

## A FEW APPEIZING DISHES.

Cookery that is very nice is, of necessity, more or less expensive; and it is useless therefore to make really choice things without the best materials. Using these, however, and following the subjoined recipes exactly, the result will be very delightful dishes.

**DELICIOUS VELVET MUFFINS.**—Sift one quart of flour with a level teaspoonful of salt in it. Rub into the flour thoroughly four ounces of butter. Mix it with one teaspoonful of good yeast and as much fresh milk as will make a very stiff batter. Beat four eggs separately, very light, stir these in and set in a moderately warm place to rise. In three hours it will be sufficiently light. Bake in old-fashioned muffin rings.

**STUFFED PARTRIDGES.**—Select plump, tender birds. Sprinkle a small pinch of salt and pepper in each. To stuff six birds, take three tablespoonfuls of bread crumbs, three tablespoonfuls of finely minced mellow old ham, three tablespoonfuls of finely minced cold chicken, one gill of melted butter, salt and pepper to taste and moisten with a little sweet cream. Stuff the birds well, fastening their legs down as you would a chicken for roasting; rub them with butter and put them in a pan that just holds them conveniently. Sprinkle on a little salt and pepper, and dredge lightly with flour. Cut in pieces and put in the pan half a pound of fresh butter, one pint of cold water and set in a very hot oven where they should cook in half an hour. From time to time baste with the gravy in the pan. Brown the backs of the birds first, then turn over, again dredge with flour, and brown well, frequently basting as before. If the gravy is not quite thick enough add a little flour creamed smooth. Serve the birds as soon as done. It requires nice batter, and plenty of it to develop the fine flavor of birds.

**TRANSPARENT APPLES AND WHIPPED CREAM.**—Pare twelve fine, tart apples, cut in circular slices three quarters of an inch thick. Remove seeds and core carefully. Spread on dishes for two hours to dry slightly. Make a syrup of one pound and a half of loaf sugar and half a pint of water: boil until rather thick. Now lay in half of the apples, and simmer for fifteen minutes. Take out and spread on dishes to get cold while the rest cook. In fifteen minutes take these out and spread on dishes, returning the first half to the syrup. Be careful not to break the slices by rapid boiling. Cook until done and clear. Remove and finish cooking the rest. Lay all carefully in a deep glass dish. Add to the syrup the grated rind of two fresh oranges, and the pulp carefully picked out as for marmalade. Simmer a little while and pour over the apples. Grate the rind of an orange and express the juice, add this, with one small teaspoonful of white sugar, to one pint of rich cream. Whip stiff and pile up over the apples. This is a beautiful and elegant dessert.

**A TOOTHsome PUDDING.**—Put twelve egg yolks in a bowl with a pound of white sugar and beat very light. Add half a pound of creamed butter. Shred up half a pound of citron, grate half a pound of coconut; blanch and pound a quarter of a pound of almonds and add these with the grated rind of a fresh lemon. Last, add the whites of eight eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Line four pie plates with puff paste, fill with the pudding and bake in a moderately heated oven. Do not cook rapidly.

**SALSIFY OYSTERS.**—Boil eight large roots of salsify perfectly tender. Peel carefully, crown and all, rub through a sieve, and season with salt, pepper and three ounces of butter. Add a gill of flour, two well beaten eggs and a little rich cream, but the mixture must be a very thick batter. Have a frying-pan half full of boiling lard and drop the salsify in, one large spoonful at a time, just about the size of a large oyster. When brown turn, and remove as soon as done. Drain carefully and serve at once on a hot dish.

**BUTTER CUPS.**—Boil hard twelve fresh eggs. Peel, cut in half and remove the yolks. Cut off the tip of each piece. Set them in a pretty baking dish. Rub the yolks smooth with one heaping tablespoon of butter, teaspoonful of mustard, salt, pepper, teaspoonful each of finely minced cold fowl, and old ham; a tiny bit of onion (salt, spoonful), two tablespoonfuls of bread crumbs, gravy to moisten it. Mix thoroughly, roll into balls size of egg yolk, and put one in each half of egg. Pour over the whole a teacup of chicken gravy, put bits of butter in and sprinkle lightly with cracker dust. Bake for about fifteen minutes or until nicely browned. Serve with cold meats.

**BIRD JELLY FOR CONVALESCENTS.**—Put twelve fat, well prepared robins, or six partridges, in a saucepan with one quart of water, cover closely, and set on the fire. Boil gently until the birds are ready to pull to pieces, and the water is reduced to half a pint. Strain through a colander, and piece of muslin, and skim off the grease carefully. Salt to taste and pour into four little fancy moulds. This is very delicate and nutritious.

**ASPARAGUS SAUCE.**—Stew one pound of tender asparagus heads, in barely enough water to cover them. When tender drain off the water and cover them with sweet, rich cream, mashing them up thoroughly. Add a large tablespoonful of fresh butter, salt and pepper to taste. Simmer gently for a few moments.

## The Influence of Women Upon Literature.

It is needless to discuss here the much-vexed question of sex in literature, but we may assume that, whether through nature or a long process of evolution, the minds of women as a class have a different coloring from the minds of men as a class. Perhaps the best evidence of this lies in the literature of the last two centuries, in which they have been an important factor, not only through what they have done themselves, but through their reflex influence. The books written by women have rapidly multiplied. In many of them, doubtless, the excess of feeling is unbalanced by mental or artistic training; but even in these crude productions, which are by no means confined to one sex, it may be remarked that women deal more with pure affections and men with the coarser passions. A feminine Zola of any grade of ability has not yet appeared.

It is not, however, in literature of pure sentiment that the influence of women has been most felt. It is true that, as a rule, they look at the world from a more emotional standpoint than men, but both have written of love, and for one Sappho there have been many Anacreons. Mlle. de Scudery and Mme. de La Fayette did not monopolize the sentiment of their time, but they refined and exalted it. The tender and exquisite coloring of Mme. de Stael and George Sand had a worthy counterpart in that of Chateaubriand or Lamartine.

And it is in the moral purity, the touch of human sympathy, the divine quality of compassion for suffering, the swift insight into the soul pressed down by

The heavy and the weary weight  
Of all this unintelligible world.

that we trace the minds of women attuned to finer spiritual issues. This broad humanity has vitalized modern literature. It is the penetrating spirit of our century, which has been aptly called the Woman's Century. We do not find it in the great literatures of the past. The Greek poets give us types of tragic passions, of heroic virtues, of motherly and wifely devotion, but woman is not recognized as a profound spiritual force. Aphrodite, the ideal of beauty, is the type of sensual love. Athena, the goddess of wisdom, is cold, crafty, and cruel. The Greek heroine is portrayed with all the delicacy and clearness of the Hellenic instinct, but she is the victim of an inexorable fate, a stern Nemesis, an Antigone patiently hopeless, an Iphigenia calmly waiting a sacrifice. It is a masculine literature, perfect in form and plastic beauty, but with no trace of woman's deeper spiritual life. This literature, so vigorous, so statuesque, so calm, and withal so cold, shines across the centuries side by side with the feminine Christian ideal—two lights which have met in the world of today. It may be that from the blending of the two, the crowning of a man's vigor with a woman's finer insight, will spring the perfected flower of human thought.

—Amelia Gero Mason, in *The Century*.

## Beautifying the Complexion.

The art of beautifying the complexion by artificial means is very old. The women of grey antiquity knew how to give their cheeks the rosy hue which nature had denied them. In Nineveh the practice of enamelling was quite common. The skin was made smooth and clean with pumice stone, and then covered with a layer of white chemical preparations. A toilet-case found in the ruins of Thebes contained a whole arsenal of little bottles of perfumeries and complexion medicines. The women of Athens painted themselves with white lead and vermilion. The poet Ovid describes various paints which were used by the Roman matrons, and complained that the women tried to imitate with cosmetics the rosy complexions which health alone could give. He also spoke of the deceitful pallor lent to their cheeks by white lead, and of curious methods they had of beautifying the eyes. Again he mentions that a pale face was a necessity for every woman who aspired to be "good form." Pliny speaks of a concoction of flour of peas and barley, eggs, hartshorn, &c., which fashionable women in Rome wore on their faces all night and part of the day for the purpose of clearing their skins. The custom of painting the face was brought to Gaul and Germany by the Romans. A few centuries later, 100 different salves for the complexion were sold in the German market. In modern times France has been the great manufacturer and consumer of cosmetics. In England, too, the use of them has been general. In 1779 the English Parliament found it expedient to consider a bill to the effect that "all women without distinction as to age or rank, maidens as well as widows, who should deceive the male subjects of his Majesty and mislead them into marriage by means of paint, salve, beauty water, false teeth, false hair, Spanish wool, corsets or padded hips, should be punished under the provisions of the law against sorcery, and the marriage should be declared null." A German statistician, who has accurate data concerning the use of cosmetics throughout the civilized world, estimates that the money which American women annually pay for cosmetics, would pay for the painting of 37,000 houses at an expense of 75 dols. per house.

## The Way to Matrimony.

"Every girl makes up her mind at some time in her life that she will never accept any man who does not propose gracefully," said a man who was sipping claret with several others the other day. "He has got to be fully togged out in a dress suit, and has got to kneel according to the Delsarte system. That is their idea at first, but I'll bet there isn't one girl in a hundred who ever gets her proposal that way—at least, from one she accepts—and I'll leave it to the present company to decide if each will give the circumstances of his proposal."

"We're in," said a gray-haired Benedict. "Begin with your own."

"All right I took my wife that was to be, and is now, sleigh riding. We were talking about sentimental things and neglected to notice that we ran on to a stretch of road which the wind had cleared of snow. We never noticed it until the horse stopped, utterly exhausted. There was nothing to do but to get out and lead the horse back, because he couldn't drag us. I proposed on the way back, while I was trudging along a country road with my left hand on a horse's bridle and the other—well, never mind that. She accepted me, but she always said it was a mistake. I refused to let her off, though, or to propose again in a dress suit."

"My proposal," said the gray-haired old man, "was made also during a sleigh ride. My wife and myself were in the back seat in a four-seat sleigh, and in going over a bump of some kind the seat, with us in it, was thrown off. We landed in a nice, comfortable snow drift, and the sleigh went on for a mile before we were missed. When it came back for us, however, we were engaged. We weren't in a dignified position, but we were fairly comfortable and we had the seat still with us. Since then my wife has frequently stated that she had intended not to accept a man unless he proposed in true novel form, but she did."

"I'll give you a summer story," said a young man, recently married. "I did my courting in a place full of romance, but the proposal never came at a romantic time; in fact I don't think a man is responsible for the time he proposes. It just comes and that is all there is of it. I had had the most favorable occasions in romantic nooks. Finally, I had a two-mile row in the hot sun. I apologized and took off my coat, then I apologized and took off my vest. It wasn't romantic, but it came on me and I said it. The boat drifted half a mile, and I wouldn't have cared if it had drifted ten miles. We were engaged. And I looked like a tramp at the time."

"And I'll tell you that sentimentality doesn't go," said a lawyer. "I know, because I've tried it. I proposed to my wife first at a summer resort, when the moon was full and I was sober. There was everything to inspire sentiment. But she refused me. I let it go. A little later I met her again in the parlor of the hotel and suggested marriage again. She accepted me then. There was nothing to inspire sentiment in the last meeting, and therefore I say sentiment doesn't pay."

It was the sentiment of the meeting that no girl is proposed to in the way she expects.

## The Two Wishes.

The ancients relate a story of a priest of Jupiter who had two daughters. One of them married a potter, and the other a gardener, and both lived in the same part of the country.

One day the priest of Jupiter went to see his eldest daughter, who had married the potter.

"My daughter," he said, "are you contented with your condition?"

"Yes, very well satisfied," answered the young woman, "only since we came here to live the weather has been very trying. Just as soon as my husband gets his pots and jars made and puts them out to dry in the sun, it grows cloudy, it rains, then his work is spoiled, and he has it all to do over again. The great Jupiter will listen to you, father, and I beg you will pray him to give us at least, two weeks of sun."

"I will not forget it," answered the father.

Next he went to see his youngest daughter, who had married the gardener, and he asked the same question that he asked her sister—if she was contented.

"I should be," the second daughter answered, "if the weather would only be more favorable to us. The vegetables, which my husband planted, need rain. We might make a handsome profit this year if we could only have some good showers. Now, father, the great Jupiter listens to you, and I want you to pray to him to send us plenty of rain during the next two weeks, so that our garden will be refreshed and our vegetable grow."

The priest returned to his temple, and this was his prayer,—

"Oh, Mighty Father of all, I bring to thee the requests of my two daughters. Their wants are directly in opposition to each other, for one wants two weeks of sun, and the other two weeks of rain. I love my two daughters alike, and I am certain thou lovest all thy children the same. Thou who seest all, who knowest all, who lovest all, and who canst do all things, I am satisfied to leave everything, even this, to thy good will."