

12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th same, which finishes the border.

*Cape.*—Chain of sixty four.

1. Plain.
2. Fourth stitch put in three, then every fourth, three all across.
3. Widen in fourth stitch, two plain, skip one, two plain, widen, etc.
4. Two plain, skip two.
5. Take up every one.
6. Three plain, skip two. Like that until 11th.
11. Take up every one.
12. Four plain, skip two, to the 16th.
17. Five plain, skip two.
- 18th, 19th, 20th and 21st, same as 17th.

#### Answers to Inquirers.

S. W.—To preserve citron—Take two fresh lemons to a pound of citron; let the sugar be equal in weight to the lemon and citron; take out the pulp of the citron and cut it in thin slices and boil in clean water till tender, take it out and boil the lemon in the water about twenty minutes; take out the lemon, add the sugar, and, if necessary, a little more water, let it boil; when clear add the citron and let it boil a few minutes. The citron may be steamed until tender instead of boiled, if preferred.

Mrs. H. M.—You can make a very pretty cover for your small table, of olive felt with a border of outline embroidery in gold silk, and then pink the edge.

KATIE F.—It would be advisable for you to learn to cut out, make and mend children's clothes, as it is to your advantage to make yourself indispensable.

T. O.—1. The expression, "yours truly," has become too business-like and common for use by well-bred people in intimate correspondence.

PERPLEXED ONE.—1. Tricot-stitch in crochet is worked as follows: Use a long crochet-hook, make a foundation chain of the number of stitches required; put the hook through one stitch on the chain, and make a stitch which you must retain on the hook, and continue to work until all the stitches be on the hook. 1st Row—Place wool over hook, and draw it through two loops; wool over, and draw through two loops, and so on to the end of the row. 2nd Row—A number of long, upright loops are now visible; put the hook through the first of these and make a stitch; leave on the hook and repeat; work the two rows alternately. 2. The duties of the *best man* at a wedding consist in waiting upon the bridegroom, and so to leave him free to concentrate his whole thoughts upon his bride. He pays fees, sees that the carriages are all in readiness going and returning from church, takes the first bridesmaid down to breakfast, and afterwards, if healths be drunk, he returns thanks for the bridesmaids. Thanks for your kind letter.

#### Recipes.

AUNT BETSY'S APPLE TART.—Peel and core some apples, cut them into slices, cut one small quince into slices, and stew it until tender in a very little water, with a small lump of butter added. Line some round tins with puff paste rolled very thin, then put into it a layer of apples and then of the quince, with a layer of apples on top; sprinkle sugar enough over each

layer to sweeten it, put a band of puff paste around the edge and a thin cover over the top; wet this over with the white of an egg, and bake it in a moderate oven. Just before it is eaten it should have powdered sugar sprinkled over it.

BEEF FRITTERS.—Beef fritters are nice for breakfast. Chop pieces of steak or cold roast beef very fine. Make a batter of flour, milk and an egg, and mix the meat with it. Put a lump of butter into a saucepan, let it melt, then drop the batter into it from a large spoon. Fry until brown; season with pepper and salt and a little parsley.

BREAD-CRUMB OMELET.—One pint of bread crumbs, a large spoonful of parsley, rubbed very fine, half a tiny onion chopped fine. Beat two eggs light, add a teaspoonful of milk, a trace of nutmeg, and pepper and salt liberally; also a lump of butter the size of a small egg. Mix all together and bake in a slow oven, on a buttered pie-plate; when light brown, turn it out of the plate and serve at once.

BROILED HAM.—Slice the meat from the ham raw, as thin as you can, then put it into a pan of cold water; set it on the stove in a stew-pan, and let come to a boil; then have your griddle hot, and broil the meat with a little butter dropped into the pan and a sprinkle of black pepper.

#### JELLIED OYSTERS.

Take one shin of beef chop in three and place in a large stock pot; cover with cold water; boil for six or seven hours; keep the water replenished for three hours, then let it reduce until boiled down to about four quarts; strain through a collander and set away until next morning; carefully strip all the fat off; place in a clean pot and set over the fire; add two ounces of salt, half an ounce of mace, and six whole cloves or a pinch of ground ones; let boil for half an hour; then stir in the well whipped whites of four eggs; boil up and strain through a jelly-bag into a clean basin. Prepare four quarts of oysters as follows: Beard them and pick them free from all pieces of shell; drain for half an hour; put the liquor from them in a clean kettle; add the oysters and let them become hot, but not shrivelled; turn into a collander, drain quite dry and then add them to your clarified stock; stir gently and fill large moulds; turn from the moulds when required, without dipping in hot water. Decorate with celery shredded in fine strips, or parsley.

#### ORANGE CUSTARD.

Peel and scrape free from pith half a dozen oranges; slice thin and take out the seeds; place them in a high glass triple dish; pour over a rich custard and pile whip cream high on the top; flavor with anything you prefer.

BEATRICE.

#### The New Year.

BY H. M. BURNSIDE.

Speak softly, the old friend is passing away,  
Who led us up the steep winding slope,  
And cheered us through many a cloudy, dim day,

By pointing us on to the beacon of hope.  
Tread gently, speak softly, the old friend departs.

He speeded away to the home of the years,  
And what through the record he leave on our hearts.

Be bright with our laughter, or dark with our tears?

We can make of each sorrow or joy of the past,  
A step that will help us to Heaven at last.

#### Outwitted.

The following anecdote, told by the Scottish American, illustrates the fact that the man who is asked to do an unusual thing will expect much more pay than for doing a usual thing that costs him several times the trouble. Some years ago, before the sale of game was legalized, and a present of it was thought worth the expense of carriage, an Englishman rented a moor within twenty miles of Inverness. Wishing to send a ten-brace box of grouse to his friends in the South, he directed a servant to call upon Donald Fraser (who owned a horse and cart, and made a livelihood by driving peat into the town), and ask him what he would charge for taking the box to Inverness.

Donald would not take it under eight shillings. The demand was thought so unreasonable that the gentleman complained to a Scotchman, who was shooting with him.

The Scotchman replied that he (the Englishman) did not understand how to bargain with the natives, and that one of them approached in the right way would do the job for much less. Calling Donald, he held the following conversation:

"Guid-mornin' Donald! What's the price o' peats the noo?"

"Just aughteenpence the load, sir."

"Very weel, ye can tak a load into my hoose in Inverness the first thing the morn's mornin'."

"I'll dae that, an' thank ye, sir."

The Scotchman then walked on about twenty yards, when he suddenly turned round and said:—

"By-the-by, I hae a box tae send; ye can juist pit it on the tap o' the peats."

"I'll dae that, sir. It'll no mak' muckle difference."

In this way the Scotchman got a good load of peats, and the Englishman got his box of game sent for nothing.

One always sees more or less of human nature exhibited in traveling. It amuses me to watch my fellow sufferers on a railroad journey, and judge of their characters by the external evidence they give. Recently I witnessed a parting and a meeting of married pairs, so diverse in nature as to be quite noticeable. At one station a man and wife—you can always pick out the married folk, as sailors say, "by the cut of their jib"—got on board. The man entered the car first, carrying a large and well-filled market basket, which he was about to deposit in a vacant seat, when his wife pointed to another and sharply said: "Put it thar!" He "put it thar," she seated herself, and he marched out of the car. Not a word of good-bye was uttered, not a gesture of farewell, not a look, even, as they parted. I watched the man unhitch a spavined Rosinante, climb into a dilapidated "one-horse shay," and drive off, but his wife never vouchsafed him a glance. I had noticed a young woman with her baby, who sat near me, because of her patience in tending the little fellow and supplying the wants of a solemn-eyed, black-browed three-year-old boy. At the first stop within the city limits a laboring man entered the car, looking its length in expectancy. The little woman half rose, he made two steps of half the length of the car, and she was caught in a pair of strong arms and given a kiss that fairly shook the ventilators open, while the bald-headed baby placidly endeavored to swallow its foot. Everybody smiled, not in scorn or derision, but in genuine sympathy and pleasure at the evident delight of these two meeting again. "'Tis love that makes the world go round." I pictured for the first pair a dull, dreary home, never brightened by tender words or loving thought of each other, where sordid cares absorbed life's beauty, living, God only knows for what end. For the other an humble home, where toil was lightened, burdens borne, work done, for love's sweet sake.—["B." in the Household.