

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON:

A Poisoned Dinner.

"So they poured out for the men to eat. And some, as they were eating of the pot it came to pass, as they were eating of the pot of God, there is death in the pot."

Elisha had come down to lecture to the students in the theological seminary at Gilgal. He found the students very hungry, as students are apt to be. It is very seldom the world makes large provision for those who give themselves to intellectual toil.

So Elisha, recognizing this common sense principle, which every Christian ought to recognize, sends servants out to get food for those hungry students. They pick up some green, healthful herbs, but they happen to pick up also some colcoquintida, a bitter poisonous, deathful herb.

He knew it by the taste. He cries out, "Poison! poison! O thou man of God, there is death in the pot!" Consternation is thrown over the whole group. What a fortunate thing it was that this student so early found the colcoquintida in the mixture at the table!

Well, in our day there are great caldrons of sin and death. Colcoquintida of mighty temptation is pressed into it. Some dip it out and taste, and reject it and live. Others dip it out, taste it, keep on, and die.

It has gone out through all the ages, it has mixed up a great caldron of trouble and suffering and

poisoned in body, poisoned in mind, poisoned in soul. But blessed be God that the Gospel of Jesus Christ is the antidote, and where there is sin there shall be pardon, and where there was suffering there shall be comfort, and where there was death there shall be life.

Some time ago, you will remember, I persuaded you of the importance of being charitable in judgment of others. At the same time I said to you briefly what this morning I wish to say with great emphasis, that while we sympathize with the sinner we must denounce the sin, that while we pity the unfortunate we must be vehement against transgression. Sin is a jagged thing that needs to be roughly handled.

A group of immigrants settle in a wild region. The next day a wild beast comes down from the mountain and carries off one of the children. The next day a wild beast comes down from the mountain and carries off another child. Fortwith all the neighbors band together, and they go out with torch in one hand and gun in the other to hunt these monsters down, to find their hiding place, to light up and ransack the caverns, and to destroy the invaders of their houses.

Or, to come back to the figure suggested by my text, we want to find what are the caldrons of sin and death from which the iniquities of society are dipped out.

In the first place, I remark that unhappy and undisciplined homes are the caldrons of great iniquity. Parents harsh and cruel on the one hand, or on the other hand loose in their government, are raising up a generation of vipers. A home where scolding and fretfulness are dominant is blood relation to the gallows and the penitentiary!

Oh, there is a Hagar leading away Ishmael into the desert to be smitten of the thirst and parched of the sand! In the solemn birth hour a voice fell to these from the throne of God, saying, "Take this child and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages."

Oh, the number of people in these great cities who are trying to get their living not honestly! And they are to the industrious young man, who cannot understand it. While these others have it so easy they have it so hard.

The world grows old, and the stars will cease to illuminate it, and the waters to refresh it, and the mountains to guard it, and the heavens to overspan it, and its long story of sin and shame and glory and triumph will soon turn to ashes, but influences that started in the early home roll on and

roll up through all eternity—blooming in all the joy, waving in all the triumph exulting in all the song, or shrinking back into all the darkness. Father, mother, which way are you leading your children?

A house took fire and the owner was very careful to get all his furniture out. He got out all his books, and got all his pictures out, and he got all his valuable papers out, but he forgot to ask, until it was too late:

"ARE MY CHILDREN SAFE?" Oh, when the earth shall melt with fervent heat, and the mountains shall be as chaff, and the seas shall be as molten lead, will your children be safe? Will your children be safe? Unhappy and undisciplined homes are the source of much of the wretchedness and sin of the world. I know there are exceptions to it sometimes. From a bright and beautiful Christian home a husband or a son will go forth to die. Oh, how long have you had that boy in your prayers! He does not know how many sleepless nights you have spent over him. He does not understand how many tears you have shed for his waywardness.

Her hair turned gray; it had turned gray in sorrow. Those eyes had wept floods of tears over his wandering. That still white hand had done him many a kindness and had written many a loving invitation and good counsel. He came into the room and threw himself on the cushion, and he sobbed outright: "Mother, mother!" but those lips that had kissed him in infancy and uttered so many kind words spoke not; they were sealed. Rather than have such a memory come over my soul, I would prefer to have roll over me the Alps and the Himalayas!

But while sometimes there are sons who turn out very badly coming from good homes, I want to tell you, for your encouragement, it is a great exception. Yet an unhappy and undisciplined home is the poisonous caldron from which a vast multitude drink their death.

AN INDOLENT LIFE. All the rail trains down the Hudson River yesterday, all the rail trains on the Pennsylvania route, all the trains on the Long Island road brought to these cities young men to begin commercial life. Some of them are here this morning, I doubt not. Do you know what one of your great temptations is going to be? It is the example of indolent people in our cities. They are in all our cities. They dress better than some who are industrious. They have access to all places of amusement—plenty of money and yet idle. They hang around our great hotels—the Fifth Avenue, the Windsor, the Brunswick, the Strayve, the Gilsey House—all our beautiful hotels; you find them around there every day—men who do nothing, never earn anything, yet well dressed, having plenty. Why should I work? Why should you work? Why drudge and toil in bank and shop and office, or on the scaffolding, or by the anvil, when these men get along so well and do not work?

Some of them hang around the City Halls of our great cities, toothpick in their mouth, waiting for some crumb to fall from the office-holder's table. Some of them hang around the City Hall for the city van bringing criminals from the station-houses. They stand there and gloat over it—really enjoy the disgrace and suffering of those poor creatures as they get out of the city van and go into the courts.

Where do they get their money? That is what you ask. That is what I ask. Only FOUR WAYS OF GETTING MONEY, only four: by inheritance, by earning it, by begging it, by stealing it; and there are a vast multitude among us who get their living not by inheritance, nor by earning it, nor by begging it. I do not like to take the responsibility of saying how they get it! Now, these men are a constant temptation. Why should I toil and wear myself out in the bank, or the office, or the store, or the shop, or the factory? These men have nothing to do. They get along a great deal better. And that is the temptation under which a great many young men fall. They begin to consort with these men, these idlers, and they go down the same awful steep. The number of men in our cities who are trying to get their living by their wits and by sleight-of-hand is all the time increasing.

A New York merchant saw a young man, one of his clerks, in half disguise, going into a very low place of amusement. The merchant said to himself: "I must look out for that clerk; he is going in bad company and going in bad places; I must look out for him." A few months passed on, and one morning the merchant entered his store, and this clerk of whom I have been speaking came up in assumed consternation and said: "Oh, sir, the store has been on fire; I have put out the fire, but there are a great many goods lost, we have had a great crowd of people coming and going." Then the merchant took the clerk by the collar and said: "I have had enough of this; you cannot deceive me; where are the goods you stole?" The young man instantly confessed his villainy.

Oh, the number of people in these great cities who are trying to get their living not honestly! And they are to the industrious young man, who cannot understand it. While these others have it so easy they have it so hard. Horatius of olden time was told that he could plow around with a yoke of oxen in one day. He hooked up the oxen to the plow and he cut a very large circle and plowed until he came to the same point where he started, and all that property was his. But I have to tell you to-day that just so much financial,

just so much moral, just so much spiritual, possession you will have as you compass with your own industries, and just so much as from the morning of your life to the evening of your life you can plow around with your own hard work. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise." One of the most awful caldrons of death to day is an indolent life. Thank God that you have to work.

THE DRAM SHOP is a great caldron of iniquity in our time. Anarchists said that the vine bore three grapes: the first was Pleasure, the next was Drunkenness, and the next Misery. Every saloon above or under ground is a fountain of iniquity. It may have a license and it may go along quite respectably for a while, but after a while the cover will fall off and the color of the iniquity will be displayed.

"Oh, says some one, 'you ought to be easier on such a traffic when it pays such a large revenue to the Government, and helps support your schools and your great institutions of mercy.' And then I think of what William E. Gladstone said—I think it was the first time he was Chancellor of the Exchequer—when men engaged in the ruinous traffic came to him and said their business ought to have more consideration from the fact that it paid such a large revenue to the English Government. Mr. Gladstone said: 'Gentlemen, don't worry your selves about the revenue; give me thirty millions of sober people, and we'll have revenue enough and a surplus. We might in this country—this traffic perished—have less revenue, but we would have more happy homes, and we would have more peace, and we would have fewer people in the penitentiary, and there would be tens of thousands of men who are now

ON THE ROAD TO HELL who would start on the road to heaven. But the financial ruin is a very small part of it. This iniquity of which I speak takes everything that is sacred out of the family, everything that is holy in religion, everything that is infinite in the soul, and tramples it under foot. The marriage day has come. The twin are at the altar. Lights flash. Music sounds. Gay feet go up and down the drawing room. Did ever a vessel launch on such a bright and beautiful sea? The scene changes. Dingy garret. No fire. On a broken chair a sorrowful, last hope gone. Poor, forsaken, trodden under foot, she knows all the sorrow of being a drunkard's wife. "Oh," she says, "he was the kindest man that ever lived, he was so noble, he was so good. God never made a grander man than he was, but the drink did it!" Some day she will press her hands against her temples and cry: "Oh, my brain, my brain!" or she will go out on the abutment of the bridge some moonlight night and look down on the glassy surface, and wonder if under that glassy surface there is not some rest for a broken heart.

A young man, through the intercession of metropolitan friends, gets a place in a bank or store. He is going to leave his country home. That morning they are up early in the old homestead. The trunk is on the wagon. Mother says: "My son, I put a Bible in the trunk; I hope you will read it often." She wipes the tears away with her apron. "Oh," he says, "come, don't you be worried; I know how to take care of myself. Don't be worried about me." The father says: "My son, be a good boy and write home often; your mother will be anxious to hear from you." Cracks goes the whip, and over the hills goes the wagon. Five years have passed on, and

A DISSIPATED LIFE has done its work for that young man. There is a hearse coming up in front of the old homestead. The young men of the neighborhood who have stayed on the farm come in and say: "Is it possible? Why he doesn't look natural, does he? Is that the healthy cheek we used to know? Is that the fair brow we used to know? It can't be possible that he is dead!" The parents stand looking at the gash on the forehead from which the life oozed out, and they lift their hands and say: "O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!"

Lorenzo de Medici was very sick, and some of his superstitious friends thought if they could dissolve a certain number of pearls in a cup, and then he would drink them, it would cure him of the disease. So they went around and they gathered up all their beautiful pearls they could find, and they dissolved them in a cup, and the sick man drank them. Oh, it was an expensive draught. But I tell you of a more expensive draught than that. Drunkenness puts into his cup the pearl of physical health, the pearl of domestic happiness, the pearl of respectability, the pearl of Christian hope, the pearl of an everlasting heaven, and presses it to the lips.

I tell you the dram shop is THE GATE OF HELL. The trouble is they do not put up the right kind of a sign. They have a great many different kinds of signs now on places where strong drink is sold. One is called the "restaurant," and another is called the "saloon," and another is called the "hotel," and another is called the "wine cellar," and another is called the "sample room." What a name to give one of these places! A "sample room" I saw a man on the steps of one of these "sample rooms" the other day, dead drunk, I said to myself: "I suppose that is a sample!" I tell you it is the gate of hell.

"Oh," says some man, "I am kind, I am indulgent to my family, I am right in many respects, I am very generous, and I have too grand and generous a moral nature to be overthrown in that way." Let me say that the persons who are in the most peril have the brightest prospects, the best education, the brightest talents for their sacrifice. The brightest talents are by this carbuncled hand of drunkenness torn off the brow of the poet and the orator. Charles Lamb, answer! Thomas Hood, answer! Sheridan, the English orator, answer! Edgar A. Poe, answer! Junius Brutus Booth, answer! Oh, come and look into it while I draw off the cover—hang over it and look down into it, and see the seething,

boiling, loathsome, smoking, agonizing, blaspheming hell of the drunkard. Young man,

BE MASTER OF YOUR APPETITES and passions. There are hundreds—might I not say thousands—of young men in this house this morning—young men of fair prospects. Put your trust in the Lord God, and all is well. But you will be tempted. Perhaps you may think this moment be addressed on the first Sabbath of your coming to the great city, and I give you this brotherly counsel. I speak not in a perfunctory way. I speak as an older brother talks to a younger brother. I put my hand on your shoulder this day and commend you to Jesus Christ, who Himself was a young man, and died while yet a young man, and has sympathy for all young men. Oh, be master, by the grace of God, of your appetites and passions!

I close with a peroration. Ministers and speakers are very apt to close with a peroration, and they generally roll up some grand imagery to express what they have to say. I close with a peroration mightier than was ever uttered by mere human lips. Two quotations. The first is this: "Who hath weeped who hath babbled? who hath wounds without cause? They that tarry long at the wine, they that go to seek mixed wine, when it moveth itself aright in the cup, for at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." This is the other quotation. Make up your mind as to which is the more impressive. I think the last is the mightier: "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk thou in the sight of thine own eyes; but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment."

The Motions of the Earth. It is not often that we see an article on any astronomical topic that awakens any degree of interest. Most of the phenomena in the heavens depend upon causes which can only be demonstrated by the most abstruse mathematical calculations, and it is, therefore, hard to popularize any topic of this science. Galilee was imprisoned for promulgating the sublime doctrine of the earth's revolutions, and it is within our recollection when people here thought it was madness to believe in it. Still the earth does move—and the world, too, moves, and in obedience to this cause day and night, spring and summer, autumn and winter, come and go, as they have done in the ages past.

We herewith publish an article to the point from the Youth's Companion: The earth revolves on her axis in twenty-three hours, fifty-six minutes and four seconds. This time is required for one rotation from a star round to the same star again. The revolution is therefore called a sidereal day. While the earth has been turning on her axis, she has been advancing in her orbit, and it will take her four minutes and ten seconds to come to the same position in regard to the sun; thus, adding four minutes to the length of the sidereal day, gives twenty-four hours for the solar day.

The time of the axial rotation has not varied the hundredth part of a second in two thousand years. It may, therefore, be considered as invariable, and is consequently adopted as a fundamental unit in astronomical measurement. The earth revolves in her orbit around the sun in 365.25 days, giving another standard measure of time, the length of the year. The velocity of the earth in her orbit is almost incomprehensible, for the huge sphere spins along at the average rate of eighteen miles in a second. The earth's orbital revolution and the inclination of her axis to the plane of the ecliptic cause the changes of the seasons and the varying length of day and night.

The earth has a more complicated motion known as the procession of the equinoxes. It consists of a wabbling motion of the pole of the heavens around the pole of the ecliptic in a small circle complete. It is caused by the attraction of the sun and moon upon the earth at the equator. Consequently, ecliptic and equator do not cross at the same point, but the equinoctial falls back each year fifty seconds of a degree. One effect of this move is to change the polar star, to whatever part of the heavens the pole points, the nearest star to that point is the polar star. The present polar star will no longer enjoy that distinction three thousand years hence, and the brilliant Vega will be the polar star twelve thousand years hence.

The earth is moving through space, the sun carrying with him the planets, satellites, comets and meteoric bodies following in train, is hastening toward a point in the constellation Hercules, at the rapid pace of twenty thousand miles an hour. It might seem that, traveling at this rate, the goal must soon be reached. Such, however, is the inconceivable distance of stars, that more than a million years must pass before our sun and his family, at the present rate of travel, have spanned the depths of the space that intervene between their present position and the shining suns of Hercules.

The Two Little Quaker Boys. The Boston Traveler tells a good story about two little Quaker boys, who, while in a dispute, became so angry that they would have liked to use the strongest terms in the language if they dared. They hurled epithets at each other for a few minutes, and finally the older boy clenched his hands and in a tone of great excitement poured out his wrath in one climax of language. "Thee's you," he exclaimed emphatically, as if he could say nothing worse. The other boy looked at him in horror-struck silence. Then he said, sorrowfully, "I shall go tell mother or thee worse."

A guest and a fish spoil with three days' keeping. Silence is like darkness, a good place to hide. I. "What further need have we of witnesses?" (1) The judge; (2) The judged; (3) The judgment.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

Jesus Before the Council.

LESSON TEXT. (Mark 14: 55-65. Memory verses, 55-56.)

LESSON PLAN. TOPIC OF THE QUARTER: Jesus Finishing His Work.

GOLDEN TEXT FOR THE QUARTER: I have glorified thee on the earth, having accomplished the work which thou hast given me to do.—John 17: 4.

LESSON TOPIC: Convicted by False Witnesses.

LESSON OUTLINE: 1. The False Witnesses, vs. 55-59. 2. The Grand Acknowledgment, vs. 60-62. 3. The Hasty Conviction, vs. 63-65.

GOLDEN TEXT: They hated me without a cause.—John 15: 25.

DAILY HOME READINGS: M.—Mark 14: 55-65. Convicted by false witnesses.

T.—Matt. 26: 59-68. Matthew's parallel narrative. W.—Luke 22: 63-71. Luke's parallel narrative.

T.—Isa. 53: 1-12. Smitten for us. F.—Acts 4: 1-22. Peter and John before the council.

S.—Acts 23: 1-15. Paul and the council. S.—Acts 5: 12-42. The council baffled.

LESSON ANALYSIS. I. THE FALSE WITNESSES.

I. Convicting Testimony Sought: The whole council sought witness against Jesus (55).

The whole council sought false witness against Jesus (Matt. 26: 59). They sent... that they might catch him in talk (Mark 12: 13).

They watched... that they might take hold of his speech (Luke 22: 20). Ye brought unto me this man... I found no fault (Luke 23: 14).

II. False Witnesses Found: Many bare false witness against him (56). Thou shalt not bear false witness (Exod. 20: 16).

False witnesses are risen up against me (Pa. 27: 12). A false witness shall perish (Prov. 21: 28).

Many false witnesses came (Matt. 26: 60). III. Conflicting Testimony Given: Not even so did their witness agree together (59).

Their witness agreed not together (Mark 14: 56). There arose a division again among the Jews (John 10: 19).

Some... cried one thing, and some another (Acts 19: 32). Some shouted one thing, some another (Acts 21: 34).

I. Solemn Interrogation: Art thou the Christ, the Son of the Blessed? (61).

What is it which these witness against thee? (Matt. 26: 62). Tell us whether thou be the Christ? (Matt. 26: 63).

Answerest thou nothing? (Matt. 26: 62). How long dost thou hold us in suspense? (John 10: 24).

II. Messiahship Acknowledged: Jesus said, I am (62). They should tell no man that he was the Christ (Matt. 16: 20).

Jesus saith unto him, Thou hast said (Matt. 26: 64). I that speak unto thee am he (John 4: 26).

He it is that speaketh unto thee (John 9: 37). III. Supremacy: At the right hand of power, and coming with the clouds (62).

The Son of man shall come in his glory (Matt. 25: 31). Ye shall see the Son of man... coming on the clouds (Matt. 26: 64).

The Lord himself shall descend from Heaven (1 Thess. 4: 14). I am the Alpha and the Omega (Rev. 22: 13).

I. "Answerest thou nothing?" (1) The questions proposed; (2) The answers declined—(1) Interrogation; (2) Silence; (3) Amazement.

2. "Art thou the Christ, the Son of the Blessed?" (1) The expected Christ; (2) The possible Christ; (3) The demonstrated Christ.

3. "Ye shall see the Son of man sitting at the right hand of power, and coming with the clouds." (1) His nature of lowliness; (2) His position of dignity; (3) His coming in majesty.

III. THE HASTY CONVICTION. I. Denounced: Ye have heard the blasphemy (64). He hath spoken blasphemy (Matt. 26: 65).

Many other things spake they against him (Luke 22: 65). If this man were not an evil-doer—(John 18: 30).

Not this man, but Barabbas (John 18: 40). II. Condemned: They all condemned him to be worthy of death (64).

He is worthy of death (Matt. 26: 65). Pilate... delivered Jesus... to be crucified (Mark 15: 15).

Pilate gave sentence that what they asked for should be done (Luke 23: 24). He delivered him unto them to be crucified (John 19: 16).

III. Abused: The officers received him with blows (65). Then did they spit in his face (Matt. 26: 67).

Jesus he scourged and delivered to be crucified (Matt. 27: 26). The men... mocked him, and beat him (Luke 22: 63).

He went out, bearing the cross for himself (John 19: 17). I. "What further need have we of witnesses?"

witnesses?" (1) The judge; (2) The judged; (3) The judgment. 2. "They all condemned him to be worthy of death." (1) Unjust in judgment; (2) Unanimous in cruelty. 3. "And some began to spit on him." (1) Base abuse; (2) Contagious abuse; (3) Culpable abuse.

LESSON BIBLE READING. FALSE WITNESSES.

Condemned (Exod. 20: 16; Deut. 5: 20). Described (Prov. 6: 19; 12: 17; 14: 5).

Dreaded (Psa. 27: 12; 35: 11). Threatened (Prov. 19: 5, 21: 28). From an evil heart (Matt. 15: 19). Used against Naboth (1 Kings 21: 5-14).

Used against Stephen (Acts 6: 8-15). Sought against Jesus (Matt. 26: 59). Used against Jesus (Matt. 26: 60; Mark 14: 56, 57).

LESSON SUBROUNDINGS. In the account of Mark the present lesson immediately follows the text of the last one.

But the account of John presents some details that probably interested. He gives a fuller account of Peter's entrance into the court of the high-priest (John 18: 15, 16, 18), joining with it the first denial (v. 17). It is probable that John 18: 19-24 refers to an informal hearing before Annas, and not to the trial narrated in the present lesson. This is denied by many, on the ground that John never speaks of Annas as "the high priest," but it is favored by the exact rendering of John 18: 24: "Annas therefore sent him bound," etc.

If there was such a hearing, it must have taken place in the same house, since Peter had already entered into the "court" where "the servants and the officers were standing" (John 18: 18). It is generally agreed that Peter's first denial occurred prior to the trial recorded by Matthew and Mark (before Caiaphas). The second denial may be placed during this trial, and the third near (or at) its close.

The place was the palace of the high-priest, Peter being in the "court" or inner enclosure of the building. The hall where the trial took place probably looked out on this court. The time was late Thursday night and early Friday morning, after the 15th of Nisan had begun (April 7), year of Rome 753, —A. D. 30.

Parallel passage: Matthew 26: 59-68. John 18: 19-24 (see above) may refer to a previous hearing; Luke 22: 63-71 tells of a morning trial.

When to Use the Fingers. It is said that Cardinal Richelieu detected an adventurer who was passing himself off as a nobleman by his helping himself to olives with a fork, because it was the custom then, as it is now, to help one's self from the dish with the fingers, if an olive fork is not provided, rather than to use one of a different pattern. Forks for the dish alone are now manufactured and are very generally used, but after the olive has reached the plate it is always carried to the mouth by the fingers. Of course we are not referring to the stuffed olives which are bottled in oil.

Those who are very particular hold the large end of a spear of asparagus with a fork, while with the tip end of a knife they daintily separate the tender green tops from the white end, which is then put aside. Others take the white end between the fingers and carry it to the mouth. Both are correct, but the former is much more dainty and easily done.

Celery is always taken from the dish and carried to the mouth by the fingers. If individual stalks are not provided, it is etiquette to use one-half of the butter plate for salt. If salt shakers are used, hold the celery in your left hand just over the rim of your plate and gently sprinkle it with salt, and the old custom of putting a spoonful of salt on the cloth is still in practice. When corn is served on the cob it must be taken in the fingers, only managed very daintily. We have seen pretty little doilies for the purpose of holding it, but it is a question if that is not carrying table linen too far. Many housekeepers, and especially in the South, serve corn as a separate course, when finger bowls are placed by each plate and removed with the course.

Letting, when served without dressing, is always pulled to pieces with the fingers. This is usually the lady's duty, and there is no prettier picture than that of a young lady preparing a plate of fresh crisp lettuce leaves in this way, for the tender green shows off to perfection her dainty white hands, and she may be as exquisitely neat about it as she likes, and it is one of the most fascinating and becoming of table duties that a hostess can possibly provide for her lady guests to assist in helping the gentlemen at a social or informal meal.

Watercress is also taken in the fingers, and the prettiest way of serving it is to obtain a long, low side basket or dish, in the bottom of which lay a folded napkin, then heap the cress so as to fill the basket, and you have not only an enjoyable, but a very ornamental dish for the breakfast table.

When a slice of lemon is served with fish or meat it is much more correct to take the slice in the fingers, double the ends together and gently squeeze the juice over the article than to use a knife for that purpose, as is sometimes done.

It is always proper to help one's self to bread, cheese and lump sugar, if tongs are not provided, with the fingers. Never use your own knife, fork or spoon to take from the dish. It is also correct if a plate of hot unbroken biscuits is passed to not only break off for yourself with your fingers, but for your neighbor also.

Table cloths, napkins, etc.—These articles, and any others that are likely to be soiled with fruit or coffee stains, should be kept back from the general soaking, in order to undergo special treatment. Put these in a small tub by themselves, and pour a kettle of boiling water on them—not hot, but boiling; hot water sets stains, boiling takes them out clean. When the water has cooled a little, wash them thoroughly, and boil them; the stains will have probably all disappeared, but if they should prove very obstinate, lay them on the grass wet, when the sun is hot, and they will vanish.