Harrison Journal.

GEO. D. CANON, Editor and Prop.

HARRISON, - - - NEB.

Rather than see the throne trembling Austria's Emperor was wise in shaking his cabinet instead.

Quinine capsules cost $10 apiece in the Klondike region. Wouldn't that give you the chilly shake?

Wheat rising to one dollar is certainly not calculated to go against the grain so far as the farmers are concerned.

"Look out for dirty $5 bills," exclaims a Boston paper; "there are too many of them in circulation." This seems incredible.

The lucky workingman who has been awarded $21,000 for being blacklisted has turned up quite a card for organized labor.

And now they are shipping American poultry and eggs to Cape Town, South Africa. The Yankee spirit of enterprise is in evidence, indeed.

Kauilani, Kalonokalani, Wowwowkalani, Scrapscrapalani, Wottellkalani, and all the other kalanis are getting ready for a hot time in the old town of Honolulu.

A New York woman has discovered that she can hypnotize butterflies. It would be of more practical value to most people to be able on occasion to hypnotize wasps and bees.

Pittsburg policemen have been forbidden to play foot-ball. This is a wise restriction; any policeman who can't do enough execution with a club and a revolver should give up his job.

A young woman in Baltimore has had one of her front teeth filled with a half-karat diamond. This must be the girl to whom the singer referred when he remarked that "Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still."

Frugality is good, if liberality be joined with it. The first is leaving off superfluous expenses; the last is bestowing them to the benefit of others that need. The first without the last begets covetousness; the last without the first begets prodigality.

It was a shrewd saying which the Archbishop of Canterbury quoted in a recent address to workingmen, of a great French preacher who, two centuries ago, told the court of France that "they might judge how little God thought of riches by the sort of people to whom He had given them."

A town council in Ohio has passed an ordinance providing that no girl shall linger near the railway station unless she has in her possession a railway ticket, the object being to prevent flirtations with commercial travelers. The railway expenses of drummers in Ohio are bound to be higher from this time forward.

Bald-headed men do not understand what ails them, but a French doctor has found out. His name is Sabouraud. He says it is all due to colonies of microbes on the head, which attack the hair follicles and produce four stages of disease. If you feel a microbe on your head get somebody to smash it with a club.

Relating the sad story of the Jersey City boy who tickled a mule's hind heels with disastrous results, the New York Sun says he had never heard the sad story of

A muscular Turk of Stamboul
Tried to pull out the tail of a mule,
And the coroner's ju-
Ry the body did view,
And brought in the verdict "damphool."

Four men were killed in an attempt to settle an old feud in Louisiana the other day. That's generally the way with feuds. Other things may be settled with good results all around. But the minute an attempt is made to settle a feud somebody is almost sure to get killed or hurt, and then, when the smoke clears away, it is found that the feud is still unsettled. The best thing to do with a feud is to just let it alone.

The same amount of energy and ability necessary to win and hold a considerable office will bring in far more financial returns in almost any legitimate business or profession. It is difficult, however, to realize this until the office seeker is completely into politics, and then he is fit for little else. There is many a chronic office seeker who wishes he had never consented to become a candidate the first time just as sincerely as the drunkard regrets his first drink.

Work drives away depression, whets the appetite for food, invites sleep, promotes digestion, strengthens the muscles and sinews, gives free circulation to the blood, stimulates the intellectual faculties, provides the comforts of life, develops all the powers which it brings into exercise, transforms stupid ignorance into brilliant genius, fills the world with works of art and literature, and develops the resources of nature. Nothing can stand before work.

Edward Moran was killed on a New York elevated road because he was in a hurry. To catch a train and save a minute he rushed across the track—to his death. Moran was typical of the average American business man, who is always rushing pell-mell to his destination, and when he gets there usually finds that he has time on his hands. We are forever rushing and tearing to business—and taking things leisurely when we get there. This is the land of bolted breakfasts and gobbled lunches, the land of dyspepsia and all its attendant ills.

The growing cost of our county campaigns is an evil against which vigorous protest should be raised. We understand that one candidate's cigar bill during a recent campaign was $300, and he was only doing what has come to be considered the necessary thing, viz.: offered a cigar to every man with whom he talked politics during the campaign. As a "treat" it is as inoffensive as any, and of course too insignificant to be called a bribe. But it has grown into a custom, and the candidate who does not wish to be called mean conforms to it. But it is all wrong that a campaign for a county office should necessitate an expenditure of $400 or $500. It is ruinous to a poor man who spends it and fails of election, and when a man has expended that much he becomes desperate in his determination to win by any means.

Any citizen who is tired of mundane concerns and wants to fix his mind on something higher, is invited to consider the allegation of Sir Francis Galton, made in the London Fortnightly Review, that some one on Mars is signaling to earth. The information seems not as yet to be very generally confirmed by astronomical observers, but Sir Francis is quoted as authority for the report that in one of the European observatories an apparatus has been devised for recording the Martian flashes, and that the record shows that three signals and no more are made, and that they differ, as all flashlight signals do, in the length of the flashes and of the intervals between, so that, if we had the key, they might be read like telegraphic messages. Of course, this is not a yarn to be swallowed whole, but the association of the name of Sir Francis Galton with it is enough to entitle it to consideration. There seems to be no intrinsic impossibility of our having relations with people in Mars. It sounds preposterous, of course; but like other marvels, it seems preposterous chiefly because it is unusual. We have to nudge ourselves from time to time in this age of swift surprises and remind ourselves that nothing that is new to us can possibly be more marvelous than many things that have grown familiar.

Slavery was ostensibly abolished in British dominions many years ago and the longer continuance of it in the United States furnished the British writers for many years a striking incongruity in the American system with which to point a moral against democracy. No doubt the people of Great Britain, as a whole, are still as firmly convinced as ever that slavery is wrong, but these good people would do well to look somewhat more closely into the character and conduct of British soldiers in Africa in this respect. The papers of the Transvaal, for instance, have recently caused British representatives in that part of the world no small annoyance by giving publicity to a form of slavery that exists in that part of South Africa under British rule. Captured rebels and prisoners of war, especially Hottentots, are, it is said, sold into service openly by British officers. One advertisement in a newspaper says: "Anybody requiring a Hottentot boy from 8 to 18 years of age, can have one delivered"—on payment of 50 shillings. Such advertisements are frequently seen in South African papers, youths and able-bodied men being sold, for a period of five years usually, at the rate of 10 shillings a month for men and 7 shillings for boys. The Boer newspapers, not over friendly to the English since the Jameson raid, are using this practice, and very properly, to good effect against the British. If the home government is wise it will look after its officers in South Africa.

The fourth-class postmasterships have so long been regarded as the proper political perquisites of congressmen that First Assistant Postmaster General Heath is not likely to find a warm welcome for his scheme of rural delivery by which the village postmasterships will no longer be available as part of a congressman's political assets. The experiments in rural delivery, first inaugurated by John Wanamaker and continued under the present administration, have been so successful that from them the assistant postmaster general draws a sound and apparently unanswerable argument in favor of the system in general. Wherever rural delivery has been tried, as for instance, in Genesee county, New York, and Kalamazoo county, Michigan, the experiment has proven eminently successful. In a recent interview Mr. Heath referred to Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, as an example of the working of the system. In that county there are about 150 fourth-class postoffices, nearly every one of which, he says, could be abolished if free delivery were put into effect, while the indications show that in a short time the increase in postal business would pay for the additional facilities. As to Genesee County, New York, Mr. Heath says that of the thirty-nine postoffices now established eighteen offices and seven star routes could be discontinued in case of rural free delivery without detriment to the public service, thereby effecting a total net saving of $2,620. Taking Genesee County for a basis and leaving out of account the growth of postal receipts the saving effected would bring down the cost of rural free delivery for the State of New York to less than $200,000. Of course the system is better adapted to thickly populated States where the railroads penetrate to all parts. Similar results could be obtained in the most populous of the Western States, and it is probably only a question of a few years until the free rural delivery system will be tried in all the older States.

IN TIME OF LEISURE.

REV. DR. TALMAGE ON THE INFLUENCE OF THE CLUB.

He Shows the Effect of Bad Clubs—The Test of Merit of a Club—The Struggle Against Evil Habits and How to Conquer.

Our Washington Pulpit.

This discourse of Dr. Talmage, delivered in Washington last Sunday will be helpful to those who want to find places with healthful and improving surroundings and to avoid places deleterious. His text is II. Samuel ii., 14, "Let the young men now arise and play before us."

There are two armies encamped by the pool of Gibeon. The time hangs heavily on their hands. One army proposes a game of sword fencing. Nothing could be more healthful and innocent. The other army accepts the challenge. Twelve men against twelve men, the sport opens. But something went adversely. Perhaps one of the swordsmen got an unlucky clip or in some way had his ire aroused, and that which opened in sportfulness ended in violence, each one taking his contestant by the hair and then with the sword thrusting him in the side, so that that which opened in innocent fun ended in the massacre of all the twenty-four sportsmen. Was there ever a better illustration of what was true then and is true now, that that which is innocent may be made destructive?

At this season of the year the club houses of our towns and cities are in full play. I have found out that there is a legitimate and an illegitimate use of the club house. In the one case it may become a healthful recreation, like the contest of the twenty-four men in the text when they began their play; in the other case it becomes the massacre of body, mind and soul, as in the case of these contestants of the text when they had gone too far with their sport. All intelligent ages have had their gatherings for political, social, artistic, literary purposes—gatherings characterized by the blunt old Anglo-Saxon designation of "club."

If you have read history, you know that there was a King's Head club, a Ben Jonson club, a Brothers' club, to which Swift and Bolingbroke belonged; a Literary club, which Burke and Goldsmith and Johnson and Boswell made immortal; a Jacobin club, a Benjamin Franklin Junto club—some of these to indicate justice, some to favor the arts, some to promote good manners, some to despoil the habits, some to destroy the soul. If one will write an honest history of the clubs of England, Ireland, Scotland, France and the United States for the last 100 years, he will write the history of the world. The club was an institution born on English soil, but it has thrived well in American atmosphere. Who shall tell how many belong to that kind of club where men put purses together and open house, apportioning the expense of caterer and servants and room, and having a sort of domestic establishment—a style of club house which in my opinion is far better than the ordinary hotel or boarding house? But my object now is to speak of club houses of a different sort.

Opening the door, we find the fumes of strong drink and tobacco something almost intolerable. These young men at this table, it is easy to understand what they are at from the flushed cheek, the intent look, the almost angry way of tossing the dice or of moving the "chips." They are gambling. At another table are men who are telling vile stories. They are three-fourths intoxicated, and between 12 and 1 o'clock they will go staggering, hooting, swearing, shouting on their way home. That is an only son. On him all kindness, all care, all culture has been bestowed. He is paying his parents in this way for their kindness. That is a young married man who only a few months ago at the altar made promises of kindness and fidelity, every one of which he has broken. Walk through and see for yourself. Here are all the implements of dissipation and of quick death. As the hours of the night go away the conversation becomes imbecile and more debasing. Now it is time to shut up. Those who are able to stand will get out on the pavement and balance themselves against the lamppost or against the railings of the fence. The young man who is not able to stand will have a bed improvised for him in the club house, or two not quite so overcome with liquor will conduct him to his father's house, and they will ring the door bell, and the door will open, and the two imbecile escorts will introduce into the hallway the ghastliest and most hellish spectacle that ever enters a front door—a drunken son. If the dissipating club houses of this country would make a contract with the inferno to provide it 10,000 men a year, and for twenty years, on the condition that no more should be asked of them, the club houses could afford to make that contract, for they would save homesteads, save fortunes, save bodies, minds and souls. The 10,000 men who would be sacrificed by that contract would be but a small part of the multitude sacrificed without the contract. But I make a vast difference between clubs. I have belonged to four clubs—a theological club, a ball club and two literary clubs. I got from them physical rejuvenation and moral health. What shall be the principle? If God will help me, I will lay down three principles by which you may judge whether the club where you are a member or the club to which you have been invited is a legitimate or an illegitimate club house.

First of all I want to test the club by its influences on home, if you have a home. I have been told by a prominent gentleman in club life that three-fourths of the members of the great clubs of these cities are married men. That wife soon loses her influence over her husband who nervously and foolishly looks upon all evening absence as an assault on domesticity. How are the great enterprises of art and literature and beneficence and public weal to be carried on if every man is to have his world bounded on one side by his front doorstep and on the other side by his back window, knowing nothing higher than his own attic or nothing lower than his own cellar? That wife who becomes jealous of her husband's attention to art or literature or religion or charity is breaking her own scepter of conjugal power. I know an instance where a wife thought that her husband was giving too many nights to Christian service, to charitable service, to prayer meetings and to religious convocation. She systematically decoyed him away until now he attends no church and is on a rapid way to destruction, his morals gone, his money gone and, I fear, his soul gone. Let any Christian wife rejoice when her husband consecrates evenings to the service of God, or to charity, or to art, or to anything elevated, but let not men sacrifice home life to club life. I can point out to you a great many names of men who are guilty of this sacrilege. They are as genial as angels at the club house and as ugly as sin at home. They are generous on all subjects of wine suppers, yachts and fast horses, but they are stingy about the wife's dress and the children's shoes. That man has made that which might be a healthful recreation a usurper of his affections, and he has married it, and he is guilty of moral bigamy. Under this process the wife, whatever her features, becomes uninteresting and homely. He becomes critical of her, does not like the dress, does not like the way she arranges her hair, is amazed that he ever was so unromantic as to offer her hand and heart. She is always wanting money, money when she ought to be discussing Eclipses and Dexter and Derby day and English drags with six horses, all answering the pull of one "ribbon."

Clubbed to Death.

I tell you there are thousands of houses in the cities being clubbed to death. There are club houses where membership always involves domestic shipwreck. Tell me that a man has joined a certain club, tell me nothing more about him for ten years, and I will write his history if he be still alive. The man is a wine guzzler, his wife broken hearted or prematurely old, his fortune gone or reduced and his home a mere name in a directory. Here are six secular nights in the week. "What shall I do with them?" says the father and the husband. "I will give four of those nights to the improvement and entertainment of my family, either at home or in good neighborhood. I will devote one to charitable institutions. I will devote one to the club." I congratulate you. Here is a man who says: "I will make a different division of the six nights. I will take three for the club and three for other purposes." I tremble. Here is a man who says, "Out of the six secular nights of the week I will devote five to the club house and one to the home, which night I will spend in scowling like a March squall, wishing I was out spending it as I had spent the other five." That man's obituary is written. Not one out of 10,000 that ever gets so far on the wrong road ever stops. Gradually his health will fail through late hours and through too much stimulus. He will be first rate prey for erysipelas and rheumatism of the heart. The doctor, coming in, will at a glance see it is not only present disease he must fight, but years of fast living. The clergyman, for the sake of the feelings of the family, on the funeral day will only talk in religious generalities. The men who got his yacht in the eternal rapids will not be at the obsequies. They will have pressing engagements that day. They will send flowers to the coffin lid and send their wives to utter words of sympathy, but they will have engagements elsewhere. They never come. Bring me mallet and chisel and I will cut on the tombstone that man's epitaph, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." "No," you say, "that would not be appropriate." "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." "No," you say, "that would not be appropriate." Then give me the mallet and the chisel and I will cut an honest epitaph, "Here lies the victim of a dissipating club house."

I think that damage is often done by the scions of some aristocratic family who belong to one of these dissipating club houses. People coming up from humbler classes feel it an honor to belong to the same club, forgetting the fact that many of the sons and grandsons of the large commercial establishments of the last generation are now, as to mind, imbecile; as to body, diseased; as to morals, rotten. They would have got through their property long ago if they had had full possession of it, but the wily ancestors, who earned the money by hard knocks, foresaw how it was to be, and they tied up everything in the will. Now, there is nothing of that unworthy descendant but his grandfather's name and roast beef rotundity. And yet how many steamers there are which feel honored to lash fast that worm eaten tug, though it drags them straight into the breakers.

Another test by which you can find whether your club is legitimate or illegitimate—the effect it has on your secular occupation. I can understand how through such an institution a man can reach commercial successes. I know some men have formed their best business relations through such a channel. If the club has advantaged you in an honorable calling, it is a legitimate club. But has your credit failed? Are bargain makers more cautious how they trust you with a bill of goods? Have the men whose names were down in the commercial agency A1 before they entered the club been going down ever since in commercial standing? Then look out! You and I every day know of commercial establishments going to ruin through the social excesses of one or two members, their fortunes beaten to death with ball players' bat, or cut amidships by the front prow of the regatta, or going down under the swift hoofs of the fast horses, or drowned in large potations of cognac and monongahela. Their club house was the "Loch Earn." Their business house was the "Ville du Havre." They struck, and the "Ville du Havre" went under.

A Test of Merit.

A third test by which you may know whether the club to which you belong, or the club to whose membership you are invited, is a legitimate club or an illegitimate club is this: What is its effect on your sense of moral and religious obligation? Now, if I should take the names of all the people in any audience and put them on a roll and then I should lay that roll back of the organ and 100 years from now some one should take that roll and call it from A to Z, there would not one of you answer. I say that any association that makes me forget that fact is a bad association. Now to many of the cities there are two routes, and you can take the Pennsylvania Railroad or the Baltimore and Ohio; but suppose that I hear that on one route the track is torn up, and the bridges are torn down, and the switches are unlocked? It will not take me a great while to decide which road to take. Now, here are two roads into the future, the Christian and the unChristian, the safe and the unsafe. An institution or any association that confuses my idea in regard to that fact is a bad institution and a bad association. I had prayers before I joined the club. Did I have them after? I attended the house of God before I connected myself with the club. Since that union with the club do I absent myself from religious influences? Which would you rather have in your hand when you come to die, a pack of cards or a Bible? Which would you rather have pressed to your lips in the closing moment, the cup of Belshazzarean wassail or the chalice of Christian communion? Who would you rather have for your pall-bearers, the elders of a Christian church or the companions whose conversation was full of slang and innuendo?

The fascination of a dissipating club house is so great that sometimes a man has turned his back on his home when his child was dying of scarlet fever. He went away. Before he got back at midnight the eyes had been closed, the undertaker had done his work, and the wife, worn out with three weeks' watching, lay unconscious in the next room. Then there is a rattling of the night key in the door, and the returned father comes upstairs and sees the empty cradle and the window up. He says, "What is the matter?" In God's judgment day he will find out what was the matter. Oh, man astray, God help you!

The influence which some of the club houses are exerting is the more to be deplored because it takes down the very best men. The admission fee sifts out the penurious and leaves only the best fellows. They are frank, they are generous, they are whole souled, they are talented. Oh, I begrudge the devil such a prize. After awhile the frank look will go out of the face and the features will be haggard, and when talking to you, instead of looking you in the eye, they will kindly ask, "My son, what kept you out so late last night?" and he will make no answer, or he will say, "That's my business." Then some time he will come to the store or the bank cross and befogged, and he will neglect some duty, and after awhile he will lose his place, and then with nothing to do he will come down at 10 o'clock in the morning to curse the servant because the breakfast is cold. The lad who was a clerk in the cellar has got to be chief clerk in the great commercial establishment; the young man who ran errands for the bank has got to be cashier; thousands of the young men who were at the foot of the ladder have got to the top of the ladder, but here goes the victim of the dissipating club house, with staggering step and bloodshot eye and mud bespattered hat set sidewise on a shock of greasy hair, his cravat dashed with cigar ashes. Look at him! Pure hearted young man, look at him! The club house did that. I know one such who went the whole round, and turned out of the higher club houses went into the lower club houses, and on down, until one night he leaped out of a third-story window to end his wretchedness.

A Terrible Struggle.

Let me say to fathers who are becoming dissipated, your sons will follow you. You think your son does not know. He knows all about it. I have heard men who say, "I am profane, but never in the presence of my children." Your children know you swear. I have heard men say, "I drink, but never in the presence of my children." Your children know you drink. I describe now what occurs in hundreds of households in this country. The tea hour has arrived. The family are seated at the tea table. Before the rest of the family arise from the table the father shoves back his chair, says he has an engagement, lights a cigar, goes out, comes back after midnight, and that is the history of 365 nights of the year. Does any man want to stultify himself by saying that that is healthy, that that is right, that that is honorable? Would your wife have married you with such prospects?

Time will pass on, and the son will be 16 or 17 years of age, and you will be at the tea table, and he will shove back and have an engagement, and he will light his cigar, and he will go out to the club house, and you will hear nothing of him until you hear the night key in the door after midnight. But his physical constitution is not quite so strong as yours, and the liquor he drinks is more terrifically drugged than that which you drink, and so he will catch up with you on the road to death, though you got such a long start of him, and so you will both go to hell together.

Oh, my heart ache! I see men struggling against evil habits, and they want help. I have knelt beside them, and I have heard them cry for help, and then we have risen, and he has put one hand on my right shoulder and the other hand on my left shoulder and looked into my face with an infinity of earnestness which the judgment day will have no power to make me forget, as he has cried out with his lips scorched in ruin, "God help me!" For such there is no help except in the Lord God Almighty. I am going to make a very stout rope. You know that sometimes a ropemaker will take very small threads and wind them together until after awhile they become ship cable. And I am going to take some very small, delicate threads and wind them together until they make a very stout rope. I will take all the memories of the marriage day, a thread of laughter, a thread of light, a thread of music, a thread of banqueting, a thread of congratulation, and I twist them together and I have one strand. Then I take a thread of the hour of the first advent in your house, a thread of the darkness that preceded, and a thread of the light that followed, and a thread of the beautiful scarf that little child used to wear when she bounded out at eventide to greet you, and then a thread of the beautiful dress in which you laid her away for the resurrection. And then I twist all these threads together, and I have another strand. Then I take a thread of the scarlet robe of a suffering Christ, and a thread of the white raiment of your loved ones before the throne, and a string of the harp cherubic, and a string of the harp seraphic, and I twist them all together, and I have a third strand. "Oh, you say, "either strand is strong enough to hold fast a world!" No, I will take these strands and I will twist them together, and one end of that rope I will fasten, not to the communion table, for it shall be removed, not to the pillar of the organ, for that will crumble in the ages, but I wind it round and round the cross of a sympathizing Christ, and having fastened one end of the rope to the cross I throw the other end to you. Lay hold of it! Pull for your life! Pull for heaven!

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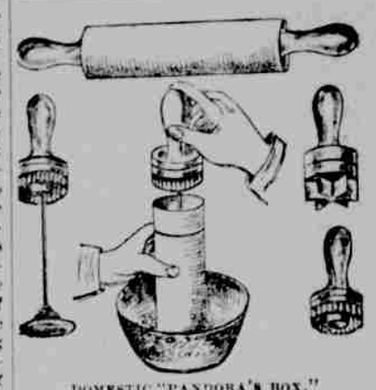
Heart Hunger.—Pain fertilizes the soil of the mind. As the summer daisy springs from the decaying leaves of the previous autumn, so many of the most helpful acts, beautiful thoughts and inspiring words spring from a great heart hunger, an overpowering sorrow. —Rev. U. S. Milburn, Universalist, Cincinnati, O.

Ingenuity in Kitchen Tools.

That this is a new era in culinary tools is proven by a late invention, which is a marvel of combination—nine articles in one. The practical mechanical ingenuity shown in this tool is certainly nothing less than a marvel. Combined in one article it seems to be simply a rolling pin of the old-fashioned sort, but it is soon proven to be a veritable Pandora's box. Pulling the handle out of one end reveals a chopping and mincing knife with six sharp blades. This makes an excellent tool for tendering or mincing meat or vegetables for hash. Remove the handle from the other end of the rolling pin, and it is found to be fitted with a fluted edge for the cutting of cakes and cookies, with a central circular cutter for the doughnuts cutter. The fluted circle around the edge may be removed and the smaller central cutter used for an apple corer. This cake cutter combination is also a first-class funnel. The roller itself has sharp edged ends which may be used as biscuit cutters, the dough having been rolled out by the entire combination roller first, just one handle being taken out in order to cut the biscuits. Fastened to the center of the cake cutter end is a rod with a little perforated dasher which may be used in combination with the roller as an egg beater, placing the long end of the roller in the cup or bowl containing the egg and plunging the dasher rapidly up and down in the roller. In the same way cream may be whipped in short order. The dasher and rod are strong enough to be used as a potato masher with equally good effect. This rod is adjustable, and when the tool is put together it occupies the hollow center of the roller and is taken apart when apples are to be cored, cookies or doughnuts to be cut.



DOMESTIC "PANDORA'S BOX."

Thus there are combined in what is apparently a simple rolling pin nine articles, including a rolling pin, chopping and mincing knife and meat fret, egg beater and cream whip, potato masher, butter churner, cake and doughnut cutter, biscuit cutter, apple corer, and funnel.

Chocolate Pudding.

One heaping teaspoonful of butter, one pint of milk, one pint of bread crumbs, five tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate or cocoa, yolks of three eggs, one cupful of sugar. Scald or boil the milk, add the bread crumbs and chocolate. Take from the fire and add the sugar and eggs which have been beaten together, then the butter. Bake for fifteen minutes. When cold beat the whites of the three eggs with three tablespoonfuls of sugar, for the meringue, spread on top of the pudding and bake a light brown. Flavor both meringue and pudding with vanilla.

Lobster Loaf.

Remove the meat from two good-sized boiled lobsters; chop rather fine with a silver knife; add while chopping a quarter of a pound of almonds cut into slices, a teaspoonful of onion juice, a clove of garlic, tablespoonful of chopped parsly ,a teaspoonful of salt, and a dash of pepper and the whites of two eggs. Mix thoroughly and pack into small moulds. Stand in a banking pan of water, put them in the oven for twenty minutes, and serve cold on lettuce leaves, with mayonnaise dressing.

Brief Hints.

To cut new bread smoothly, the knife should be slightly heated first.

Keep potatoes and all root vegetables in a box or bin in a dry cellar.

A basket kept on a swinging shelf is the proper receptacle for eggs.

Different kinds of food should be kept separate from each other.

Lime spots on woolen cloths may be completely removed by strong vinegar.

A glass of hot milk and a few peanuts make a good luncheon before retiring.

Cranberries may be kept for months in crocks or jars, and covered with water.

Milk should be, as far as possible, separated from other food, and kept clean and cool.

The color of pickled cabbage is greatly improved by putting slices of uncooked beet into it.

Sugar, rice, hominy, farina, oatmeal, and the like, are best kept in bags or boxes in a cool, dry closet.

To take grease out of cloth, use chloroform or benzine, being very careful, as both substances are dangerous in the handling.

Cabbage leaves, chopped small and brown on carpets before sweeping answers the same purpose as tea leaves in laying the dust.