

that heel. And when I had cut my patch from a good place, and basted it on with white thread, I should darn it on carefully, but not with that heavy wool you are using for filling up the big hole. Some of that fine cotton mender, or very light Saxony yarn would be quite heavy enough; and, if you like, you could run it a few times in and out clear across your patches. Try it, and see how it will wear.

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I NOTICE that our bright-faced young wife is sewing very dainty Valenciennes edging on her little tiny garments. It costs a good deal, and the laundry women don't mind how soon they tear it into strings. Perhaps, some day, when your wash comes home, my dear, you will cry bitterly over ten dollars worth of rags. I know I did! Let me coax you not to use any lace on the expected King's underwear; put it on the cradle, the bassinette, but not on the wee shirties and nightrobes. What you save from this self-denial, (for it is self-denial to curtail one dollar in your preparations for the coming of the loveliest, sweetest, most wonderful baby ever seen on earth!) put in some Savings Bank for it when it comes. You see I say "it," because Queens come as well as Kings, and I like to be on the safe side. It is a sensible and wise plan to thus lay by something for the wee treasure, and then, you know, you won't have those tears over the laundry wreck!

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I WANT that woman who is yet alone in the world, to sit right next to me, for her affairs are more sacred, more private, more hard to discuss than any of yours! She still has her ideals of love, of marriage, of motherhood, and life's disillusion may not, please God, come to her just yet. What you and I accept, and cease to worry about, of disenchantment and practical knowledge, she will fight against, and refuse, at first, as we did. She only believes in one kind of Love, ethereal and devoted, and when she realizes that Love is not built to stand the strain alone, but must have Wisdom, Patience, Forgiveness, and a host of other things to strengthen and complete it, she will, at first, say Love is no good at all. Bless her! let her sit very close to me, while I whisper that the poet who said Love was "woman's whole existence," was a very short-sighted man, and didn't know as much about women as—even I do! And should it happen that Love came not your way, my girl, there are lots of things which can make up a lovely life beside love. That sounds Irish, I admit, but, mind you, it is very true.

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I HAVE had great fun over our family mending on Friday evenings, when we sat about the table, darning, piecing, stitching, chatting, or, if ideas came slowly, reading some entertaining book, which was passed round the circle, each one having half an hour's rest from the needle, for the purpose of reading to the others. Sometimes there is only one little lone woman to mend a great many duds, but, surely, each of us can coax our John or George to read this, or, some other, magazine or good book, or even the daily paper, aloud. I wish we had more companionship among husbands and wives, such as the French middle-class and peasant folk have. It is comical to hear the French talk things over and discuss their little matters so earnestly. They call each other "my friend" sometimes, in such a pretty way, and they are so bright and charming together. Sometimes, however, they get together as we do here, just a lot of women, and they do some wonderful talking; I can assure you; I know, for I am part French myself, and I love to join in, and chatter with the best of them. Good-night, dear new friends, (that means everyone who reads this page) I hope you will answer me very soon, and address me as your

Sister Agnes

For the LADIES AT HOME.

THE DEBUTANTE.

(Illustration, first page.)

Just on the border land she waits—
Her hand upon the flowery gates—
And there, mild rosy, scented air,
Float visions bright beyond compare.
Sweet mirth, my every dream come true.
May love and joy crown life for you—
May sorrow, with her fingers faint,
Ne'er touch your heart—sweet debutante!—*Lancelot*

THE HOUSEWIFE.

POP OVERS.—One cup sweet milk, 1 egg beaten very light, 1 cup flour and a little salt. Bake in a quick oven. This makes nine or ten.

COLD WATER CAKE.—One cup butter, 2 cups brown sugar, $3\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour, 1 cup of cold water, 1 cup chopped raisins, 3 eggs, 1 teaspoon soda. Spice to taste.

FRITTERS.—Two eggs, 2 cups sour milk, 1 tablespoonful soda, 4 tablespoonfuls butter, flour to thicken. Fry in boiling lard and serve with maple syrup. Layer cakes turn out better, if the pans are first greased and then dusted over with a little flour.

LEMON PUDDING.—2 cups of sugar; dissolve 4 tablespoonfuls cornstarch in a little cold water, stir in 2 cups boiling water and juice of 2 lemons; add yolks of two eggs and mix with a teaspoonful of butter. Bake 15 minutes.

STEAMBOAT PUDDING.—1 loaf of baker's bread, cut off the crust and crumb into a 3 pint basin; a layer of bread and then a layer of raisins, etc. Then make a custard of four eggs, a little more than a pint of milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar; pour it over the bread and raisins. Set the dish into a steamer, keep the water boiling and steam 2 hours. Make a thick syrup of sugar and water and rub on the dish instead of greasing it.

CRANBERRY ROLLY-POLY.—For the crust mix together 1 quart of flour, 2 tablespoonfuls of butter or drippings, and sweet milk enough to make biscuit dough, with 2 dessert spoonfuls of baking powder. Roll out $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch thick, and in the centre pile up cranberry jelly or jam. Wet the edges and pinch together, then bake in a moderate oven $\frac{1}{2}$ of an hour, or tie in a thin cloth and steam an hour. Serve with liquid sauce.

GUEST'S PUDDING.—8 oz breadcrumbs, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint boiling milk, 4 oz suet, 3 oz crushed almonds, 3 oz candied peel, the rind of a lemon, 4 eggs, 4 oz of sugar. Pour this milk, boiling, over half the breadcrumbs, lay a plate over the basin, and let it stand till cold; then stir in the other breadcrumbs, suet, salt, crushed almonds, lemon-juice cut in thin slices, and grated lemon rind; lastly, add the eggs and sugar, pour into a buttered mould, and steam two hours.

CHESTER TARTLETS.—Puff paste, jam, 3 eggs, 3 oz ground almonds, 3 oz powdered white sugar; roll the puff paste $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick, cut it into rounds, put them in patty pans, press them out with the finger and thumb, and put in a little jam. When cooked cover with the following mixture: Put the yolks of 3 eggs, almonds and sugar, in a basin, mix well and spread a little on each tartlet; bake for five minutes, dish on lace papers.

LEMON PIE.—The grated rind and juice of 1 lemon, 1 cup of sugar, 1 large tablespoonful of cornstarch, the yoke of 1 egg. Mix all together, then add 1 cup of boiling water, put on the fire and stir constantly until thickened, then add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water. Stir it well and pour into a large pie plate, previously lined with puff paste. When baked, spread the top with the whites of eggs beaten with a little sugar; set in the oven for a minute. This filling is good to put between layer cakes.

BAKED ALMOND PUDDING.— $\frac{1}{2}$ lb sweet almonds, 4 bitter ones, 3 oz butter, 4 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of milk, 1 glass sherry, 2 tablespoonfuls of sugar. Blanch the almonds, pound them, add a little rosewater, mix these with the butter, which should be melted, beat up the eggs and the grated rind and juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon, add these with the cream, milk, sherry and sugar to the almonds, stir well together, line a dish with puff paste, pour in the mixture, and bake $\frac{1}{2}$ hour.

BOHEMIAN PUDDING.—3 oz of candied orange peel, 6 sponge cakes, 4 eggs, 1 pint of milk, 6 oz of sugar, 1 gill of cream. For the sauce: 2 oz sugar, 1 glass moyeau, a few drops of cochineal; butter a mould and ornament with the candied-pear chopped finely, lay in the sponge cakes broken in pieces, then beat the eggs, sugar and milk together, and pour over the sponge cakes; cover with paper and steam 1 hour; whisk the cream with the sugar and moyeau $\frac{2}{3}$ for half with the cochineal, turn the pudding on a dish, and put the cream round in alternate colors.