

RECIPES.

Angel Cake—The whites of 11 eggs are first beaten to a stiff froth and 1-2 cupfuls of powdered or fine granulated sugar stirred into it. Add then a teaspoonful of vanilla and one cup of flour into which has been mixed one teaspoonful of cream of tartar. The flour and cream of tartar should be sifted four times and beaten lightly into the other mixture. Bake 40 minutes in an ungreased pan with a tube in the centre. Invert the pan and allow a current of air to pass under the cake as it cools. A turk's head pan, (one with a tube), should always be used.

Tapioca Jelly—Cover one cup of granulated tapioca with a pint of water, soak it over night. Next day drain into a farina boiler, and if the water has been nearly dissolved add another half-pint of boiling water, cook until the tapioca is perfectly clear. Add one-half cup of sugar, then stir in hastily the well-beaten whites of two eggs, drain into a mold and stand it in a cold place to harden. If perfectly made this will turn out keeping the shape of the mold, it must be as delicate as gelatine, not firm and stiff. Put a pint of milk into a double boiler, beat the yolks of two eggs with four tablespoonfuls of sugar, moisten a tablespoonful of corn-starch in a little cold milk, add to the hot milk, cook a moment; add the eggs and sugar, cook another moment; take from the fire, add a tablespoonful of vanilla, and turn out to cool; serve the jelly with this custard poured around it.

Steamed Batter Pudding—Beat two eggs broken without separating, until light. Add one cup of milk, and when thoroughly mixed, two cups of flour, and beat until smooth and light; then add one teaspoonful of melted butter, half a teaspoonful of salt, and beat again. Lastly add one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder, and one-quarter of a pound of candied cherries, cut in half and floured; stir quickly into the pudding and turn into a greased melon dish. Boil or steam continuously for two hours and serve with foamy sauce.

A DREAM.

"Well, it beats Sam Hill to see that Ken-a-sittin on that lump o' coal in that flower pot. I've druv her off eight or ten times, but she allers manages to git back ag'in. By Gosh! Supposin' she should hatch a ton o' coal!"

GOOD.

"What did you think of that photograph of myself I sent you, Maud?" asked Borely.

"It was splendid. It was so like you I yawned every time I looked at it," said Maude.

MARRIAGE BY EXPRESS.

(Ludovic Halevy in the Illustrated Figaro.)

"When your name is Luynes or La Tremoille I can easily understand that there is some satisfaction in becoming the father of a race of Luyneses or La Tremoilles. But upon my word if you are called Chamblard, what possible interest, I should like to know, can a fellow take in the business."

So spoke young Raoul Chamblard, lounging comfortably in his seat of red velvet, on the 26th of March, 1892, in a drawing-room car on the Marseilles express, which had started from Paris at 8.50 a.m. Young Chamblard was talking to his friend, Maurice Revoille, who was returning after a six months' furlough to his regiment in Algiers.

The lieutenant of the Chasseurs d'Afrique answered his friend's question with a non-committing shrug, and Raoul went on:

"All the same, that is my father's fixed idea—there must be Chamblards to follow us! And as the governor has but one son, it devolves on me to be the happy instrument."

"Well, then, be the happy instrument."

"But, my dear fellow, I'm only 24. It is hard lines to have to marry at 24, and it seems to me that I am entitled to a little more amusement—and in fact to a good deal more."

"Well, then, amuse yourself."

"I've certainly done it so far. I have amused myself, and no mistake. But my tastes run to somewhat expensive pleasures. I can't enjoy life without money, and I've come to my last half-penny. Think of that—my last half-penny!"

"Get out! You're as rich as Croesus!"

"That's just where you make a mistake. When I came of age, three years ago, I had what my mother left me. She was not very rich, poor mother—only 600,000 francs! It was pretty well a love-match for the governor. I soon ran through the 600,000 francs—and in common decency could I spend less than that, with such a father as I have? The governor is tremendously rich."

"So everybody says."

"And they say right. He has 12,000,000, well tied up, that nothing can touch, and his bank brings him in, one year with another, 300,000 or 400,000 francs, in addition to the interest on the 12,000,000. You couldn't name a sounder house than the Chamblard's—steady going, honest and more than respectable. The governor doesn't do me justice, but upon my soul I can be just to him. The governor has only one vice. Every day at his club, from 5 to 7, he plays piquet for 10-sou points. He keeps an account of his games as scrupulously as he does everything else, and the

other day he was telling me that his piquet had brought him in a clear £200 in the past twelve months. He has a stall at the opera—only for the music, not the ballet—and never sets foot behind the scenes. Anyhow, my father is what you may call a model of all the virtues, and he is never tired of putting something by for me. But to speak frankly, I confess he is just now putting by a little too much. He has cut off the supplies. If I won't marry he won't give me any money—he has said it in so many words. That is his programme, and he has picked out a wife for me, three wives in fact."

"Three wives!"

"That's so. He came to my room one morn'g and said: 'We must come to the point. Here, look at this list!' He had set down the names, the families, the dowries—it was drawn up in descending order of the dowries. I had to give in—I agreed to an interview with Number One. They managed it in the Champs-Élysées, at the Salon there. Ugh! Number One was dried up, stale, bony, pimple-faced!"

"Then why did your father—?"

"Why? Because she was a daughter—only daughter—to a Roubaix manufacturer in a large way of business. It was magnificent! We were to start with 100,000 francs a year on each side, and eventually, if the thing answered their expectations, there was to be a shower of millions. The governor was in ecstasies over the idea that all his millions in Paris would one day grow into an enormous pile with all those millions from Roubaix. You may be sure the millions would not frighten me, if only they could accompany a lovely, a very lovely wife, with good style—any amount of style. And that is my programme, don't you know. I must be able to take my wife to the front boxes at the theatre without having to blush for her before the attendants."

"What! before the attendants?"

"Why, certainly. I am known. I have a reputation to lose. Those box openers, my dear boy, are always the same, and you bet that they know me! For five or six years they have seen me coming with the best known and the best dressed people in Paris. So, don't you see, I could never have dared to show up before them with that Roubaix stick. I tried to make the governor see that, as decidedly as I could; but there is no arguing with him. There are some things he doesn't understand and can't understand. I don't blame him for that—he belongs to another generation and I belong to the present one. So I put my foot down and declared I would never marry Number One. Mind you, I spoke to the governor in the most sensible manner. I said to him: 'You want me to have a home of my own—an interior as he put it—but when I have furnished this home with a scarecrow to frighten the sparrows