

THE SIOUX COUNTY JOURNAL.

VOLUME VIII.

HARRISON, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, NOV. 7, 1895.

NUMBER 9.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

HE DISCUSSES THE SUBJECT OF TURF GAMBLING.

The Christian and Common-Sense View of Turf Gambling—The Way to Drive a Horse.

Race Course Evils.

In his sermon for last Sunday, Rev. Dr. Talmage discussed a topic which for months past has been a familiar one in the daily press—viz., "The Dispositions of the Race Course." His text was Job xxxix, 19, 21, 25: "Hast thou given the horse strength? Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? He paweth in the valley and rejoiceth; he goeth on to meet the armed men. He saith among the trumpets, ha, ha! and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting."

We have recently had long columns of intelligence from the race course and multitude flocked to the watering places to witness equine competition, and there is lively discussion in all households about the right and wrong of such exhibitions of mettle and speed, and when there is a heresy abroad that the cultivation of a horse's feetness is an iniquity instead of a commendable virtue—at such a time a sermon is demanded of every minister who would like to defend public morals on the one hand and who is not willing to see an unrighteous abridgment of innocent amusement on the other. In this discussion I shall follow no sermonic precedent, but will give independently what I consider the Christian and common sense view of this potent, all absorbing and agitating question of the turf.

A Noble Beast.

There needs to be a redistribution of coronets among the brute creation. For ages the lion has been called the king of beasts. I knock off its coronet and put the crown upon the horse, in every way nobler, whether in shape or spirit or sagacity or intelligence or affection or usefulness. He is semihuman, and knows how to reason on a small scale. The centaur of olden times, part horse and part man, seems to be a suggestion of the fact that the horse is something more than a beast. Job in my text sets forth his strength, his beauty, his majesty, the panting of his nostril, the pawing of his hoof and his enthusiasm for the battle. What Rosa Bonheur did for the cattle and what Landseer did for the dog, Job with mightier pencil does for the horse. Eighty-eight times does the Bible speak of him. He comes into every kindly procession and into every great occasion and into every triumph. It is very evident that Job and David and Isaiah and Ezekiel and Jeremiah and John were fond of the horse. He comes into much of their imagery. A red horse—that meant war. A black horse—that meant famine. A pale horse—that meant death. A white horse—that meant victory. Good Mordecai mounts him while Haman holds the bit. The church's advance in the Bible is compared to a company of horses of Pharaoh's chariot. Jeremiah cries out, "How canst thou contend with horses? Isaiah says, 'The horse's hoofs shall be counted as flint.' Miriam claps her cymbals and sings, 'The horse and the rider hath he thrown into the sea.' St. John, describing Christ as coming forth from conquest to conquest, represents him as seated on a white horse. In the parade of heaven the Bible makes us hear the clinking of hoofs on the golden pavement as it says, 'The armies which were in heaven followed him on white horses.' I should not wonder if the horse, so banded and bruised and beaten and outraged on earth, should have some other place where his wrongs shall be righted. I do not assert it, but I say I should not be surprised if, after all, St. John's descriptions of the horses in heaven turned out not altogether to be figurative, but somewhat literal.

Honored of God.

As the Bible makes a favorite of the horse, the patriarch, and the prophet, and the evangelist, and the apostle stroking his sleek hide and patting his rounded neck and tenderly lifting his exquisitely formed hoof and listening with a thrill to the champ of his bit, so all great naturists in all ages have spoken of him in encomiastic terms. Virgil in his Georgics almost seems to plagiarize from this description in the text, so much as the descriptions alike—the description of Virgil and the description of Job. The Duke of Wellington would not allow any irreverently to touch his old war horse Copenhagen, on whom he had ridden fifteen hours without dismounting at Waterloo, and when old Copenhagen died, his master ordered a military salute fired over his grave. John Howard showed that he did not exhaust all his sympathies in pitying the human race, for when sick he writes home, "Has my old chaise horse become sick or spoiled?" There is hardly any passage of French literature more pathetic than the lamentation over the death of the war charger, Marsechay. Walter Scott has so much admiration for this divinely honored creature of God that in "St. Ronan's Well" he orders the girth slacked and the blanket thrown over the smoking flanks. Edmund Burke, walking in the park at Beaconsfield, musing over the past, throws his arms around the worn-out horse of his dead son Richard, and weeps upon the horse's neck, the horse seeming to sympathize in the memories. Rowland Hill, the great English preacher, was caricatured because in his family prayers he supplicated for the recovery of a sick horse, but when the horse got well, contrary to all the prophecies of the farmers, the prayer did not seem quite so much of an absurdity.

The Abuse of the Horse.

But what shall I say of the maltreatment of this beautiful and wonderful creature of God? If Thomas Chalmers in his day felt called upon to preach a sermon against cruelty to animals, how much more in this day is there a need of reprehensive discourse. All honor to the memory of Prof. Bergs, the chief apostle for the brute creation, for the mercy he demanded and achieved for this king of beasts. A man who owned 4,000 horses,

and some say 40,000, wrote in the Bible, "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast." Sir Henry Lawrence's care of the horse was beautifully Christian. He says: "I expect we shall lose Conrad, though I have taken so much care of him that he may come in cool. I always walk him the last four or five miles, and as I walk myself the first hour, it is only in the middle of the journey we get over the ground." The Ettrick Shepherd in his matches "Ambrosial Nights" speaks of the maltreatment of the horse as a practical blasphemy. I do not believe in the transmigration of souls, but I cannot very severely denounce the idea, for when I see men who cut and bruise and whack and welt and strike and maul and outrage and insult the horse, that beautiful servant of the human race, who carries our burdens and pulls our plows and turns our thrashers and our mills and runs for our doctors—when I see men thus beating and abusing and outraging that creature, it seems to me that it would be only fair that the doctrine of transmigration of souls should prove true, and that for their punishment they should pass over into some poor miserable brute and be beaten and whacked and cruelly treated and frozen and heated and overdriven—into an everlasting stage horse, an eternal traveler on a towpath, or tied to an eternal post, in an eternal winter, smitten with eternal epizootics.

Oh, is it not a shame that the brute creation, which had the first possession of our world, should be so maltreated by the race that came in last—the fowl and the cattle, created on the morning of the sixth day, and the human race not created until the evening of the sixth day? It ought to be that if any man overdrives a horse, or feeds him when he is hot, or recklessly drives a nail into the quick of his hoof, or rowels him to see him prance, or so shoes him that his fetlocks drop blood, or puts a collar on a raw neck, or unnecessarily clutches his tongue with a twisted bit, or cuts off his hair until he has no defense against the cold, or unmercifully abbreviates the natural defense against insect annoyance—that such a man as that himself ought to be made to pull and let his horse ride!

A Question of Speed.

But not only does our humanity and our Christian principle and the dictates of God demand that we kindly treat the brute creation and especially the horse, but I go farther and say that whatever can be done for the development of his feetness and his strength and his majesty ought to be done. We need to study his anatomy and his adaptations. I am glad that large books have been written to show how he can be best managed and how his ailments can be cured and what his usefulness is and what his capacities are. It would be a shame if in this age of the world, when the florist has turned the thin flower of the rose into a gorgeous rose and the pomologist has changed the acid and pearly fruit of the ancients into the very poetry of pear and peach and plum and grape and apple and the snarling cur of the orient has become the great mastiff, and the miserable creature of the olden times barnyard has become the Devon shire, and the Alderney, and the Short horn, that the horse, grander than them all, should get no advantage from our science or our civilization or our Christianity. Groomed to the last point of soft brilliance, his flowing mane a billow of beauty, his arched neck in utmost rhythm of curve, let him be harnessed in graceful trappings and then driven to the farthest goal of excellence and then fed at luxuriant ant bins and blanketed in comfortable stall. The long tried and faithful servant of the human race deserves all kindness, all care, all reward, all succulent forage and soft litter and paradisaical pasture field. Those farms in Kentucky and in different parts of the North, where the horse is trained to perfection in feetness and in beauty and in majesty, are well set apart. There is no more virtue in driving slow than in driving fast, any more than a freight train going ten miles the hour is better than an express train going fifty.

There is a delusion abroad in the world that a thing must be necessarily good and Christian if it is slow and dull and plodding. There are very few good people who seem to imagine it is humbly pious to drive a spavined, galled, glandered, spring halted, blind staggered jade. There is not so much virtue in a Rosinante as in a Buccephalus. We want swifter horses and swifter men and swifter enterprises, and the church of God needs to get off its jogg trot. Quick tempests, quick lightnings, quick streams; why not quick horses? In the time of war the cavalry service does the most execution, and as the battles of the world are probably not all past, our Christian patriotism demands that we be interested in equine velocity. We might as well have poorer guns in our arsenals and dumber ships in our navy yards than other nations, as to have under our cavalry saddles and before our parks of artillery slower horses. From the battle of Granicus, where the Persian horses drove the Macedonian infantry into the river, clear down to the horses on which Philip Sheridan and Stonewall Jackson rode into the fray, this arm of the military service has been recognized. Hammar, Hannibal, Gustavus Adolphus, Marshal Ney, were cavaliers. In this arm of the service Charles Martel at the battle of Poitiers beat back the Arab invasion. The Carthaginian cavalry, with the loss of only 700 men, overthrew the Roman army with the loss of 70,000. In the same way the Spanish chivalry drove back the Moorish hordes. The best way to keep peace in this country and in all countries is to be prepared for war, and there is no success in such a contest unless there be plenty of light footed chargers. Our Christian patriotism and our instruction from the Word of God demand that first of all we kindly treat the horse, and then after that, that we develop his feetness, and his grandeur, and his majesty, and his strength.

An Atrocious Evil.

But what shall I say of the effort being made in this day on a large scale to make this splendid creature of God, this divinely honored being, an instrument of atrocious evil? I make no indiscriminate assault against the turf. I believe in the turf if it can be conducted on right principles and with no betting. There is no more harm in offering a prize for the swiftest racer than there is harm in an

agricultural fair in offering a prize to the farmer who has the best wheat, or to the fruit grower who has the largest pear, or to the machinist who presents the best corn thrasher, or in a school offering a prize of a copy of Shakespeare to the best reader, or in a household giving a lump of sugar to the best behaved youngster. Prizes by all means, rewards by all means. That is the way God develops the race. Rewards for all kinds of well doing. Heaven itself is called a prize, "The prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." So what is right in one direction is right in another direction. And without the prizes the horse's feetness and beauty and strength will never be fully developed. If it cost \$1,000 or \$5,000 or \$10,000, and the result be achieved, it is cheap. But the sin begins where the betting begins, for that is gambling, or the effort to get that for which you give no equivalent, and gambling, whether on a large scale or a small scale, ought to be denounced of men as it will be accused of God. If you have won 50 cents or \$5,000 as a wager, you had better get rid of it. Get rid of it right away. Give it to some one who lost in a bet, or give it to some great reformatory institution, or if you do not like that, go down to the river and pitch it off the docks. You cannot afford to keep it. It will burn a hole in your purse, it will burn a hole in your estate, and you will lose all that, perhaps 10,000 times more—perhaps you will lose all. Gambling blights a man or it blights his children. Generally both and all.

An intimate friend, a journalist, who in the line of his profession investigated this evil, tells me that there are three different kinds of betting at horse races, and they are about equally heinous, by "racing pools," by "French mutuels," by what is called "bookmaking"—all gambling, all bad, all rotten with iniquity. There is one word that needs to be written on the brow of every poolstealer as he sits deducting his 3 or 5 per cent, and slyly "ringing up" more tickets than were sold on the winning horse—a word to be written also on the brow of every bookkeeper who at extra inducement scratches a horse off of the race and on the brow of every jockey who slackens pace that, according to agreement, another may win, and written over every judge's stand and written on every board of the surrounding fences. That word is "awful!" Yet thousands bet. Lawyers bet. Judges of courts bet. Members of the Legislature bet. Members of Congress bet. Professors of religion bet. Teachers and superintendents of Sunday schools, I am told. Ladies bet, not directly, but through agents. Yesterday, and every day they bet, they gain, they lose, and this summer, while the parrots swing and the hands clap and the huzzas deafen, there will be a multitude of people deafened and deceived and cheated of their money and neck and neck, neck and neck to perdition.

Cultivate the horse, by all means, drive him as fast as you desire, provided you do not injure him or endanger yourself or others, but be careful and do not harness the horse to the chariot of sin. Do not throw your jewels of morality under the flying hoof. Do not under the pretext of improving the horse destroy the man. Do not have your name put down in the ever-increasing catalogue of those who are ruined for both worlds by the dissipation of the American race course. They say that an honest race course is a "straight" track, and that a dishonest race course is a "crooked" track—that is the parlance abroad—but I tell you that every race track surrounded by betting men and letting women and betting customs, is a straight track—I mean straight down! Christ asked in one of his parables, "Is not a man better than a sheep?" I say yes, and he is better than all the steeds that with lathered flanks ever shot around the ring at a race course. That is a very poor job by which a man in order to get a horse to come out a full length ahead of some other racer, so lames his own morals that he comes out a whole length behind in the race set before him.

Equine Honesty.

Do you not realize the fact that there is a mighty effort on all sides today to get money without earning it? That is the curse of all the cities; it is the curse of America—the effort to get money without earning it—and as other forms of stealing are not respectable, they go into those gambling practices. I preach this sermon on square old fashioned honesty. I have said nothing against the horse, I have said nothing against the turf, I have said everything against their prostitution. Young men, you go into straightforward industries and you will have better livelihood, and you will have larger permanent success than you can ever get by a wager. You get in with some of the whisky, rum blotted crew that I see going down on the boulevards; though I never bet, I will risk this wager, \$5,000,000 to nothing, you will be debauched and damned.

Cultivate the horse, own him if you can afford to own him, test all the speed he has, if he have any speed in him, but be careful which way you drive. You cannot always tell what direction a man is driving in by the way his horse heels. In my boyhood, we rode three miles every Sabbath morning to the country church. We were drawn by two fine horses. My father drove. He knew them, and they knew him. They were friends. Sometimes they loved to go rapidly, and he did not interfere with their happiness. He had all of us in the wagon with him. He drove to the country church. The fact is, that for eighty-two years he drove in the same direction. The roan span that I speak of was long ago unhitched, and the driver put up his whip in the wagon house never again to take it down, but in those good old times I learned something that I never forgot, that a man may admire a horse and love a horse and be proud of a horse and not always be willing to take the dust of the preceding vehicle, and yet be a Christian, an earnest Christian, a humble Christian, a consecrated Christian, useful until the last, so that at his death the church of God cries out as Elisha exclaimed when Elijah went up with galloping horses of fire, "My father, my father, the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof!"

At the lowest depth from which specimens of the bottom have been brought up, 116 different species of infusoria were found.



Perpetual Youth.

If from the mud, and rut, and jolt The road was always free, Each horse would still remain a colt As young as he used to be.

The joy of a good market is clouded by the grief of a poor road.

Isn't there a road nuisance in your vicinity that should be abolished?

It's just too bad, the condition in which many a road is permitted to remain.

The bad roads habit that has so long afflicted this land must and shall be overcome.

A good road enables the lazy farmer to loaf longer at the village store, and it makes it possible for the thrifty farmer to go back and get another load.

Farmers and Good Roads.

It is the "old country paper" that the farmers read most carefully. A translation of some learned European scientist's essay, republished in the Upper-Crust Review, never touches them. They never see it. Not that the farmers of the country are not extensive readers, but their reading, like charity, begins at home.

If Bill Jenkins, their local newspaper man, says they should have better roads in their vicinity, it carries with it ten times the force it does when Prof. Noah Heap Whiskers, of Yarnard College, says the same thing in the Humming Bird Critic.

The rural press is in touch with the people, and it is through the country newspaper that the gospel of good roads is now being preached to the farmers of the land.

To the farmers, who, when the subject of good roads is under discussion, declare "we will not submit to additional taxation to improve our roads," the rural press responds: "You are submitting to taxation every day, the most burdensome taxation, by your failure to tax yourselves to improve your roads. The wear and tear of your vehicles, your losses in time on account of poor roads, your losses by reason of the small amount of freight you are able to transport, and above all the heavy losses that poor roads give to the reputation of the State constitute an annual burden of taxation ten times greater than the amount you would be compelled to bear to give you improved highways." With the local newspapers in every vicinity working for improved highways, and the agricultural press paying especial attention to the subject, the farmers will soon be as enthusiastic as their brother wheelmen.

The Snow Blanket.

The value of a mantle of snow in protecting vegetation in the fields in winter is fully understood in farming districts, and the cause of the protective effect of the snow is a most interesting subject of scientific inquiry.

In Germany, where, as the Youth's Companion says, no such subject is ever allowed to escape investigation, Dr. Abels has recently made some important observations on the thermal properties of snow. He has found that the looser the snow the greater its power to protect the ground beneath from the effects of external changes of temperature.

Snow generally offers about four times as much resistance to such changes as a sheet of ice of the same thickness offers. When snow becomes closely packed, therefore, it is less effective as a protection to plant life than when it lies loosely upon the surface.

Other experiments show that while a blanket of snow protects the ground beneath from the chilling effects of the winter atmosphere, yet the surface of the snow itself, especially in clear weather, is colder than the air, so that snow tends to lower the temperature of the atmosphere, and where broad areas of country of extensive mountain slopes are covered by it, important climatic conditions may be produced by the influence of the snow.

He Shaves Presidents.

Presidents of the United States since Lincoln have been shaved daily during their occupancy of the White House by the same barber, a colored man, who at the present time, because of this fact, enjoys a \$1,400 clerkship in the Treasury Department. He is a good clerk and writes a fine hand. Notwithstanding all this, he still pursues his calling of presidential barber. Every morning while the President is in Washington this clerk goes to the White House, carrying a satchel, razors, soap, cups, brushes and strops. This duty is always promptly at 9 o'clock, and few of his fellow clerks know why he never appears without that black

leather satchel. Lincoln was the first President to employ him as a barber at the executive mansion, and for some reason he has always been able to get the same privilege by every successive President.

When President Grant returned from his inauguration, the door of the White House was opened for him by this barber, whom he questioned as to what position he held in the White House. Something in the fellow's speech or manner pleased Grant, and he told him he was to consider himself installed during his term. During the early days of shaving the Presidents the barber took his meals with the other servants in the White House kitchen. Whether or not, in addition to this, he was paid a regular sum or tipped each morning he has never been known to state. In all matters he is close mouthed and rarely speaks of any occurrence in the White House.—Chicago Tribune.

Too Long About It.

The Roxbury Gazette is responsible for an amusing story of a falling out between a Boston grocer and a lady. The lady was one of the fussy and long-winded customers—fortunately not very numerous—who try the patience of shopkeepers, and the grocer on this particular occasion was perhaps suffering from an attack of dyspepsia. As every one knows, grocers in general are models of patience and politeness. "Are those eggs fresh?" the lady asked, in a provokingly suspicious tone. "Yes, ma'am," replied the grocer. "Are you quite sure?"

"No doubt about it, ma'am."

"Now, if there is any doubt about it, I shouldn't care to buy any."

"You can depend upon it, ma'am, I wouldn't say they were fresh if they wasn't."

"There were three bad ones in those I bought the other day."

"You won't find none of these that way."

The lady took time to consider. Then she began again:

"Now, you say you are positive there are perfectly fresh?"

"That's what I said, ma'am."

"You'll take back the bad ones if I find any, won't you?"

"You must take them just as they come."

"You'll warrant that there are no bad ones among them, won't you?"

"No, ma'am, I won't. I'd a' warrant-ed them when you came in, but they've grown old since then. You can't expect eggs to last forever, ma'am, and another thing—"

But the lady waited to hear no more. The door slammed, and the bargain was off.

Cost of Living in Paris.

An able statistician has been estimating the cost of living in Paris at the present time and has compared it with that of forty years ago. He shows that in the '50's an average middle class family could do with a budget of 10,000 francs, or \$400, annually. That did not mean luxury, but it was sufficient for comfort, and required no economical engineering for the purpose of making both ends meet. Nowadays the case is different, and an official with a wife and three children dependent on 10,000 francs a year has to work miracles of saving in order to avoid getting into debt. Accordingly, in less than half a century the conditions of life in Paris have been completely modified. It is no exaggeration, in fact, to say that prices have doubled, and with them has increased the desire for a more luxurious mode of living than that led by the average Parisian of the '50's. The statistician has revealed nothing new, but his figures serve to emphasize the fact that the French capital is the most expensive place of residence in Europe.—London Daily Telegraph.

Anarchists in European Countries.

About 2,000 persons in France are marked as anarchists, and are constantly watched by the police of the various European countries, according to La Figaro, of whom 500 are French and 1,500 are foreigners, Italy leading with 540, followed by Switzerland with 300, Germany and Russia with 240 each. Austria and Belgium with 60 each. As regards occupation, shoemakers, carpenters and day laborers of all nations furnish large proportions of the anarchists, while the educated professions hardly appear. German tailors and printers, Swiss watchmakers and farmers, Italian clerks and bakers, and French waiters and persons without avowed business tend more to anarchy than those of other nationalities. The Russians differ from all the others in that 30 per cent. of the persons under surveillance are students, another 30 per cent. professional men, and hardly 1 per cent. have occupations requiring no

The Life Plant.

There is a plant in Jamaica called the life plant, because it is almost impossible to kill it or any portion of it. When a leaf is cut off and hung up by a string it sends out white, thread-like roots, gathers moisture from the air and begins to grow new leaves. Even when pressed and packed away in a botanist's herbarium it has been known to outgrow the leaves of the book in which it was placed. The only way to kill it is by the heat of a hot iron or boiling water.



Oysters in Delicate Fashion.

Oysters cooked a la poulette is one of the most delicious ways they may be served. To prepare them put a solid quart of oysters on the stove to boil in their own liquor. As soon as they begin to boil, skim carefully and turn into a strainer and when they have been well drained set them aside. Put half a pint of the oyster liquor into a saucepan and when it begins to boil stir into it one heaping teaspoonful of cold water. Boil gently five minutes longer. Put a pint of cream into a double boiler, and when it begins to boil add the thickened oyster liquor. Season with salt, pepper, a slight grating of nutmeg and a grain of cayenne. Have at hand the yolks of four eggs, well beaten, and add to them half a cupful of cold cream. Now add to the cooking mixture the oysters, a tablespoonful of butter and finally the egg mixture. Cook for three minutes, stirring all the time. Then remove from the fire immediately and serve with a border of puff paste cakes. If you choose, add a tablespoonful of lemon juice just as the oysters are taken from the fire.

Padding in Rhyme.

The following receipt, taken from an old book written in 1850, was found excellent:

Into one pint of purest drink Let one teacup of clean rice sink, And boll till all the water's gone— No matter where. Stir with a spoon, And deftly add of milk one quart; Boll till it thickens as it ought, Stirring it with the aforesaid spoon Till it is smooth and white and done. Then add three egg yolks beaten light, One lemon's rind all grated right, And of white sugar well refined Eight spoons, by stirring thus combined. Now pour the mixture in a dish. Of any size that you may wish. Off let it stand, while with a fork You beat the whites as light as cork— The whites of the three eggs, I mean; And when they're beaten stiff and clean Add eight spoonfuls of sugar light, And put the frothing, nice and white, Upon your pudding like a cover— Be sure you spread it nicely over. In a cool oven let it brown. We think the pudding will go down.

How to Care for Wood Floors.

A housekeeper who is noted for her neatness says that a wood floor in the house is as much care as a baby. This is no doubt true, and yet a little attention systematically given the floor each day is productive of marvelously good results. A flannel bag made to slip over the bristles of a broom makes an excellent and convenient polisher. The wood floor should be swept each morning with this flannel-covered broom, and twice a week it should be carefully oiled. If the floor is of hard wood use linseed oil, while if it is stained or painted the inexpensive crude oil will answer just as well. It should be rubbed upon the floor with cheese cloth rather than flannel to avoid the lint scattering over the floor. To deep-stained or varnished floor light-wipe frequently with a solution of milk and water.

Stuffed Peaches.

Mrs. Rorer's receipt for stuffed peaches calls for six or eight peaches peeled, halved and the stones taken out. Chop fine six English walnuts and six almonds. Fill the crevices from which the stones were taken with chopped nuts. Stand the peaches in a saucepan, so that they will not fall apart; if there is the slightest danger spike them through with a wooden toothpick. Sprinkle four tablespoonfuls of sugar over the peaches; cover the saucepan and let them stand where they will steam for ten minutes. Lift them carefully and serve cold with cream.

Chocolate Custard Pie.

Lovers of chocolate in any and every form can make this addition to a common custard pie. Beat one egg to a stiff froth, then add pulverized sugar and grated chocolate with one-half teaspoon extract of vanilla; spread this on top of the pie and let it harden for a moment in the oven. Or you may prepare it in still another way. Put the chocolate in a basin on the back of the stove and let it melt (do not put any water with it); when melted beat one egg and some sugar with it; in the latter case it will be a regular chocolate brown color and in the other a sort of gray.

The White Elephant.

The Burmese "Lord White Elephant" and the King of Burmah share all the white umbrellas in that country between them. The king of men has nine, the king of elephants has two, but he has also four golden ones. Not even the heir-apparent, when there is one, has a right to use the white umbrella. He has only eight golden ones. The use of even an ordinary white-covered umbrella would be regarded as a declaration of rebellion on his part, and would lead to his immediate execution.