

allspice, and a quarter of an ounce of powdered cloves. Boil these together, so as to compound the species with the juice of the berries and to preserve it; while hot add a pint of the best French brandy. Sweeten with loaf sugar to the taste. Three pounds will probably be right for this quantity. Bottle it, and exclude the air. Excellent in case of summer complaint; give to an adult a teaspoonful at intervals of three or four hours, if necessary. To a child give a teaspoonful three times a day, or oftener if desirable.

**FIG CAKE.**— $\frac{1}{2}$  cups of pulverized sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup butter,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of water,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup corn-starch,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cups flour, whites of 6 eggs, 2 teaspoons vanilla, 2 of yeast powder; beat the sugar and butter to a cream, add vanilla and water, then corn starch, flour and beaten whites of eggs; bake in jelly pans, three in a moderate oven. Filling—whites of 3 eggs, 3 small cups pulverized sugar; put the sugar in a stew-pan and moisten with  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of water, boil until a thick syrup; do not stir while boiling. Pour the boiling sugar slowly into the beaten whites of eggs, beating all the time, and beat until perfectly light, then take out enough to ice the top of the cake, and stir into the rest one pound of figs cut in small pieces: this will form a stiff paste: spread the cake as if with jelly, then ice the whole cake. Flavoring the icing with vanilla, instead of figs: raisins or sliced citron may be used.

**WATER GEMS.**—Two cups entire wheat flour, two cups cold water, two eggs. Bake in hot gem-pan. These are excellent for those people with whom milk disagrees.

**CRUSTY GEMS.**—One cup milk, one cup entire wheat flour or Graham. Bake in a dozen gems, and they will be very sweet and nutty, though small and mostly crust.

**BUNS WITHOUT YEAST.**—Four cups flour, one large tablespoonful butter, two thirds cup of sugar, two teaspoonfuls extract of lemon, two heaping teaspoonfuls cream of tartar, and one rounding one of soda; or, if baking powder be used, three heaping spoonfuls; one large cup rich milk or sweet cream, a handful of currants. Roll one inch in thickness, cut out with biscuit-cutter, and bake twenty minutes in quick oven.

**CREAM JUMBLES.**—One cup of sweet cream, one teaspoonful lemon extract, one tablespoonful currants, one teaspoonful cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful soda, flour to roll out rather thick. Eaten while fresh, they are delicious.

**CORNER BEEF.**—Cut boiled corned beef, when cold, in rather thin slices, and place in spider with one cup boiling water and a piece of butter the size of an English walnut. Boil two or three minutes, keeping the spider covered so the meat shall steam through; then remove to a hot platter, and thicken the water with a little flour; pour over the meat.

**TO PRESERVE NATURAL FLOWERS.**—To preserve natural flowers so that they will look natural, either single or in bouquets, dissolve by agitation and digestion in a closely-stoppered bottle three-quarters of an ounce of clear pale gum copal, coarsely powdered and mixed with an equal weight of broken glass, in one pint of pure sulphuric ether—ethylic ether. Dip the flowers in this liquid, remove quickly, expose to the air ten minutes, then dip again, and expose as before. Repeat dipping and dry in four or five times. Most flowers thus treated will remain unaltered for some time if not handled.

### She Came not.

Few situations are so sadly pathetic as that of love waiting in vain. This is the key-note running through most of "Evangeline," one of the finest poems of feeling in the language, and gives a tearful meaning to the fidelity of Casablanca, the boy who "stood on the burning deck." The world does not often know the incidents of death and separation among the poor, but now and then an enterprising newspaper reporter learns the facts, and records them with a skilful pen. The following touching chapter in the history of a humble New Orleans family appears in the *Picayune* of that city:

Mrs. Jane Cummings had watched all night with her sick baby, the youngest of five children, and in the morning closed its eyes in death. At noon she told her son Willie, a boy twelve years old, to "stay and watch the house" till she came back, and started to find an undertaker and arrange for the baby's burial. The husband and father was far away from the city at work, and she felt that none but herself could perform the sad duty.

Willie Cummings, true to the trust reposed in him by his mother, kept his post. The sun beat down its scorching rays on the little white head. Clouds then came and obscured the sun; the lightning flashed and it began raining, but still Willie remained, his eyes strained to catch a glimpse of his mother returning.

The afternoon passed, the sun went down, and she did not come. It grew dark, and Willie's little brothers Johnnie and Charlie, and his four-year-old sister, Mamie, huddled together on the porch with him, waiting and wondering. Some sympathizing neighbors came in to look after the children, and joined them in their sad vigil, trying to speak comforting words.

One by one the younger children succumbed to nature and fell asleep, but Willie remained. Waxen candles had been placed at his little dead sister's head, and Mamie was asleep in the absent mother's bed.

Eleven o'clock came, and a cab drove up. "Does Mr. Cummings reside in this house?" queried a male voice.

An affirmative answer greeted the questioner, and the man in the hack stepped out. Not knowing that the family were unaware of what had detained the mother, he blurted out, "Mrs. Cummings is lying in the dead-house at the Charity Hospital."

A shriek of agony from Willie and a wail of sorrow and sympathy from the ladies present proved too plainly that his words were the first intimation they had of what happened. Mrs. Cummings, after leaving her house, had proceeded down Howard to Felicity street, then to the corner of Liberty, when she crossed and started out Euterpe street. She intended to walk to the undertaker's, for she was poor, and to save five cents was an object with her. She was greatly excited and worried. She had been exposed to the heat of the sun for the better part of the forenoon, and was, besides, suffering with heart disease.

As she crossed the street she was seen to stagger, and she leaned for an instant against the side of the house at the corner. Gathering courage and strength, she again started, walked a few steps more, tottered, and fell insensible to the sidewalk.

It was some time before the body attracted the attention of passers by. Some saw her, but believing her to be intoxicated, they walked on. For more than an hour she lay there, the sun beating down on her, when finally two police officers came up, and the charity wagon was sent for.

Life was not extinct, and as quickly as possible she was conveyed to the Charity Hospital, and at 3 45 she reached that institution.

Dr. Jamison attended her, but saw at a glance that all his skill and science would avail nought; she was doomed, and in fifteen minutes afterward was a corpse. Eight dollars—the money she had placed in her pocket to buy her little darling's coffin—was found in her pocket.

### Princess Alice.

Hardly any book has been published for years which has a more decided moral tone, or is more helpful to the souls of those who read it, than the letters of Princess Alice, printed by permission of her mother, Queen Victoria.

The Princess was a woman who would have adorned any station, and whose character can best be described by the word *lovely*. Her devotion to her mother, to her husband and to her children was intense. She was always ready to sacrifice her own pleasure, her time and her labor to them.

Perhaps it will be said that these are not uncommon traits, and that of thousands of women the same statement is true. That is so—but no one can read the Princess's letters, which reveal her inner life, without discovering that her devotion was of a different character and of a more earnest type than is that of most women. Her death, which was due to her ardent love for her child, also proves it.

She was deeply and sincerely religious. She referred everything that came to her to the all-wise providence of God. But her faith was at one time disturbed and interrupted. It was during her residence at her husband's capital in Hesse.

The famous German skeptic Strauss lived at Darmstadt, and the Princess wished to know him. They met in 1866, and for four years they met frequently. The philosopher had a great influence over the Princess. She began to doubt—then to disbelieve.

Strauss flattered her by proposing to dedicate to her his work on Voltaire. As she then felt she did not object to the compliment, and accepted the dedication. But the time came when she learned the emptiness and the unsatisfactory leanness of soul that infidelity brings.

She had just returned from a pleasure trip to Italy, and while still resting from her journey, was playing with her two little sons. Prince Ernest ran into the next room, and his mother followed him. They returned a moment later, but in the meantime Prince Fritz had fallen out of the window.

The poor little fellow was mortally hurt upon the stone pavement. A few hours later he died in his mother's arms. That was the time to test the value of *no faith*. A trust in God had carried her hopefully, if sadly, through the loss of her father,—Prince Albert. What could philosophy do for her now? She wrote the answer afterward.

"The whole edifice of philosophical conclusions which I had built up for myself, I find to have no foundation whatever—nothing of it is left—it has crumbled away like dust. What should we be, what would become of us, if we had no faith—if we did not believe that there is a God who rules the world and each single one of us?"