

DINING ROOM.

An Afternoon Wedding and Supper.

It has been truthfully said that "there are two important events in every one's life, when they are born and when they die." For many, there is a third event that seems equally as important—marriage. It is said that "marriages are made in Heaven," but many of them could more appropriately be claimed by the "other place." Perhaps this would not be so were not so many of them entered into with a laugh and a jest, and the thought, "if I don't like it I can get a divorce."

But while I am prosing, my young couple are waiting. They had decided after mature deliberation, with economy and good management, they could both live on but little more than his board was costing. He had a cosy little home in a country village, a few hundred miles distant, and a salary of six hundred a year. She had nothing but the little earned with her own hands at dress-making, but both had good health and the determination to make the best of life. The wedding was given by the bride's sister, at her home; a prettily arranged house, with a small hall, double parlors, a sleeping-room opening with folding doors at one side of the back parlor, and a large dining-room and kitchen in one. The invitations were written by the bride, on plain, heavy cream-tinted note paper, using the regular formula, and were sent out in the host's and hostess's name.

As the guests arrived they were shown into one of the up-stairs rooms, where they left their wraps. The host and hostess received their guests at the parlor door, and after giving them a cordial welcome ushered them into the back parlor to await the coming of the bridal party. At the appointed hour, two p. m., the bride and groom arrived, the groom dressed in the conventional suit of black coat with vest to match, striped or gray trousers, and white lawn neck-tie—the bride in a travelling suit of gray cloth of light quality, made with a basque showing a full front of the cloth with velvet revers, edged with silver cord. The plain skirt was caught high on the left side, showing deep points of velvet, edged with cord. Neither wore gloves; and the bride carried no flowers.

My bride and groom have been waiting all this time in the hall, and we now see them enter the front parlor and advance to the double doors where they remained standing under the draped portieres. The minister met them there and pronounced the words that made them "man and wife." After the ceremony, the bride and groom stepped back into the front parlor, and while they were receiving congratulations, the hostess and her two young lady assistants arranged a number of little tables in the back parlor; each table was covered with a plain, white hem-stitched towel, and at each place was a napkin, knife, two forks, two spoons, a butter-dish with a little butter patty, and a glass of water. On the napkin lay a button-hole bouquet, tied with white satin ribbon and having a pin attached. The guests were invited out to the tables; and after grace the supper was served in the following manner: Platter with a large spoonful of scalloped potatoes were first passed; then pressed chicken, cut in slices and arranged on a large platter garnished with parsley; after this thin slices of white and brown bread, on a plate covered with a pretty doily. This was followed by a platter of cold boiled ham, garnished with slices of hard-boiled eggs, and with this was passed little cucumber pickles and olives; then came salmon salad served on a lettuce leaf. Over a saucer lay a large lettuce leaf, then the salad.

The plates, butter-dishes, soiled knives and forks were removed, and ice cream and cake served. The ice cream was served in saucers garnished with strawberries, the saucers set on plates with little doilies between. As the doilies are to be slipped aside with the saucers they give the tables a pretty appearance, and leave the plates for cake, kisses, and lady's fingers. The last course was coffee and the bride's cake; the coffee poured over rich cream in little cups, and passed on a server with a bowl of loaf sugar. The cake was first presented to the bride to be cut, then passed to the guests.

After supper a few pleasant moments were spent in looking at the presents, which were tastefully arranged in the sleeping room. I will mention only one, a remembrance from a young lady friend. It was a set of six tablemats, made of Irish linen and worked with white embroidery silk; the largest one was a carving cloth, a yard long, and one-half yard wide, finished with hem-stitching and a narrow border of drawn-work; inside of this was a deep border, running to a point at the corners, of interlacing

rings, (the size of a silver half-dollar) and outlined with the embroidery silk, then filled in with fancy stitches. The other five were made and finished the same; two of them were ten inches square, and designed for bread or cake plates; the remaining three were seven inches square, and to be used for doilies.

Shortly after, the bride and groom departed for their new home, followed by showers of rice, slippers, and other equally as appropriate articles, and with the wishes of all that their bright anticipations for the future might be fully realized. As the guests bade the host and hostess good-by, they were each presented with a package of wedding cake, neatly done up in square sheets of tissue paper, and tied together at the corners with narrow white satin ribbon. With the closing of the door, we also will bid our hostess good-day, and tell how the dishes were prepared.

SCALLOPED POTATOES.

Select firm, medium-sized potatoes; wash, pare, and cut in thin slices. In an earthen baking-dish place a layer of the sliced potatoes; sprinkle lightly with salt, pepper, little chunks of butter, and a very little flour, then another layer of potatoes; and so on until the dish is full to within an inch of the top. Fill the dish with sweet milk to within one-half inch of the top; cover, and set in the oven to bake. It will require two, three, or four hours, according to the size of dish filled. One-half cupful of chicken or beef broth, mixed with the milk is considered an improvement by many. Serve warm.

PRESSED CHICKEN.

Use plump, young chickens; allow one and a half pints of cold, salted water for each chicken, let come to a boil gradually, then boil fast until the meat will fall from the bones, and the liquor is reduced to less than half; while boiling the liquor should be skimmed several times. Chop the meat fine, first removing the bones and skin; strain the liquor through a cloth; season the meat and liquor well with salt and pepper, (chopped celery or celery salt may be used if the flavor is liked) and press firmly into an earthen mold; set away to cool with a heavy plate over it.

BOILED HAM.

For a small company, get seven or eight pounds with the bone, have it cut from the center of the ham, and in as large and compact a form as possible; put over to boil in cold water, letting it come to a boil slowly, and skin often while boiling; when done remove from the stove, and let stand over night, or until perfectly cold, in the liquor in which it was boiled. Trim off all the superfluous fat before slicing. If home-cured ham is used, let stand in luke-warm water for an hour and a half, then put in cold water, and boil. Many think a few spices boiled with the ham give it a desirable flavor.

SALMON SALAD.

Four hard-boiled eggs, cut in small cubes; several crisp, fresh lettuce leaves torn in pieces, and a can of salmon; put all in a large earthen dish; just before serving, pour over it the following dressing and mix lightly with a fork: One-half cupful of vinegar, one-half cupful of sweet cream, two eggs, one tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful mustard and black pepper, pinch of cayenne, a little sugar and salt; beat the eggs light, mix all together, leaving out the cream; put into a bowl over boiling water and stir until it becomes like cream; use when cold, and stir the cream in just before using.

COCOANUT CAKE.

One and one-half cupfuls of white sugar beaten to a cream with one-half cupful of butter, add a scant two-thirds cupful of sweet milk, mix in lightly two cupfuls of flour with one teaspoonful of cream-tartar and one-half teaspoonful of soda, or two teaspoonfuls baking powder, the well-beaten whites of three eggs; bake in three layers. Filling: Make a frosting with the white of one egg and a small cup of sugar; reserve one-third of the frosting, and stir the rest thick with cocoanut; place between the layers; spread the reserved frosting on the top of last layer, and sprinkle lightly with cocoanut; fresh grated cocoanut is preferable.

KISSES.

The well-beaten whites of two eggs and one-half cupful of white sugar; beat until it will stand in peaks; drop on buttered paper (writing paper is best) and bake in a quick oven until a delicate brown; for a change, use hickory nut meats or blanched almonds chopped fine, mixed in while beating.

LADY'S FINGERS.

Mix one-half pound of powdered sugar, one-fourth pound of flour, four eggs (yolks and whites separate) beaten very stiff; and one

lemon, all the juice, and half the grated rind. Beat well; drop a small spoonful on buttered paper, not too near together; try one, and if it runs beat the mixture some minutes longer, adding a very little flour. Bake until a delicate yellow; brown in a very quick oven. When nearly cool dip them in a chocolate icing; use a boiled frosting, and after the syrup is poured over the well-beaten white of an egg, add three tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate; whip until well mixed.

BRIDE'S CAKE.

Whites of eleven eggs, one and one-half cupfuls of powdered sugar, one cupful of flour, one small teaspoonful of cream-tartar, one teaspoonful of vanilla. Beat the whites to a stiff froth; add the sugar, flour, and flavoring. The sugar must be sifted once before using, and the flour four times, adding the cream tartar before sifting the last time. Bake in a very slow oven without buttering the tin; when done, turn the tin upside down, resting the corners on something so that the air can reach it while cooling. Icing: boil one cup of powdered sugar with one tablespoonful of water until it will thread from a spoon or broom splinter, (do not stir while cooking) pour it gradually over the well-beaten white of one egg and beat, not stir, until it will spread without running. The ice cream should be ordered from some reliable caterer, or else made by one who has had experience; as the best recipes often fail when tried for the first time, especially on such momentous occasions. Neither is it necessary to give recipes for coffee, white or brown bread, as many good ones have already been given in the LADIES' JOURNAL.

The Petticoat Must Go.

The newest thing in petticoats is no petticoat at all. This assertion may tax credulity, but it is a fact, a fashionable fact perhaps, but nevertheless a fact. It is hard to believe that woman would ever outlive her love for the fine cambric skirts with their cluster tucks, open insertions and Swiss embroidered ruffles, but she has, and, more than that, she scorns the lace-edged French skirt and would not give 30 cents for the finest convent-made flannel skirt in stock. At first it seemed positively shocking to lay aside that most feminine and really beautiful garment, but the fashionable modiste began the ensue, declared that she could not fit the dress nicely over the gathered cotton underwear and ordered it off. The tyrant was obeyed, but not surprised, for did she not eliminate the narrow-skirted, round-shouldered chemise and the lozenge-shaped corset cover?

It is not betrayal of confidence to say that this onslaught of underwear had its origin on the stage. No society actress or artist goes through a part in the regulation underwear for the reason that her freedom would be restricted. She could not get around in ruffled dimity, nor deport herself with any sort of grace in starched cambric. The dressmaker who fits a stage dress over stays, stockings and tights very soon learns how superior the result is compared to the gown made over gathers, strings, bands or yokes. One is perfectly smooth, the other cannot be kept from wrinkling. It has come to a point now when the modiste will refuse to fit a skirt over a petticoat, and that ends all argument. She does not presume to say that madame shall not wear what she likes, but "I will not try to fit you unless you dress as I indicate. When the costume is finished, you may do with it what you please."

Skirts hang better and bodies fit nicer the less there is under them, and in warm weather when the dress is made over a lining there is really no necessity for under-skirts. With the tailor-made suit silk lined, there is sufficient warmth for cool weather and a long ulster as a finish will suffice on cold days. This new arrangement is an advance in the right direction. Women need fewer clothes for house wear and more wraps or outer garments for the street.

This desire for smoothly fitting skirts and creaseless basques means rebellion against the baggy, divided skirts, which will never be adopted by women who follow the styles.

In England, I am told, there are only four phonographs, including the one in the possession of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley; but they manage things better than this in such places as Mexico. There a phonograph is to be placed in each principal post office, and those people who can neither read nor write, or are too lazy to do so, simply deliver their message into the phonograph, the cylinder is forwarded to its destination, and due notice having been given him that his presence is required, the receiver of the message attends the office at the other end, and the words are spoken off to him. I dare say, if all goes well, we may start the same convenience in England about 1900 A. D.

O, Why Should the Tpirit of Mortal Be Proud?

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S FAVORITE POEM.

O why should the spirit of mortal be proud? Like a fast-flitting meteor, a swift-flying cloud A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave Man passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade Be scattered around, and together be laid: And the young and the old, and the low and the high, Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved, The mother that infant's affection who proved, The husband that mother and infant who blessed— Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye, Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by: And the memory of those who loved her and praised, Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne, The brow of the priest that the mitre had worn, The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave, Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap, The herdsman who climbed with his goats up the steep, The beggar who wandered in search of his bread, Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint who enjoyed the communion of heaven, The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven, The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just, Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flower and the weed, That wither away to let others succeed; So the multitude comes even those we behold To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same that our fathers have been: We see the same sights our fathers have seen: We drink the same stream, and view the same sun, And run the same course that our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think, From the death we are shrinking from, they too would shrink: To the life we are clinging to, they, too, would cling, But it speeds from the earth, like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but that story we cannot unfold; They scorned but the heart of the laughing is cold: They grieved, but no wail from their slumbers will come: They joyed, but the voice of their gladness is dumb.

They died—ay! they died: and we things that are now, Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow, Who make in their dwelling a transient abode, Meet the changes they meet on their pilgrimage road.

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain Are mingled together in sunshine and rain, And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge, Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath, From the blossom of health to the paleness of death, From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud—

Why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

A Plucky Woman.

The last Australian mail brings a true tale of the sea that reads more like a romance of Clark Russell's. On April 3 the schooner *Johanne* left Mauritius for Melbourne with a cargo of sugar. Two days after sailing fever broke out, and by the 10th of June all the seamen and the cook were dead. Captain Mainders, worn by anxieties and long vigils was next stricken down by the fever, and nobody was left to navigate the ship but the mate and the captain's wife. Mrs. Mainders showed a pluck and a heroism in this trying situation that is beyond all praise. She was always at hand to help the mate in navigating the vessel, and besides, she attended assiduously to her child and her sick husband. At last, on the 9th of June, this strangely-manned vessel, flying signals of distress, arrived at Fremantle, a West Australian port, was boarded by pilots and brought safely to anchor. At latest the captain was still alive, but very ill. To add to the horrors of the voyage the vessel sprang a leak, and 520 bags of sugar had to be thrown overboard to lighten her.

Shortcard Pete—"Well, you are—all—right. The idee of pickin' that feller up for a farmer. Why, he's lived here in the city for twenty-five years."

Higheard Sam—"Well, what's he doin' with hayseed in his hair, if he ain't no farmer?"

Shortcard Pete—"Why, he's runnin' for office, you chump. That's what he's doin' with hayseed in his hair. See?"