



**Spice Cake.**  
One cupful of light brown sugar and half a cupful of butter beaten to a cream, the yolks of two eggs beaten, half a cupful of sour milk; next stir in half a cupful of sifted flour, a cupful of stoned raisins, chopped fine, one teaspoonful of ground cloves, one of cinnamon, and a little nutmeg. Next add the whites of two eggs well beaten, enough flour to thicken, and half a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in hot water. Stir well.

**Sweet Pickle.**  
Two gallons of chopped cabbage, five tablespoonfuls of mustard, three gills of mustard seed, two saltspoonfuls of ground pepper, two of ground cloves, one gill of salt, one quart of onions chopped fine, half a gallon of chopped celery, a little celery seed, three pounds of sugar and three quarts of vinegar. Put all together in a porcelain-lined kettle, boil well and stir frequently. Tie the ground spices together in a little muslin bag.

**Salted Almonds.**  
Shell, blanch and dry the almonds; allow two teaspoons of butter for each cup of almonds; put these in a frying-pan and cook, with moderate heat, until the almonds are a delicate brown, stirring frequently, say, for one-quarter of an hour. Then sprinkle with salt. Peanuts can be salted the same way, first removing the shell and brown skin. Walnuts can be salted the same way, also.

**Sponge Cake.**  
Beat the yolks of six eggs until very light, add two cups of sugar and beat for fifteen minutes; whip in three beaten egg-whites, a cup of boiling water, then one and a half cups of flour, sifted with one teaspoonful of baking powder. Flavor to suit the taste, mix gently and bake in a sheet or a loaf. Use the three remaining egg-whites for the icing.

**Chrysanthemum Cake.**  
Cream a half-pint of butter with a pound of sugar, and the beaten whites of eight eggs, one and a half pints of flour that has been sifted with one and a half teaspoonfuls of baking powder, add a half-pint of milk and the grated rind of one orange. Color the batter to a light pink with cochineal and bake in layer tins. Cover with a red or deep pink icing.

**Creamed Salt Fish.**  
Put a cup of the shredded codfish in a strainer and pour boiling water through it, then stir it into one cup of white sauce. Let it stand over hot water, and just before serving add one well-beaten egg. When prepared in this way, and eaten with a well-baked, hot, mealy potato, it will often prove more palatable than the more expensive breakfast of steak or chops.

**Poor Man's Sauces.**  
Very useful "Poor Man's Sauces," equally useful for fish, flesh, or fowl, are made by varying the flavoring added to ordinary brown sauce (made with brown thickening and brown stock). It may be finished off with ketchup, either mushroom or walnut, or with essence of anchovy, or with capers, oysters, lobster, onion, what you will.

**Vegetable Cutlets.**  
Another nice luncheon dish is made as follows: Cut into bits cooked cauliflower, carrots, celery or asparagus tips to measure one pint. Add one cup of thick, seasoned white sauce. When cool form into cutlets, dip in egg and cracker or bread crumbs and fry in deep fat. Garnish with olives. Serve with green buttered peas.

**English Cookies.**  
Two eggs, two cups brown sugar, one cup butter, six tablespoons sour cream, one tablespoon soda, one cup raisins, one tablespoon of cinnamon and one tablespoon of cloves. Beat the butter and sugar together, add the eggs, then the cream, cinnamon, cloves, raisins, and soda. Add flour enough to make soft dough.

**Pear Jelly.**  
Peel and quarter twelve pears. Stew tender in a little water. Drain, and add to syrup made of one pound of sugar boiled with one pint of water and juice of two lemons. Cook ten minutes. Put in dish, and add to syrup one-half of a box of soaked gelatine; let it boil up and strain over pears.

**Graham Diamonds.**  
To four cups of Graham flour add one teaspoon of salt, one teaspoon of sugar and pour on boiling water to scald thoroughly. Work into a soft dough, roll out one-half inch thick, cut into diamonds with a sharp knife and bake one-half hour in a quick oven or until crisp.

**FAITH IN SANTA CLAUS.**

I used to watch for Santa Claus With childish faith sublime. And listen in the snowy night To hear his sleigh bells chime. Beside the door on Christmas eve I put a truss of hay To feed the prancing steeds That sped him on his way.

I pictured him a jolly man With beard of frosty white, And cheeks so fat that when he laughed They hid his eyes from sight; A heart that overflowed with love For little girls and boys, And on his back a bulging pack, Brimful of gorgeous toys.

If children of a larger growth Could have a Christmas tree From Father Time, one gift alone Would be enough for me— Let others take the gems and gold, And trifles light and vain, But give me back my old belief In Santa Claus again!

—Life.

**CHRISTMAS OF THE SORROWFUL**

**Even Those Who Mourn Have Sources of Comfort at Yule-Tide.**

Twenty express wagons, backed up against the curb, waited the arrival of the Limited—twenty express wagons and a hearse. It was Christmas day and Sunday, and the drivers were adding a Sabbath day's hard labor to a week the daily tasks of which had extended far into the night. There were none too many wagons, as the wire had assured the office, for a vast bulk of delayed Christmas matter was coming on the Limited.

On the Limited, too, was to arrive the body of a good man, who had gone away in search of health, and had found it in the land where pain is no more. His son waited the arrival of the belated train, and choked down unhappy thoughts which seemed the sadder because all the world was happy, while he and his household were in grief. He arranged the preliminaries with the express company, and waited in its freight room with the undertaker, expecting every minute that the train would arrive. But the train was late, and it seemed impossible to get word of it. So there was nothing to do but wait and think sad thoughts.

Forty expressmen and drivers waited also, exchanging as they waited their tales of hard service and late hours, and grumbling a little at the work before them.

Still the train delayed. An hour, a half-hour more passed, and the time dragged slowly. The hard-luck stories had all been told. The temporary sense of relief in an hour of rest gave place to a restless desire on the part of the expressmen to get at their work and finish it. A period of silence succeeded the noisy clatter. Then one of the men began to sing:

"Joy to the world! The Lord is come! Let earth receive her King! Let every heart prepare Him room, And heaven and nature sing!"

Several voices joined, and all the others listened. The tune was "Antioch," with its adaptation of the opening strains of the "Messiah;" and the bass voices came in full and strong in their response, "And heaven and nature sing."

"What a Friend We Have in Jesus" followed, and then a number of other gospel hymns. The sad-hearted man felt himself strangely moved, and drew imperceptibly nearer to the group of singers. At last they sang, "Shall We Gather at the River?" and he looked through swimming eyes and saw that the undertaker, too, was wiping away the tears. "I lost three little ones just a year ago," said the undertaker. "Diphtheria. They all went at once; all I had. I've been thinking a good deal when I saw other men going home with Christmas things—"

He choked and moved away, but nearer to the singers, and when they sang the last verse he was singing with them. Then the mourner forgot his own grief. He, too, had a voice, and in the next hymn he joined the steadily growing chorus. Half an hour they sang together, and when the train came in they all felt that they had been joining in a Christmas service, and that some of the Christmas spirit had come to them.

Death keeps no holidays. No season is exempt from his dread visits. The homes to which he comes are often the sadder because of their pathetic contrast with the joy of the world. But even to the sorrowful there are sources of comfort. Happy are those who find them, even through their tears.—Youth's Companion.

**A Quaint Christmas Custom.**

The burning of the ashen fagot is a curious custom observed in Devon and Somerset on Christmas eve. The fagot consists of green ash sticks cut lengthways and neatly fastened into a bundle with withy bands. At 8 o'clock in the evening this is placed on the fire with much ceremony, when the family and invited guests are gathered round the hearth. The flames lick round the bundle, and, when the first green with holding the fagots bursts, glasses are raised and emptied to "a Merry Christmas!" The breaking of each bond is the signal for a fresh toast. Legend accounts for this custom by the story that a fire of ash wood warmed the stable at Bethlehem, while local tradition tells of a green-wood fire kindled by Alfred the Great during his lonely wanderings in Somerset.

**An Improved Diary.**

"This," explained the bookseller, "is our latest patent diary. We think it is the cleverest thing in that line ever devised."

The shopper turns the leaves idly. "But I can't see where it is different from any other," she observes.

"No? Well, if you will look at all the dates after Jan. 23 you will see that in each space has been printed, 'Got up at breakfast, lunch and dinner and went to bed.' That insures a complete diary for the year."—Judge.

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**A Knotty Question.**

Pokely—I saw a kid watching a ball game through a knothole to-day and—

Jokeley—Pardon me; that reminds me. When may a knothole be said to be not whole?

Pokely—What on earth are you talking about?

Jokeley—The answer is: "When only part of the knot is not."—Philadelphia Press.

**To Break in New Shoes.**

Always shake in Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures hot, sweating, itching, swollen feet. Cures corns, ingrowing nails and bunions. At all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

**Harsh Measures.**

Oldpop—I want that man Stoptole to quit hanging around here. You send him away.

Daughter—But, papa, I can't get rid of him. I've given him all sorts of hints, and even treated him rudely, but it's no use.

Oldpop—Well, make it strong. The next time he comes, sing to him.—Cleveland Leader.

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**A Fairly Good Man.**

"Brother Spotcash," said his pastor, "what would you do if an injunction came to you, 'sell all thou hast and give to the poor?'"

"I should obey it, of course," answered the great merchant, "as I have always done. Everything I have in stock is for sale, and I give more to the poor than any two men in this block."—Chicago Tribune.

## Have You a Friend?

Then tell him about Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Tell him how it cured your hard cough. Tell him why you always keep it in the house. Tell him to ask his doctor about it. Doctors use a great deal of it for throat and lung troubles.

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Piso's Cure is a good cough medicine. It has cured coughs and colds for forty years. At druggists, 25 cents.

**Pretty Thin.**

"There goes my auto flying along." "I don't see any auto." "No, that chauffeur of mine drives it so fast you can't see it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

**Secret Out.**

Mr. Stubb—Marie, this paper says that in the wilds of Africa there is a mouse that jumps ten feet at each leap.

Mrs. Stubb—Gracious! Now, I know why so few of the explorers' wives accompany them.

**Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury**

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles could never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is tenfold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by druggists, price 75c. per bottle. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

**Old Story in New Guise.**

"There goes Blower in a swell new overcoat." "Yes, the price came from gambling."

"You don't say. It is a wonder his wife didn't take the money away from him."

"She gave it to him. She won it playing 'bridge.'"

**The Earth's Area.**

One of the best authorities estimates the area of the earth's surface at 196,791,984 square miles, of which about 53,000,000 square miles is land, the rest water. Throughout most of this 50,000,000 square miles Pillsbury's Vitos has made its way because it's so good. It is the ideal breakfast food, and may be had at any up-to-date grocery.

**In Self-Defense.**

"Why in thunder did Eddie Ott's friends work so hard to get him elected to Congress?"

"They wanted to send him to some place where he could talk politics all he wished to, and they wouldn't have to listen to him."—Cleveland Leader.

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