HISTORY OF THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE IN TEN PAPERS.—PAPER X.

ECHOES OF THE GREAT TREATY.

BONAPARTE'S MOTIVES—HIS PROPHECIES—HOW ACQUISITION WAS RECEIVED.

THE THREE most significant dates historically connected with the acquisition of the magnificant domain long known as Louisiana, are April 30, 1803, when the Great Treaty was signed; October 19, when treaty was ratified in the senate of the United States by a vote of 24 to 7; and December 20, 1803, when our government received formal possession at New Orleans, from the French perfect, Laussat. Were we to add an interesting fourth date, it would be April 10 of the same treaty year—that blessed, beautiful Easter Day—when Napoleon, having returned from his Easter devotions, to the still standing palace of St. Cloud, announced his sudden resolution to sell the whole of his possessions in America to the Americans.

Much has been written about the motives of Bonaparte in parting with his newly acquired and still unexplored territory on this side of the Atlantic. It can only be asserted with safety that he doubtless acted from mixed motives which were as various as his moods. When not inscrutable, the main-spring of his action seemed to be military glory and personal aggrandizement. He was probably impelled to adopt what proved to be an unwise policy, for these considerations: 1. He feared that in the event of war, which was imminent, he would lose the colony of Louisiana within sixty days after he took possession. The treaty of Amiens was at an end; Austria was threatening; a British fleet was in the West Indies and a sensational report had just come from London that fifty thousand men were being raised to move on Louisiana. 2. His affairs on the Island of San Domingo were in 1803 the worst possible: Toussaint L'Ouverture had worsted three of his best marshals; Le Clerc had just died, to whom he was attached, next to Duroc, Lannez and Berthier; and Livingston was shrewd enough to hold this bloody spectre ever before his eyes: another San Domingo on his hands he did not want. 3. The first consul, impressed by our minister's social rank in his own country, no less than by his merciless logic and solid understanding, had given his promise that debts due for the spoilation of our commerce, should be paid. This promise of which he was again and again reminded, could only be kept by realizing on sale of lands. He had no funds. 4. About this time the hero of Italy caught a vague glimpse of larger game. He projected the wild scheme of carrying the war, not into Africa like Scipio Africanus, but into England, like Caesar. The scheme did not work, partly because the young chieftain was not the peer of the "mighty Julius," whom Shakespeare calls "the foremost man of all this world." And then, the heroes of the Nile and the future victors of Trafalgar were lying in wait in the channel; and had the French levies ever gotten into England the retreat from London would possibly have paralleled the retreat from Moscow, the most disastrous in all history. 5. Livingston's powers as a logician and sublime persistence were influencing factors in this momentous contention. Tallyrand said "he was the most important negotiator he had yet met with." And lastly the French consul cherished a desire to build this nation up at the expense of Great Britain. He had rather the American Union would grow strong and great than should his most dangerous rival. A few genuine Napoleonic utterances must suffice to support the preceding propositions. The most remarkable of these is found on page 65 of Histoire Generale Des Traites De Paix by Le Comte De Garden: "Objection may be made that the Americans will prove to be too powerful for Europe in two or three centuries; but my plans do not take into account these remote contingencies. They (the Americans) will have to give attention in future conflicts among the states of the Union. Confederations which call themselves perpetual, last only so long as the contracting parties find it to their interest not to break them and it is to other present dangers to which we are exposed from the colossal power of England that I propose to apply a remedy." This is both authentic and prophetic.

A translation from a passage on the same page shows that we paid for the Louisiana region something more than Bonaparte would have taken: "If I should regulate my terms by what these vast territories are worth to the United States, the indemnity would have no limit. I will be moderate for the reason that I am obliged to sell. But, keep this to yourself, (to Marbois) I want fifty millions and for less than that I will not treat; I would rather make a desperate effort to hold those fine regions." On page 75 of same authoritative source, we find this characteristic utterance by Napoleon: When told by Barbe-Marbois that there was more uncertainty and obscurity in one article of the treaty, he replied that "if obscurity was not there, it would perhaps be good policy to put it there." These and numerous other quotations have been transferred bodily without credit, to what is known as Marbois' History of Louisiana which was probably written by William Beach Lawrence in the apparent interest of James Monroe and other political friends. The kindly Marbois at the feeble age of 83, doubtless lent the use of his name to the inaccurate book which first appeared in Paris in 1828. The History of Peace Treaties, of which Garden's great work is a continuation, was first published prior to this date.

Returning to the highest sources of historical information on this side of the ocean—the archives of the government and the American State Papers—it may be affirmed that the writers of Louisiana treaty history have apparently shunned these first sources of historic facts as if they were poisoned springs.

As proof of the strange fatuity of the chief officers of the administration, the secretary of state writes from Washington to James Monroe, on April 20, 1803: "Certain it is that the hearts and hopes of the western people are strongly fixed on the Mississippi for the future boundary. * * * It is even a doubt with some of the best judges whether the deposit alone would not be waived for a while, rather than it should be the immediate ground for war and an alliance with England."

This letter was written just ten days before the great treaty was actually signed and one week after it was virtually agreed upon. What had already become the central, transcontinental canal, or broad, free highway from mountain to sea of the greater republic, Madison would make its fixed, future boundary.

On May 1, he addresses Monroe: "We have just received the message of his Britannic majesty, which is represented as the signal of a certain rupture with France." He adds: "Such an event seems scarce avoidable." A rupture with France, whose ruler has just given us for a song an empire larger than his own! Was there ever such blind-man's bluff diplomacy?"

In a dispatch of May 28, one month less two days, after the purchase treaty was signed and in effect ratified, in Paris, Madison involves Jefferson in his own diplomacy in the dark. He instructs Livingston and Monroe: "The president thinks that it will be ineligible, under such circumstances, that any convention whatever on the subject should be entered into, that will not secure to the United States the jurisdiction of a reasonable district on some convenient part of the bank of the Mississippi." It is needless to say that "a reasonable district" related to the lower Mississippi, where we required a place of transhipment, not to those vast regions already acquired lying along the great western tributaries of the upper Mississippi.

Three copies of the Louisiana treaty were transmitted to the United States by three separate agencies, but Mr. Hughes arrived first on July 14, and delivered the weighty document to the president at Washington. That Jefferson and Madison were surprised is to put it with mildness. They were, in point of fact, dazed at the audacity of their agents, the immensity of the sum paid and the enormous magnitude of the whole transaction. After taking two weeks to recover their equilibrium, the secretary of state, instead of overwhelming one of America's greatest benefactors with grateful thanks, finds fault with Livingston in a personal letter addressed to Monroe. The president at first declares that he cannot approve of the treaty, because if he does, he will make waste paper of the constitution. He keeps repeating, "waste paper of the constitution;" but finding at length that everybody was in favor of the treaty, except a few Hartford convention Federalists, who had ceased to be Nationalists, he reverses the teachings of a lifetime and reluctantly approves of the action of his agents. Mr. Jefferson had long been teaching that the strict construction of the constitution permitted nothing to be done under it except what was expressly authorized. There was hence no authority in express terms for the nation to grow in size, to enlarge its boundaries, to add new territories. Ohio had been admitted into the Union that very year with his approval, but this was carved out of an acquisition gained by another peaceful or peace treaty—with England—made before the constitution became operative. The new organic law, according to this expounder, hindered growth, development, progress, expansion. Instead of frankly admitting that his constructional theories were wrong, he proceeded to take the right action and then tried to get the constitution amended so as to authorize in terms the acquisition of territory. But the president's nearest friends took so languid an interest in the amendment scheme that the whole matter of post facto sanction was at once and forever abandoned.

However, as late as August 12, 1803, in a letter to John Breckenridge, the president continues to insist that "the constitution has made no provision for our incorporating foreign nations into our Union." But two urgent letters from the ever-watchful and indefatigable Livingston brings about an almost instantaneous change of scene. The minister writes that the first consul is already tired of his bargain, being free from war's alarms, and has instructed Marbois to take advantage of any loopholes or technicalities in the way of ratification or prompt payment, to get rid of an unfortunate agreement. The negotiator, almost trembling with apprehension, beseeches Jefferson by his love of country and by all that is holy, to hasten ratification without the change of a word or a stipulation; to literally and immediately comply with the financial conditions of the great transaction, so that Bonaparte shall have no possible excuse for evading his solemn pledges and obligations. The timely appeal had its desired effect. The president wrote to the secretary of state from Monticello, August 18: "I infer that the less we say about constitutional difficulties respecting Louisiana the better, and that what is necessary for surmounting them must be done sub-silentio."

A special session of congress was called to meet October 17, and at the end of two days, to the enduring credit of the United States senate, of the Eighth congress, the magnificent acquisition was consummated and ratified. It is useless to rehearse the exploded theories and sophistical reasoning used in the senate and still more in the house against this beneficent treaty. Hamilton and other patriots of his party supported it most zealously. Perhaps nothing weaker was said from the beginning to the ending of this enormous transaction than what Monroe said in a letter to Madison, written two weeks after the treaty was signed: "Could we have procured a part of the territory we should never have thought of getting the whole, but the decision of the consul was to sell the whole, and we could not obtain any change in his mind on the subject." Compared with such dullness, Mr. Jefferson's twin nation theory might pass for wisdom: "Whether we remain one confederacy or form into Atlantic or Mississippi confederacies, I believe is not very important to the happiness of either part." A final chapter contrasting conditions in the Louisiana purchase states in 1803 and in 1900, will afford, we trust, a pleasing conclusion to this historic story. —James Q. Howard.

CRYING!

What for? If you ask her she will tell you she doesn't know. She just feels nervous, that's all. A man is apt to have very little sympathy with this condition in his wife. He can't see any earthly reason why she should cry. She has plenty to eat, plenty to wear, and he does everything he can, he thinks, to make her happy; and in spite of that, she sits down and cries softly to herself, apparently without any cause or reason. But there is a cause, and that cause is some disorder or disease of the delicate womanly organism. Unhealthy drains have taken away the vital force. Inflammation is fretting the nerves of the whole body. If women did but understand the intimate relation of the general health to the local health of the delicate womanly organs, they would realize that the quick way to establish the general health is to cure the local disorders. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription dries the drains that enfeeble women, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness. It is a medicine that can absolutely be relied upon to make weak women strong and sick women well. It contains no alcohol, and is entirely free from opium, cocaine and all other narcotics.

Women suffering from disease in chronic form are invited to consult Dr. Pierce, by letter, *free* of charge. Dr. Pierce, assisted by his staff of nearly a score of physicians, has in a little over thirty years treated and cured more than half a million sick and ailing women. All correspondence is strictly private and sacredly confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

COULD SCARCELY WALK.

"For the sake of poor, suffering women, I feel it my duty to inform you of the great benefit your medicine has given me," writes Mrs. Callie Bowles, of Watts, Iredell Co., N. C. "I was in a miserable condition when I wrote to you. I had uterine disease so bad I could scarcely walk and suffered such dreadful misery I hoped to be relieved by death. You wrote to me to take your 'Favorite Prescription' and I have taken eleven bottles of it, and two of your Pleasant Pellets. I am entirely well and feel like a new woman. I feel thankful to God and to Doctor Pierce for the blessings I now enjoy. I have a fine, big boy, two months old and never got along as well in my life. I can't praise your medicines enough."

NO USE FOR DOCTORS.

"About five years ago I had very poor health," writes Mrs. S. E. Whalen, of Holden, Johnson Co., Missouri. "After doctoring four years with our town doctors they gave my case up; said they had done all they could. I had been confined to my bed half my time; the other half could hardly drag around. I had such pains in my back and abdomen I could not stand on my feet for more than a few minutes. My feet were cold or burning, and my periods came too often. The doctors said it was change of life, so, as I had heard of Dr. Pierce's medicines, my husband got me a bottle of 'Favorite Prescription.' I took it and it helped me in some ways, so I wrote to you and followed your advice. I commenced 'Favorite Prescription,' 'Golden Medical Discovery' and the 'Pleasant Pellets,' as I was so constipated all the time and pills would weaken me so that I would have to go to bed. To the great surprise of everybody I got well, and when I met my friends they would say, 'I never thought you would be here now.' But I can say it was your medicine, which no doubt is the best in the world. Have had no use for doctors since I tried your medicine."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are an effective medicine for the bowels and liver. They do not re-act upon the system.

COMPLETE JEWEL OUTFIT.

What Mrs. William Astor Might Wear at a Ball.

Frank S. Arnett in Aladdec's.

Suppose we imagine two leaders of New York society arrayed in as many of their jewels as they could wear within the farthest limits of barbaric propriety. Let us select at random Mrs. William Astor and, among the younger set, Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, jr. Mrs. Astor we will suppose to have on some such gown as that in which her portrait was painted by Carolus Duran, although that particular gown of course now exists only on the canvas. We can also presume that she wears her $50,000 tiara of diamonds. About her neck is fastened a velvet band, to which are attached seven brilliants, valued at $70,000. Also from her neck hang three great necklaces with a total value of $150,000. Each of her ears bears $5,000 in diamonds. A magnificent stomacher incrusted with diamonds to the value of $50,000 clothes her in gems like a breastplate from waist to low-cut bodice, in the V-shape opening of which beautiful lace appears, embroidered with rare and almost priceless pearls. Some $10,000 in diamond ornaments are in her hair, and her fingers could but certainly would not be covered with at least $25,000 in rings. Although we have thus arrayed her in $365,000 worth of gems she has still left at home enough to ransom a missionary from Bulgarian bandits.

Let us now picture Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, jr., formerly Virginia Fair, outrivaled by none of the younger matrons of the Vanderbilt family in the ownership of precious stones. She wears, of course, her $50,000 diamond stomacher, a perfect network of gems, presented to her by John W. Mackay, her father's partner in those Aladdin's lamp days of the Comstock Lode. Her pretty neck is burdened with a perfect Golconda. On it is a superb $25,000 necklace of evenly-matched pearls, to which is attached a splendid pendant, set with a fiery ruby and a single pear-shaped pearl. From another pendant, a huge pearl, depend still other pearl and diamond pendants. With these is a $15,000 necklace of diamonds and softly chatoyant moonstones of India; and, struggling to be seen among this richness is a quaint and costly brooch representing a bit of bark on which three birds of turquoise are perched. Among $10,000 in rings sparkling on her fingers is a marquise set with a great pear-shaped diamond. A riviere of rubies and old mine diamonds completes a costume that would have brought a gasp from Cleopatra.

HAVE TO GIVE UP.

It's All Over When Nervous Sick Headache Comes to Young or Old. Everything Stops and Nothing Goes On but the Nervous Sick Headaches.

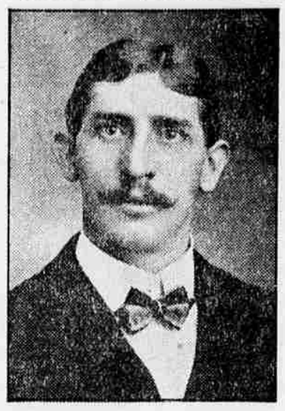
If anything will engender a disregard for even life itself it is continued or oft-repeated attacks of sick headache. You may be able to partially describe it, but the English language fails to do it fully justice. It's misery so concentrated, so condensed, so prostrating that all else is enveloped in its meshes.

Mr. Thomas Summers, of No. 1619 Jackson street, Scranton, Pa., says: "Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Pills are a splendid cure for nervous sick headaches. Mine were terrible at times. I was nervous at the same time. The nerve pills were recommended to me and I got a box at Mathews Bros.' drug store, No. 320 Lackawanna avenue, and they completely cured the headaches and nervousness. This, I think, is recommendation enough."

Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Pills are sold at 50c. a box at dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. See that portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M. D., are on every package.

BOWLING.

William J. Meister, whose picture is herewith presented, is the president of the newly-organized City Bowling League and was for two seasons one of the safest and steadiest bowlers on the strong Backus team. He was one of the prime movers in the organization of the new league and formed the



WILLIAM J. MEISTER,
President of the New City Bowling League.

Arlington team, of which he has been chosen captain. He rolls a tantalizing, rather slow ball and generally manages to run up an average of 160 or over for three games.

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There is a deal of talk among local bowlers in favor of conducting an individual and two-men team bowling tournament immediately after the present series of games being played by both leagues is ended. It is proposed to offer an individual first and second prize for each event and to have the individual contest open to all, for the purpose of deciding the city championship for the year.

The tournament would be conducted on either the Backus or Hampe alleys, and an admission fee charged, the receipts to go towards defraying the expenses of the affair. The matter is only being talked of as yet, but it is worthy of serious consideration on the part of the leading bowlers in both leagues.

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The showing made by the City league teams on Wednesday night was generally rather poor, six hundred games being the rule rather than the exception. It takes several weeks, however, for the members of a bowling team to get working together and to get used to bowling in match games, and it is expected that better scores will be made before many more games are rolled. Indeed, there are members of the second Backus and Elks teams who are willing to place bets that they'll beat out the first teams.

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The Backus team is rolling in terribly hard luck. On Monday night they lost three straight games to the green Electric City Wheelmen's team. The first game was lost by two pins and the second by eleven. The two games lost to the Elks on Thursday night were a repetition of this performance. It was simply a case in every instance of falling down on the last frame and making exasperating breaks or missing spares by a hairbreadth.

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The surprise of the week was the playing of the Electric City five on Monday night, when three straight games were won. The Wheelmen had two scores over 200, McCracken making 202 and Wettling 207, while the latter had the high average of 177 2-3. There wasn't a member on the team who made a poor showing, the lowest total for three games being 441. There is rather a short runway on the alleys, which puts visiting clubs at somewhat of a disadvantage, but not to any very great extent.

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"Bobby" Wharton, who was one of the pioneer bowlers of the city, but who of late years dropped out of sight as far as bowling is concerned, is back at the game again and rolled up the exceedingly high average of 181 the other night. He is in charge of the Hampe alleys and does a great deal of bowling, which is no small factor. To this can be attributed Billy Hopkins' great success. He is in charge of the Backus alleys and not a day goes by that he doesn't roll a dozen or more games.

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Philip Stauffer, of Wilkes-Barre, a former member of the West End wheelmen's team, made a score of 251 on the Hampe alleys yesterday. Hopkins' score of 258 is still the record for these alleys, however.

ADMITTED HIS GUILT.

Edward Inghram Committed to Jail Yesterday.

Edward Inghram, the boarding house thief, arrested in Binghamton, was given a hearing yesterday afternoon before Alderman Myron Kasson, and admitted his guilt.

Mrs. Lott, who keeps a boarding house on Mulberry street, testified that Inghram boarded with her for about two weeks, early last month, and that he suddenly departed, taking with him jewelry and clothing valued at about $40, a large part of which he subsequently returned.

P. A. Wycott, who boards at 218 Spruce street, testified that Inghram came to board at that house on a Saturday night and left on the Monday following, taking with him upwards of $50 worth of clothing belonging to him (Wycott). He identified clothing found with the prisoner.

In the face of this testimony Inghram broke down and admitted his guilt, whereupon Alderman Kasson held him under $600 bail for his appearance at court. He could not find a bondsman and went to the county jail.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE.

From time immemorial dinner has been the inspiration of the masculine poet, novelist and dramatist alike. The acceptable dinner has called forth rounds of applause and the laurel wreath for the cook; while a poor dinner has sufficed to turn the tuneful flow of harmony to jarring discord and bring anathemas on the head of the culprit. The Sweet Singer of Israel says, "A good heart will have a care of his meat and drink." Virgil grows eloquent over the splendid banquet in Dido's palace. Lamb is ecstatic over roast pig and Bacon over lamb. Whittier immortalizes the pumpkin pie and its fair maker, and Meredith avers that "civilized man cannot live without cooks." Thackeray lays about him with his usual two-edged sword of satire and humor, and asks of us: "What is it, ladies, that so often drives men out to clubs and leaves the domestic hearth desolate? What but bad dinners? And whose fault is the bad dinners but yours—yours forsooth who are too intellectual to go into the kitchen and too delicate to think about your husband's victuals."

Then he points his moral with this tragic tale of domestic infelicity:

"I know a case in which the misery of a whole life, nay, of a whole series of little and big lives, arose from a wife's high and mighty neglect of the good things of life, when ennui, estrangement and subsequent ruin and suicide arose out of an obstinate practice of seeing a leg of mutton three days running in a small respectable family."

Granted, if need be—and it must be said that there is some truth in it—that the royal road to conjugal peace and prosperity lies through the stomach of the head of the household, reckless indeed must be the woman who dares to ignore the awful responsibility resting upon her.

Fortunately the perfect dinner does not necessarily involve a great expenditure of money, an elaborate menu, not yet an overtaxing brain or muscle.

The ideal dinner is one suited to the season, the climate, the means and the physical well-being of the special family for whom it is prepared, simple, if need be, in all its constituents, but each perfect of its kind.

There is no excuse for a soup insipid, cold, greasy or full of splinters of bone; a steak or chops charred or raw, potatoes soggy, waxy, overdone or underdone; rice sticky and compact, a salad gritty or waterlogged, muddy coffee or bitter tea; a greasy, soggy pie or a lumpy pudding, and yet in families without number these are the prevailing conditions day in and day out. The excuse so often put forth that "help is so poor" does not stand for a moment. Elaborate dishes one need not expect from the usual, incompetent servitor, but the veriest greenhorn, with watching, can soon have the A, B, C's of good plain cooking at her clumsy finger's ends. She must know that what is to be served hot is hot, and cold, cold; that coffee must be clear and fresh, potatoes mealy and dry, rice with each kernel distinct, the cereal thoroughly cooked, the steak richly brown and all its juices conserved. You will have to go often to the kitchen yourself, my dear madam, but will it not pay you in the end?

Here, then, is a reliable recipe for the black bean soup—which is essentially Philadelphia. Failing the "turtle" beans, the small red beans or the frijoles of the southwest will give nearly as good results. Soak one pint of the beans over night. In the morning put over the fire in three quarts of cold water, which should be added to as it boils away in order to keep the original quantity. Add a quarter of a pound of salt pork and half a pound of lean beef cut in small pieces, one carrot and two small onions cut fine, one tablespoonful of salt, a salt spoon of cayenne, three cloves and a tiny bit of mace. Cover and put where it will boil gently but continuously for four hours. Rub through a coarse sieve and pour into the tureen over two hard, boiled eggs sliced and one lemon cut in thin slices. If desired, half a glass of sherry may also be added. Frequently very small sausages are boiled in the soup for ten minutes and served one to each plate. This makes a very nourishing soup—and is considered by Philadelphians as next in order to their "mock turtle." Serve with croutons.

Menu for Sunday, Feb. 9.

BREAKFAST.

Grape Fruit.
Ralston Barley Food.
Broiled Ham. Baked Potatoes.
Buckwheat Cakes. Maple Syrup.
Coffee.

DINNER.

Black Bean Soup. Croutons.
Olives. Gherkins.
Broiled Sirloin Steak.
Mashed Potatoes.
Macaroni with Tomatoes.
Celery.
Roquefort Cheese. Water Wafers.
Peach Rice Pudding.
Black Coffee.

SUPPER.

Scotch Woodcock in Chafing Dish.
Sliced Roast Beef.
Canned Cherries. Delicate Cake.
Tea.

Again let me urge you to make a point of keeping a supply of croutons among your kitchen "constants." They are so easy to prepare—they can be attended to while you are getting a meal or washing up the dishes, and are so delicious and wholesome served with soups of various sorts. The children always like them, and if allowed will fill their pockets for nibbling on between meals. Dyspeptics can eat them when fresh bread, crackers or even ordinary toast are out of the question. Every bit of stale bread can be utilized in this way, and, kept in glass cans, they will remain crisp indefinitely. Cut the bread in rather thick slices, put two or three together, and then with a sharp knife, cut in half or three-quarter inch cubes.

Put in a dripping pan or pie-tins and toast in the oven to a delicate brown, shaking often to keep uniform.

By the way, did you know that salted almonds are quite as good and more digestible simply browned and crisped in the oven without using either butter or olive oil? Dust with salt and shake frequently, taking care that they do not get over brown.

While it is generally assumed that any one can cook a steak, there is after all a righ way and a wrong way—and too often the latter is in the ascendant. Given a good cut of sirloin, porterhouse or top round, a clear bright fire, a strong gridiron and a modicum of common sense, there is no reason why the result should not be always the same—a hot delicately seasoned steak whose rich brown exterior holds its wealth of juices ready for the consumer.

In selecting beef, it is well to remember that perfect beef is a fine red, close-grained and dry, the lean well inter-grained with fat. Excessive leanness shows age or debility in the animal, while a preponderance of fat, except so far as it increases the cost, shows a desirable condition. Beef is in its prime at four years. After five it deteriorates. When beef is killed it should be thoroughly chilled before putting in cold storage; otherwise the animal heat is driven inside and causes a poisonous fermentation.

Eastern beef is usually of an inferior grade, for the reason that the farmers cling to their young animals and only market the older dry cows and worn-out oxen. Chicago and Kansas City dressed beef—steers and cows that have fed upon alfalfa or the juicy grass of the prairies are the ideal form of meat food. Texas beef, as a rule, is not as good. In selecting a steak for a good sized family sirloin will be found more economical than porterhouse, as there is very much less waste. Not every one knows that there are fashions in cuts of steak as well as in dress and these vary from time to time. Now the porterhouse holds the place of honor, but not so many years ago the rump was considered the choicest, and the porterhouse was ranked with inferior cuts. As a matter of fact a good steak cut from the top round of a prime quality of western steer will be found as choice a morsel as one can wish. The much vaunted and high-priced tenderloin is absolutely tasteless, and should always have the juice from a bit of round expressed over it, to give it the good beef flavor. The cross cut steaks of the rump are also excellent.

Having then "caught your steak" the next thing is to see to its proper cooking. While the ideal method of broiling steak is over gas or charcoal, any good clear coals, hard wood or mineral will answer. Grease the gridiron with a bit of the suet and lay the steak, which should be about an inch and a half thick, upon it. Da not presume to stick a fork in the meat, as that would allow the juice to escape. Sear it quickly on one side and turn on the other. As soon as both sides are seared over, keep turning every moment or two for about ten minutes, depending, of out course, on how rare you like your steak. Have your platter hot, likewise the plates upon which it is to be served. Also a tin plate upon which you have a half tablespoonful of butter, a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of pepper or paprika. As soon as the steak is done, remove from the boiler on to the hot tin plate and baste with the melted butter. Having thoroughly seasoned it, take from the tin plate to the hot platter. If you like extra seasoning, have ready a little chopped parsley and some sliced lemon. Rub the lemon in the parsley and place two or three slices on each end of the steak.

There is a new gas broiler in the market that is to be commended for several reasons. It is made of corrugated sheet steel, has a guard of perforated steel and a gravy trough which saves all the gravy and prevents all dripping into the fire and stopping up the burners. This broiler does not need to be held in the hand and can be instantly adjusted so as to be any distance from the flame, according to the intensity of the heat.

A peach rice pudding gives the cook a chance to try her artistic skill. It is made of half a cupful of rice boiled in a double boiler for twenty-five minutes in a mixture of one pint of milk and one of water with an even tespoonful of salt.

When the rice is done it will have absorbed the liquid, and each grain will be whole and swollen to three times its original size. Shake well, add a cupful of sugar and a teaspoonful or orange extract. Beat two eggs thoroughly and stir into the rice while still hot. Butter a three-pint mould and put a layer of rice in the bottom. Cover the rice with slices of stewed or canned peaches, sweetened to taste. Then more rice and more peaches, finishing with the rice. Set away to cool and harden. When ready for use turn out on a low glass dish and decorate with a tablespoonful of candied Angelica cut in bits, and the same amount of candied cherries or cranberries. Serve with a border of whipped and sweetened cream, flavoring with maraschino, sherry, orange or almond.

—Emma Paddock Telford.

DEAMS FELL ON THE TRACK.

Passenger Train on the D. & H. Had a Narrow Escape.

The Delaware and Hudson passenger train which arrived in this city at 7:45 yesterday morning had a narrow escape from a serious mishap at the curve just north of the Providence station.

A freight going north had a car containing a number of heavy beams as part of its load. Just before the train passed the wooden stays which held the beams in place broke and they tumbled from the car and fell on the track directly in front of the approaching passenger train.

Fortunatel the beams landed on the ground in such a position that when the pilot of the engine struck them they were cast off the track and no further damage was done than the shaking up of the passengers.

FUNERAL OF J. J. HALL.

Occurred Yesterday from Home of Brother of Deceased.

The services over the remains of the late J. J. Hall, the traveling car inspector of the Lackawanna railroad, who was found dead in the Globe hotel at Albany, occurred yesterday afternoon from the home of deceased's brother in Media, Pa.

Robert Sproul, chief clerk to Superintendent M. B. Casey, of the Lackawanna railroad car service department, attended the services, and took with him some beautiful floral tokens of regard, both from the Lackawanna and Northern Pacific railroads, with which Mr. Hall had been identified for many years.

SCRANTONIAN IS HONORED.

Son of President Joslin of the High School Wins Distinction.

At a recent meeting of the Brown University Athletic association, Harold Vincent Joslin, the eldest son of Principal Joslin of the Scranton High school, was chosen assistant manager of the 'varsity foot ball team for next year. He graduated from the Clinton Liberal institute, New York, where he played on both the base ball and foot ball teams.

Last year he played second base on the freshman nine, and this year is a member of the class ball committee, an editor of the Daily Herald, and secretary of the Press club. He is a member of the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity.

OVERALLS AND STEAM.

Caused a Small Blaze in the Connell Building.

Blazing overalls in the new part of the Connell building caused an alarm of fire to be turned in last night about 8.30.

One of the plumbers, when he took off his oil-stained overalls on quitting work, placed them on a steam radiator, and after a time the heat set them on fire. One of the char-women discovered the flames and notified the fireman of the building, who put them out by means of an extinguisher.

All of the central city fire companies were on hand but their services were not needed.

MR. BROWN HAS RESIGNED.

Will Take Charge of Boys' Club Work at Wilkes-Barre.

Lincoln E. Brown, who organized and for the past two years has so successfully carried on the Boys' Industrial association of St. Luke's parish house, has resigned from the work in this city and gone to Wilkes-Barre, where he will superintend the Boys' Industrial association, of which Mrs. H. W. Palmer is the promoter.

Mrs. Brown, who has so ably assisted him in the work here, has gone to Boston for a few months, where she will study Girls' club work.

OVERCOME BY SEWER GAS.

Gotlieb Mohr Taken from a Basin in a Serious Condition.

Gotlieb Mohr, of South Scranton, while working in the sewer basin at Madison avenue and Olive street yesterday was overcome by sewer gas, and when he was taken from the basin he was in a very serious condition.

He was taken to the Willard residence where, after hard work, he was revived. He did not want to go to the hospital and Mrs. E. N. Willard had him sent to his home in her carriage.

Mohr was in the employ of the department of public works.

IS HE A LUNATIC.

Police Believe That the Hugger Is Crazy.

The police believe that the man who has been assaulting women on Webster and Taylor avenues, during the past few weeks, is a lunatic, possessed of an insane desire to hug females.

In every instance so far reported to the police, the man has grasped the woman around the waist and has not attempted anything further than a squeeze. He has been frightened away almost immediately after each attack.

DALEY'S FRIGHTFUL DEATH.

Powder He Was Thawing Exploded and Killed Him Instantly.

Shortly after 7 o'clock yesterday morning, George Daley, of Dunmore street, Olyphant, met with a horrible death in No. 2 mines at that place. He was engaged as a miner, and was preparing a blast. The powder was frozen, and in thawing it out it became ignited and exploded, killing him instantly.

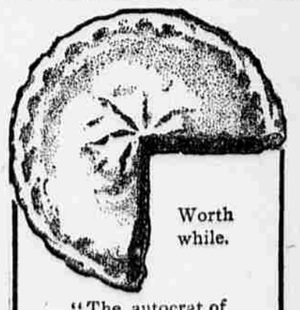
His body was frightfully burned and mutilated beyond recognition. Fellow-workmen picked him up and he was removed in the ambulance to Sweeney's morgue, where he was prepared for burial.

The deceased was a well-known young man, of many noble traits of character, and his untimely death is a painful shock to his friends. He was 28 years old, and is survived by a wife and one child. He was a member of the Primitive Methodist church, of the Foresters' lodge and the Accidental fund. The funeral will be held Monday afternoon. Services will be held in the Primitive Methodist church at 2.30 o'clock. Interment will be made in the Union cemetery.

Pope at Special Mass.

By Exclusive Wire from The Associated Press.

Rome, Feb. 7.—The pope was present at a special mass in the Sistine chapel today, the twenty-fourth anniversary of the death of Pope Pius IX.



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"The autocrat of the dinner table"

NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT

10 Cents

a package — which makes two large or three small pies.

"None Such" is *condensed* into air-tight, water-proof cartons. Is clean, handy, takes up but little room on the shelf, and keeps forever.

Warning

"None Such" must not be confused with cheap imitations or so-called "wet" mince meat sold from open pails in cheap stores. When you buy "wet" mince meat you pay a big price for water, which you can get cheaper at home to mix with None Such Mince Meat, which is almost dry. Wet mince meat is not tempting to look at—no one ever buys it after one trial of "None Such."

Sold by all good dealers—let us know if your dealer refuses to supply you.

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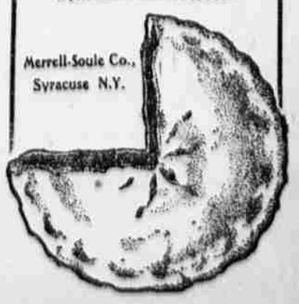

E. W. Grove This signature is on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day.