

In the "Home Maker's Column" of March 11th, I saw the question asked, how to make sponge cake. I send my receipt, which I think is very nice.

SPONGE CAKE.

2 eggs, beat two minutes, add 1-2 cups sugar, beat five minutes, 1 cup of flour with 1 teaspoonful cream tartar mixed with it, 1 1/2 cups cold water with 1/2 teaspoonful soda dissolved in it. Last, 1 cup of flour. Flavor with lemon, bake in a quick oven.

I send another, which perhaps some one would like.

SMALL SPONGE CAKE.

1 cup sugar, 1-2 cup milk, 1 egg, 2 teaspoonfuls cream tartar mixed with it, 1 1/2 cups cold water with 1/2 teaspoonful soda dissolved in it. Last, 1 cup of flour. Flavor with lemon, bake in a quick oven.

I am very much interested in this column. Hope some one will report how they like my recipes.

"MOLLY."

We suspect Molly is quite a young cock; if so it is hoped others will follow her example, and perhaps by-and-by we will devote part of this column to the contributions of the younger members of our Home Club.

Here's a letter without a name. Hope we shall hear again from the same person, so the far may not come out.

FOR THE HOME MAKER'S COLUMN.

Will some one inform me how to prepare skin, so the far may not come out?

ANGEL OLIVE.

I think your gemstone buds would not be in a room of even temperature, with all the sun or light they can have, and if they are properly watered. Please not be "discouraged," but study plants, and while darkness and gloom are smiling, let your eye rest upon the bright smiling petals in the midst of beautiful green. May they not only be mental, but spiritual links between you and the Eternal.

March 25, 1884.

This next letter shows us what may result from sending a number of this paper to a friend. Here we have a letter and some new ideas from a lady living many miles from Oxford county, but in another State merely, but under an entirely different government.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

I received a copy of the OXFORD DEMOCRAT recently, from one of its subscribers, and was greatly interested in it, especially in the "Home Maker's Column." Should think it would be dear to the hearts of all housekeepers. I will send a few recipes which I have found excellent.

COCONUT COOKIES.

1 cup sugar, 1 1/2 cup butter, 1 egg, 1 1/2 cup milk, 1 teaspoonful soda, 2 of cream tartar, salt and spice. 1 cup desiccated coconut.

This makes good plain cookies without the coconut.

RICHAUD SAUCE.

Cut the ribbons as for pie, and place in a deep earthen dish, then add plenty of brown sugar, a small quantity of hot water, and bake three or four hours. It is a pleasant change from the old way of stewing it for sauce. It is also delicious put up in jars for winter.

I suppose many of you make nice roll jelly-cake; by the way it is called sand-wich-cake here. Do you ever cut it for dessert, and serve with whipped cream? Whipped cream, for the benefit of the initiated, is cream well beaten and thickened with sugar, flavored with a few drops of essence of lemon or vanilla, as preferred. The cream is also nice poured over preserved fruit.

J. P. H.

MONTELL, P. Q.

That must be a delicious dessert indeed. Whipped cream can be used with many such compounds, and is easily and quickly prepared, although where one is making butter they do not care to spare the cream. Still many times the same quantity of cream may accomplish more good in this form than as butter.

As our friend said, the cream is well beaten, sweetened and flavored. The beating is easily done with a Dover egg beater. Too much sugar makes it almost unpalatable, the amount of that and of flavoring must depend upon the taste. It is an excellent filling for cream pie, is easier to prepare than the usual custard filling, and a very small quantity of cream will do for a large pie. From a half to a whole cup is sufficient. The cream to be beat easily should not be very old or heavy, as then it will come to butter rather than grow light and foamy. A tablespoonful of grated chocolate added when nearly done will give a nice chocolate filling for a Washington pie. Served in glasses, it is good as a change from soft custards.

Dry cake may be used somewhat as our correspondent uses her jelly-cake; break in small pieces, soak in the juice of preserved peaches, or anything of that sort at hand, and serve with cream; or pour the cream over the cake, and put bits of jelly on top. Chocolate or desiccated coconut may be used in this dessert. Unless it is desirable to soak cake it is best not to prepare the cream until just before it is served. Often an impromptu dessert can be made with some of these combinations that will be better than any requiring a longer preparation. An apple and tapioca pudding is especially good with whipped cream for a sauce, and it may be used with other puddings. This apple and tapioca pudding is very simple: soak 1 cup tapioca over night in about a quart of water, then peel and core six or seven apples, slice, or better, core without cutting up—place in a pudding dish, fill the cores with sugar and a little nutmeg; put in the tapioca, which should be slightly salted, and bake. If it seems dry as it bakes add a moderate amount of water, and when the apples are done, cover with a plate when taken from the oven, so the top will not skim over.

A LITTLE EXPERIMENTING

will show us just how we can whip cream best and easiest, and though we do not want it for a constant diet, it has its place with other things.

REDDLE WORK.

A convenient bag for soiled clothes is made of three pieces of red-ticking, or similar strong material. These are oblong or rounded slightly at the upper corners, and are placed one over the other and bound together with braid. Slits are cut in the two outside ones, and the edges bound, and a bag is thus formed on each side of the inside piece. Hung by a braid on the inside of a closet door, it will be found very useful.

The Oxford Democrat.

PARIS, MAINE, TUESDAY, APRIL 22, 1884.

NUMBER 16.

VOLUME LI.

HIS OWN.

"They shall be as the stones of a crown."

Job, 9: 26.

The Master came to his dwelling.

And left as a great one day.

To be cheerful, and guarded, and polished.

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With her deaf ear up, that it looks like malice—deliberate, fiendish malice—when she persists in doing it again and again."

What should he do next? He could not stay in the cellar all night, and he did not like to batter down the door with the poker. A happy thought!

He went to the furnace and with the help of the hatchet from the kindling-wood pile, cut the tin flue which conveyed the heat up to Mrs. Whitaker's room. Certainly he could compel her to hear him now.

He put his mouth to the broken flue and called "Ellen—Ellen!" Then he stopped and listened. He thought he could hear Ellen breathing softly in her sleep, but he was not certain. He called again more loudly, and then put his fingers in his mouth and whistled.

"Probably I can wake the baby, anyhow, and the baby will wake her," he said; but no response came down the flue. The baby seemed to be sleeping with almost supernatural soundness, and manifestly, Mrs. Whitaker had her deaf ear up.

Mr. Whitaker almost beside himself with rage. "A woman," he said, "who would treat her husband in such a manner as this, is capable of anything. Either Ellen will stop sleeping with her deaf ear up, or we will separate."

A third time he applied his lips to the tin pipe and bawled into it until he was hoarse. He thought he heard his spouse walking across the floor, but when he called again there was no response, and he knew that he was mistaken.

The soul of Mr. Whitaker was filled with gloom. In his anger he indulged in a certain humor. "I suppose she rather relishes having me down in the cellar all night; it is a good joke! but let her take care! She may laugh upon the other side of her mouth before we are done with this business!" And he laughed a wild and bitter laugh.

Poor Mrs. Whitaker, sleeping sweetly upstairs, in perfect unconsciousness would have been deeply pained to learn how gravely her husband wronged her.

"Must get out of here somehow or other," said Mr. Whitaker. "The window is small, but I can crawl through it, I reckon, if I try."

He unlocked the frame containing the wire screen which protected the window, and pushed it outward. Then procuring a wash-bowl, and climbing from it to the window-sill, he thrust his head out and dragged his body through. When he reached the front pavement, his face was covered with cobwebs and his clothes with coal-dust; but he exulted in the thought that he was a free man.

He took his dead-latch key from his pocket, and was about to try to open the front door, when he remembered that he had locked the door and put up the chain bolt. There was no use trying to ring the bell. The wire was broken, and Mrs. Whitaker wouldn't hear the bell if the wire hadn't been broken. There was but one last hope of making her hear, and that was by throwing gravel stones against the window. Mr. Whitaker tried the experiment. The first handful produced no effect. The sleeper did not hear it. Neither did she hear the second handful, nor the third, nor the tenth, which was dashed against the glass with such violence that Mr. Whitaker expected to see it shivered to fragments.

Mr. Whitaker was at his wit's end. There was a faint light burning in the room, and as he looked up at it, and thought of his wife slumbering quietly on the other side of that door, and the thought struck him that the catch might possibly be down. He ascended the stairs and tried the door. He was locked into the cellar, for the key of the outer cellar door he knew was in the kitchen.

He could hardly think what he had better do about the matter, but finally he concluded to try to make his wife hear him and come to his rescue. He seized the long heavy furnace poker, and inserted the crook of it above the bell wire that ran along the joint of the cellar ceiling, and pulled. The bell jangled loudly, but it was in the kitchen, and Mrs. Whitaker was in the front room in the second story. Would she hear it? He pulled the wire again, twice; then he sat down on the steps and waited. It then flashed upon the mind of the imprisoned man that Mrs. Whitaker was probably sleeping with the deaf ear up.

This increased his growing irritation, and he pulled the bell wire with the poker fifteen or twenty times.

"I could hear that a mile from here if I was as deaf as a post!" he exclaimed, as he threw the poker on the floor and took his seat again, with the bell still vibrating.

But Mrs. Whitaker did not hear the noise, for no sound of her coming reached the ears of her impatient and indignant husband.

He grew angrier every moment. He felt a sense of injustice. It seemed unjust, inhuman for his wife to be sleeping away calmly up stairs while he was locked up in the dismal recesses of the cellar.

"I'll make her hear me, or I'll break something," he exclaimed, seizing the poker and knocking it upon the bell wire. Then he pulled the wire with such furious energy that he broke it, and the jangling of the bell died away into silence.

"It is little short of scandalous," said Mr. Whitaker, in a rage. "I have spoken so often to Ellen about sleeping

with her deaf ear up, that it looks like malice—deliberate, fiendish malice—when she persists in doing it again and again."

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