tear-bemoistened eyes—
"Of what avail, is length of life,
Without the glory of the strife?"

"If lack of space, and heads low bowed,
Afford protection to the crowd,
We yet are jostled 'mid the throng,
And ignominious, borne along."

No one is singled out for show,
Where beauties, like potatoes grow—
We live, and die, and give no sign—
Not such the lot I'd choose for mine.

We *stagnate* here—poor, creeping things,
Exposed to every insect's stings.
Then give me glory, ere I fall!
Pushed soon, or later—to the wall.

—*For the Transcript*

## ELM HOUSE.

BY E. J. W.

We were in search of a house, Paul and I, and when we saw Elm House we exclaimed, in one breath, 'What a lovely place!' The wide, low rooms pleased us, and we were soon installed.

We had been there about a month, when Paul was late, and I ran down to the gate to meet him. Hearing a convulsive sobbing, I ran back to the house.—The door was closed and refused to open. Bright lights shone through blood-red curtains, low, soothing sounds mingled with wild sobs as the door flung open of its own accord, and a funeral train wound slowly down the walk. A fair haired, blue eyed child stood on the steps, sobbing wildly, her little arms outstretched after the silent, loved one, who never more would heed the pleading, childish voice. A young woman now appeared and, taking the child in her arms, disappeared up the oaken staircase, the door closing quickly and noiselessly behind her.

'Whither roam your thoughts, little one?' called Paul's familiar voice, a moment later.

Making some light reply, I watched with some curiosity to see him open the door. After some ineffectual efforts, he asked, in surprise, what made me fasten the door as I came out.

'I did not fasten it,' I replied.

He rang the bell. The girl tried her skill in vain to let us in, and we were obliged to go round the back way.

That night, as I was passing through the hall, I found the door open, and I closed and bolted it. Paul, coming in soon after, said, carelessly:

'You opened the door, did you not? but why did you not close it?'

Next day we examined the door thoroughly, but found nothing wrong.

* * * * * * *

It was a lovely August night, and Paul and I sat in the parlor singing duets by moonlight. The silver moon shone into the room with mild beauty, and the pale shadows danced and played on wall and carpet as the fragrant summer wind stirred the elm branches.

'How cool and refreshing the wind is,' exclaimed Paul, suddenly

As he spoke I felt a current of cold air fill the room; so cool, indeed, I shivered in my thin dress. The air grew colder, and an awful fear of I knew not what chilled my blood. I glanced at Paul: his face was deathly pale.

There was a sound of footsteps in the hall, the door swung open silently, a man entered bearing a dead child—the same I had seen on the steps—in his arms.

He walked to the hearth—Elm House had an old fashioned brick hearth and fireplace—removed the bricks, placed the child in the cavity and then replaced the bricks.

The next day Paul had the bricks removed, and to our horror there was found the skeleton of a child, with a paper which read as follows:

June, 1834.

'With the consciousness that death—perhaps violent—is near me, I pen these pages, hoping at some future time some one will find them.

'There were only three of us—Maurice Hattie and I—Fanny Hartwell. Hattie married a poor man, and father, a stern old man, never forgave her or allowed me to visit her; but I did secretly until she went West. I never heard from her afterward, but I can't believe they are all dead, Hattie, Leslie and little Paul, if they do tell me so. It is to make my will in their favor, and I never will!—never!

'When father died I went to live with Maurice. His wife's father and brother were there also. In a little while Maurice sickened and died. O, the horror, the agony I suffered when I knew they poisoned him, and I was alone, save their little girl. O, how angry they were when Clara died, and they were not guardians to little Dell.

'I wanted to go to Hattie then, but Dell was ailing and they kept me closely. O, my darling, I can hear your shrieks of agony even now, when the cruel blows cut your tender flesh! My brain is on fire as I think. Well, my darling died, and Jasper took up the brick hearth to put her under it. There is another angel in Heaven to greet me when I go. All is gone, all!

'They—Jasper and his father—have tried every way to make me marry one of them. I shall carry the marks of their brutality to my grave, but I will never yield, Heaven help me, never.'

Here a number of pages were blotted. Several months had elapsed before the narrative again commenced.

'It is nearly over. Heaven is close by. If Hattie only knew!

'Jasper little thinks my will was made long ago. I knew of this secret place and have kept it here ever since.

'I dreamed last night that Hattie and Leslie were gone, but little Paul will perhaps have the money that has caused me this living death. All of mine and Maurice's, too, and now little Dell has died.'

Here the narrative closed abruptly.

'Yes, it is me, I am little Paul!' exclaimed Paul, excitedly, as he pursued the will. 'I have a faint remembrance of her,' he continued, 'but we never heard from her after going West. Poor Aunt Fanny.'

The will was proved, and Paul received his aunt's property; not all, but enough to set him up in business, and give us a beautiful home with considerable business.

Elm House was never after disturbed. Even the rough heart of Pacheco was moved by this pathetic appeal.

'All I can offer,' he said, 'is the remains of a bottle of wine.'

'It is here!' cried Fidelio, snatching it up eagerly and carrying it to the poor captive.

The prisoner seemed to be startled by the sound of his voice, and gazed at him earnestly, as he took the bottle from his hand.

'Who is this youth?' he asked.

'My turnkey,' answered Pacheco.

The boy took a piece of bread from his pocket.

And as Fidelio held the morsel of bread to the prisoner's lips, he closed upon it ravenously. His short repast ended—and it was astonishing how much that little wine and bread had recruited his exhausted strength—he pressed his attenuated hand over the smooth brow of the boy, and looked eagerly in his bright blue eyes.

'No, no,' he cried, with sudden animation; 'this cannot be fancy. I am not mad—you are—'

The utterance of further words was checked by a shrill whistle. Pacheco had given the signal. A man attired as a soldier and wearing a mask, descended the staircase.

'Is everything ready?' he asked, his voice sounding hollow and discordant beneath his mask.

'Yes,' answered the jailer.

'Send the boy away.'

Pacheco motioned Fidelio to withdraw, and then inquired:

'Shall I unchain him?'

'No,' answered the mask; and then, unsheathing a dagger, he advanced upon the prisoner. But he found himself confronted by the slight form of Fidelio, who exclaimed, with great determination:

'Hold!' he shall not die; I will defend him.'

The astonishment of the mask was equalled by that of Pacheco, and they cried out, almost simultaneously:

'Stand back, rash boy!'

'Fidelio, what do you mean?'

'He shall not die,' repeated the youth, doggedly, 'or I will perish with him.—Pacheco, I will tell you what this means. Yes, here—even here, I will disclose all Know that this orphan whom you have protected—this turnkey, who for six months has served you faithfully, is a woman! a woman inspired by the holiest feelings that ever filled a human breast. In a word, behold Beatrice San Lazar, the wife of the suffering man!'

Three exclamations followed this declaration. A cry of thanksgiving from the lips of the captive, who struggled up all crained as he was, to clasp his wife to his heart; a cry of astonishment from Pacheco, and a howl of rage from the mask.

'Do not suffer the blood of my husband to be shed by that monster,' Beatrice continued, appealing to Pacheco. 'Heaven has directed my steps to this abode of horrors to prevent the blackest of murders. Assist me, you whom he has chosen for his support, and obey the decrees of eternal justice.'

'Would you yield to a woman,' cried the mask, furiously, 'and forget at once your duty and your fortune? See who I am.'

He tore away the mask, disclosing the features of Don Basilio.

'The Governer,' faltered the jailer.

There seemed to be nothing but surprises in store for the jailer that day.

'Here are a hundred pieces of gold,' continued Don Basilio, knowing that cupidity was the jailer's weakness. 'You know my power, credit, my treasures—will you desert me? Separate them.'

Pacheco had little time for deliberation for at the moment the blast of a trumpet echoed above. The viceroy was approaching. Don Basilio hastened rapidly from the dungeon, bidding Pacheco follow.

'Do not forsake us!' cried Beatrice clinging to Pacheco, as he was going; 'do not betray us to that vile assassin!'

Unheeding her entreaty, he cast her rudely off, and hastened up the stairs.—The heavy door clanged to, and she heard the iron bolts shoot into their sockets.—she also was a prisoner.

Had all he exertions ended in this poor result? Had she but discovered her husband to share his captivity.

Sick, heart oppressed and hopeless, she stole back to her husband, and lay down to die by his side. But the long suffering captive had forgotten his sorrows in her dear presence. He raised her caressingly in his arms, forgetful of all else.

Beatrice had her reward.

The bolts grated, and the heavy door swung open.

'Hark!' whispered Beatrice, clinging impulsively to the form once so powerful, but now so fearfully wasted: 'these are our last moments.'

'There is no hope left,' returned San Lazar, with fortitude, 'but in suffering death, my consolation will be to die in your arms.'

There was the gleam of so many torches descending the stairs that even this gloomy dungeon became quite light.

Foremost among the group that entered the dungeon—for there was a number of persons—was a man of noble presence richly attired. He was closely attended by Don Basilio and Pacheco.

'There they are, my lord,' exclaimed Pacheco; 'save them.'

'Whom do I see?' cried San Lazar, in amazement; 'Don Ferdinand?'

'Even so' 'I came to break your chains and end your misfortunes,' answered the good Duke of Medina Sidonia, Viceroy of Seville.

As Beatrice undid the chains, and raised her husband to his feet, free once again who can doubt that a proud heart swelled within her bosom?

And now a strange and fearful retribution was enacted. By order of the Viceroy, Don Balilio was chained to the very spot from whence San Lazar had just been removed.

San Lazar returned to Seville, and was reinstalled in all his former offices of trust; and he and Beatrice forgot their past sorrows in their present happiness.

## The President's Message.

[Concluded.]

THE CENTENNIAL.

The board on behalf of the United States executive departments at the international exhibition of 1876 has concluded its labors. The final report of the board was transmitted to Congress by the President near the close of the last session. As these papers are understood to contain interesting and valuable information, and will constitute the only report emanating from the government on the subject of the exhibition, I invite attention to the matter and recommend that the report be published for general information.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

Congress is empowered by the constitution with the authority of exclusive legislation over the District of Columbia, in which the seat of government of the nation is located. The interests of the District having no direct representation in Congress are entitled to especial consideration and care at the hands of the general government.

The capital of the United States belongs to the nation, and it is natural that the American people should take pride in the seat of their national government, and desire it to be an ornament to the country. Much has been done to render it healthful, convenient and attractive, but much remains to be done which its permanent inhabitants are not able and ought not to be expected to do. To impose upon them a large proportion of the cost required for public improvements which are in a great measure planned and executed for the convenience of the government and of the many thousands of visitors from all parts of the country who temporarily reside at the capital of the nation, is an evident injustice.

Special attention is asked by the commissioners of the District in their report, which is herewith transmitted, to the importance of a permanent adjustment by Congress of the financial relations between the United States and the District, involving the regular annual contribution by the United States of its just proportion of the expenses of the District government and of the outlay for all needed public improvements, and such measure of relief from the burden of taxation now resting upon the people of the District as in the wisdom of Congress may be deemed just.

The report of the commissioners shows that the affairs of the District are in a condition as satisfactory as could be expected in view of the heavy burden of debt resting upon it and its very limited means for necessary expenses. The debt of the District is as follows: Old funded debt $8,379,691 93; 3.65 bonds guaranteed by the United States, $13,743,250; total bonded debt $22,122,941 46; to which should be added certain outstanding claims as explained in the report of the commissioners, $1,187,204 52, making the total debt of the District $23,310,146 48.

The commissioners also ask attention to the importance of the improvement of the Potomac river and the reclamation of the marshes bordering the city of Washington, and their views upon this subject are concurred in by the members of the board of health, whose report is also herewith transmitted. Both the commercial and sanitary interests of the District will be greatly promoted, I doubt not, by this improvement. Your attention is invited to the suggestion of the commissioners and of the board of health for the organization of a board of charities to have supervision and control of the disbursement of all moneys for charitable purposes from the District treasury.

I desire also to ask your esrecial attention to the need of adding to the efficiency of the public schools of the District by supplemental aid from the national treasury. This is especially just since so large a number of those attending these schools are children of employes of the government.

I earnestly commend to your care the interests of the people of the District, who are so intimately associated with the government establishments, and to whose enterprise the good order and attractiveness of the capital are largely due, and I ask your attention to the request of the commissioners for legislation in behalf of the interests intrusted to their care. The appropriations asked for the care of the reservations belonging to the government within the city by the commissioner of public buildings and grounds, are also commended to your favorable consideration.

WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

The report of the joint commission created by the act approved August 2, 1876, entitled "An act providing for the completion of the Washington monument," is also herewith transmitted, with accompanying documents. The board of engineer officers detailed to examine the monument in compliance with the second section of the act have reported that the foundation is insufficient. No authority exists for making the expenditure necessary to secure its stability. I therefore recommend that the commission be authorized to expend such portion of the sum appropriated by the act as may be necessary for the purpose.

The present unfinished condition of the monument, begun so long ago, is a reproach to the nation. It cannot be doubted that the patriotic sense of the country will warmly respond to such prompt provision as may be made for its completion at an early day, and I urge upon Congress the propriety and necessity of immediate legislation for this purpose.

EDUCATION.

The wisdom of legislation upon the part of Congress in aid of the States for the education of the whole people in those branches of study which are taught in the common schools of the country is no longer a question. The intelligent judgment of the country goes still further, regarding it also both constitutional and expedient for the general government to extend technical and higher education such aid as is deemed essential to the general welfare and to our due prominence among the enlightened and cultivated nations of the world.

The ultimate settlement of all questions of the future, whether of administration or finance, or of true nationality of sentiment, depends upon the virtue and intelligence of the people. It is vain to hope for the success of a free government without the means of insuring the intelligence of those who are the source of power. No less than one-seventh of the entire voting population of our country are yet unable to read and write. It is encouraging to observe in connection with the growth of fraternal feeling in those States in which slavery formerly existed evidences of increasing interest in universal education, and I shall be glad to give my approval to any appropriate measures which may be enacted by Congress for the purpose of supplementing with national aid and the local systems of education in those States, and in all the States; and having already invited your attention to the needs of the District of Columbia with respect to its public school system, I here add that I believe it desirable, not so much with reference to the local wants of the District, but to the great and lasting benefit of the entire country, that this system should be crowned with a university in all respects in keeping with the national capital, and thereby realize the cherished hopes of Washington on this subject.

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION.

I also earnestly commend the request of the regents of the Smithsonian Institution that an adequate appropriation be made for the establishment and conduct of a national museum under their supervision. The question of providing for the preservation and growth of the library of Congress is also one of national importance. As the depository of all copyright publications and records this library has outgrown the provisions for its accommodation, and the erection on such site as the judgment of Congress may approve of a fireproof library building, to preserve the treasures and enlarge the usefulness of this valuable collection, is recommended. I recommend also such legislation as will render available and efficient for the purpose of instruction, so far as is consistent with the public service, the cabinets or museums of invention, of surgery, of education and of agriculture, and other collections, the property of the national government.

The capital of the nation should be something more than a mere political centre. We should avail ourselves of all the opportunities which Providence has here placed at our command to promote the general intelligence of the people, and increase the conditions most favorable to the success and perpetuity of our institutions.

R. B. HAYES.

December 3, 1877.

## CLEOPATRA'S COSTUME.

A BRIEF BUT DECISIVE CONVERSATION WITH ROSE EYTINGE ON THE SUBJECT OF PICOU'S PAINTING.

The following interview is from the N. Y. Herald:

A pointed crown of gold glittered on a work table in a private parlor of the Coleman House into which a reporter was ushered on sending up his card to Rose Eytinge. It served to recall the purpose of his visit, which had grown somewhat dim and indistinct under the greeting glance of the new Cleopatra's flashing dark eyes:

"Good evening, madam," said the reporter, about to seat himself—he is somewhat short-sighted—on some needle-work—Cleopatra's needlework, which the lady had evidently laid aside when she arose to receive her visitor.

"Good even—not there, please. Take this seat," said the hostess, with one majestic sweep of the arm removing the reporter from his insecure position, half standing, half sitting, and with the other catching up the menaced danger, which had an eye, softly bright, and was threaded.

There was a pause—composure on the part of the lady, a light perspiration and speechless gratitude as concerned the reporter.

"Can I serve you in any way?" queried Cleopatra, calmly.

The reporter was about to remark that if a life of gratitude for what she had already averted, if devotion undying, deep—but the pointed crown at once recalled him.

"I read in a paper," he remarked, "that when the dressmaker intrusted with making your costumes for Cleopatra went to see Picou's painting, to which she was referred for suggestions, she came away saying that the whole matter might be more properly referred to a jeweler. I have been sent to ask—"

It might have been fancy, but the reporter thought at this moment the lady's face was convulsed with laughter. He paused.

"Pray continue," said Cleopatra; "you have been sent to ask—?"

"Why."

"Why?"

"Why; yes, m'm."

"I infer," said the actress, "that you are not familiar with Picou's painting of Cleopatra."

The reporter confessed his ignorance, and a creepy, uncomfortable feeling came over him as the thought entered his mind that perhaps he had trodden on dangerous ground.

"What—is—the costume?" he managed to say. "Why should a jeweler have been mentioned in connection with the matter? Of—what—does—it—consist?" he blurted out, getting warm.

Cleopatra rose to her full hight and the word came from her lips with unmistakable clearness:

"A necklace."

The reporter blushingly withdrew.

☞ "Mary Ann," said Mrs. Green, as she leaned over the washtub, "I'm tould ye've been boyin' a boy's hat wud a red ribband and a cock's feather fer ninst it. Purty soon ye'll be wantin' to go to ther picnic ter dance der tra-la-la wud young Mc-Dermott, thwat wears his red hair ironed down over his left eye, and his pants lookin' like a skin around a baloonus passenger. Yer gittin' ter be a fine lassie, Mary Ann! If I ketch yer wud a boy's hat on, comin' home fourteen or fifteen o'clock in ther mornin,' I'll make it hard fer yer ter sit down widout scrunchin' up your mout."

And Mrs. Green, having thus delivered herself, went down into the tub for a fresh stocking, while Mary Ann winked at Purdy's boy and said:

"Oh, that's all right, I don't guess"

☞ A cynical man insists that the fewer relations or friends we have the happier we are. In you, poverty they never help you, and in your prosperity they always help themselves.

## PRIVATE BURIALS.

Some months ago we called attention to some of the absurdities and incongruities of modern funeral customs.

Mere acquaintances, whose only desire is to pay suitable respect to the memory of the dead, are formally invited to be spectators of that grief with which a stranger may not intermeddle. The most solemn and awful of earthly scenes is made the occasion for idle pomp and display. It is natural that we should wish to honor the memory of the dead. But surely this can be done without invading the sanctity of the love of wife and husband, and children and parents. The expensiveness of modern funerals, which is such an oppressive burden to the widow and orphan, consists chiefly in conveying those who have no right to be present, to the spot where the relatives should surely be alone with their dead, as they commit them to their last resting place. A subscriber of the *Presbyterian Journal* has seen a funeral in accordance with the views presented by us, which he describes as follows:

I attended a funeral, the arrangements of which were so beautiful and satisfactory that I immediately gave verbal and written directions to my children to adopt the same plan for my burial.

The invitation ran thus:

DIED—On the ——, ——, M. M., oldest daughter of —— ——. The funeral services will be held at her late residence, ——, ——, on —— ——, at 11 o'clock, A. M. Interment private, at 4 P. M., the same day.

The friends of the family assembled at 11 o'clock promptly. No hearse at the door, or long array of carriages, no body ushers, no long scarfed pall bearers.

The friends took a last look at the sweet young face, then seated themselves for the services, which were conducted by the pastor in the usual manner.

After the benediction, the friends dispersed, and the immediate family were left in perfect privacy to take the farewell kiss and close the coffin lid on the precious dead.

At 4 P. M. a hearse and two carriages came to the house and conveyed to the cemetery the coffin, the family, and the pastor.

All the painful accompaniments of our modern funerals were avoided in this arrangement.

There was another noticeable feature in this modern funeral. The casket was not made into a flower bed. A few fragrant buds and leaves were placed in the closed hands and at the feet.—*Christian Observer.*

## DIFFIDENCE OF GREAT MEN.

It may comfort some of our readers, troubled with an excess of modesty, to know that great men have been diffident in company, and have broken down in attempting to speak.

The eloquent Robert Hall made an utter failure the first time he attempted to preach.

The great Pitt was exceedingly shy in his private intercourse with men. Lord Camden was on terms of the greatest intimacy with him, and one day remarked, as Pitt was at his house:

"My children have heard so much about you that they are very anxious to have a glimpse of the great man. They are now at dinner. Will you oblige me by going in with me a moment?"

"Oh, pray don't," said the orator, in great alarm. "What on earth would I say to them?"

"Give them at least the pleasure of seeing you," said his lordship, laughing, as he half led, half pushed him into the room.

The prime minister of England approached the little group. And there he stood, looking alternately at the father and the children, and twirling his hat for a few minutes without being able to utter a sentence.

Very different was the habit of Fox.

"What a man Fox is," said Walpole.

"After his long and exhaustive speech on Hastings' trial he was seen handing ladies into their coaches with all the gayety and prattle of an idle gallant."

When Daniel Webster was a school-boy, he tells us, "many a piece did I commit to memory and rehearse it over and over again in my room; but when the day came, when the school collected, when my name was called, and I saw all eyes turned upon my seat, I could not raise myself from it.

Cowper's friends procured him a place as clerk in the House of Lords, where his duties only required him to stand up and read parliamentary notices and documents. The thought of standing up before such an audience was so terrible to him that as the time drew on he was in an agony of apprehension, and tried to hang himself.

☞ The careless cuss rushes through the darkness towards the door and stubbeth his cigar against the pane thereof; whereas the prudent man cautiously pawseth on each side of the open door and knocketh his sore teeth into the bottomless pit of his stomach by coming into sudden contact with the door edge.—*Worcester Press.*

## HOUSEWIFERY.

### POETRY OF THE KITCHEN.

Always have lobster sauce with salmon,
And put mint sauce your roasted lamb on.

Veal cutlet dip in egg and bread crumb,
Fry till you see a brownish red come.

Grate Gruyere chase on macaroni;
Make the toper crisp, but not too bony.

In venison gravy, currant jelly,
Mix with old port—see Francateli.

In dressing salad mind this law,
With two hard yolks use one that's raw.

Roast veal with rich stock gravy serve;
And pickeled mushrooms, too, observe.

Roast pork, SANS apple sauce, past doubt,
Is Hamlet with the Prince left out.

Your mutton chops with paper cover,
And make them ample brown all over.

Boil lightly your beefsteake—to fry it.
Argues contempt of Christian diet.

Buy stall-fed pigeons; when you've got them,
The way to cook them is to pot them.

To roast spring chickens is to spoil 'em—
Just split them down the back and broil 'em.

It gives true epicures the vapors
To see broiled mutton minus capers.

Boiled turkey, gourmands know, of course,
Is exquisite with celery sauce.

The cook deserves a hearty cuffing,
Who serves roast fowls with tasteless stuffing.

Smelts require egg and biscuit powder—
Don't put fat pork in your clam chowder.

Egg sauce—few make it right, alas!
Is good with bluefish or with bass.

Nice oyster sauce gives zest to cod—
A fish, when fresh, to feast a god.

Shad, stuffed and baked, is most delicious;
'Twould have electified Apicious.

Roasted in pasre, a haunch of mutton
Might make asceties play the glutton.

But one might rhyme for weeks this way,
And still of lots of things to say.

And so I'll close, for, reader, mine,
This is about the hour I dine.

TO POLISH NICKEL PLATE.—Scour with pulverized borax; use hot water and very little soap: rinse in hot water and rub dry with a clean cloth.

VEAL BROTH.—Stew a small knuckle in about three quarts of water, two ounces of rice, a little salt, and a blade of mace, till the liquor is half wasted away.

OMELETTE A LA CREPPE.—Put into a basin eight tablespoonfuls of flour; beat six eggs into it, with as much milk as will make it into a batter, with a pinch of salt. Bake till brown.

GERMAN TOAST.—To one egg, beaten well, add one cup of sweet milk or cream season with a little salt and pepper. Cut in slices and fry in butter on a griddle. This is a nice dish for breakfast.

LEMON PUDDING.—Half a pound of bread crumbs, six ounces of suet, six ounces of sugar, the rind of a lemod chopped fine, and the juice. Mix with two eggs, and boil two hours in a buttered mold. Serve with or without wine sauce.

CORN BREAD.—One quart of wheat flour, one coffeecupful of yellow meal, one pint of milk, four eggs, three tablespoonfuls of melted butter, two teaspoonsful of soda or yeast powder, one small teacupful of sugar.

CRUSHED WHEAT.—Place eight ounces of crushed wheat to steep over night; in the morning place over the fire in the same water it was steeped in, with one pint of milk; or, if preferred, one pint of water, and one half teaspoonful of salt; boil one and one half hours.

FRENCH CAKE.—Two cupsful sugar, half a cupful butter, three eggs, one cupful milk, one teaspoonful soda two of cream of tartar; take one half of the batter mix two ounces of grated chocolate with it, and flavor to taste; then bake it so you can alternate layers, like jelly cake, of the chocolate and white with cocoanut icing between. Cocoanut icing—One and one half cupsful white sugar, one teaspoonful of corn starch, mixed with a little water, the whites of two eggs, without beating, eight tablespoonsful of grated cocoanut; boil in a vessel over water, and cool before using.

SPONGE CAKE.—Take the weight of ten eggs in the fine white sugar, and the weight of seven eggs in sifted flour; beat briskly together for fifteen minutes the sugar and the yolks of twelve eggs; then into this stir the grated peel and juice of one lemon, the whites of the twelve eggs beaten to a very stiff froth, and lastly the flour. Stir in these ingredients quickly, and bake immediately in a brisk oven.—The proportions here given will make three loaves, and if skillfully compounded, will result in a superior sponge cake.

GOWNS brown and bronze green are leading colors.

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