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## THE TRUMPET BLAST.

REV. DR. TALMAGE ON "BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES."

He Shows How Some Mighty Sickers May Be Used for the Gospel Harvest—A Powerful Sermon to an Immense Throng.

**The Harvest Is Ripe.**  
Dr. Talmage preached Sunday at Washington to an immense concourse. The subject of his sermon was "Bringing in the Sheaves," the text being Joel iii., 13, "Put ye in the sickle, for the harvest is ripe."

The sword has been poised, and the world has celebrated the sword of Balaam, the sword of Cortez and the sword of Lafayette. The pen has been properly eulogized, and the world has celebrated the pen of Addison, the pen of Southey and the pen of Irving. The painter's pencil has been honored, and the world has celebrated the pencil of Michelangelo, the pencil of Rubens and the pencil of Bierstadt. The sculptor's chisel has come in for high encomium, and the world has celebrated Chantrey's chisel, and Crawford's chisel, and Greenough's chisel. But there is one instrument about which I sing the first canto that was ever sung—the sickle, the sickle of the Bible, the sickle that has reaped the harvest of many centuries. Sharp and bent into a semicircle and glittering, this reaping hook, no longer than your arm, has furnished the bread for thousands of years. Its successes have produced the wealth of nations. It has had more to do with the world's progress than sword and pen and pencil and chisel all put together. Christ puts the sickle into equidistant semicircle, and you see that instrument flash all up and down the Apocalypse as St. John swings it, while through Joel in my text God commands the people, as through his servants now he commands them, "Put ye in the sickle, for the harvest is ripe."

### Estimate of Values.

Last November there was great rejoicing all over the land. With trumpet and cornet and organ and thousand voiced psalm we praised the Lord for the temporal harvests. We praised God for the wheat, the rye, the oats, the cotton, the rice, all the fruits of the orchard and all the grains of the field, and the nation never does a better thing than when in the autumn it gathers to festivity and thanks God for the greatness of the harvest. But I come today to speak to you of richer harvests, even the spiritual. How shall we estimate the value of a man? We say he is worth so many dollars, or he has achieved such and such a position, but we know very well there are some men at the top of the ladder who ought to be at the bottom and some at the bottom who ought to be at the top, and the only way to estimate a man is by his soul. We all know that we shall live forever. Death cannot kill us. Other crafts may be drawn into the whirlpool or shivered on the rocks, but this life within us will weather all storms and drop no anchor and 10,000,000 years after death will shake out signals on the high seas of eternity. You put the mendicant of your doorstep and say he is only a beggar, but he is worth all the gold of the mountains, worth all the pearls of the sea, worth the solid earth, worth sun and moon and stars, worth the entire material universe. Take all the paper that ever came from the paper mills and put it side by side and sheet by sheet and let men with fleetest pens make figures on that paper for 10,000 years, and they will only have begun to express the value of the soul. Suppose I owned Colorado and Nevada and Australia, of how much value would that be to me one moment after I departed this life? How much of Philadelphia does Stephen Girard own to-day? How much of Boston property does Abbott Lawrence own to-day? The man who to-day hath a dollar in his pocket hath more worldly estate than the millionaire who died last year. How do you suppose I feel standing here surrounded by a multitude of souls, each one worth more than the material universe? Oh, was I not right in saying this spiritual harvest is richer than the temporal harvest? I must tighten the girdle. I must sharpen the sickle. I must be careful how I swing the instrument for gathering the grain lest one stalk be lost.

One of the most powerful sickles for reaping this spiritual harvest is the preaching of the gospel. If the sickle have a reserved stone, and yet it cannot bring down the grain, it is not much of a sickle, and preaching amounts to nothing unless it harvests souls for God. Shall we preach philosophy? The Ralph Waldo Emersons could beat us at that. Shall we preach science? The Agassizes beat us at that. The minister of Jesus Christ with weakest arm going forth in earnest prayer and wielding this sickle of the gospel shall find the harvest all around him waiting for the angel sheaf binders. Oh, this harvest of souls! I notice in the fields that the farmer did not stand upright when he gathered the grain. I noticed he had to stoop in his work, and I noticed in order to bind the sheaves the better he had to put his knee upon them. And as we go forth in this work for God we cannot stand upright in our rhetoric and our metaphysics and our erudition. We have to stoop to our work. Age, we have to put our knee to it, or we will never gather sheaves for the Lord's garner. Peter swung that sickle on the day of Pentecost, and 3,000 sheaves came in. Richard Baxter swung that sickle at Kidderminster, and McTearne at Dundee, and vast multitudes came into the kingdom of our God.

### The Mighty Gospel.

Oh, this is a mighty gospel! It captured not only John, the lamb, but Paul, the lion. Men may gush their teeth at it and clutch their hats, but it is the power of God and the wisdom of God unto salvation. But, alas, if it is only preached in pulpits and on Sabbath days! We must go forth into our stores, our shops, our banking houses, our factories, and the streets, and everywhere preach Christ.

We stand in our pulpits for two hours on the Sabbath and commend Christ to the people, but there are 108 hours in the week, and what are the two hours on the Sabbath against the 106? Oh, there comes down the ordination of God this day upon all the people, men who toll with head and hand and foot—the ordination comes upon all merchants, upon all mechanics, upon all toilers, and God says to you as he says to me, "Go, teach all nations." He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned."

Mighty gospel, let the whole earth hear it! The story of Christ is to regenerate the nations; it is to eradicate all wrong; it is to turn the earth into a paradise. An old artist painted the "Lord's Supper," and he wanted the chief attention directed to the face of Christ. When he invited his friends in to criticize the picture, they admired the chisels more than they did the face, and the old artist said, "This picture is a failure, and he dashed out the picture of the cups and said: "I shall have nothing to detract from the face of the Lord. Christ is the all of this picture."

Another powerful sickle for the reaping of this harvest is Christian song. I know in many churches the whole work is delegated to a few people standing in the organ loft. But, my friends, as others cannot repeat for us and others cannot die for us we cannot delegate to others the work of singing for us. While a few drilled artists shall take the chants and execute the more skillful music, when the hymn is given out let there be hundreds and thousands of voices uniting in the acclamation. On the way to grandeur that never ceases and glories that never die let us sing. At the battle of Lutetia a general came to the king and said: "Those soldiers are singing as they are going into battle. Shall I stop them?" "No," said the king. "Men that can sing like that can fight." Oh, the power of Christian song! When I argue here, you may argue back. The argument you make against religion may be more skillful than the argument I make in behalf of religion. But who can stand before the pathos of some uplifted song like that which we sometimes sing:

Show pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive!  
Let a repenting rebel live!  
Are not thy mercies large and free?  
May not a sinner trust in thee?

**An Effective Sickle.**  
Another mighty sickle for the reaping of the gospel harvest is prayer. What does God do with our prayers? Does he go on the battlements of heaven and throw them off? No. What do you do with gifts given you by those who love you very much? You keep them with great sacredness. And do you suppose God will take our prayers, offered in the sincerity and love of our hearts, and scatter them to the winds? Oh, no! He will answer them all in some way. Oh, what a mighty thing prayer is! It is not a long rigmarole of "ohs" and "ahs" and "for ever and ever, amen." It is a breathing of the heart into the heart of God. "Oh, what a mighty thing prayer is! Elijah with it reached up to the clouds and shook down the showers. With it John Knox shook Scotland. With it Martin Luther shook the earth. And when Philipp Melancthon lay sick unto death, as many supposed, Martin Luther came in and said, "Philipp, we can't spare you." "Oh," said he, "Martin, you must let me go! I am tired of persecution and tired of life. I want to go to be with my God." "No," said Martin Luther, "you shall not go. You must take this food, and then I will pray for you." "No, Martin," said Melancthon, "you must let me go." Martin Luther said, "You take this food, or I will excommunicate you." He took the food, and Martin Luther knelt down and prayed as only he could pray, and convalescence came, and Martin Luther went back and said to his friends, "God has saved the life of Philipp Melancthon in direct answer to my prayer." Oh, the power of prayer! Have you tested it?

Dr. Prime, of New York, in his beautiful book entitled, "Around the World," described a mausoleum in India which it took 20,000 men twenty-two years to build—that and the buildings surrounding—and he says, "Standing in that mausoleum and uttering a word, it is echoed back from a height of 150 feet—not an ordinary echo, but a prolonged music, as though there were angels hovering in the air." And every word of earnest prayer we utter has an echo not from the marble cupola of an earthly mausoleum, but from the heart of God and from the wings of angels as they hover, crying, "Behold, he prays!" Oh, test it! Mighty sickle for reaping this gospel harvest, the sickle of prayer!

**Forms of Little Consequence.**  
It does not make so much difference about the posture you take, whether you sit, stand or kneel or lie on your face or in your physical agonies lie on your back. It does not make any difference about the physical posture, as was shown in a hospital, when the chaplain said as he looked over the beds of the suffering: "Let all those wounded men here who would like to be prayed for lift the hand." Some lifted two hands; others lifted one hand; some with arms amputated could only lift the stump of the arm. One man, both his arms amputated, could give no signal except to say: "Me! Me!" Oh, it does not make any difference about the rhetoric of your prayers. It does not make any difference whether you can lift a hand or have no hand to lift. God is ready to hear you. Prayer is answered. God is waiting to respond.

"Lift up your eyes upon the fields, for they are white already to harvest." How many have you reaped for God? Do you ask me how many I have reaped for God? I cannot say. Now, can you say how many you have reaped? I hope there are some who have been brought into the kingdom of God through your instrumentality. Have there not been? Not one? You, a man 35, 40, 50 years of age and not one? I see souls coming up to glory. Here is a Sunday school teacher bringing ten or fifteen souls. Here is a tract distributor bringing in forty or fifty souls. Here is a man you never heard of who has been very useful in bringing souls to God. He comes with 150 souls. They

are the sheaves of his harvest. How many have you brought? Not one—can it be? What will God say? What will the angels say? Better crouch down in some corner of heaven and never show yourself. Oh, that harvest is to be reaped now! And that is this instant. Why not be reaped for God this hour?

"Oh," says one man, "I have been going on the wrong road for thirty, forty or fifty years. I have gone through the whole catalogue of crime and must first get myself fixed up." Ah, you will never get yourself fixed up until Christ takes you in charge! You get worse and worse until he comes to the rescue. "Not the righteous-sinners Jesus came to call." So, you see, I take the very worst case there is. If there is a man here who feels he is all right in heart and life, I am not talking to him, for he is probably a hypocrite. I will talk to him some other time. But if there is a man who feels himself all wrong, to him I address myself. Though you be wounded in the hands, and wounded in the feet, and wounded in the head, and wounded in the heart, and through the gangrene of eternal death be upon you one drop of the elixir of divine life will cure your soul. Though you be soaked in evil indulgence, though your feet have gone in unclean places, though you have clamped with the abandoned and the lost, one touch of divine grace will save your soul.

**"Whosoever Will."**  
I do not say that you will not have struggles after that. Oh, no! But they will be a different kind of struggle. You go into that battle, and all hell is against you, and you are alone, and you fight, and you fight, weaker and weaker and weaker, until at last you fall and the powers of darkness trample on your soul. But in the other case you go into the battle, and you fight stronger and stronger and stronger until the evil propensity goes down, and you get the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. Oh, come out of your sin! Have you not been bruised with sin long enough? Have you not carried that load long enough? Have you not fought that battle long enough?

I rattle the gates of your sepulcher to-day. I take the trumpet of the gospel and blow the long, loud blast. Roland went into battle. Charlemagne's army had been driven back by the three armies of the Saracens, and Roland, in almost despair, took up the trumpet and blew three blasts in one of the mountain passes, and under the power of those three blasts the Saracens recoiled and fled in terror. But history says that when he had blown the third blast Roland's trumpet broke. I take this trumpet of the gospel and I blow the first blast, "Whosoever will." I blow the second blast, "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found." I blow the third blast, "Now is the accepted time." But the trumpet does not break. It was handed down by our forefathers to us, and we will hand it down to our children, that after we are dead they may blow the trumpet, telling the world that we have a pardoning God, a loving God, a sympathetic God, and that more to him than the throne on which he sits is the joy of seeing a prodigal put his finger on the latch of his father's house.

**Faith Defined.**  
Oh, give up your sins! Most of your life is already gone. Your children are going on the same wrong road. Why do you not stop? "This day is salvation come to this house." Why now this moment look up into the face of Christ and say:  
Just as I am, without one plea  
But that thy blood was shed for me,  
And that thou bid'st me come to thee—  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!  
God is going to save you. You are going to be among the shining ones. After the toils of life are over you are going up to the everlasting rest. You are going up to join your loved ones, departed parents and departed children. "Oh, my God," says some man, "how can I come to thee? I am so far off. Who will help me? I am so weak?" It seems such a great undertaking. Oh, my brother, it is a great undertaking, but Christ can do the work. He will correct your heart, and he will correct your life. "Oh," you say, "I will stop profanity." That will not save you. "Oh," you say, "I will stop Sabbath breaking." That will not save you. There is only one door into the kingdom of God, and that is faith; only one ship that sails for heaven, and that is faith. Faith is the first step, the second step, the hundredth step, the thousandth step, the last step. By faith we enter the kingdom. By faith we keep in. In faith we die. Heaven is a reward for the faith. The earthquake shook down the Philippian dungeon. The jailer said, "What shall I do?" Some of you would say, "Better get out of the place before the walls crush you." What did the apostle say? "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

"Ah," you say, "there's the rub!" What is faith? Suppose you were thirsty, and I offered you this glass of water, and you believed I meant to give it to you, and you came up and took it. You exercise faith. You believe I mean to keep my promise. Christ offers you the water of everlasting life. You take it. This is faith.

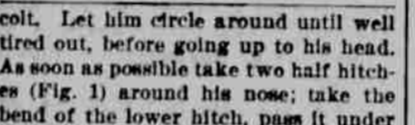
Enter into the kingdom of God. Enter now. The door of life is set wide open. I plead with you by the bloody sweat of Gethsemane and the death groan of Golgotha, by cross and crown, by Pilate's courtroom and Joseph's sepulcher, by harps and choruses, by kingdoms of light and realms of darkness, by the trumpet of the archangel that shall wake the dead and by the throne of the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb that you attend now to the things of eternity. Oh, what a sad thing it will be, if having come so near heaven, we miss it! Oh, to have come within sight of the shining pinnacles of the city and not have entered! Oh, to have been so near we have seen the mighty throng enter, and we not join the great ones! Angels of God, fly this way! Good news for you. Tell the story among the redeemed on high. If there be one there especially longing for our salvation, let that one know it now. We put down our sorrows. Glory be to God for such a hope, for such a pardon, for such a joy, for such a heaven, for such a Christ!  
Art is man's conception of nature.

## TIMELY FARM TOPICS.

### MANAGEMENT OF THE FARM, GARDEN AND STABLE.

**How to Break a Colt to the Halter—Convenient Box for Shipping Eggs—Farmers Should Read More—Cost of Cutting Corn Fodder.**

**Breaking a Colt to the Halter.**  
Take about thirty feet of half-inch rope; knot one end, so there will be no danger of its being pulled out of your hand by the plunging of the colt. On the other end fasten a 1 1/2-inch halter ring, then tie a knot in the rope, leaving enough beyond it to encircle the colt's neck when drawn taut. The knot prevents choking. Now tie the end of the rope to the ring, and you are ready. Bunch the horses by throwing out some feed in a large yard. Have an assistant hold one end of the rope. By moving carefully, you can soon noose the



colt. Let him circle around until well tired out, before going up to his head. As soon as possible take two half hitch-ropes (Fig. 1) around his nose; take the end of the lower hitch, pass it under the other from the top downwards, then up over the ears, loosening the rope in hand as you go. An excellent halter, capable of holding anything, is thus formed (Fig. 2). If, after being driven around for some time, he proves stubborn and will not follow, take a piece of clothline, double it, tie a knot on the doubled end, leaving enough rope to slip down over his hind quarters almost to the hocks (the knot remaining over his coupling), run the two free ends—one on each side of his neck—through the halter, and on feeling the pull behind he will move. Never strike him, and as soon as he yields a little, pet him. If the dams are worked, the best way is to slip on a halter when the colt is only a few days old, and alongside the mother; but if still unbroken, when there is lots of snow on the ground is a good time to work with the dams, as the colt is not liable to be hurt when it throws itself.

**Keep Your Best Mares.**  
A well-informed breeder gives this advice to fellow-breeders: "Sell your goldings," says he, "but do not dispose of your good mares," says Turf and Farm and Home. "When you get a large, handsome, well-bred one, keep her as you would the apple of your eye. Sell and give away the small and weedy ones; they will only show on the debit side of your ledger, never on the credit. Six good colts a year will bring more money than a score of medium ones. It is often claimed that it does not pay the farmer to raise horses; that it costs too much to get them to market, and that all profit is eaten up by expense. Make your wares known, and the buyer will come to you if you have a good article. Try advertising in some high-class paper that supports your interests. The dealers want to know where to find good horses, and will only be too glad to come to you if they know where to find you."

**A Convenient Egg Box.**  
Where one markets his eggs to private customers or at the stores even, the egg box shown herewith will be found very serviceable. It is a box about half the length of a 30 dozen egg carrier, with a handle and fitted drawers, each drawer being fitted with



pasteboard egg fillers. A drawer of eggs can thus be taken from the box and carried into the customer's house, the box itself being left in the wagon. The bottom of each drawer may well be covered with coarse bran, and the pasteboard fillers placed on these, thus providing a soft resting place for each egg.

**Poultry Culture.**  
The rapid strides of poultry culture during the last few years has attracted the attention of all classes of society as a pleasant and healthful occupation, says the Independent. Our cities are crowded to excess with men of trades and professions. The wages paid for any labor but that requiring skill and experience is barely enough to support a family when the head of it works six days every week; still, nothing is laid up for a rainy day, and in seasons of depression it is a problem to secure enough to eat. While this condition exists in business centers, the country contains land enough to support the nation and feed the multitudes with wholesome food. There are thousands of places that can be leased for a term of years, on which persons with average intelligence could produce poultry and eggs at a profit, and those who,

by thrifft and careful attention to details, often lay up capital and a good surplus for future emergency.

**Farmers Must Read More.**  
Farmers, some of them, claim they have no time for study and for reading; that hard labor commands their full attention. True, farmers must work, but they can think while they work, says the Maine Farmer. Since the work and the study are allied to each other, the one aids the other rather than interferes with it. We know a hard-working farmer, and one well schooled in the principles involved in his business, who says his best thoughts are born while his hands are employed in his work. It is a common practice with him to carry pencil and paper in his pocket, and from time to time to note down ideas as they occur and conclusions as reasoned out.

So, too, reading, even extensive reading, may not interfere with work. Reading may be done in snatches of time otherwise not taken up, and which occur with everyone, however busy workers they may be, almost every day. They can read in these leisure moments, then think it over and study its teachings while at work. We have in mind a well-known writer of our time on agricultural topics, and an acknowledged authority, of whom it was said by a domestic in the family: "Well may he know something, for he never sits down a moment in the house without a book or a paper in his hands."

This reading and study is much as the individual cultivates a taste for it. If the farmer really desires a knowledge of his business, he can easily find the time for reading and study, and that, too, without in any degree interfering with his work. In fact, labor is pleasanter, is lighter and easier with the mind engaged in studying the secrets otherwise involved in the work carried on. So, too, the farmer reads and studies to best advantage who is carrying on the work he is at the same time investigating. That farmer also succeeds best who knows most about his business.

**Combined Workshop and Tool House.**  
Every gardener and farmer should have a workshop and tool house. The accompanying illustration shows a good plan for such a building. It has two large doors for driving in with carts,



cultivators, etc., and one large pair of doors on the back side so that the team may be unhitched and driven out handily, or hitched in the cart, or cultivator, driven out without backing or turning around. In the end of the building is a workshop where many garden appliances can be made and many necessary repairs executed. There is no chamber, but simply a loft, partially floored, where may be put up small tools that are out of season, lumber for construction and repairs, and many odds and ends that would otherwise be constantly in the way.

**Cutting Corn Fodder.**  
Rural New Yorker expresses the opinion that the cost of cutting corn fodder may amount to more than the increased value when the farmer has to pay regular hired man's wages for turning a hand cutter. This matter of cutting up fodder is one of the operations of the farm that requires wholesale power in order to make it profitable. There are men who feed cornstalks to cattle without even husking the ears. They reason that what the cows leave the hogs and poultry will make use of, so that the waste is not large enough to balance the cost of husking, shelling, grinding and cutting. This cost of cutting up the fodder must be reduced to the lowest limit before it will pay to attempt it. The new shredding machines promise to give a new value to the corn crop, because they will do the work cheaply and quickly. Our experiment stations should now find out for us the best way to keep the shredded fodder without loss.

**Keep the Cows in Good Order.**  
A dairy writer says that, while it is true that some thin cows and some very fat cows are long and persistent milkers, yet the rule is that the cow for steady work in milk-giving carries a goodly quantity of fat on her bones, and always looks to be in good, comfortable condition. That is the kind of cow the old dairyman picks out. But it must not be understood by this that more than a small quantity of fat is needed.

**Haul Manure in Winter.**  
No man needs to rush so hard with the spring work if he hauls out most of the manure on the snow and does his plowing for oats in the fall, for the winter freezes to mellow. Such a farmer may simply sow the seed and put on the harrow, getting in the crop earlier than he could if he waited for the ground to settle suitably for plowing.

**Geese Profitable.**  
On many farms geese could be raised to good advantage. Besides yielding a regular income in the way of feathers, they are a profitable market fowl,



**Household Department.**  
A few slices of bacon, under and over roast lamb, to improve the flavor of the gravy.

About a third the quantity in dates added to very tart apples for sauce. When frying cakes, setting them in a colander set on a plate. A teaspoonful of mustard, mixed with the water and molasses which is poured over baked beans. Roasting a young fowl for twenty minutes before cutting it up for soup. Turning fruit which has begun to work into pickles, by draining, boiling up the liquor, skimming, adding half a teacupful of vinegar to two and a half cups of juice, sugar to make syrup, spices to taste tied up in a bag. When liquor is clear adding fruit, heating gradually and boiling four minutes before canning.

Clarify soup by skimming while heating, adding a little cold water, after boiling, straining—if necessary twice—mixing one egg and broken shell with one teacupful of cold water, then with one teacupful of hot soup, then adding to soup, boiling up, setting back, and when somewhat cool straining.

To prevent home-ried lard from becoming rancid, add one teaspoonful of fine salt to each quart of hot lard and cooking a little after adding.

Jelly, of the surplus juice in cans of fruit, made with gelatine.—Ruth Hall, in Good Housekeeping.

**Delicious Chicken Pie.**  
Take a pair of chickens, not too young, that have been carefully dressed; remove all the fat and skin, and the tendons from the drumsticks. Place in a saucepan, cover with boiling water and allow them to simmer gently for about two hours, keeping them tightly covered during the entire time. Remove the chickens from the fire, and add to the liquor in the saucepan a pint of milk; thicken with two tablespoonfuls of flour creamed with one of butter, season with a very little cayenne pepper, some onion juice and salt, and when thoroughly cooked and just before removing from the fire add the well-beaten yolks of two eggs. Pour over the chicken, which should previously have been cut into pieces and placed in a deep earthenware pie dish. When both sauce and chicken are quite cold place over all a rich cover of good paste, making an incision in the center for the steam to escape; ornament prettily, brush over with the white of an egg, and bake in a moderately hot oven. When the paste is cooked the pie will be done.—Ladies' Home Journal.

**Something New in Lamp Shades.**  
Now that afternoon tea is one of the functions of social life every woman is trying to outdo every other woman in the way she arranges her tea table. The china and silver are, of course, more or less alike, but there can be many an individual and distinctive touch given by the placing of the cups on the tray, and above all by the lighting of the table. Electricity and gas are not to be thought of, but there is an infinite variety of the daintiest little lamps and shades to choose from. China, glass and silver lamps are all fashionable and are singularly pretty. They are all of the one shape, of course, but are of different materials, the parchment hand-painted being the smartest. Some are embroidered with opalescent spangles on silk, and these are very showy. Pink is the favorite color, for it casts the most becoming light.

**A Pretty Newspaper Holder.**  
For the foundation cut a piece of canvas such as is used to stiffen the foot of dresses—it should be thirteen inches wide and thirty-one inches long—cover this with a piece of grayish blue satin, Roman satin or fine felt, which may be embroidered in the center with a spray of flowers, worked with Asiatic Roman floss. On each side is a strip of tanned fine cloth, pinked at the edge. On this is laid a strip of gold tinsel braid, round which are twined two lengths of blue ribbon. These must be neatly sewed to the cloth with invisible stitches. Line the inside with tanned colored pongee silk. Turn up the two ends and sew them together. Then sew to a brass or bamboo bar sixteen inches long. Attach the cord to the top of holder at each side under two rosettes of ribbon.

**Beef Croquettes.**  
One cup of chopped beef, one cup of bread crumbs, one egg well beaten, a pinch of salt, pepper and a tiny bit of sage. Moisten the bread crumbs with a little gravy or stock, then mix thoroughly, form in cakes and dip in egg and cracker crumbs and fry in boiling lard.

**A Breakfast Dish.**  
Take two cups of bread crumbs, one cup of lean boiled ham, chopped fine, a small piece of butter, salt to taste, and enough stock to moisten the whole. Put this mixture in a deep pie dish, cover the top lightly with crumbs, and bake about half an hour.