

Recipes.

Biscuit Glaces.—Cook one pound of sugar and a pint of water together for five minutes, then add a tablespoonful of vanilla sugar and the well-beaten yolks of six eggs, whisk over the fire for a moment and strain in an earthen or china bowl. Beat until stiff and cold, then, if you use it, add four tablespoonfuls of brandy. Whip one pint of cream, stir it into the mixture, then fill it into paper cases or small biscuit molds. If in molds, pack in rough ice and salt and freeze for about one and a half or two hours. If in paper cases, place them in a freezing cave for two and a half or three hours.

French Cake.—Three eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately, two cups of sugar, three of flour, one of sweet milk, one half cup of butter, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar and one of soda. Flavor with lemon, nutmeg or vanilla, cream the butter and sugar, then add yolks of eggs, then the milk and flour, with the soda and cream of tartar sifted into the latter dry. Add the whites of eggs last.

Crab Sandwich.—Put half a pound of boiled crab meat into a marble mortar and pound to a smooth paste with the juice of a half lemon. Season with pepper, salt and a little grated nutmeg. Mix this paste well with six ounces of best butter; cut your bread in thin slices, cut off the crust and spread the crab paste.

Shrimp sandwiches will be relished for lunch. Melt one ounce of butter in a sautépan, and add to it a cupful of shrimps and half a teaspoonful of finely minced parsley, seasoning with a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce and a little cayenne pepper. Let the mixture heat for five minutes, stirring constantly, spread the sandwiches with the mixture or serve on toast.

The Winds of Fate.

"It would be delightful to set my heart upon things as do most girls of my age; to thoroughly enjoy them when I obtain them, and to cry about them when I do not."

"I wish you could be persuaded to set your heart upon me," he said. "Because—because I love you!"

"I do not believe you care for me at all," she answered, in her indifferent voice. "And yet," more thoughtfully, "it may be you do, for you are the only man who has discovered that I have no heart."

"I do, indeed," he persisted, "while you give me scarcely a thought."

She regarded him for a moment with her cool, speculative gaze. He was blushing hotly.

"Jack," she announced, "I like you. I find you most companionable. But love you—no, I do not."

"Could you not marry me, Lenore? Is



TWO WEEKS IN THE FOREST, OR
EVOLUTION DOWNWARDS.

there any other man whom you could marry?"

"There is no other man on earth with whom I wish to wed; and I do not think I could accept even you."

"I was afraid there might be some one else," he said more hopefully.

"Have you ever observed upon my part a tendency to hang about the neck of any of my acquaintances?"

"No," he answered. "But, though it might be a bore to have a wife who expected a constant rain of pet names and kisses whatever might be the weather, I would give the world to be sure you love me as fervently as I love you." His voice broke a little, and Lenore watched him in deep surprise. "I may seem a conceited fool to say it, but I cannot help feeling I could compel your love. Lenore, if I take the risk, will you marry me?"

"If you will take the risk, Jack, I'll marry you."—Beebe Crocker, in *January California*.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

"Is she not a myth?" Did the incident ever occur? These two queries have been asked thousands of times concerning a woman patriot of the nineteenth century, who lived and died without knowing that she had become famous, and yet whose name, embalmed in the hearts of her kind, red, as well as in the immortal amber of Whittier's verse, will ever be hallowed.

The following extract from a letter written to the author of this article by John G. Whittier will, undoubtedly, set at rest all speculations—so far as the poet is concerned—in regard to the origin of his matchless poem:

Oak Knoll, Danvers (Mass.)
10 Mo., 19, '80.

My Dear Friend:—I had a portrait of the good Lady Barbara, from the saintly hand of Dorothea Dix, whose life is spent in works of love and duty, and a cane made of wood from Barbara's cottage, sent me by Dr. Steiner of the Maryland Senate.

Whether she did all that my poem ascribed to her or not, she was a brave and true woman.

I followed the account given me in a private letter and in the papers of the time. I am very truly thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Barbara Hauer was born in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, Dec. 3, 1766, and every drop of ancestral blood in her baby body, had been inherited from the founders and preservers of the then youthful Union.

In childhood, she removed to the antebellum and beautiful, mountain-girdled town of Frederick, Maryland, where she lived and died. When forty years old, May 6, 1806, she wedded John Casper Frietchie, and having no children of her own, devoted herself to the training of numerous nieces and nephews; for next to her instinct of love of country in her broad and intensely loyal nature, was that of maternity and love of domestic life. Frederick, situated midway between Baltimore and Washington, D. C., was then and is still, essentially a city of homes. Around it cluster more associations with our colonial life as a nation than about any other town in the old State of Maryland, except Annapolis, its capital.—Nellie Blessing Eyster, in *January California*.

UNDESIRABLE.

They met beneath the mistletoe,
And yet no kiss was taken then.
The reason you would like to know?
It was because they both were men!
—Judge.

"Swiggs is awfully out of luck, isn't he?"

Guzzler—I should say so. Why he isn't able to pay for the cloves on his breath.

This is the time of the year when any one who will furnish the buckwheat can take the cake.

Reporter—Describe your costume please.
Mrs. Raptovinski—Diamond ear-rings, pearl necklace, diamond tiara, diamond and turquoise rings, and—oh, yes, yellow satin dress trimmed mit lace.

"Have you noticed the great predilection Snodgrass has for gems?" asked Knowles.

"Not particularly. Has he?" responded Bowles.

"Well he has a carbuncle on his neck, and his face has a constant sardonyx grin."

"And, being a king of topaz, he has quite a ruby nose," further said Bowles.

In the dining car—is the fare pretty good on this road?

Passenger—I don't know. I always travel on a pass.

A poker player is perfectly willing to be reduced to straits.

One half of the world doesn't let his better half know how he lives.