

HARMONY.

In the Beginning God Created All Things Perfect.

Discord Was Produced by Sin, and in Order to Restore Harmony Our Lives Must be Attuned by the Gospel Harp.

The theme chosen by Dr. Talmage for his most recent sermon at Washington was "The Chant of the Stars," and he chose as his text Job 38: 6, 7: "Who laid the corner-stone thereof, when the morning stars sang together?"

We have all seen the ceremony at the laying of the corner-stone of church, asylum, or Masonic temple. Into the hollow of the stone were placed scrolls of history and important documents, to be suggestive if, one or two hundred years after, the building should be destroyed by fire or torn down. We remember the silver trowel or iron hammer that smote the square piece of granite into sanctity. We remember some venerable man who presided wielding the trowel or hammer. We remember also the music as the choir stood on the scattered stones and timber of the building about to be constructed. The leaves of the note book fluttered in the wind and were turned over with a great rustling, and we remember how the baritone, bass, tenor, contralto and soprano voices mingled. They had for many days been rehearsing the special programme; that it might be worthy of the corner-stone laying.

In my text the poet of Uz calls us to a greater ceremony—the laying of the foundation of this great temple of a world. The corner-stone was a block of light, and the trowel was of celestial crystal. All about and on the embankments of clouds stood the angelic choristers, unrolling their librettos of overture, and other worlds clapped shining cymbals while the ceremony went on, and God, the architect, by stroke of light after stroke of light, dedicated this great cathedral of a world, with mountains for pillars, and sky for frescoed ceiling, and flowering fields for a floor, and sunlight and midnight aurora for upholstery. "Who laid the corner-stone thereof, when the stars sang together?"

The fact is that the whole universe was a complete cadence, an unbroken dithyramb, a musical portfolio. The great sheet of immensity had been spread out, and written on it were the stars, the smaller of them minims, the larger of them sustained notes. The meteors marked the staccato passages, the whole heavens a gamut with all sounds, intonations, modulations, the space between the worlds a musical interval, trembling of a steller light a quaver, the thunder of a bass clef, the wind among trees a treble clef. That is the way God made all things a perfect harmony.

But one day a harp string snapped in the great orchestra. One day a voice sounded out of tune. One day a discord, harsh and terrific, grated upon the glorious antiphon. It was sin that made the dissonance, and that harsh discord has been sounding through the centuries. All the work of Christians, and philanthropists, and reformers of all ages is to stop that discord and to get all things back into the perfect harmony which was heard at the laying of the corner-stone when the morning stars sang together. Before I get through, if I am divinely helped, I will make it plain that sin is discord and righteousness harmony. That, in general, things are out of tune is as plain as a musician's ear is the unhappy clash of clarinet and bassoon in an orchestral rendering.

The world's health out of tune; weak lungs and the atmosphere in collision, disordered eye and noontide light in quarrel, rheumatic limb and damp weather in struggle, neuralgias and pneumonias and consumptions and epilepsies in flocks sweep upon neighborhoods and cities. Where you find one person with sound throat and keen eyesight, and alert ear and easy respiration, and regular pulsation and supple limb, and prime digestion and steady nerves, you find a hundred who have to be very careful because this or that or the other physical function is disordered.

The human intellect out of tune; the judgment wrongly swerved; the memory leaky or the will weak or the temper inflammable, the well-balanced mind exceptional.

Domestic life out of tune; only here and there a conjugal outbreak of incompatibility of temper through the divorce courts, or a filial outbreak about a father's will through the surrogate's court, or a case of wife-beating or husband-poisoning through the criminal courts, but thousands of families with June outside and January within.

Society out of tune; labor and capital, their hands on each other's throats. Spirit of caste keeping those down in the social scale who are struggling to get up, and putting those who are up in anxiety lest they have to come down. No wonder the old pianoforte of society is all out of tune, when hypocrisy and lying, and subterfuge, and double-dealing, and sycofaney, and charlatanism, and revenge have for six thousand years been banging away at the keys and stamping the pedals.

On all sides there is a shipwreck of harmonies. Nations in discord without realizing it; so wrong is the feeling of nation for nation that symbols chosen are fierce and destructive. In this country, where our skies are full of robins, doves and morning larks, we have our national symbol, the fierce and filthy eagle, as cruel a bird as can be found in all the ornithological catalogues. In Great Britain, where they have lambs and fallow deer, their symbol is the merciless lion. In Russia, where from between her frozen north and blooming south all kindly beasts dwell, they choose the growling bear; and in the world's heraldry a favorite figure is the dragon, the fable winged serpent, ferocious and dreadful. And so fond is the world of contention that we climb out through the heavens and

baptize one of the other planets with the spirit of battle and call it Mars, after the god of war, and we give to the eighth sign of the zodiac the name of the scorpion, a creature which is chiefly celebrated for its deadly sting. But, after all, these symbols are expressive of the way nation feels toward nation. Discord wide as the continent and bridging the seas.

I suppose you have noticed how warmly in love dry goods stores are with other dry goods stores, and how highly grocery men think of the sugars of the grocery men on the same street. And in what a eulogistic way allopathic and homeopathic doctors speak of each other, and how ministers will sometimes put ministers on that beautiful cooking instrument which the English call a spit, an iron roller with spikes on it, and turned by a crank before a hot fire, and then if the minister being roasted cries out against it, the men who are turning him say: "Hush, my brother, we are turning this spit for the glory of God and the good of your soul, and you must be quiet, while we close the service with:

Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love.

The earth is diametered and circumferenced with discord, and the music that was rendered at the laying of the world's corner-stone, when the morning stars sang together, is not heard now; and though here and there, from this and that part of society, and from this and that part of the earth, there comes up a thrilling solo of love, or a warble of worship, or a sweet duet of patience, they are drowned out by a discord that shakes the earth.

Paul says: "The whole creation groaneth," and while the nightingale, and the woodlark, and the canary, and the plover sometimes sing so sweetly that their notes have been written out in musical notation, and it is found that the cuckoo sings in the key of D, and that the cormorant is a basso in the winged choir, yet sportsman's gun and the autumnal blast often leave them ruffled and bleeding or dead in meadow or forest. Paul was right, for the groan in nature drowns out the prima donnas of the sky.

But if in this world things in general are out of tune to our frail ear, how much more so to beings angelic and deific! It takes a skilled artist to fully appreciate disagreement of sound. Many have no capacity to detect a defect of musical execution, and though there were in one bar as many offenses against harmony as could crowd in between the lower F of the bass and the higher G of the soprano, it would give no discomfort, while on the forehead of the educated artist beads of perspiration would stand out as a result of the harrowing dissonance.

But the worst of all discord is moral discord. If society and the world are painfully discordant to imperfect man, what must they be to a perfect God! People try to define what sin is. It seems to me that sin is getting out of harmony with God, a disagreement with His holiness, with His purity, with His love, with His commands, our will clashing with His will, the finite dashing against the infinite, the frail against the puissant, the created against the Creator. If a thousand musicians, with flute and cornet-apiston, and trumpet, and violoncello, the hautboy, and trombone, and all the wind and stringed instruments that ever gathered in a Dusseldorf jubilee should resolve that they would play out of tune, and put concord to the rack, and make the place wild with shrieking and grating and rasping sounds, they could not make such a pandemonium as that which rages in a sinful soul when God listens to the play of its thoughts, passions, and emotion—discord, lifelong discord, maddening discord.

But I have to tell you that the song that the morning stars sang together at the laying of the world's corner-stone is to resound again. Mozart's greatest overture was composed one night when he was several times overpowered with sleep, and artists say they can tell the places in the music where he was falling asleep, and the places where he awakened. So the overture of the morning stars, spoken of in my text, has also been asleep, but it will awaken and be more grandly rendered by the evening stars of the world's existence than by the morning stars, and the vapors will be sweeter than the mists. The work of all good men and women and of all good churches and all reform associations help to bring the race back to the original harmony. The rebellious heart to be attuned, social life to be attuned, commercial ethics to be attuned, internationality to be attuned, hemispheres to be attuned.

Now, our world can never be attuned by an imperfect instrument. Even a Cremona would not do. Heaven has ordained the only instrument, and it is made out of the wood of the cross, and the voices that accompany it are imported voices, cantatees of the first Christian night, when Heaven serenaded the earth with "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men." Lest we start too far off, and get lost in generalities, we had better begin with ourselves, get our own hearts and lives in harmony with the eternal Christ. Oh, for his Almighty Spirit to attune us, to chord our will with his will, to modulate our life with his life, and bring us into unison with all that is pure, and self-sacrificing, and Heavenly! The strings of our nature are all broken and twisted, and the bow is so slack it cannot evoke anything mellifluous. The instrument made for Heaven to play on has been roughly twanged and struck by influences worldly and demonic. O master hand of Christ, restore this split, and fractured, and despoiled, and unstrung nature, until first it shall wait for our sin and then thrill with divine pardon!

The whole world must also be attuned by the same power. I was in the Fairbanks weighing scale manufactory, of Vermont. Six hundred hands, and they had never had a strike. Complete harmony between labor and capital, the operatives of scores of years in their beautiful homes near by the mansions of the manufacturers, whose invention

and Christian behavior made the great enterprise. So, all the world over, labor and capital will be brought into sympathy. You may have heard what is called the "Anvil Chorus," composed by Verdi, a tune played by hammers great and small, now with mighty stroke, and now with heavy stroke, beating a great iron anvil. That is what the world has got to come to— anvil chorus, yard-stick chorus, shuttle chorus, trowel chorus, crowbar chorus, pickaxe chorus, gold mine chorus, rail track chorus, locomotive chorus. It can be done, and it will be done. So all social life will be attuned by the gospel harp.

There will be as many classes in society as now, but the classes will not be regulated by birth, or wealth, or accident, but by the scale of virtue and benevolence, and people will be assigned to their places as good, or very good, or most excellent. So, also, commercial life will be attuned, and there will be 12 in every dozen, and 16 ounces in every pound, and apples at the bottom of the barrel will be as sound as those on the top, and silk goods will not be cotton, and sellers will not have to charge honest people more than the right price because others will not pay, and goods will come to you corresponding with the sample by which you purchased them, and coffee will not be chicoried, and sugar will not be sanded, and milk will not be chalked, and adulteration of food will be a state prison offense. Aye, all things shall be attuned. Elections in England and the United States will no more be a grand carnival of defamation and scurrility, but the elevation of righteous men in a righteous way.

In the sixteenth century the singers called the Fischer brothers reached the lowest bass ever recorded, and the highest note ever trilled was by La Bastardella, and Catalini's voice had a compass of three and a half octaves; but Christianity is more wonderful, for it runs all up and down the greatest heights and the deepest depths of the world's necessity, and it will compass everything and bring it in accord with the song which the morning stars sang at the laying of the world's corner-stone. All the sacred music in homes, and concert halls, and churches tends toward their consummation. Make it more and more hearty. Sing in your families, sing in your places of business. If we with proper spirit use these faculties, we are rehearsing for the skies.

Heaven is to have a new song, an entirely new song, but I should not wonder if, as sometimes on earth a tune is fashioned out of many tunes, or it is one tune with the variations, so some of the songs of the redeemed may have playing through them the songs of earth; and how thrilling, as coming through the great anthem of the saved, accompanied by harps with their harps, and trumpets with their trumpets, if we should hear some of the strains of Antioch, and Mount Pisgah, and Coronation, and Lenox, and St. Martin's, and Fountain, and Ariel, and Old Hundred! How they would bring to mind the praying circles, and communion days, and the Christmas festivals, and the church worship in which on earth we mingled! I have no idea that when we bid farewell to earth we are to bid farewell to all these grand old gospel hymns, which melted and raptured our souls for so many years. Now, if sin is discord, and righteousness is harmony, let us get out of the one and enter the other. After our dreadful civil war was over, in the summer of 1865, a great national peace jubilee was held in Boston, and as an elder of my church had been honored by the selection of some of his music to be rendered on that occasion, I accompanied him to the jubilee. Forty thousand people sat and stood in the great Coliseum erected for that purpose. Thousands of wind and stringed instruments. Twelve thousand trained voices. The masterpieces of all ages rendered, hour after hour, and day after day—Handel's "Judas Maccabaeus," Spohr's "Last Judgment," Beethoven's "Mount of Olives," Haydn's "Creation," Mendelssohn's "Elijah," Meyerbeer's "Coronation March," rolling on and up in surges that billowed against the heavens. The mighty cadences within were accompanied on the outside by the ringing of the bells of the city and cannon on the commons, discharged by electricity, in exact time with the music, thundering their awful bars of a harmony that astonished all nations. Sometimes I bowed my head and wept. Sometimes I stood up in the enchantment, and sometimes the effect was so overpowering I felt I could not endure it, especially when all the voices were in full chorus, and all the betons were in full wave, and all the orchestra in full triumph, and 100 anvils under mighty hammers were in full clang, and all the towers of the city rolled in their majestic sweetness, and the whole building quaked with the boom of 30 cannon. Parepa Rosa, with a voice that will never again be equaled on earth until the archangelic voice proclaims that time shall be no longer, rose above all other sounds in her rendering of our national air, "The Star-Spangled Banner." It was too much for a mortal, quite enough for an immortal, to hear, and, while some fainted, one womanly spirit, released under its power, sped away to be with God.

O Lord, our God, quickly usher in the whole world's peace jubilee, and all islands of the sea join in the five continents, and all the voices and all the musical instruments of all nations combine, and all the organs that ever sounded requiem of sorrow sound out a grand march of joy, and all the bells that tolled for burial ring for resurrection, and all the cannon that ever hurled death across the nation sound forth eternal victory, and over all the acclaim of earth and minstrelsy of Heaven there will be heard one voice sweeter and mightier than any human or angelic voice, a voice once full of tears, but now full of triumph, the voice of Christ, saying, "I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last." Then, as the laying of the top-stone of the world's history, the same voice shall be heard as when, at the laying of the world's corner-stone, "the morning stars sang together."

In Harmony. Husband (airily; they had just returned from their wedding trip)—If I am not home from the club by—ah—ten, love, you won't wait— Wife (with appalling firmness)—No, dear; I'll come for you! He was home by 9:46 sharp.—Pick-Me-Up.

132 SONGS IN 48 MINUTES.

Cleveland Salvationists Make a Record for Fast Singing.

One hundred and thirty-two songs in forty-eight minutes is the record made by the Guard street Salvation Army corps. The members are extremely proud of the record. It makes them the champions of the world; they sang more songs in a shorter period of time than any other Salvation Army corps was ever known to have sung. They went into the contest to carry off the honors, and they succeeded splendidly. No prize accompanies the accomplishment of this remarkable feat, except the honor of being the champions of the world.

The contest, which is known in the Salvation Army parlance as a battle of song, was a novel one, and never before tried in this city. Indeed, only three such battles are on record in this country. The highest mark reached was by a corps somewhere in Illinois, which sang sixty songs in forty-five minutes. A corps in Quincy, England, has held the championship, having sung 100 songs in forty five minutes. Capt. De Garis of the Guard street barracks made up his mind that his corps could beat the record. He made out a list of 130 songs, which he thought could be sung in forty-five minutes, and members were furnished with copies of the list.

After the contest was ended it was reported that two songs, which had not been on the programme, had been started inadvertently, and this raised the record to 132 songs in forty-eight minutes, or one song about every twenty-two seconds. Guard street corps is now awaiting other contests eagerly, in order to learn whether this record can be beaten.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

POPE LEO'S BEDROOM.

The Private Apartment of the Sovereign Pontiff.

To the Pope's bedroom only his private valet and his secretary have access. It is of small dimensions and contains only a bed, in an alcove adorned with graceful marble columns, a writing table, an arm chair, and kneeling stool and one wardrobe.

Besides these, there is his private study, in which the table and chair stand upon a little carpeted platform, other tables being placed on each side upon the floor, together with an extremely uncomfortable but magnificent straight backed arm chair, which is one of the gifts offered on the occasion of the episcopal jubilee. There is, moreover, a little room containing only an old lounge and an old fashioned easy chair with "wings" and nothing else. It is here that the Holy Father retires to take his afternoon nap, and the robust nature of his nerves is proved by the fact that he lies down with his eyes facing the broad light of the window.

This private apartment occupies the second floor, according to Italian reckoning, though we Americans should call it the third; it is on a level with Raphael's loggia. The floor above is inhabited by Cardinal Rampolla, the Secretary of State.—Century Magazine.

WILL VANDERBILT MARRY?

Talk of William K.'s Marriage to Miss Amy Bend Revived.

The fact that Mr. William K. Vanderbilt's residence has been undergoing renovation for some time past has given rise to a rumor that it is being put in readiness for a wedding. The announcement of the alliance of Mr. Vanderbilt and Miss Amy Bend is said to be looked for by friends of the couple, and the engagement is said to have been conceded by a representative of the Vanderbilt family. Miss Bend is the daughter of George H. Bend, and the closest friendship has existed for years between the two families.

Good Looks Averted Further War.

Ex-Governor W. D. Hoard, of Wisconsin, told stories the other night at the session of the National Dairy Union at the Sherman House. This is one of them:

"I like a joke on myself as well as three-quarters of the folk alive. One summer I met an ex-r-b-del down East, one of those lean, lanky Southerners, with a face so long 't he could eat oats out of a churn. He looked me over, up and down, three times, each way, and then he said: " 'S that the Gov'nor of Wisconsin? " 'Yes. " 'Fit in th' wab, eh? " 'Yes. " 'We el, 'f all th' Yanks had been ex-homely ez eh, I'd be a fightin' 'em yit!'"—Chicago Record.

The Partitioning of Africa.

Henry M. Stanley states that within the last ten years France has acquired of Equatorial Africa about 300,000 square miles, in which there are only 300 Europeans; Germany, 400,000 square miles; Italy, 547,000 square miles, and Portugal has a defined territory extending over 710,000 square miles. France, moreover, has been active further north, in the Sahara and in west Africa, and claims rights over 1,600,000 square miles; while Germany, in southwest Africa and the Cameroons, asserts her rule over 540,000 square miles.

The Influential Member.

"My dear sir," said the minister to the rich and influential member of his church. "I take it for granted that, as usual, you will contribute generously to our fund for the relief of the indigent children of depraved cannibals." "Not on your life," growled the influential member, "but I'll contribute 25 cents toward a fund to clear the ice off the walk in front of the church."

In Harness.

Husband (airily; they had just returned from their wedding trip)—If I am not home from the club by—ah—ten, love, you won't wait— Wife (with appalling firmness)—No, dear; I'll come for you! He was home by 9:46 sharp.—Pick-Me-Up.

AN EMINENT PHYSICIAN

Says Women Are Not Truthful— Will Lie to Their Physicians.

This Statement Should Be Qualified.

Women Do Tell the Truth, But Not the Whole Truth, to a Male Physician, But Do Tell the Truth, and the Whole Truth, to Mrs. Pinkham—Mrs. Jane Keener Has Something to Say on the Subject.

There can be no more terrible ordeal to a delicate, sensitive, refined woman than to be obliged to answer certain questions in regard to her private ills, even when those questions are asked by her family physician.

This is the reason why thousands upon thousands of women are corresponding with Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass. To her they can enter into every detail of their illness, so that even through correspondence Mrs. Pinkham can treat her patients more intelligently than the local physician.

It is this fact alone which has caused the tremendous line of correspondence, which is ever increasing, between Mrs. Pinkham and women who are sick, and it was from this fact also that Mrs. Pinkham has a wider experience and greater knowledge of the treatment of female ills than any practicing physician in the world. The greatest practitioner can at the most have less than 100 cases to which he can give his personal attention, while more than fifty thousand cases have been handled by Mrs. Pinkham during the last six months.

Years ago women had no such recourse, and in consequence many of them dragged out a miserable existence; charlatans practiced on their ignorance and fears, extorted money from them and effected few cures.

Nowadays woman may ask advice of a woman who understands woman's ills, and the fact that this great boon which is extended freely to women by Mrs. Pinkham is appreciated, the thousands of letters which are received by her prove. Many such grateful letters as the following are constantly pouring

in, and are a source of great satisfaction to the woman who has tried to do so much for others.

Mrs. Jane Keener, Mt. Morris, Pa., says:—For years I have been a constant sufferer from female trouble in all its dreadful forms, shooting pains over my body, sick headache, faintness, dizziness, nervousness, and my back hurt me nearly all the time. I had pain about my heart and ovary, also troubled with piles. I could not sleep on my left side. The pain has now left my heart and side and back. Before I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I would have to get up at four o'clock every morning, for my back hurt me so much. I feel it my duty to tell you these facts that you may also be cured by the same most valuable remedy. My heart is full of gratitude to Mrs. Pinkham.

A STANDING INVITATION.

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass. All letters are received, opened, read and answered by women only. A woman can freely talk of her private illness to a woman; thus has been established the eternal confidence between Mrs. Pinkham and the women of America which has never been broken. Out of the vast volume of experience which she has to draw from it is more than possible that she has gained the very knowledge that will help your case. She asks nothing in return except your good will, and her advice has relieved thousands. Surely, any woman, rich or poor, is very foolish if she does not take advantage of this generous offer of assistance.

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