

THE FRENCH CREOLES.

Some of the Peculiarities of This Simple-Minded People. The French Creoles of the lower class are a hand-to-mouth class of people, purchasing the stick of wood to-day and the handful of herbs that are to cook and season their potage, filling their small market baskets with innumerable pinches of this, that and the other, laying in a few sours of sugar and coffee at a time, and—going next day, for three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, and doing identically the same thing, in seculum seculorum. Dislike to the accumulation of household goods, to well-stored cellars and pantries, to generous abundance, to picturesque profusion, to the essentials of a large-handed hospitality even within the narrow limits of their neighborhood acquaintances, an anti-like economy and abstemiousness, a curious juxtaposition of eternal self-restraint and a passion for sensations, colors, sounds, perfumes, fantastic sensualities, an instinct for microscopic money-getting wedded to an instinct that has filled New Orleans with noble institutions for the poor, the blind, the sick, the world weary; a passion for novels and for splendid churches, a fond endurance of rigors of cold and hunger for the brilliant efflorescence of caremeprenant and carnival, a voluntary exile from all laughter and joy that their feet may twinkle a night or two on the mirrored floors of the masque balls down in Chartres and Royal streets; such are the fragments of sweet and bitter herbs that go to make up part of the paradox of Creole character and communicate to it an indefinable piquancy and strangeness by their thick bars of light and shadow.

The chief charm of the character is a touching gentleness and benignity that blends all other characteristics and permeates the whole constitution of the native Creole. There is something elegiac, tender, dreamy about the race, a remnant or recollection of earlier and better days, an aroma of exile coming from old colonial times, when so many emigrated from the gay fatherland to the trackless wilderness of Louisiana, seeking their fortunes. Disappointment seems to have impressed itself as a trait of heredity on their spiritual make up; a brooding languor has spread from the luxurious climate through the limbs and constitution of the immigrants, the adventurous spirit of the marvelous brothers Bienville, Iberville and Sauvaine, laid under perpetual embargo by a Chinese wall of swamp, bayou and bogues, has sunk into a curious psychological numbness and content with surroundings; geography, exploration, literature, research, travel (beyond the inevitable transit to France once in a lifetime) are unknown luxuries to these lotus-eating folk, and in their way they are as still in their sunny corner as the sun-loving alligator that haunts their streams.

The customs, games and sports of these exiles are full of reminiscences of the fatherland, mingled with odd accretions and aftergrowths, a clinging conservatism, a poetic susceptibility. There are songs and Christmas customs smacking of Gascony, Provence, Champagne, San Domingo, Franche-Comte, such as linger in Canada and form touching links with the folk over the sea.—J. A. Harrison, in Autrefois.

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Says a Portland bookseller: "At one time we were carrying a large stock of religious works, and one day I called out to one of my clerks, holding up a book which he had wrapped up for some one: 'Is this 'The City of God'?' "No, I guess not," he said, without looking round, "at least I never heard it called that before. It is generally called the Forest City. Perhaps it is Brooklyn." He afterward explained that he thought I had found a reference in some book to a place called the City of God and wanted to know what city it meant.

"On another occasion a woman with a valise in her hand rushed in and asked a new boy if he had 'That Husband of Mine' in our store? He came rushing out to me in the back shop and said a woman wanted to know if her husband was in our store. I surmised what the trouble was and attended to her myself.

"Some of the most amusing mistakes, however, are those made by people who get the titles of books wrong. They read about them in some catalogue or newspaper, but don't more than half remember the name, and the result is, to say the least, peculiar. One woman came in the other day and asked for 'The Rhinestone,' and went out mad because one of the clerks told her we didn't sell jewelry. Another wanted 'The Cardinal's Letter,' by Hawthorne. It took our whole force about fifteen minutes to get at what she really wanted, 'The Scarlet Letter.' She said she knew there was something red about it somewhere and thought it must be cardinal."—Portland Advertiser.

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Wild-eyed parent—I want to bring my daughter, aged fifteen, to this institution and have her closely guarded and given your best treatment for about three years. Money is no object. Keeper of private lunatic asylum—Is she violent? Wild-eyed parent—She is ungovernable. She writes poems of passion. Keeper—State Reform School is just across the way.—Chicago Tribune.

UNJUST DISCRIMINATION.

Deliberate Cruelty of Which Many Fathers Are Guilty.

Is woman the equal of man? The question has been asked many thousands of times and answered with fierce negatives, which, however, have been growing fainter and fainter as civilization has progressed. Generally speaking, the greater the degree of civilization of the individual man the more willingly does he concede that woman was created the equal of the other sex, though with different qualities. But there are few believers in the equality of the sexes who carry their opinions into practice even in their own families. Theoretically the girls of a family are entitled to have as much spent on their education as is spent on that of the boys; to have the same care bestowed upon fitting them to fight this world's battle as is bestowed upon the boys; to have a business or profession chosen for them and to be fitted for it; to be furnished with capital to the same extent with the boys, and, finally, to share alike with the boys in the partition of the family property on the death of the parents.

In how many Canadian homes is this equitable treatment of the daughters carried out? In few, we opine, and the better off the parents are in this world's goods the worse are the girls likely to fare. It is too much the habit of fathers to spend all their means in pushing along their sons, leaving the daughters to take the chances in the matrimonial lottery. Hence we often see a son launched into the world with abundant capital, the benefit of his father's financial backing, and what is better still, the incalculable advantage of the experience of men and affairs gained by the father in a long and successful business career. What does the father do for the sister of this young man? If the father is lucky enough to possess a managing wife, he marries her off early to some young fellow with apparently good prospects. He gives her a dowry not at all proportioned to what he has given the son, and then he is gathered to his fathers. Twenty years afterward the son has made his mark in the world. He is a well-off man with a growing and expensive family around him. He can see ways for all the money he has, and more, in setting up his own sons, and he has nothing to spare—or, which comes to the same thing, thinks he has nothing to spare—for his sister. She, poor woman, has not been so lucky. Her husband has not been successful, or perhaps he has died after providing her with nothing but a family of children. She finds herself at forty already old and looked upon as a failure, though perhaps she has more of her father's business tact than fell to the lot of her brother. But there she is, as poor as a church mouse, while her brother, having taken the major part of the possessions of the family, has plenty. If the brother does as much for her as to take her boys into his office the world will applaud his generosity.

Discrimination like this is being practiced every day in thousands of homes. If there is to be discrimination among children, should it not be in favor of the girls instead of against them? What is the good of admitting the equality of the sexes if the people who admit it act towards their own offspring as though they did not believe it? And where do those people stand who, maintaining that women are the weaker vessels, rob their daughters in order to better equip their sons? If the sons, in consideration of having the major part of the family money spent upon them, undertook to care for their sisters in the event of the latter requiring help, there would be some element of fairness in the arrangement. But sons do not undertake any such thing. Even if they did undertake it they might fail to carry out their engagements. It would be better all around if all the children of a family were treated alike rather than that the seed of future bickerings should be sown by unfair preference of one before another.

This is a side of the woman question which can not be reached by law. It is the outgrowth and survival of the time when women were chattels, and were bought and sold like so many sheep. Custom sanctions the deliberate cruelty of which the father is guilty who sacrifices his daughter's earthly future in order that his son may carry on the business and the home in the old style. Every one of the political disabilities of women can and will be soon removed. But the removal of this social wrong will be a work of many years. The sexes will be equal in the eyes of the law for a long time before public opinion can make them equal in the eyes of fathers.—Toronto Globe.

The Dog Was Innocent.

A sanitary officer who was sent to a house on Catharine street to see about a savage dog who had bitten a neighbor was met by the allegation: "Dot dog vhas not so dangerous as I vhas myself." "But he bit a man." "Of course he did, but dot vhas a mistako." "How?" "Vhell, he peliefs dot man vhas going to bite him, and so he get in der first bite. Lots of times if I pelief some man's vhas going to hit me I shump in und knock him first. Dot man vhas to blame, and you should gooop und kill him."—Detroit Free Press.

—President Carter, of Williams College, has raised \$600,000 for that institution during his management.

LEGEND OF MARCOLINI.

A Curious Venetian Custom That Keeps Alive a Poor Lover's Fate.

In the courts of Venice a curious custom has been observed for five hundred years. When the Council of Ten, a body of men acting as a jury, brings in a sentence of death, before the presiding Judge puts on the black cap the venerable crier advances and cries three times in a loud voice, "Recordatevi del povero Marcolini." Near the grand landing place of the gondolas are the columns of Saint Mark and Saint Theodore. Nearly all the people passing the grand landing place pass around the columns. Only foreigners and strangers pass between the two slender pillars. It is the ancient place of execution, and there Marcolini met his death.

Many years ago Marcolini, a young Venetian noble, paid court to the beautiful Giulietta, whose family occupied a palace on the same square. One night as the dial on the clock tower marked the early morning hour he was returning home from a visit to his innamorata, softly singing in the exuberance of his spirits, for he had been accepted, and the parents of his fiancée had given consent to their nuptials. Passing across a small campo he picked up an embroidered belt, with an empty jeweled scabbard, and fastening the girdle around him, he continued his course, still humming his tune. When he came to the steps of the Rialto he was seized by the guard and accused of murder. He was taken to the spot where Senator Rinaldi lay dead with a dagger in his heart. It was found that the stiletto exactly fitted the sheath which Marcolini carried. He was speedily tried, condemned and beheaded. Giulietta went mad and was confined on the little island devoted to the insane.

Many years after a bandit on his death-bed confessed to a priest that he had been hired to murder the Senator. The sentence against Marcolini was reversed and his confiscated estates were restored to his family. But poor Giulietta's reason could not be restored by an edict of law. When the judge who condemned Marcolini came to die he provided in his will that a mass should be sung every night forever in a chapel of the ducal church, St. Mark's, for the soul of Marcolini and others who had suffered from unjust judgments. Such is the story of the Twilight Mass and the words of the court crier: "Remember poor Marcolini." Every night the bell is rung and a ray of light is seen to issue from the little Gothic window that looks upon the ancient place of execution.—N. Y. Star.

A ONE-ACT TRAGEDY.

How He Won and Lost a Bride All on Account of an Uncle's Death.

"Then this is your final answer, Miss Stubbles?" "My final answer." "Nothing can move you?" "Nothing." "Then my life will be a lonely one and my fate a harsh one, for my uncle, with whom I lived, has just died and left me—"

"Just died?" "Yes, and left me—"

"That fact somewhat alters the case, Henry. I can not be harsh to one who has sustained such recent bereavement. If I could believe that you are sincere—"

"Sincere? Oh, Miss Stubbles!" "You have certainly made an impression on my heart. Give me time to think of it." "How long?" "After all, why think of it? Henry, I am yours." "Oh, Genevieve!" "Do not squeeze me so hard, Henry. Your poor uncle! Was he long ill?" "Three days." "It is too bad! You say he has left you—"

"Yes, he has left me." "How much?" "How much? I said he had left me. He had nothing else to leave. I am alone in the world now, homeless, penniless, but with you by my side—Gracious, she's fainting!"

Curtain.—Boston Courier.

The Extent of Illiteracy.

A census of the illiterates in the various countries of the world, recently published in the Statistische Monatschrift, places the three Slavic States of Roumania, Servia and Russia at the head of the list, with about 80 per cent. of the population unable to read and write. Of the Latin-speaking races, Spain heads the list with 63 per cent., followed by Italy with 48 per cent., France and Belgium having about 15 per cent. The illiterates in Hungary number 43 per cent., in Austria 39, and in Ireland 21. In England they are 13 per cent. In Holland 10 per cent., in the United States (white population) 8 per cent. and in Scotland 7 per cent. Among the purely Teutonic States there is a marked reduction in the percentage of illiterates. The highest is in Switzerland, 2.5; in the whole German Empire it is but 1 per cent.; while in Sweden, Denmark, Bavaria, Baden and Wurtemberg there is practically no one who can not read and write.

"Red-headed girls don't tan, eh?" said Poots, scornfully, as he laid down the newspaper in which he had been reading a statement to that effect. "Well, when I was a boy there was a red-headed girl teaching our district school, and she tanned so much that I haven't forgotten it to this day," and he rubbed his shoulder ruefully with the thought.—Texas Siftings.

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THE DOMESTIC COW.

A Smart Young Man Investigates Her Unamiable Traits.

The poet has, from time immemorial, eulogized the domestic Cu (Saxon), Koe (Dutch), or Cow (Modern English). He has done so without having taken the trouble to investigate those unamiable traits in her character which it is the object of this article to criticize. He (the poet) seems only to have seen her in her Sunday clothes, as it were, grazing in the fragrant meadows or standing at ease in the shadows of the babbling brooklet.

My hired man recently attended a fireman's picnic, not wisely, but too well; and, after repeated drinks, he very imprudently locked horns with a larger man on the question of tariff reform. Need I say more? Only this: That he was assisted home by friends, suffering from severe indisposition and with his features sadly out of repair; so that, on the following morning, from a sense of duty, I arose beddies to milk the domestic Cu (Saxon). Just as the first pale streaks of dawn appeared in the eastern sky.

Girding on some old clothes, I started forth to seek the Koe (Dutch). She had unhooked the gate of the pasture with her horns, and was then in the act of inspecting the flower-garden. She had evidently been there for some time, during which she had not been idle, and her manner was entirely free from excitement.

Approaching with a smile which has seldom failed to win female regard, I said, in soothing tones: "Soh, bossy! soh, bossy!" but, after eyeing me comprehensively for a few moments, she backed leisurely over a valuable rhododendron bush, and then started through the shrubbery at a swinging gait.

It would be painful to recount the incidents of that exciting chase. I got her in the barn at last, and succeeded in belying her head to the manger, after which I said: "Stand over," in a distinct tone of voice. She knew that I wanted her to move to the left so that I could get room to milk her; but wilfully appearing to misunderstand the order, she "stood over" to the right side, flattening me against the stall.

Did I swear? No, gentle reader, I did not. Why did I not swear? Because the weight of the Cu (Saxon) prevented respiration. Gathering myself together as one man, I hurried her across the stall by a supreme effort, and standing the hay-fork where she could see it, prepared to milk.

Any one who has watched the operation of milking a cow will maintain that it is a very simple thing to do. I used to think so myself, but it is a great mistake. I am ready to explain to any one who will listen to me for a few hours, that it is difficult, very difficult to milk a Koe (Dutch), unless there is a mutual understanding—a friendly feeling between the parties; which, in my case, there was not.

Having seated myself under the star-board quarter, I grasped the pail firmly between my knees, as I had seen the hired boy do, and commenced to milk. No milk came for five minutes, during which time I worked on in silence, while the Cu jerked angry mouthfuls of hay out of the manger, ever and anon lashing her tail against my hat, and looking around with a sarcastic smile; which, however, I pretended not to notice; but at last a snowy jet shot straight into my left eye, and, in a short time, another imparted an unnatural warmth to my lap. I had succeeded in bringing forth the milk; all that remained was to direct it into the pail. This was not to be so easily done as you would suppose.

In fifteen minutes I had brought forth twenty-six quirts, distributed as follows: Three in the left eye, one in the right, eleven on my trousers, two on Koe's tail, five on the barn floor, and the balance in the kettle.

Just then the hand-maiden appeared and asked if I had finished milking. She said that the family were waiting for breakfast, and there was no milk for the coffee. I told her to wait a few minutes—that I had not quite finished. Leaning one dimpled arm on an adjacent hay cutter she watched my efforts with increased amazement, and at length said, eagerly: "Lord, Misher Adam, let me milk the cow! Why didn't ye ax me befoare? Shure I used to milk three cows down home befoare I went out to sarvice!"

Recalling the incident of Robert Bruce and the historic spider, I felt strongly disposed to hold on and conquer the difficulties of milking if it took all day; but breakfast would have to be indefinitely postponed, and the feelings of the family were entitled to consideration; therefore I rose up and allowed Gwendoline Mulcahey to take the helm. This she did with alacrity, and, as the milk flew into the tin pail in thick, vigorous streams, the receptacle responded with a joyous "whing whong, whing whong," that seemed to say: "Go it, Gwendoline; you are the popular candidate, and you understand your biz." The Cu (Saxon) also gave vent to a chuckle of ill-concealed triumph as I started for the house.—Adam Smith, in Texas Siftings.

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HOME-MADE RUGS.

Why They Are to Be Preferred to Cheap Imitations of Eastern Work.

Mats are such necessary articles of household furnishings, and, withal, so comfortable and useful, that it is not to be thought strange that they grow in popular favor each year. Few homes, nowadays, lack these conveniences, for no matter how richly furnished, otherwise, a house may be, the absence of rugs detracts much from its comfort, in looks, at least. There are few things will give a house such a home-like appearance as a number of rugs scattered about the floor. For those who can afford it, the deft hands of the Orient furnish models of luxuriance, but the majority of people are content with imitation of the Eastern work, and the most of them very poor imitations at that, and many of the home-made rugs are much to be preferred to them. These can be made as artistic or plain as any one desires, from the pretty tufted rug for parlor or sitting-room, to the common braided or knit mat for the kitchen.

A pretty rug for the parlor or sitting-room is made as follows: Take a piece of burlap canvas or coffee sacking the size required, and have stamped upon it a pretty pattern. After matching your yarn according to colors in the pattern, take a lead pencil or round stick about the thickness of a pencil, and with a darning needle draw the yarn through the canvas, going over the pencil or stick each time, and, as the pencil fills, move it along, and proceed as before, until the whole surface of the canvas is filled. A very little thought can arrange a rug of this kind as a handsome affair, or, if a commoner one is desired, it may be made by using the ravellings from old stockings and working without a pattern, hit or miss.

Another pretty rug is made by taking a piece of burlap canvas and basting over it a piece of coarse net canvas such as is used for slippers. Take some pretty tidy or table-spread pattern, and enlarging as you go, work through the canvas in cross stitch, using colors to match, or that will harmonize with the carpet on the room for which it is intended. When the pattern is done fill in the groundwork, then remove the net canvas thread by thread. Finish the ends with a heavy fringe, the color of the groundwork. This mat can be worked on the burlap without the net canvas, but it will not be as soft and fluffy, and have as pretty a raised look, nor will it be as easy to work, for the broad meshes of the net are easily followed without any straining of the eyes. Pieces of Brussels or tapestry used for rugs are much prettier for the addition of a heavy fringe the shade of the prevailing color in the carpet tied in each end.

A pretty rug for a chamber or sitting room is made by taking a bright shade of yarn, and knitting a strip about five inches wide. Then dampen and press. With sharp shears cut it through the center lengthwise, then ravel the cut side of each strip to within half an inch of the other side. Have a piece of coffee sacking as large as you wish your mat, and around this, beginning at the outside edge, sew the knit strip with the fringe side on the outside. Knit and fill the whole surface of the mat in this way, always sewing each row of fringe near enough to the previous row to conceal the plain edge of the former. Always sew around the mat, and work toward the center. This makes a soft, pretty rug, and is very durable.

Although rugs are so very common, nevertheless, some very pretty mats can be made of them. Here is one: Cut the rags same as for braided mats and sew together. Take, if convenient, two pretty contrasting colors and cast on to a coarse wooden needle thirty-five stitches, which is large enough for a medium-sized mat. Knit first across, then knit five, turn and go back. Knit ten, turn and go back, and so continue increasing five each time and return until all have been knit, then return. Tie on the other color, knit five, turn, and go back, and so continue same as previous row. This mat is knit in gorges and shaped like a parasol. Knit until when laid on the floor it will lie flat, then join together.

In the center will be a small circular hole, which fill in this way. Cast on the same needle three stitches, and increase one stitch each row until there are eight stitches on the needle, then decrease one stitch each row until only three remain, which bind off. Insert this piece in the space in the center. This makes a unique mat and will last for years.

A crocheted rag mat is made by making a chain long enough for one side of a square mat, then turn and missing the first stitch work to end of chain in double crochet; turn and work the same as previous row, and so continue until only one stitch is on the needle, which bind off. Make four of these triangular pieces and join in a square.

The rag mats are nice and comfortable for a kitchen, and though many do not like them, claiming they retain the smell of cooking, yet, when it comes to bare floor or oil-cloth versus mats, place us on the side of mats every time.—Boston Budget.

Coffee Cream.—Beat one quart of rich, sweet cream to a froth, like the white of eggs for icing; then mix with one-quarter pound of granulated sugar, and shortly before serving, beat into it one cup of cold coffee extract, which has been made by slowly filtering two cups of boiling water through two ounces of finely ground coffee. Serve in a glass dish, with lady fingers or fresh sponge cake.