THE BEAUTY CHARM.

A Story of Old Virginia.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

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CHAPTER XXV.

"Your advice is not worth a fee," said Graham in a jesting tone. "I shall try to cut the young man out before he arrives," and he followed me into the waiting room.

At first, as my friends watched me, I seemed to be far from pleased when he took his seat beside me, but in a few moments I appeared to become deeply interested. A little later they saw we were talking with animation.

Meanwhile a train was being made up—a Richmond express—for there was a junction of many lines at Oakville. "All aboard," cried the guards. The passengers hurried to take their places, and they saw Mr. Graham offer me his arm and advance toward them. Suddenly one of the gates slammed. "All aboard," roared the chorus of voices for the last time. We two, Mr. Graham and I, were opposite the steps of a car at this moment, and they saw him seize me by the waist and lift me to the steps. A guard caught me by the arm. Mr. Graham had barely time to follow. The train was off. The next moment our heads protruded from two windows. I screamed and Mr. Graham roared something, but they did not hear the words. The train sped away at full speed, and was soon a mere spot in the distance.

Mr. Williams and Mr. March had rushed after it and had been hauled back to the platform by a number of excited employes. The people of the platform gathered about Mrs. March. "What is it?" they asked. "Is it an elopement?" "Is it your daughter?" "Who is it?" while Mrs. March only stared at them and shook her head.

It was at this juncture that the train we had all come to meet entered the station, and Capt. Atherton, with eager expectation in his eyes, alighted and hurried toward them. Their pale faces, the strange looks with which they greeted him, the excitement of the strangers gathered about them, told him at once that something untoward had occurred, and his thoughts naturally turned to me.

"Where is Nannie?" he cried. "What has happened? Is she safe?" And Mrs. March, whose terror and consternation could not control her sense of the ludicrous, replied:

"My dear captain, don't be alarmed; it is only her fatal beauty, as usual. She has been carried off again."

"By a young man I introduced to her not an hour since," said Mr. Williams. "He told me she was the loveliest woman he had ever seen and that he intended to cut you out. I thought it a jest."

"We must follow her," said Mr. March, in whom the spirit of Don Quixote had not yet died out. "We must rescue her at once, Capt. Atherton. We will follow her."

"I will wire to Richmond to arrest Graham on their arrival," said Mr. Williams. "It is an express train. No stops anywhere. Graham must suddenly have lost his senses."

So the message was sent: "Detain handsome golden-haired young lady in gray suit with blue flowers in her hair, and young man with black hair and mustache, brown suit and russet satchel, opal ring on little finger, etc., etc."

Capt. Atherton was wild with excitement and the dear old Don in a state of fury. But trains take their time, whatever our anxieties. It was impossible to proceed upon their journey until 5 o'clock next morning, but about midnight a laconic telegram arrived: "Parties described arrested." This was some comfort, and Atherton and Mr. March clung to it throughout their anxious journey until their arrival in Richmond, when a great disappointment awaited them.

The persons detained proved to be an innocent little bride and bridegroom on on their wedding trip. She was in tears; he wanted to fight everybody. Of course they were released at once. And now what had become of myself and Mr. Graham?

And now the reader must know what really happened. When Mr. Graham came and took his seat beside me in the Oakville waiting room, he began at first to talk about the weather and the long journey he had had. Apropos of this, he remarked that he had been to Virginia in search of an heiress, and mentioned the court house in which my uncle's home was situated as the particular spot. Naturally this interested me and I encouraged him to proceed.

"I hope you found your heiress," I said. He shook his head.

"No," he said. "It is quite a long story, and in order to produce a dramatic effect I must begin at the beginning.

"My heiress was the daughter of a Northern gentleman who married a Southern lady just after the close of the late war. It was an affection of long duration, but political feeling ran high, and there was opposition to the match on the part of relatives on both sides.

"The young man's father was particularly angry, and the consequence was that the bridegroom, who had been brought up in luxury, found himself obliged to begin, without preparation, a battle with the world.

"As for the young lady's family, represented by an elder brother, for her father and two other brothers had given their lives for 'the lost cause,' they, like most Southern families, found themselves impoverished. The estate remained to them, but nothing else.

"When the young husband's father died, not long after, he left his property to a son who had never offended him. Meanwhile the young couple had had many struggles and disappointments. Two children had been born but to die. The third, a little girl, saw the light on the day that her father breathed his last. He was killed by falling through a hatchway in a building where he had just obtained a good position as bookkeeper.

"While the mother lay in a stupor, incapable of thought or action, crushed by the terrible news that had been brought to her without the slightest preparation, some one wrote to her brother. He came at once. A reconciliation ensued, and he desired to take his sister and her child home with him. The hope was vain. The blow had been too terrible. She died. And he took the infant, happily too young to know its loss, back with him to the old plantation.

"Not long ago Mr. Everliegh's brother, the heir to the Everliegh estate, died suddenly. He had never married, and left no will. The only legal heir to his immense estate was his niece, now a girl of nineteen—Miss Ann Sherwood Everliegh."

"Ann Sherwood Everliegh?" I cried.

"Yes," he replied. "I noticed on our introduction that your name was the same, Miss Everliegh. Our house has had charge of the Everliegh property for years, my grandfather before my father, who is now head of the firm. Consequently, since lawyers always take heed of the possible occurrences as well as the probable, we knew just where to look for the young heiress, and I was sent to interview her at the plantation of her uncle, Col. William Malcolm, of the Confederate army.

"As I knew that she was a young lady I had confident hopes of finding her alive and well. I reached Richmond in this belief. I left Richmond for Col. Malcolm's estate in a very cheerful mood, and I arrived in the neighboring village just as the sheriff, followed by all the men in the place, was dragging the murderer of my heiress to the jail."

"The murderer of Anna Sherwood Everliegh, the niece of Col. William Malcolm!" I cried.

"Exactly," said Mr. Graham. I was too utterly confounded to speak.

Mr. Graham, delighted at the deep interest I evinced in his story, after an effective pause continued:

"Having waited until the sheriff—not without much trouble, for lynching had been talked of—got his prisoner into the jail, I went to see Col. Malcolm.

"I found him a fine soldierly gentleman—he lost an arm in the war—and he has a charming wife and three lovely daughters. They were all in terrible affliction."

"On account of the murder of Miss Anna Sherwood Everliegh?" I inquired.

"Yes, indeed," said Mr. Graham. And the affair was a hideously tragic one. About three years ago the young lady——"

"Miss Anna Sherwood Everliegh?" I again interpolated.

"Exactly," said Mr. Graham. Miss Everleigh, who was then nearly seventeen, but who was very childish and very much disposed to conduct herself as a child while romping in the woods, did something to vex her aunt, Mrs. Malcolm; tore a beautiful new dress, if I remember rightly."

"Ah!" I said.

"She was not disposed to be penitent," said Mr. Graham, "and her aunt felt that it behooved her to talk seriously on the subject."

"Seriously?" I asked.

"Kindly but firmly," said Mr. Graham, "she administered a mild reproof."

"A mild reproof," I repeated, like a parrot. Mr. Graham, who was evidently becoming irritated, looked at me sharply.

"I have only hearsay evidence, of course," he said. "The lady told me this amid floods of tears and choking sobs that excited my sympathies. The cousins wept loudly, and two old colored servants were apparently heartbroken over their poor Miss Nannie."

"They will live," said I under my breath.

"But to proceed," said Mr. Graham. "To quote the colonel's words, the reproof was given for Miss Everleigh's own good, but she had the proud blood of the Malcolms in her veins and resented it. The next morning she was gone, and for all this while they have been unable to discover her whereabouts. She had no money. She did not go to any of their friends.

"The colonel has spent all the money he could command, and worn himself to a shadow in a vain search for the only child of his lost sister, as he pathetically puts it, and it was only a few days ago that the truth was made manifest."

"The truth concerning Miss Anna Sherwood Everliegh?" I asked. By this time I think Mr. Graham had decided that I was idiotic, for he proceeded rapidly:

"Yes," he said. "An old negress, who was unknown to any one, appeared in Richmond and tried to sell some jewelry, among other things a necklace of gold chains with a diamond in the clasp, a very valuable ornament. There was an inscription on the clasp too small to be read by any one without a magnifying glass. The jeweler used his, and found the name of the missing girl's mother upon it. It had been made in that very establishment and presented to Miss Everliegh by the colonel.

"The old woman was arrested. She was an old creature named Flora, and lives in a substantial little house that is her own property. She is avowedly an herb doctor, but the negroes call her a witch and consider a little monkey she possesses a veritable limb of the old boy. The house was searched, a mysterious cellar discovered, and bones of some sort discovered in the garden. They have declared these bones to be those of—"Miss Anna Sherwood Everliege" I cried again.

"And old Flora has been convicted of murdering her," said Mr. Graham. "In order to prevent the lynching operation they hastened matters, as they can in the Southern states, and the old hag is to be hanged tomorrow at 10 o'clock in the jail yard."

"For murdering Miss Anna Sherwood Everliegh," I gasped for the last time.

"Madam," said Mr. Graham with an air of serious offense, "I am glad to have amused you."

"Mr. Graham," I replied, "I am aware that my manner and my exclamations must surprise you, but there are some situations for which there is no precedent. No book of etiquette for young ladies could inform me how to act and what to say at the present moment. It is, perhaps, not once in a century that any one is informed of her own murder." Now it was Mr. Graham's turn to imitate a parrot and cry out:

"Her own murder!"

"You noticed that my name is Everliegh," I said. "When I tell you that I am Anna Sherwood Everliegh, daughter of Oliver Everleigh, of Massachusetts, and his wife Henrietta, born Malcolm, and niece of Col. William Malcolm, of Virginia, and that I ran away from home because of—of the mild reproof of my aunt Elizabeth, you will not be surprised at anything I say or do just now."

"Great heavens!" cried Mr. Graham, "is it possible? Then you are the heiress of whom I am in search?"

"I have documents which prove the fact," said I. "But that is of minor importance. Not only has old Flora not murdered me, but she did not even steal the necklace. I gave it to her freely. And she, you say, is to hanged at the court house at 10 o'clock tomorrow?"

"Unless she is lynched before that," said he. "We must telegraph——"

"I could not bear the suspense," I said. "I must go to her at once. I must see that she is proven innocent. I could not bear my remorse if I did not do so." Mr. Graham arose and looked at me.

"Miss Everliegh," he said, "do you see the train they have just made up there? The passengers are entering the cars now. Only by taking that train could you reach the jail in time. You see it is impossible."

"Impossible? Oh, no; not at all," I cried, "for I will take this train. I will tell Mrs. March." Mr. Graham offered me his arm. I hurried toward my friends. "All aboard," shouted the guard; the train began to move; one of the gates closed. I saw that I could not lose a second. Dragging Mr. Graham with me, I dashed through the other gate.

"You cannot get on," roared somebody in a cap.

"It is life or death. Do not dare prevent me," I cried. I sprang to the step. At the risk of his life, Mr. Graham followed me. The guards clutched us and hauled us in. "Tell Arthur," I screamed from the window, to the three astonished people, whose faces were now pressed against the bars of the platform gate. "Tell Arthur it is life or death." "Business of importance," roared Mr. Graham from the window, but my poor friends did not hear us, as I have told you.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"Mr. Graham," I said, as I took my seat, "I did not think you would have come with me. I wish you had remained to explain. What will they think? What will they suffer?" Tears arose to my eyes as I thought of my soldier.

"As your lawyer, my dear Miss Everliegh, it is my duty to accompany you," said Mr. Graham. "It does not often hurt people to be puzzled."

"You do not know all the circumstances," I said. "However, one must do one's duty, whatever happens. We shall get to the jail in time, shall we not?"

"Bar accident, we shall have an hour to spare," said Mr. Graham. "I must be your banker, no obligation incurred. I can charge the estate for your expenses. You are worth nearly a million, Miss Everliegh. Are you aware of that?"

"I cannot think of anything but old Flora," I said. "And—and those whom I have terrified so."

"The lad I left behind me," hummed Mr. Graham. "The gentleman will fancy that I have eloped with you."

"Exactly," I replied. "I am in the habit of being carried off, you know." He thought it was a jest and replied:

"I am not astonished, not at all, Miss Everliegh."

But, indeed, although I had my purse in my pocket and would have been able to pay my fare, I was very glad to have this young lawyer with me. He took excellent care of me, and I felt less lonely. But oh, all this while my heart was aching for my soldier, who had traveled so far to meet me, only to find me gone.

At Richmond I found Mr. Graham of the greatest service. He lost no time in finding a conveyance, and four strong horses bore us along the road to —— court house, to the door of the jail.

A great crowd was assembled about the door. It was not long since "an execution" had been in this place—a public affair which all the world and his wife might witness at pleasure, and the people were still admitted very readily.

The yard was already full of spectators. The clock was ticking away the moments.

The old woman had steadily declared her innocence from the first, but nobody believed her. Her color and her evil reputation were against her.

Happily Judge Sperry, who had condemned the unhappy woman, was within call, and what Mrs. March laughed at as my absurd habit of carrying all my valuable papers as well as my money in that little pouch at my side now served me in good stead.

I proved my identity. The judge called a court. I took my oath as to being I myself and no one else, and that I had given the chain to Flora as a free gift.

I had been lost in the woods, I said. She took me to her hut, and I made her a present.

There was much enthusiasm about my return, and I was quite a heroine. But no one but myself seemed particularly interested in Flora, or to remember the anguish and terror she must suffer.

When the judge, mounting the platform, addressed the assembled crowd, told them the facts and dismissed them, I fancy they were for the most part disappointed, and I heard one man mutter, "That kind of old wench needs hangin', anyhow."

However, the coast was cleared at last, and I begged them to take me to the poor old wretch and let me tell her the good news with my own lips.

As the cell door was unlocked I saw her sitting on the side of her cot. The monkey, dressed in red, had perched close beside her, and thrusting forth its little chin, regarded her with the expression of a grieved old man, now and then turning its eyes upon a solemn-looking preacher from the African church who stood before her, looking very weary and discouraged.

"Sister," I heard him say, "I is labored wid you for days and days, and yo' heart is hard as a neder millstone. Is you gwine befo' de Lawd like dat? Make a clean bress of it, sister. 'Fess your crime; don' die on de scaffol' wid a lie in yo' mouf. 'Der is mo' joy ober a sinner dat repents dan all de jess men made perfic. Trus' in de Lawd.'"

"I does, I does," said old Flora. "But lyin' won't help me. Ef I say I kill dat young white lady, I lies. I didn' t kill her, nor rob dat necklus off her. She gib it to me fur makin' her harnsome. No use hidin' it now. I gabe her de beauty charm—she done ask me, and I gabe it, and she pay me wid dat chain. She say so ef she here dis minite."

"Wot you talkin' bout dat debble's wuk fo?" cried the preacher. "Turn yo mind to sabin yo soul. Now is de time to confess; now is de pinted time—trus in de Lord."

"De Lord knows I didn't kill her, nor rob de chain, nor nuffin," sighed old Flora. And I, hurrying into the cell, walked up to her, and put my hand upon her shoulder.

"You are right, Flora," I said, "and he has sent me here in time to prove the truth, for I am Miss Anna Everliegh, and I have told them so, and that you neither harmed nor robbed me." At this the old creature caught my hand, and looking up into my face, cried out: "I knows you voice—I knows you ways—but how you is altered. You is got what you paid for, sho enuff. The beauty charm has worked." Then she rose to her feet and began to mutter to herself:

"Better look out. Dey is buse me, an' dey say dey hang me. Fool talk, fool talk; rope ain't twiss dat could hang me. I knows who calls me names, an' flings mud at me. I'll blight 'em, I'll cuss 'em, I can cass sells so's dey bones aches, so's dey eyes drop out of de heads. Dey took de chain away, I earns dat hones, but dey took it ——."

"Flora," I said, "I will keep the chain because it was my mother's, but I am a rich woman now, and I will see that you have more than you could ever get for it."

"Tanky, Miss," she said, "you is berry good, but you ought to be genus to me; de charm did wuk puffick."

Then she took her staff in one hand and her monkey's chain in the other, and said to the jailer:

"I is free now. Open de door an' let me out, fore I cass a spell on you for de rheumatiz."

And the big man turned pale as he obeyed her.

Long hours of weary waiting followed my hurried journey, and the scene at the jail. Mr. Graham had sent telegrams in all directions, and had done all that mortal man could do, and before Arthur and the don had been in Richmond an hour they had the whole story. And, at last, at last, just as my nervous anxiety had reached the point of tears, I looked up and saw him standing before me.

All had been explained. I had nothing to do but be happy in our reunion. But, after awhile, a sense of duty pressed upon me. He had said: "I think it would be well, darling, since we are so near Malcolm's Rest, that we should be married there—if your uncle desires it, as I have no doubt he will. Graham has received a telegram from him, saying that he will be here in an hour. And, indeed, you owe him some token of respect and consideration, and I wish to enter the family with pleasant feelings on all sides."

"The idea has been in my own mind, Arthur," I answered, "but, before we say another word, I must free my mind of the only secret that it holds. I must have none from my husband."

And then and there I told him the story of old Flora, the scene in the cellar, and the beauty charm.

To my delight he took the matter as a joke, laughed at me for having put faith in the thing for a moment, and ended with these words:

"My darling, you are one of the girls who grow more beautiful as they mature. Many beautiful children make plain, pinched, insignificant women. You will be handsomer at thirty than you are now—yes, at forty, I've no doubt."

"Say seventy at once," I cried. "I hope I shall be, in your dear eyes. And now, sit quiet for a moment." And, taking the beauty charm from the cord that held it, I fastened it to his watch chain by a little ring that was intended to hold some ornament, but was yet empty.

"At last," I said, "I will wear this no longer. It is my first present to you, and, if I could believe that it had any power to make me win the hearts of men, I should give it to you all the more, for only in your eyes do I wish to be fair, only by you do I desire to be beloved." Our lips met—oh, happy; oh, never to be forgotten moment, in which I had a foretaste of paradise.

An hour later my uncle arrived. He was much affected by our meeting, and his account of his long, anxious search for me really touched my heart.

He met Arthur with stately courtesy, but my dear old Don won his heart at once. Shortly we all entered the venerable carryall, and drove out to Malcolm's Rest.

The family were all gathered on the veranda to meet us. My aunt must have spent a great deal of time on her toilette, and Adelaide was prettier than ever, in a pink and white costume. She flung herself into my arms, with a cry of rapture, and, as I felt sure, a remembrance of the presence of gentlemen to admire her grace and animation. My aunt was more dignified: "Welcome to you old home, Niece Anna," she said. "I had vowed I never could forgive you for using me so cruelly. How your poor uncle has danced up and down the earth in search of you. And you have given us both a dozen of new wrinkles, and look at the colonel's hair:

"However, you have improved so that I cannot find it in my heart to scold you. And now I suppose you have some one to keep you in order," and she kissed me and gave her hand to my soldier, who won her heart by lifting it to his lips.

She, too, took a great fancy to Mr. March, who will always be the Don to me, though I never called him so. And as for Mr. Graham, I saw in ten minutes that he had fallen in love with Cousin Adelaide. The children—scarcely children any longer—danced about me, and Maum Mandy and Aunt Sally rolled their eyes and lifted their hands in apparent ecstasies of rejoicing.

"How I has mourned and lumented, to be sure," said Mandy. "I steddied and steddied, and couldn't s'pose nuffin' but Miss Nannie done been kill and berry in de brush. Lors, when dey come and tell us dat old Flo she got de chain, I sartin sure she sassinate her, like de folks said she did. Neber spect I see Miss Nannie again."

"Me needer," said Sally, "me needer. I is powerful 'jiced, I is, an' I mus' say I nebber see no one grow up so harnsome."

"Course, Miss Nannie wus always harnsome," said that arch hypocrite, Maum Mandy, with the soft, insinuating smile peculiar to herself. "'De Malcolms always is harnsome, but some way anoder she is got so mighty prepersessin."

"Yes, Miss Nannie, you sar inly is powerful pre-per-sessin' nowadays," said Aunt Sally. "Struck me like lightnin' fust minute I saw you get out ob de carriage."

I could not help laughing, and at this they laughed also, of course, and with smiles and nods and courtesies rolled away.

"Mus' get you alls some supper soon as we kin," said Maum Mandy. "'Citement, even if it is jyful, tires folks out and makes 'em hungry."

As we sat at the broad supper table that evening I could not help remembering how many a time I had slunk away from it humiliated by reproof, sick at heart with a sense of my own inferiority to my cousins. How my aunt's coldness had made my heart ache. How I had waited in vain for my uncle to have time to think of me. But I was now too happy to feel resentment. Moreover, I acknowledged that I also had been to blame. I understood many things I had not comprehended then, and I was glad later on to lift the load from my uncle's heart, by telling him that I should devote myself at once to the restoration of Malcolm's Rest.

"The place where my lost mother was born shall not fall into decay," I said, "nor shall you, her only living brother, end your days in poverty."

"My child, you are a true Malcolm," he said; "generous and noble; I thank heaven for you."

My inheritance was now placed in my hands, and before my wedding day I had already restored and refurnished the ballroom. Fine beveled plate glass was placed in the grand old frames, the mantelpieces were restored, the ceiling redecorated and the floors polished; all the old velvet seats recovered. The wedding was an old-fashioned, Virginian home wedding; the ceremony first, the ball and feast afterward.

Mrs. March, who had received an urgent invitation from my aunt, had come to us at once. It rejoiced me to see her so happy in her reunion with the husband of her youth. As for my uncle, in his new coat, his soul at rest from thoughts of selling land and timber, he was brighter than I ever remembered him. It was plain that Adelaide and Mr. Graham already understood each other.

My aunt and Minnie and Leonora were all smiles and sweetness, and the servants felt, as they said, that old times had come back again.

And I, as I stood with my hand in that of my soldier, and uttered my vows in words to which my heart responded in its every beat, felt that I was favored among women.

Was I the little orphan, too morbid too unprepossessing to be loved like others of her age, pining for a tender word, a fond caress, who, in that very room three short years before, went nearly mad in her misery?

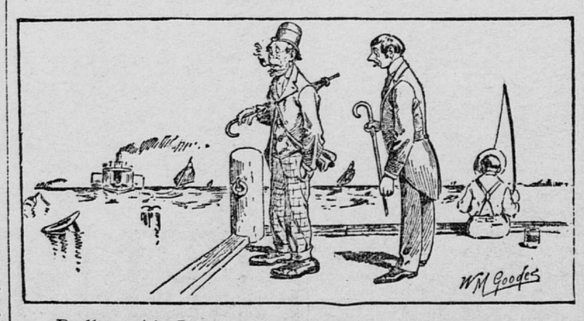
Later, when all the guests were gone and the candles burnt low in their sockets, my soldier led me into the room again. "Look at yourself, my darling," he said, "See what a beautiful wife I have." But I, as I looked, could only see that he stood beside me, could only remember that I was his while we two lived.

Life must have its changes. As time glides on, who does not meet with sorrow? I think, despite the old jokes on the subject, that a wedding is an excellent finale for a story.

So as I stand, with my hand in my dear soldier's, our hearts beating with the rapture of our hopes, our lives one, our souls one, I throw a kiss to you, dear reader, and bid you adieu.

THE END.

TRUE.



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More than 130 of them have contributed directly to the Recipe department, these contributions having been secured for this book from every State and Territory in the Union, Alaska not excepted.

More Than 200 Contributors.

Many of the wives of Governors of the different States, and more than sixty other ladies of position and influence have also sent in their contributions of choice and well-tried recipes. Coming as these have from every part of the country, from Alaska to Florida and from Maine to California, they represent every style and phase of cookery of every locality and section of America. We claim without fear of contradiction that we present in the "Home Queen" the grandest aggregation and variety of tried recipes introduced into any cook book extant.

AUTOGRAPH SIGNATURES.

The autograph signatures of the contributors, with their address and official position, will, in nearly every instance, be found attached to the recipes, which not only attest their genuineness, but add immensely to the taking features of the book. These signatures have been procured, engraved and introduced into the book at considerable labor and expense.

PORTRAITS.

Fine half-tone portraits of nearly one hundred of the Lady Managers of the World's Fair, together with portraits of the wives of the Governors and others occupying leading positions, have been secured, and will add no little to the interest and intrinsic value of the "Home Queen."

MISS JULIET CORSON,

the founder of the Cooking Schools of America, and who has been appointed, by the advice of Mrs. Potter Palmer, to take charge of the Cooking School and Department of Cookery in the New York Exhibit at the World's Fair, has also consented to contribute to our Recipe department, and her portrait will also appear in this book. Miss Corson was ormerly connected with the Minnesota State University.

Two Thousand Choice Recipes

OTHER DEPARTMENTS.

Aside from the Recipes the following topics are carefully treated:

Food and Health.
Foods in General.
Table Etiquette.
The Morning Meal.
The Mid-Day Meal.
The Evening Meal.
Party Suppers.
Table Napkins—How to Fold Them.
How to Carve.
How to Select Meats.
Hints to Housekeepers.
Diseased and Adulterated Food.
Warming and Ventilation.
Drainage and Sewerage.
Poisoning, Drowning and Accident.
Disinfectants.

MENUS.

Will be found grouped under the following headings

Bread.
Biscuits, Rolls and Muffins.
Griddle Cakes, Waffles, Etc.
Unleavened Bread.
Grains and Mushes.

Cake.
Layer Cake.
Cookies and Jumbles.
Gingerbreads.
Crullers and Doughnuts.
Frosting and Icing.

Miscellaneous.
Creams and Custards.
Confectionery.
Canning Fruit and Vegetables.
Catsups.
Drinks.
Eggs.
Fish.
Fruits.
Ice Creams and Ices.
Jellies and Jams.
Meats.
Sauces for Meats.
Pastry and Pies.
Puddings and Sauces.
Preserves.
Pickles.
Sweet Pickles.
Poultry and Game.
Salads.
Shell-Fish.
Soups.
Vegetables.

Medical Department.
The Toilet.
Miscellaneous.
The Laundry.
To Cleanse Clothing.
Dyeing.
To Keep Fruit and Vegetables.