

Roasts.

Ordinary roasts of veal (stuffed where the bone is taken out) beef or pork, may be made very attractive by garnishing prettily with bits of parsley or holly. Serve on a hot platter with mashed potatoes or potatoes which have been pared and baked with the roast, all around. If mashed potatoes are used heap them in a neat border, dot with bits of butter and sprinkle with paprika or pepper.

Bread Sauce.

Serve with the chicken or hare. Cook 2 cups milk with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup fine breadcrumbs and 1 onion stuck with 6 cloves, for half an hour in the double boiler. Remove the onion and add 3 tablespoons butter and pepper and salt to season. Now take $\frac{1}{2}$ cup coarse breadcrumbs and brown them in a little butter. Put the sauce in a hot bowl, sprinkle the browned crumbs over the top, and serve.

Baked Parsnips.

Clean parsnips, split them in two and parboil, then drain, rub with butter and bake in the oven until browned. Carrots may be cooked in the same way. If preferred, these vegetables may be boiled, sliced, and covered with a hot cream sauce.

Canned Berry Pudding.

Butter a pudding dish, lay in a layer of bread, cut in thin slices and buttered, then a layer of canned berries of any kind, also a sprinkling of sugar if needed. Continue the layers until the dish is nearly full. Bake about half an hour in a moderate oven. Serve hot, covered with whipped cream or a meringue of beaten egg-whites. With each serving put a little hard sauce made of butter and sugar beaten together.

Fruit Pudding.

Beat the yolks of 4 eggs. Add 1 pint soft breadcrumbs, 1 cup sugar, grated rind of a lemon, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup seeded raisins. Mix all well, then add 1 quart rich milk. Bake in a very moderate oven until firm in the centre. When the pudding has cooled somewhat beat the whites of the 4 eggs dry, then beat in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar and spread or pipe over the top. Dredge with granulated sugar and cook in a very moderate oven about 15 minutes.

Pumpkin Pie Tarts.

Make pumpkin pie pastry and filling as usual, but cook as tarts. Before serving cover each with whipped cream, slightly sweetened, with a grating of nutmeg over the top.

Doughnuts.

Mix a yeast cake and a half through $\frac{1}{4}$ cup lukewarm water, then stir in enough flour to make a dough. Knead the little ball of dough until smooth, then drop it into a bowl of lukewarm water. In a mixing bowl beat 2 eggs light. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup grated maple sugar (or light brown sugar), $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated nutmeg, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup scalded-and-cooled milk, one-third cup melted shortening, and the ball of sponge without any of the water. Mix all, then stir in flour to make a soft dough. Knead until smooth, then set to rise in a buttered bowl. When doubled in bulk, turn on to a lightly floured board and roll into a sheet $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick. Cut in strips nearly an inch wide, and make into rings or "twisters." When again light, fry in deep fat, which must not be too hot, until light brown. Bread flour, not pastry flour, should be used for these doughnuts.

Celery-and-Apple Salad.

Pare, quarter and core choice apples, cut them in small cubes, and squeeze over them the juice of a large lemon to keep them white. A pint of apples will be enough for an ordinary family. Add an equal measure of crisp celery, sliced. Mix all together with enough good salad dressing to moisten. Serve on lettuce or celery tops. Nice with cold tongue or ham for supper.

Cranberry-and-Celery Salad.

Cut large cranberries in bits with a sharp knife and mix with an equal quantity of crisp celery cut in bits. Mix with a dressing made as follows: For 1 pint mix 1 scant half teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon paprika, 4 tablespoons olive oil, 1 or 2 tablespoons vinegar. Mix all well together. Serve on lettuce or celery leaves, or in bright green apples hollowed out to make cups.

Fig Cake.

Take one-third cup butter, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda, 1 slightly rounding teaspoon cream tartar, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour. Mix as usual. Bake in two layers and put together with fig filling. Sift confectioner's sugar over the top, or cover with whipped cream flavored with orange or lemon extract. Decorate with bits of fig which have been cooked in thin syrup of sugar and water.

Devil's Food Cake.

Take $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar, 4 squares chocolate, 4 teaspoons boiling water, 2 tablespoons sugar, 3 beaten eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups flour, 3 level teaspoons baking-powder. Beat the butter to a cream and beat in the $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar. Melt the chocolate, add the boiling water and the extra sugar, and stir and cook to a smooth paste (a little more water may be needed), then beat into the first mixture. Add the eggs, then, alternately, the milk and flour sifted with the baking powder. Bake in one sheet or in layers, putting whipped cream on top and between. This is a very good cake in spite of its name, and may be made to look quite festive by sticking a sprig of holly on top.

Making Holiday Candy at Home.

We hear much these days about saving. Then why not "save" on Christmas candy by making it at home? Try these.

Honey Drops.

Pour two tablespoonfuls of strained honey into a cupful of boiling water and add two cupfuls of sugar and two tablespoonfuls of butter. Boil slowly until syrup dropping from a fork taken out of the hot liquid leaves a fine thread behind it. Pour the boiling syrup over the whites of two eggs that have been beaten to a stiff froth and add a teaspoonful of almond extract. Now beat until it is cold and just as stiff as you can handle and drop in spoonfuls on a buttered pan or a sheet of paraffin paper. A nut-meat pressed into the top of each drop makes the candy even nicer.

Beet Puffs.

Cut one medium-sized beet into thin slices, cover with half a cupful of water and cook until tender. Drain and to the liquid add two cupfuls of sugar. When this has boiled for four minutes add half a cupful of the cooked beet cut into small pieces. Cook to 240 degrees. Remove from the fire and let stand until it ceases to steam. Beat the salted whites of two eggs to a stiff froth and pour the mixture over it, beating thoroughly. Because this mixture is foamy and sets quickly it must be handled rapidly. Take a small portion at a time in a teaspoon, and, with a pecan nut, push the mixture from the spoon on to waxed paper, leaving the nut meat imbedded in the puff.

Maple Pralines.

Break one pound of soft maple sugar in pieces and add three-fourths cupful of milk and one teaspoonful butter. Bring to the boiling point, and let boil until a soft ball may be formed when mixture is tried in cold water. Remove from fire, add two-thirds cupful of English walnut meats cut in small pieces, and beat until creamy. Drop from tip of spoon in piles (working quickly) on a buttered paper or board covered with paraffin paper.

Fig Favorites.

Select the best quality of figs and steam until soft, then make an incision in each lengthwise and stuff with chopped nut meats. Close and place on a buttered pan. Boil together two cupfuls of sugar, one-half cupful of water, and one-fourth teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Boil until it will make a hard ball when dropped into cold water, flavor with a little vanilla, and then pour over the stuffed figs. When nearly cold mark off into squares. Stuffed dates can be used in place of the figs if liked.

Walnut Bonbons.

Place in a saucepan one cupful of granulated sugar, one-half cupful of golden syrup and one-half cupful of water, and a pinch of cream of tartar. Boil until it makes a firm ball when tested in cold water, then add one-half teaspoonful of vanilla and one-half cupful of English walnut meats chopped fine. Pour over the beaten white of one egg, and beat up until light. When it

begins to harden drop on halved English walnuts and press a half nut on the top of each bonbon.

Stuffed Dates.

Wash dates, split open, take out the stones and fill the cavities with nuts. Roll in powdered or granulated sugar.

Sea Foam.

Three cups brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, 1 tablespoon vinegar; boil until threads fly well from fork; then pour the mixture over the well beaten whites of two eggs; flavor, then beat and beat until stiff. Drop from spoon on to buttered platter. Let stand over night before eating—if you can wait.

Butter Scotch.

Two pounds New Orleans sugar, 2 pints water. Boil, adding 2 tablespoons butter. Add lemon juice or any extract liked to flavor. Drop into water to test crispness, and when ready pour into buttered pans.

Candied Popcorn.

Boil good molasses for 25 or 30 minutes. Dip the popped corn into this and press into balls.

Dipped Nuts or Fruit.

Cook together 3 cups granulated sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cream of tartar until it taffies in cold water. Take off the fire and add a few drops of lemon extract or other flavoring. Dip the nuts or fruit rapidly, placing each at once on a greased tin.

Velvet Molasses Candy.

Mix together 3 cups sugar, 1 cup boiling water, 3 tablespoons vinegar, and 1 cup molasses. Place on the stove, and as soon as it begins to boil add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cream of tartar. When mixture becomes brittle when a little of it is tested in cold water, add $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon soda and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup melted butter, mix and pour out on a buttered pan. Take in bits when half cold, and pull as for ordinary molasses candy. This candy may be flavored with 1 teaspoon vanilla, or $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon lemon or raspberry extract.

Any Mother to Any Son.

BY CONSTANCE GREEN.

So, lay him down to rest,
His hard fight won;
Nothing can harm him now,
Earth's course is run.

For when he reached his bourne,
Drew his last breath,
Life claimed him, so that he
Never knew Death.

God stretched His mighty arm
Out of His heaven,
Took this tired child of His,
Raised him up, shrunken;

Plunged him in Lethe's stream,
Purging away
War's bitter memories
In the cool spray.

Stripped off earth's swaddling bands
Setting him free,
So that he might fulfill
His destiny.

How dare I then repine?
Calm and dry eyed
Through my allotted span
Shall I abide.

Till on my waiting ear
Sweetly shall fall,
Piercing Death's blurring mists,
Life's trumpet call.
—London Chronicle.

Smiles.

Missed a Few.—Beatrice—"Is it true that sailors have a girl in every port?" Midshipman Harold—"Well, I'd hardly say that—there were several places we didn't touch on our cruise."—"Judge."

Member of Committee (interviewing lady candidate for training for farm work): "And are you fond of animals—horses and cows?" Candidate: Well, no—not very." Member of Committee: "But I'm afraid that's rather necessary." Candidate (brightly resolute): "Oh, but I should try not to think about them."

A Story of the Star.

It was scarcely daylight as Jonah swiftly made his way along the broad road that led by the Inn. The man was middle-aged, tall and strongly built; he wore a loose, flowing cape and carried a shepherd's staff. The face was singularly attractive. Kindliness looked forth from the dark eyes, and the heavy beard could not conceal the tender, benignant expression of the mouth. At a glance an observer would have said: "This is a man who has lived near to Nature and to God"—which was true. Jonah, closely related to Micah, the prophet, was an Israelite, burdened with his people's woes, who daily—hourly—looked for the coming of the long-promised Messiah. His days were spent caring for his sheep, for he was a shepherd and was now on his way to his flock.

Although the man walked rapidly there was a noticeable anxiety in the quick glances he gave from side to side, which showed that he was looking for what he longed—yet was reluctant—to meet. As he came nearer to the Inn, a stone's throw from the road, there darted forth from the barn near the house a boy of twelve, tall for his age, his dark, handsome face glowing with excitement, his form trembling with expectancy.

"Father!" he cried, flinging to one side his bundle and a wondrously carved shepherd's staff, then throwing his arms about the man's neck. "Oh, father, I thought thou wouldst never come! See, I have been ready for hours"—and he pointed to his bundle—"I have not slept at all; since midnight I have been kneeling by my window, looking at the sky, searching for the Star; why does it not come?" He looked up eagerly into his father's face. Before the question could be answered he again began talking excitedly: "If it appears to-night, out on the hills, we shall quickly see it; there will be nothing to hide it. I shall be watching from the moment the first star glimmers. This is the day to which I have looked forward all my life. Oh, I am so happy!"

Suddenly, realizing his father's silence, the boy drew back. Then Jonah spoke reluctantly, with evident pain: "My son, thou canst not go."

"Not go!" echoed the bewildered boy. "Thou hast promised for years that when I was twelve I should go with thee to the hills to watch the flocks. Am I not twelve, tall and strong? Have I not been faithful to the mistress of the Inn where I have worked? Already the day's labor is done; the cattle are fed, the barn is swept and cleaned. Nay, father, thou canst not mean what thou hast said."

Tears springing to his eyes, close to his breast the shepherd drew the boy. "My Peter, since thy mother went to God when thou wast a little lad of three, have I not cherished thee as the apple of mine eye?" The boy bent his head. "Nothing has come before thee but my God and my duty; tell me thou believest this?" Again the boy bent his head. "Our faithful Miriam has aged and is still weakened from the long sickness, so that I have dreaded to leave her with none but hired help to care for her. That I would have done to let thee go, my child. But at sundown word came that Isaac, who had promised to do thy tasks, was stricken with fever, unto death. All night have I gone from house to house, seeking some one to fill thy place—for it is the tax season and the Inn's work must be done—but no one could I find. What more is left that I can do, my son?" and tenderly he stroked the boy's cheek.

For a moment's space there was silence; then in a stifled voice Peter spoke, as he fell upon his knees:

"Thou art right as always, my father; I cannot go."

With infinite tenderness Jonah laid his hand upon the boy's head: "The God of our fathers bless thee and make thee a shepherd of His flock."

Peter was scarcely conscious of his father's embrace, nor did he hear the low "Would that I could stay and thou couldst go." He stood motionless until Jonah's form was lost in the distance. Mechanically he picked up the bundle he had put together so joyfully. Instinctively he reached for his staff; as he touched it the remembrance of the hours he had taken from sleep and toiled to make it beautiful and worthy of his great journey in some way comforted him. Holding the precious staff close to his breast, on which the slow tears dropped, he climbed the narrow stairs and threw himself upon his bed. Swiftly the days passed, for Peter

worked steadily. Ah, blessed gift! It was meant; it had been coming; and now, from early long day, endless numbers for a

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As he sto down the slowly towa he said pity to-night?"

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As with bate that this ineff angelic beings o majesty. Each an atmosphere so uplifting t seemed to sing whose triumphs trated Peter's l the affrighted s "Behold, we great joy. In born this day a His people."

In voiceless e knees. When s the angels a m