

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: 'The Spiritual Condition of Life.'

TEXT.—'And Jacob was left alone, and there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day. And when he sought that he prevailed not against him he touched the hollow of his thigh, and the hollow of Jacob's thigh was out of joint as he wrestled with him. And he said, Let me go, for the day breaketh. And he said, I will not let thee go except thou bless me.'—Genesis xxxiii, 24-26.

The dust across from a traveling herd of cattle and sheep and goat and camel. They are the present that Jacob sends to the good will of his offended brother. That night Jacob built by the brook Jabbock. But there is no rest for the weary man, when whirling ladder to let the angels down into his dream, but a fierce combat, that lasts until the morning, with an unknown visitor. They each try to throw the other. The unknown visitor to reveal his superiority, by a touch wrenches Jacob's thigh bone from its socket, perhaps maiming him for life. As on the morning sky the clusters of purple clouds begin to ripen Jacob sees it is an angel with whom he has been contending, not one of his brother's conductors. 'Let me go,' cries the angel, lifting himself up into increasing light. 'The day breaketh.' You see, in the first place, it allows good people sometimes to get into a terrible struggle. Jacob was a good man, but here he is left alone in the midnight to wrestle with a tremor, a pit for David, a pit for Jabbock. For Jacob, a pit for David, a white beard, for David, dejection and exile; for John the Baptist, a wilderness diet and the executioner's ax, for Peter, a prison; for Paul, a shipwreck; for John, a desert; for James, a place of banishment; for Mrs. Sigourney, the agony of a drunkard's wife; for John Wesley, stones hurled by an infuriated mob; for Catherine Slocum, a girl, the drowning surges of the sea; for Mr. Burns, the buffeting of the Montreal populace; for John Brown, of Edinburgh, the pistol shot of Lord Claverhouse; for Hugh McKail, the scaffold; for Lattie, the stakes for Christ, the cross. For whom the rocks, the gibbets, the guillotines, the thumbscrew? For the sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty. Some are cast into a Christian's former. 'The world is against you.' 'I'm,' he replied, 'I am against the world.'

I will go further and say that every Christian has his struggle. This man had his combat in Wall street; this one on Broadway street; this one on Fulton street; this one on Chestnut street; this one on State street; this one on Lombard street; this one on the boulevards. With financial misfortune you have had the financial disaster. Both have dropped into your store from left to right. What you bought you could not sell. Whom you trusted fled. The help you expected would not come. Some giant panic, with long arms, and trip like death, took hold of you in an awful wrestle from which you have not yet escaped, and it is uncertain whether it will throw you or you will throw it.

Here is another soul in struggle with some bad appetite. He knew not how stealthily it was growing upon him. One hour he would up, his soul, 'For the sake of my soul, and of my children, and of my God, I must stop this.' And, indeed, he found himself alone by the brook Jabbock, and it was midnight. That evil appetite, as if he had a devil upon his back, had him by the throat, and he felt that if he did not stop it, he would die. He had a bad habit that has aroused itself up to destroy a man and the man has sworn that, by the help of the eternal God, he will destroy it, all heaven draw strength and light from his light to look from above, and he stretches himself in myriads of spite to look up from beneath. I have seen men rally themselves for such a struggle, and they have bitten their lips and clenched their fists and cried, with a blood red earnestness and a rain of scalding tears, 'God help me.'

From a wrestle with habit I have seen men fall back defeated. Calling for no help, but relying on their own resolutions, they have come into the struggle, and for a time it seemed as if they were getting the upper hand of their habit, but the habit rallied again its internal power and life, and, again from its standing, and with a force borrowed from the pit hurried it into utter darkness. First he was the auctioneer's mallet fall on the pictures and the instruments of the rich upholstery of his family parlor. After awhile I saw him fall into the ditch. Then, in the midnight, when the children were dreaming their dreams and Christian households are silent with slumber, he heard him give the sharp shriek that followed the stab of his own poniard. He fell from an honored social position; he fell from the circle of which once he was the grandest attraction; he fell from the house of God, at whose altar he had been consecrated; he fell—forever! But, thank God, I have often seen a better termination than this.

I have seen men prepare themselves for such a wrestle. They laid hold of God's help when they went into combat. The giant habit, roused by so many temptations, came out strong and defiant. They closed. There were the writhings and distortions of a fearful struggle. But the old giant began to waver, and at last, in the midnight alone, with none but God to witness, by the brook Jabbock, the giant fled, and the triumphant wrestler broke the darkness with the cry, 'Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.'

There is a widow's heart that first was desolated by bereavement and since by the anxieties and trials that came in the support of a family.

It is a sad thing to see a man contending for a livelihood against a woman, who, by a delicate woman, with helpless little ones at her back, fighting the giants of poverty and sorrow, is most affecting. It was a humble home, and peaceable, and not within those four walls were displays of courage more admirable than those of Hannibal crossing the Alps, or the pass of Thermopylae, or Balaclava, where 'into the jaws of death rode the big handful.'

These heroes had the whole world to cheer them on, but there were none to applaud the struggle in the humble home. She fought for bread, for clothing, for fire, for shelter, with strength, head and exhausted strength, through the long night by the brook Jabbock. Could it be that none would give her help? Had God forgotten to be gracious? No, contending still. The midnight air is full of wings coming to the rescue. She hears it now in the sough of the night wind, in the rattle of the brook Jabbock—the promise made so long ago ringing down the sky, 'My fatherless children, I will preserve them alive, and let the widows trust in Me.'

Some one said to a very poor woman, 'How is it that in such distress you keep cheerful? She answered by what I call cheerful prayers. When I had my rent to pay and nothing to pay it with, and bread to buy and nothing to buy it with, I used to do down and cry, 'But now I do not get discouraged. If I go on to the street, when I come to the corner of the street I say, "The Lord help me." I then go on until I come to another crossing of the street, and again say, "The Lord help me." And so I utter a prayer at every crossing, and since I have got into the habit of saying these "cross prayers" I have been able to keep up my courage.'

Learn again from this subject that people sometimes are surprised to find out that what they have been struggling with in the darkness is really an 'angel of blessing.' Jacob found in the morning that this strange personage was not an enemy, but a God-dispatched messenger to promise prosperity for him and for his children. And so many a man, at the close of his trial, has found out that he has been trying to throw down his own blessing. If you are a Christian man, I own blessing, every crossing, and find that the greatest things that have ever happened to

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

LITTLE DROPS OF WATER.

Who has not heard of 'Little drops of water, little grains of sand?' It is repeated in every nursery, sung beside every cradle, is on the lips of millions of school children, and is as familiar as the Twenty-third Psalm and as popular as 'Robinson Crusoe.'

Who wrote it? How many scores of years ago was it written? In the library of the Illinois Woman's Board of the World's Fair were to be seen, in a neat pan, the words, suitably illustrated:

Little drops of water,  
Little grains of sand,  
Make the mighty ocean,  
And the pleasant land.

So our little moments  
Humble though they be,  
Make the mighty ages  
Of Eternity.

So our little errors  
Lead the soul away  
From the path of duty  
Far in sin to stray.

Little deeds of kindness,  
Little words of love,  
Help to make earth happy,  
Like the heaven above.

These sweet, simple lines were written by an Illinois woman. They have been so long popular that most people may have thought they were written several generations ago. The author is Mrs. Julia Carney, and the lines were sent to the Illinois Woman's Board by the Knox County Columbia Club.—[New York Observer.]

MAKING MAPLE SUGAR.

Maple sugar, which is made from the sap of the hard maple, is generally manufactured in the months of March and April. When it is time to begin, the men go around with half-inch bits bore holes a little way into the trees, and drive in iron spouts. In these spouts are hooks on which to hang the buckets. Only a few years ago every sugar-maker used wooden spouts and buckets, and boiled the sap in huge kettles hung on a pole over the fire. When the buckets are nearly full, the sap is gathered in a large tub on a sled drawn by horses. When this is full, it is drawn to the boiling-plant, and emptied into large vats or storage tubs. The sap is then strained and boiled.

There are two methods of boiling now used, viz. long pans and evaporation. In the first case the manufacturer usually has two pans, one called the sap or back pan, and the other the syrup or front pan. The syrup pan is shorter than the other. These are set on huge arches of brick or stone, with a large chimney at the back end. The fire is built at the front end under the short pan. The back pan is kept nearly full of sap, and as it boils down it is dipped into the front pan, and every day when it is thick enough it is dipped out of this pan and strained. Although some sugar their syrup off in the woods, it is usually taken to the house to be canned or caked. In the evaporation the sap passes from the back to the front of the pan through small tubes so slowly that by the time it reaches the front end it can be drawn off as syrup. This is the more rapid method, and makes whiter sugar.

Sometimes there is such a big run of sap that they have to boil nights in order to prevent the sap from wasting. This is the happy time of sugaring for the boys, whose great delight is to boil at night. They roast potatoes in the ashes, broil meat over the coals, and boil eggs in the pan. It is a fine sight to see the flames shoot up and hear the crackling of the wood as it burns.—[Harper's Young People.]

CHIPMUNK HUNTING.

Perhaps the most enjoyable of all was the chipmunk hunt, writes Charles Alexander Eastman, a Sioux Indian, in his reminiscences of boyhood. We killed these animals at any time of the year, but the special time to hunt them was in March. After the first thaw, the chipmunks burrow a hole through the snowcrust, and make their first appearance for the season. Sometimes as many as fifty will come together, and chase one another all about the scene. These gatherings occur only early in the morning—from daybreak to about nine o'clock.

We boys learned this among other secrets of Nature, and got our blunt-headed arrows together in good season for the chipmunk expedition. We generally went in groups of six to a dozen or fifteen, to see which would get the most. On the evening before we selected several boys who could imitate the chipmunk call with wild-ot straws, and each of these provided himself with a supply of straws. The crust will hold the boys nicely at this time of the year. Bright and early they all come together at a certain appointed place, from which each group starts out in a different direction, agreeing to meet somewhere at a certain position of the sun.

My first experience of this kind is still well remembered. It was a fine crisp March morning, and the sun had not yet shown itself among the distant tree-tops, as we hurried along through the woods until we arrived at a place where there were many signs of the animal. Then each of us selected a tree, and took up his position behind it. The chipmunk caller sat upon a log as motionless as he could, and began to call. Soon we heard the patter of little feet on the hard snow; then we saw the chipmunks approaching from all directions. Some stopped and ran up a

tree or a log, as if uncertain of the direction of the call; others chased one another about.

In a few minutes the chipmunk caller was besieged by them. Some ran all over his person, others under him, and still others ran up the tree against which he was sitting. Each boy remained immovable until their leader gave the signal, then a shout arose, and the chipmunks in their flight all ran up different trees.

Now the shooting-match began. The little creatures seemed to realize their hopeless position; they would endeavor to come down the trees and flee away from the deadly aim of the youthful hunters. But they were shot down very fast; and whenever several of them rushed toward the ground, the little redskin hugged the tree and yelled frantically so as to scare them up again! Each boy shoots always against the trunk of the tree, so that the arrow may bound back to him every time; otherwise when he had shot away all of them, he would be helpless, and another, who had cleared a tree, would come and take away his game. So there was warm competition. Sometimes a desperate chipmunk would jump from the top of the tree in order to escape, which was considered a joke on the boy from whose tree it had escaped, and a triumph for the brave little animal. At last all were killed or gone, and then we went on to another place, keeping up the sport until the sun came out, and the chipmunks refused to answer the call.—[St. Nicholas.]

STATISTICS FOR THE COOK.

How Long Things Should Be Baked, Fried and Boiled.

BAKING.

Beans, 8 to 10 hours.  
Beef, sirloin, rare, 8 to 10 minutes per pound.  
Beef, sirloin, well done, 12 to 15 minutes per pound.  
Beef, long or short fillet, 20 to 30 minutes.  
Beef, rolled rib or rump, 12 to 15 minutes per pound.  
Biscuit, 10 to 20 minutes.  
Bread, brick loaf, 40 to 60 minutes.  
Duck, tame, 40 to 60 minutes.  
Fish, 6 to 8 pounds, 1 hour.  
Gingerbread, 20 to 30 minutes.  
Graham gems, 30 minutes.  
Lamb, well done, 15 minutes per pound.  
Mutton, rare, 10 minutes per pound; well done, 15 minutes per pound.  
Pie crust, 30 to 40 minutes.  
Pork, well done, 30 minutes per pound.  
Potatoes, 30 to 45 minutes.  
Pudding, bread, rice and tapioca, 1 hour.  
Pudding, plum, 2 to 3 hours.  
Rolls, 10 to 15 minutes.  
Turkey, 10 pounds 3 hours.  
Veal, well done, 20 minutes per pound.

BOILING.

Asparagus, 15 to 20 minutes.  
Beans, 10 minutes.  
Beans, shell, 1 to 2 hours.  
Beans, string, 2 hours.  
Beef a la mode, 3 to 4 hours.  
Beets, young, 45 to 60 minutes.  
Bluefish, 10 minutes per pound.  
Brown bread, 3 hours.  
Cabbage, young, 30 to 45 minutes.  
Carrots, 45 to 60 minutes.  
Cauliflower, 30 to 45 minutes.  
Celery, 30 to 40 minutes.  
Chicken, 45 to 60 minutes.  
Clams, 3 to 5 minutes.  
Codfish, 6 minutes per pound.  
Coffee, 3 to 5 minutes.  
Corn, green, 5 to 8 minutes.  
Corned beef, 4 to 5 hours.  
Eggs, 3 to 5 minutes.  
Eggs, hard boiled, 15 to 20 minutes.

FOWLS, 2 to 3 hours.  
Haddock, 6 minutes per pound.  
Halibut, cubical, 15 minutes per pound.  
Ham, 5 hours.  
Honey, 1 to 2 hours.  
Lamb, 1 hour.  
Macaroni, 20 to 30 minutes.  
Omelet, 1 to 2 hours.  
Onions, 30 to 45 minutes.  
Oysters, 3 minutes.  
Oyster plants, 30 to 60 minutes.  
Parsnips, 30 to 45 minutes.  
Peas, 15 to 20 minutes.  
Potatoes, 20 to 30 minutes.  
Rice, 15 to 20 minutes.  
Salmon, cubical, 15 minutes per pound.  
Small fish, 6 minutes per pound.  
Smoked tongue, 3 to 4 hours.  
Squash, 20 to 30 minutes.  
Sweetbreads, 20 to 30 minutes.  
Tomatoes, 15 to 20 minutes.  
Turkey, 2 to 3 hours.  
Turnips, 30 to 45 minutes.  
Veal, 2 to 3 hours.  
Wheat, 1 to 2 hours.

BROILING.

Chickens, 20 minutes.  
Chops, 8 minutes.  
Steak, 4 to 8 minutes.  
Fish, 5 to 15 minutes.

FRYING.

Bacon, 3 to 5 minutes.  
Breaded chops, 4 to 6 minutes.  
Croquettes, 4 minutes.  
Doughnuts, 3 to 5 minutes.  
Fish balls, 1 minute.  
Fritters, 3 to 5 minutes.  
Muffins, 3 to 5 minutes.  
Small fish, 1 to 3 minutes.  
Smelts, 1 minute.

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A CULPRIT.

Bobbie—Didn't you say yesterday that it was wrong to strike another?  
Bobbie's Father—Yes, Bobbie.  
Bobbie—Well, I wish you'd tell my teacher so.—[New York World.]

FROM ANOTHER STANDPOINT.

Mr. Browne—Half a dozen men told me that my new gown was a dream and you haven't expressed a bit of admiration for it.  
Browne—But I have to pay your dressmaker, my dear.—[Raymond's Monthly.]

AFTER A TIP.

Waiter—I think you've forgotten something, sir.  
Guest (hurrying away)—Well, you can have it, my good man.—[Raymond's Monthly.]

SLIGHTLY DELAYED.

Customer—Is the proprietor in?  
Waiter—Yes, sir.  
Customer—Take this steak back and ask him to jump on it.  
Waiter—You'll have to wait a little while, sir. There are two other orders ahead of you.—[Life.]

ANYTHING TO MAKE A LIVING.

Bouttown—This is the first night of a new play, I see.  
Manager—Yes.  
Bouttown—I'll go in and be one of the audience for a dollar.—[Life.]

MERELY A GUESS.

The Spectacular Girl—Have you read "Ships that Pass in the Night"?  
The Auburn - Haired Girl—No. What kind are they—courtships?—[Indianapolis Journal.]

AS ADVERTISED.

Sufferer—You advertise to pull teeth without pain. Is that true or false?  
Dentist—It's true—if the teeth are false!—

ANOTHER MATTER.

"Jones has skipped with \$20,000."  
"He's a genius!"  
"And he took your umbrella along, too."  
"He's an infernal scoundrel!"—[Halo.]

PROPOSING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

"What was the greatest disappointment of your life?" asked her dear friend.  
"When a deaf and dumb man tried to tell me he loved me in a dark hallway," she responded.—[Halo.]

FITTED IT.

"What do you generally take after a full dinner at the club?"  
"An ambulance."—[New York World.]

HAS GOOD REASONS.

Viola—But, papa, the Marquis is charming; and he is certainly generous to a fault.  
Papa—Well, he ought to be; he's got more of them than anybody I know of.

THE TRUTHFUL EPITAPH.

A man lies here who was too wily (Or so he thought) to advertise. He's very dead, as you may see. But his business is more dead than he.—[Washington Star.]

NATURAL CURIOSITY.

He—One half of the world doesn't know how the other half lives.  
She—No; but it would give a good deal to find out.—[Detroit Free Press.]

NOT TO BE CONCEALED.

Beth—The position of woman from the fifth to the fifteenth centuries was particularly unenviable.  
May—Yes; they were Middle Age ladies, and everybody knew it.—[Truth.]

EXCHANGE OF CONFIDENCE.

Maudie—I'm engaged to four men.  
Eleanor—Yes, three of them told me about it when they proposed to me.—[Chicago Record.]

NO IMPROVEMENT.

Mr. Porkingham—You pay Mary's new singing teacher twice as much as you did the other one, don't you?  
Mrs. Porkingham—Yes; he's the most celebrated teacher in the city.  
Mr. Porkingham (in disgust)—Well, he's a beat! Mary don't sing a bit louder now than she did when that cheap man was learning her.—

A SUPERFLUITY.

"May I offer you my arm, Miss Jakersen?"  
"Thanks—I've got two of my own!"

NEW ARITHMETIC.

"Can you lend me \$50?"  
"I was just going to ask you for ten."  
"Oh, all right! Then you only owe me forty."

Diminutive Bride and Groom.

A special dispatch announces the marriage of Maurice Bear of this city to Miss Bertha Levy of Birmingham, Ala. The nuptial knot was tied at the home of the bride, in the presence of many relatives and intimate friends. The union is rather a notable one on account of the diminutive size of the contracting parties. The clever groom, who has a wide acquaintance in this city, is less than four feet in height, and his blushing bride is no taller. The groom, despite his stature, has made rapid strides in business, and for the past few years he has been a familiar figure on Third street.

The bride is a most charming young woman, and she has been quite a factor in the Hebrew society at Birmingham for some time past. The good wishes of a host of friends go out to the bridal couple.—[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

AFTER THE HONEYMOON.

He (angrily)—You are the biggest fool I ever saw.  
She—Hush, dear; you are forgetting yourself.—[Raymond's Monthly.]

THE POLITE EDITOR.

Poet—I have here, sir, a poem which I wish to have printed in your paper.  
Editor (looking it over)—We can't print it to-day or to-morrow. Would it suit you as well at some later date?  
Poet (gratefully)—Oh! any time would be perfectly satisfactory. Use your own pleasure about that.  
Editor—Very well. We'll try to get it in sometime in the Spring of 1904.—[Detroit Free Press.]

THE INDIAN QUESTION.

First Cowboy—I don't mind an Injun havin' his rights.  
Second Cowboy—Them's my sentiments, too. He ought to have his rights.  
"But if he undertakes to assert his rights then he ought er be scalped."  
"That's what I say, perticularly if he has any good ridin' ponies.—[Texas Sittings.]

THE RETORT DISCOURTEOUS.

Mrs. Smarte—Oh, you needn't make any excuses, I can read you like a book.  
Mr. Smarte—Precisely. When you read a book, you skip all the noble, soul-inspiring passages and read only the trash.—[Boston Transcript.]

THEIR TASTES DIFFERED.

Mr. Smythe (of Boston, across the table)—Which do you prefer, Lamb or Bacon?  
Miss Jones (of Chicago)—Oh, I reckon I like bacon a little the best. (Aside to the waiter)—And put some liver in the pan with it.—[Truth.]

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Papa—Well, he ought to be; he's got more of them than anybody I know of.

THE TRUTHFUL EPITAPH.

A man lies here who was too wily (Or so he thought) to advertise. He's very dead, as you may see. But his business is more dead than he.—[Washington Star.]

NATURAL CURIOSITY.

He—One half of the world doesn't know how the other half lives.  
She—No; but it would give a good deal to find out.—[Detroit Free Press.]

NOT TO BE CONCEALED.

Beth—The position of woman from the fifth to the fifteenth centuries was particularly unenviable.  
May—Yes; they were Middle Age ladies, and everybody knew it.—[Truth.]

EXCHANGE OF CONFIDENCE.

Maudie—I'm engaged to four men.  
Eleanor—Yes, three of them told me about it when they proposed to me.—[Chicago Record.]

NO IMPROVEMENT.

Mr. Porkingham—You pay Mary's new singing teacher twice as much as you did the other one, don't you?  
Mrs. Porkingham—Yes; he's the most celebrated teacher in the city.  
Mr. Porkingham (in disgust)—Well, he's a beat! Mary don't sing a bit louder now than she did when that cheap man was learning her.—

A SUPERFLUITY.

"May I offer you my arm, Miss Jakersen?"  
"Thanks—I've got two of my own!"

NEW ARITHMETIC.

"Can you lend me \$50?"  
"I was just going to ask you for ten."  
"Oh, all right! Then you only owe me forty."

Diminutive Bride and Groom.

A special dispatch announces the marriage of Maurice Bear of this city to Miss Bertha Levy of Birmingham, Ala. The nuptial knot was tied at the home of the bride, in the presence of many relatives and intimate friends. The union is rather a notable one on account of the diminutive size of the contracting parties. The clever groom, who has a wide acquaintance in this city, is less than four feet in height, and his blushing bride is no taller. The groom, despite his stature, has made rapid strides in business, and for the past few years he has been a familiar figure on Third street.

The bride is a most charming young woman, and she has been quite a factor in the Hebrew society at Birmingham for some time past. The good wishes of a host of friends go out to the bridal couple.—[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

AFTER THE HONEYMOON.

He (angrily)—You are the biggest fool I ever saw.  
She—Hush, dear; you are forgetting yourself.—[Raymond's Monthly.]

THE POLITE EDITOR.

Poet—I have here, sir, a poem which I wish to have printed in your paper.  
Editor (looking it over)—We can't print it to-day or to-morrow. Would it suit you as well at some later date?  
Poet (gratefully)—Oh! any time would be perfectly satisfactory. Use your own pleasure about that.  
Editor—Very well. We'll try to get it in sometime in the Spring of 1904.—[Detroit Free Press.]

THE INDIAN QUESTION.

First Cowboy—I don't mind an Injun havin' his rights.  
Second Cowboy—Them's my sentiments, too. He ought to have his rights.  
"But if he undertakes to assert his rights then he ought er be scalped."  
"That's what I say, perticularly if he has any good ridin' ponies.—[Texas Sittings.]

THE RETORT DISCOURTEOUS.

Mrs. Smarte—Oh, you needn't make any excuses, I can read you like a book.  
Mr. Smarte—Precisely. When you read a book, you skip all the noble, soul-inspiring passages and read only the trash.—[Boston Transcript.]

THEIR TASTES DIFFERED.

Mr. Smythe (of Boston, across the table)—Which do you prefer, Lamb or Bacon?  
Miss Jones (of Chicago)—Oh, I reckon I like bacon a little the best. (Aside to the waiter)—And put some liver in the pan with it.—[Truth.]

AFTER THE HONEYMOON.

He (angrily)—You are the biggest fool I ever saw.  
She—Hush, dear; you are forgetting yourself.—[Raymond's Monthly.]