

## Candies.

**H**AVE been pulling candy ideas with a confectioner, and he tells me the oddest things concerning sweets! Fashion sways the candy world, too, it seems, and we must chew as well as dress fashionably. Crushed strawberry and terra-cotta chips were the nibbling thing last summer, but those two shades having joined the procession of departed colors, brown, dark red, and gray chips, are crunched instead. This particular confectioner showed me under his dozen or two counters three tons of candy destined for out-of-town candy-loving people.

"You can have no idea," he said, "the vast amount of all sorts of sugared food we sell. Why, one of my gentlemen customers buys seven pounds of candy every day, and always insists that they be placed in seven different candy boxes." I have often thought that seven feminine hearts are made glad six days a week.

I saw ropes of molasses candy so thick and long that it took two men to work each end. I suggested to the sweet gentleman that by the yard would be the proper way to sell this latter.

A cake ornament attracted my eye. It was fully five feet high and a gem in its way. The base had a true-lovers' knot embroidery around it and orange blossoms in bass-relief so to speak; a marriage bell with an orange-blossom tongue swung from a vine-covered arbor, and on either side were beautifully shaped trumpets filled with orange blossoms. Now, be it understood that these blossoms, as well as the entire ornament, were made of sugar. Standing hand in hand on the flat base are a sugar bride and groom. The bride wears satin, lace and flowers, like a "meat bride," as my little niece calls a lady about to be married; and hanging from her ears are crystallized sugar jewels. The miniature groom is costumed like a restaurant waiter, consequently like a gentleman of fashion, and looks with sugared violet eyes into those of his sweet bride. It is indeed a triumph of cake ornamentation.

"Do you know I was sued once by a bride?—and this is how it was: Some years ago I made cakes as well as the ornaments, and I sent a most magnificent one to a very fashionable wedding. The price was one hundred dollars, and it looked a beauty. Well, about a week after the wedding the bride's mother came to me and told me that never in her life had she experienced such intense mortification as on the evening of her daughter's marriage. True to old-time custom, the bride made the first incision in the wedding cake. The moment the knife touched the cake's interior, the whole structure came tumbling down on the table, the floor, and the bride. The cake was burned to a crisp inside, and went like dew before the sun. I couldn't find out who had baked that particular cake, as I had so many pastry cooks, and though I offered to compromise with the lady, she declared I should pay for her mortification, and I did. You don't catch me making cakes again. I make only the ornaments, and it is a business by itself.

Talk about queer names! Listen: "Heart's-blood gumdrops"—don't that sound blood-curdling?—"Chewing Cosacks," "Cream Prince Carnivals," "Moonshines," "Topolobampo Trade Dollars," "Topolobampo Turtles," "Topolobampo Mice."

I ate a few of these, and they were not so jaw-breaking as their names would imply—"Chocolate Twists," and "Glucose Babs," "Chocolate Liquor," and "Golden Crown Marshmallows," and so on to a thousand different varieties of bonbons.

There are to be all sorts of fruits candied for the holidays never before attempted, and if this sort of thing continues,

the dentist will be the richest and most important person of any man around.

I am sorry to leave so sweet a subject, and one that is so much a matter of taste, but I must. So, *au revoir*.

FLIT.

## Talks with the Young Ladies of Clifford.

**O** you think," says Miss Bently, "that books of etiquette do the least bit of good?"

"And why," say I, rather impolitely answering her question with another, "should they not do good?"

"Oh, because they are such absurd things. Fancy being told not to roll your eyes about like a duck when you drink your tea; what excessively useful advice that is."

"Useful indeed," I say, "for those who know no better; and I can assure you there are plenty of people who don't."

"But would such people read a work on etiquette?" questions Miss Maltby.

"Yes, I think many of them would," I say. "Even uncultivated people are very anxious to learn enough of the 'science of manners' to appear well in company. In the single room of a log cabin in the very Far West, I once saw a few volumes on a little rough corner shelf, and something better than curiosity led me to go over and examine them. There were a few old school books, a Bible, a work on metals and mining and 'The Complete Manual of Etiquette for Gentlemen.' I looked at the two big flannel-shirted sons of the old owner of the cabin with a good deal of interest after that, as they helped us repair the damage to our harness, which an accident had caused. It was rather pathetic to think that the poor fellows might be struggling to prepare themselves to pass muster in circles they might never enter. But after all, this is a wonderful country, and those very men may represent us at foreign courts before they die."

"Well, if they do," says Miss Nolan, pathetically, "I only hope they will have studied the Complete Manual enough to know that they must not feed themselves with their knives, as the London *Times* says all Americans of good position do."

"What a base libel," I exclaim with indignation. "I know of American tables where every detail of eating is as elegant and refined as a matter so material, and perhaps one might say gross, can possibly be in any country. I once saw an Italian countess rinse her mouth very thoroughly at a dinner table, using her finger bowl for a slop bowl. She was not an adventuress, either, but a well authenticated countess. It came into my mind when I saw the pleasing operation, that if an American had committed such a breach of decency, our national reputation would have suffered in consequence. I think foreigners are disposed to be severe on us all; the mistake they make is in classing us all together. We have our grades in breeding as well as they, and the distinctions are very palpable, if they would do us the honor to investigate a little."

"When my uncle was minister to England," remarks Miss Newbold, a young lady who is visiting in Clifford, "a lady where my aunt went to a lunch asked her 'if she didn't feel like a little cold mutton pie?' That was not a particularly elegant way of offering to help her to some, was it?"

"It was very funny," I say, "and very equivocal. I never heard exactly that form of expression before, and probably it is just as uncommon among the best class as the disagreeable utterances we are all given credit for, because they are heard from the lips of a few."

"But English people of the higher classes are extremely