

RECEIPTS.

KELLY CAKE.

One and a half coffee cup of sugar; two cups of flour; two-thirds of a cup of milk; four eggs; beat the eggs and sugar together, then add the milk and flour by degrees, then a half cup of melted butter; the last before putting in the oven; one teaspoonful of cream of tartar mixed in all the flour; half a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in the milk.

DROP GINGER CAKES.

One cup of molasses, butter half the size of an egg, three tablespoonsful of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, flour enough to make just stiff enough to drop.

FRITTERS.

One pint of sour milk; one egg; a little salt; one teaspoonful of soda, and flour to form a batter sufficiently thick to drop from a spoon without running. Fry in hot lard, a small spoonful for each one.

TIP-TOP CAKE.

One and a half cups of white sugar; one cup of sweet milk; two eggs; the whites separated from the yolks, and beaten to a stiff froth; butter size of a small egg, melted and turned in to the milk; two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar; one teaspoonful of soda; one spoonful of lemon, and a little salt.

DELICATE CAKE.

Take one cup of flour; one cup of white sugar; half a cup of butter (stirred to a cream with the sugar before using), whites of three or four eggs stirred in last. Flavor with vanilla, rose water, or lemon.

A gentleman was lately inquiring for a young lady of his acquaintance. "She is dead," very gravely replied the person to whom he addressed his enquiries. "Good God! I never heard of it. What was her disease?" "Vanity," returned the other; "she buried herself alive in the arms of an old fellow of seventy, with a fortune, in order to have the satisfaction of a gilded tomb."

An old count paid his addresses to one of the richest heiresses of Paris. In asking her hand in marriage, he frankly said to her, "Miss B., I am very old, and you are very young: will you do me the honor to become my widow?"

"What makes the milk so warm?" said Betty to the milkwoman, when she brought her pails to the door one morning. "Please, mum, the pump handle's broke, and missus took the water from the biler."

SNOWBALL CAKE.

A cupful of sugar; half a cup of butter; and two cups of flour; the whites of three eggs, a teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and a half a teaspoonful of soda, beat butter and sugar thoroughly together, add the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff foam, then the flour with cream of tartar sifted in, and milk and soda last.

PUDDING SAUCE.

One half tea-cup of butter, one and a half tea-cups of sugar, and one pint of strawberries mashed till juicy. Canned berries may be substituted for fresh ones. Beat the butter and sugar to a cream, then stir in the berries.

INDIAN PUDDING.

Put a stick of cinnamon and a quarter of a lb. of butter into a quart of milk, and put it on the fire; when it boils, thicken it with four table-spoonfuls of corn meal; when cool add four eggs, the whites and yolks beaten separately, and a cup of sugar. Pour the batter into a baking dish, and bake until brown.

YEAST.

Two cups of grated potatoes; one half cup of sugar; one fourth of a cup of salt. Place these in a pan and pour over the mixture one quart of boiling water, stirring it meanwhile. Place the whole on the stove and let it boil up once. When cool enough—about blood heat—add half a cup of good yeast. Set in a warm place to rise. It is very light and foamy, and does not sour readily; like all soft yeast, keep it in a covered vessel as cool as possible without freezing.

"It's very well," said Mr. Dodd's helpmate, "for the moral papers to keep saying, don't get in a passion; but, for my part, when Mr. D. goes to bed with his muddy boots on, I kind of bile over."

"Kitty, where's the frying pan?" "Johnny's got it, carting mud and oyster shells up the alley, with the cat for a horse." "The dear little fellow! what a genius he'll yet make; but go and get it. We're going to have company, and must fry some fish for dinner."

An elderly miss was heard to exclaim, while sitting at her toilet the other day, "I can bear adversity, I can encounter hardship, and withstand the changes of fickle fortune; but O, to live, and droop, and wither, and die like a single pink, I can't endure it, and what's more, I won't!"