All in the midnight and the frost we sped the old year out;
All in the dawnlight and the glow we bid the new year in!
The King is dead! Long live the King!—'tis aye the clamorous shout;
And ever 'tis with mirth and hope the new-born reigns begin.

What yet may wait of care or grief to-day we cannot tell.

Another year, another start, another chance to do
What lieth closest to our hand; God loves us, all is well.

Disdaining fear, we greet the year, whose first white leaves are new.

—Margaret E. Sangster, in Harper's Bazar.

A ROMANCE OF THE CUBAN WAR.

By Heloise durant rose.

[The incidents of this story are taken | ed, rather jovial specimen of his profound life.—The Author.]

T was breakfast time wondered what kept his daughter as he fidgeted with his paper and stirred his hot coffee. Just as his patience was at an endthe door opened and admitted a tall, handsome girl, with

bright blue eyes and a determined mouth. She held a big bunch of clematis in her hands.

"Where have you been, Mona?" inquired her father.
"Down at the river; I found the stone wall near the boathouse ablaze with these blossoms. I am sorry to be late, dear.

"The Southern mail is in"

"The Southern mail is in," observed the General, nodding toward a small pile of letters at her plate.

She flushed slightly as she laid the clematis on the sideboard, and took her seat at the table. A conscious smile crossed her father's face as she broke the seal of the first letter. He turned to the paper in his hands, and his eyes caught this heading: "A Romance in Real Life." He glanced at the article casually, and then the smile died away; his hands tightened on the away; his hands tightened on the paper and his face grew hard and stern while he read the following

With the invalided officers return "With the invalided officers returning this week is young Colonel Lawrence, who was severely hurt in the charge at San Juan. Among the nurses who went to look after the sick was a handsome young woman whom the Colonel formerly admired. Family misfortunes had forced her to adopt nursing as a profession. Their friendship was renewed, and when the Colonel came home he was engaged to his old love. Colonel Lawrence agged to his old love. Colonel Lawrence is to be married very shortly. Report says that he had entangled himself with another lady, who will now find that she must look else-

where for consolation." As he laid down the paper the General glanced at his daughter. She

was sitting with a dazed expression on her face, gazing at a letter she held. "Fatuer, what does this mean?" she exclaimed, holding out the letter. He took it from her, and this is what he

read:

"New York, September 12, 1898.

"Dear Mona—You may have seen in the papers an account of my being wounded; I made light of it in my last letter, fearing to alarm you, but the truth is I am awreck, as the papers have accurately stated. I am invalided and crippled, and if it had not been for devoted nuising I should not be here to-day. Under the circumstances I do not feel justified in holding you to your engagement; notwithstanding the pain it causes me to do this I want to release you entirely and leave you free to marry someone who is not so shattered as myself; but believe me, dearest, that whatever my future life, you will always be shrined deep in my heart of hearts. Your faithful friend, "Henry Lawrence."

"What does it mean?" almost shout-

"What does it mean?" almost shout-l the old General. "It means that ed the old General.

eral; he had always liked Colonel Law-rence, and consented to the engagement just before the young man was ordered to Cuba. Pacing the rooms wrathfully, he gave vent to his feel-ings. "The scoundre!! I should like to horsewhip him myself for a whelp of a cur if he were not wounded. What are his hurts to the stab he has given. Mona-ah! when Gilbert hears this and then the General remembered that his son was coming home that week. It was a satisfaction to have a man around to whom he could give vent to outraged feelings.

As though in answer to his thoughts, the butler at that moment brought in a telegram. "Yes, Gilbert was coma telegram. "Yes, Gilbert was coming, and, fortunately, a day earlier than expected, bringing a friend with him for the ball. Just as well to distract her attention," thought her father, as Mona joined him with her hat on and a letter in her hand.

have written a few lines to say that his views upon the subject of our engagement entirely coincide with

"Don't say a word more, now, father; I can't bear it." Gilbert is coming to-morrow at 5

th an old college friend, who, it ems, has just turned up in New "I am glad," said Mona, quietly,

or.]
T was breakfast time at Avondale, and General Higgerson, for the fifth time, wondered what kent his daughter two men hed not met from Porto Rico. The two men had not met for nearly ten years, and each seemed equally glad to renew his college friendship. As soon as they were alone the General poured out his indignation and woe to his son, who was naturally much in-censed at the behavior of Mona's fiance. "Pity that your friend is an officer

and just home from the war; it will keep the wound open," added his father.

father.
"Confound it, so it will; I am deucedly sorry for Mona. No wonder she is cut up, but as Laurie is sure to know Lawrence, we must be careful not to show him that Lawrence has hurt us. Mona is plucky enough and must force herself to be jolly for a couple of days till Laurie takes his departure."

"Jolly! Poor girl, how can she be?" sighed the General.
"I should like to wring that rascal's neck," exclaimed Gilbert, impetuously, "and he of all men, whom we all liked so much."

liked so much.'

"That is just where it nurts so," answered his father.
"By George," exclaimed Major Laurie, (after excusing herself early in the evening, Mona had left the three men in the billiard room smoking,) "but Miss Mona is stunning. If I were not engaged to the dearest girl I were not engaged to the dearest girl in the world, I should lose my heart to your sister.

'I did not know we had to congratulate you, old fellow."
"When does the happy event come

off? "Very soon; you'll be invited."
"Who is she?" asked Gilbert, inter-

ested.

"A Miss Sterling, whose nature verifies her name; have known her since she was a girl."
"Rather anxious time for her when you were wounded," suggested the

General.

"Oh, but I was not in much danger, you know; now some fellows got so cut up you would hardly recognize them. There was poor Lawrence—(both his listeners started)—one leg clean gone, the other up to the knee, one arm off, and a sear across his face General.

—and the plucky chap just smiled through it all." through it all."

Father and son exchanged glances.
"He pulled through, thanks to the devoted nursing he got," continued Laurie, unconscious of the interest Laurie, unconscious of the interest his words aroused. "I never saw that man down until yesterday, when

he collapsed as though shot."
"How was that?" asked Gilbert, in

a constrained voice.

"Well, you see, it was this way; he's very reticent, still, we all knew he was devoted to some girl at home, though he never mentioned her name or spoke about her; couldn't get him into the slightest flirtation with any one. When we came back together he spoke for the first time to me about his affair. You see, Laurie, I am such a wreck should I marry a girl when she might "Be brave, child; be brave," said her father, as he watched her anxiously.

After a moment's silence, the girl turned a pale face toward her father; "I will be brave, but leave me to my self for a while," and orushing the letter in her hand, she hastly left the room.

It was a terrible blow to "I grad or a man and only part of one leg to offer her.' By George, I felt for the poor devil when he talked like that. Well, I suggested to try her and see what she thought about it. Write and offer to release her. He caught at the idea. "But I wouldn't would not went."

pity, but would just state the facts and leave her free to decide,' said he. 'And what do you think she'll write?' I asked him. 'I think she is too faithful to give me up,' he answered, and, 'pon my word—sear or no sear—he looked so proud and handsome as he spoke, I only wished his sweetheart could have seen him."

"And then?" asked Gilbert, as Lau-

rie paused in his narrative.

"Oh, then he wrote, alluding to his being a wreck, and referring to the account in the papers, and yesterday her answer came; I was in his 100ms when he got her note—just a short one, but he turned white, and said bitterly, "She writes that my views upon the subject of our engagement ending meet hez own; she releases me, evidently without regret, thankful to be free from what might have been a burden to her." I tried to cheer him up; he gave me one look, such as you se in a hunted beast as you shoot it down, and, by Jove, he keeled right ever. I was in a fearful funk, and called his man. He came round presently and begged me not to mention the subject

"Laurie, for God's sake explain matters a little more," cried Gilbert, who had risen from his chair in great

excitement. "Yes, sir," cried the General, equally roused, "you don't know how much depends upon what you have been telling. Colonel Lawrence is engaged to my daughter Mona."

"The mischief!" and the eyeglass

and then calling to her dogs, she walked quickly away.

Gilbert Higgerson was a good-heart-dropped from its habitual place. and the eyeglass

"And here's news of his engagement to another woman?" echoe Laurie, evidently in hopeless amaze

"The nurse who took care of him. There is a flaring account of it in to-

day's Reporter."
"Confound the newspapers: it's all "Confound the newspapers; its air a lie," cried Laurie, fumbling for his eyeglass and almost dropping his lisp. "They have mixed our names up; it is I that am engaged to the nurse Miss Sterling, whom I just mentioned; Lawrence has never looked at any other woman per had a thought except for woman nor had a thought except for

woman nor had a thought except for his fiancee; I can swear to that."
"But his letter," began the General.
"All his confounded chivalry; wishing to give Miss Mona a chance to be free of an invalid; why, he's more a man now, with legs and an arm off, than half the whipper-snappers one meets every day."
"What is to be done?" cried Gilbert. "My sister is nearly broken-

bert. "My sister is nearly brokenhearted-

"By thunder, sir, if what you say is the true explanation of the situation, then you have made three people very happy to-night," added the General. happy to-night," added the Gentler.
"Tell your sister that I am off for
New York, and get a note from her.
What time does the train leave?"
""There is one at 11.45, if you really

mean to go."
"If you will kindly order a trap for

me, I'll get ready now," said Luurie, looking at his watch and relapsing into his lisp and drawl.

The next morning when Major Laurie walked into the adjoining bedroom his friend started up in bed and tried to ask a question, but Mona's note was in his hand before he had time to frame the words.

time to frame the words.

"My darling." she wrote, "forgive me for misunderstanding your letter. I cannot free you from our engagement as long as I realize that you love me and that I can be of use to you. What matters to me a loss of an arm or a leg, as long as you have body enough left to hold your soul together. I am yours till God calls that soul home to Himself. Your Loving Mona."

Toward noon of that day Meior

Toward noon of that day Major Laurie had a vision of Mona with her arms around her lover's neck, heard her joyful cry, and from Lawrence a murmured "My darling—at last," and he hastily left to themselves the of the hemist hearts in Now two of the happiest hearts in New

York.

As he turned to Mona's brother in As he turned to Moun's broads in the next room, wiping his eyeglass, which had suddenly become misty, he said below his breath, "By Jove, I rather think I've done a good day's work."—New York Times.

A Story of General Grant Stuart Robson tells the following story in which the late President Grant occupies a prominent place: "I was playing some years ago in a well-known theatre outside of New York. The first act was over and I was chatting in the wings with my manager when a boy rushed in on the stage to tell us that General Grant and his family were in one of the boyes. tell us that General Grant and his family were in one of the boxes. A flush of gratified pride mounted to the manager's face, followed by a look of agonized doubt, as he evidently reflected that perhaps the General had 'dead-headed' into the box. 'Did you send him a box?' he asked me, and on my replying in the negative he pulled a card from his pocket and, scribbling a line on it, told the boy to take it to the box. "See and hiver head and series in the large "See and hiver head and his pocket and his poc a line on it, told the boy to take it to the box office and bring back an an-swer. The boy rushed off, his head full of the General, and returned in a few minutes with the card, which he handed to Mr. Manager. A ghastly look crossed his face as he read it, and without a word he handed it to me. The first line read, in a rather shaky managerial chirography: 'Did shaky managerial chirography; 'Did General Grant pay for his box?' while underneath appeared: 'No, but my son, Fred Grant, did—U.S. Grant.'"

-New Orleans Times-Democrat. Matrimonial Inhibitions

Don't marry a polished girl—she might reflect too much.

might reflect too much.

Don't marry a tennis girl- she'll be on to all your rackets.

Don't marry a girl who plays pool—she knows too much about pockets.

Don't marry a musical girl—she knows too much about notes and bars. Don't marry a bright girl—she might go out when you most needed

Don't marry a grass widow—you might have to cure her of hay fever.

Don't marry a melancholy girl—her sighs might prove a heaviness to you. Don't marry girl who cries-damp

powder is awfully disappointing.

Don't marry a "peach"—she might not be easily preserved. Don't marry a lazy girl, unless you

are in the tire-repair business. Don't marry an industrious girl—it might prove too great a temptation for

Don't marry a vain girl, unless vou are anticipating breezy times and will want to know which way the wind

A woman came out of a tailor's establishment on G street Wednesday morning and I could not but turn to stare at her. On her left forefinger sat an imperturbable green parrot. There was a faint suggestion of frosty sting in the sunny air and Master Parrot was fortified against it. He wore a coat, or a blanket, or whatever you like to call it, of green velvet, made of two pieces, just the shape of a turtle's shell. One piece hung over his chest. The other protected his back, and the two pieces were joined to a kind of collar. A bicycle stood at the curbstone. The lady placed the utterly self-possessed bird on the handle bar, mounted and rode away. I said to myself that obviously there was a woman who was—well, who had been having "Miss" on her visiting cards since hoop skirts were in fashion, but when I asked the very next woman I met about it, she told me that the parrot's mistress not only has a husband, but a real live baby, too.—Washington Post.

TALES OF PLUCK AND ADVENTURE.

Mr. Cougle's Bullfight. Mr. Charles Cougle, a resident of Texas, Baltimore County, recently fought two rounds with a bull in an open field, a short distance from the Northern Central Railroad tracks, re-lates the Baltimore Sun. Mr. Cougle is now in bed, while two doctors are using their best efforts to keep him from passing to a far-away. The bull, since the fight, has been working overtime eating grass and generally em-ploying himself. Cougle is a mass of bruises and cuts, and his face is pale and unnatural looking, while the pristine beauty of the bull is unmarred.

According to the statements of witnesses, chief among whom is Mrs. Annie Cougle, mother of Charles, the great fight came about in this way.

Mr. Cougle had not been working for some days, and in his leisure time had had his eye on the bull belonging to Mr. Michael Padgen, of Texas. He was irritated by the serene life led by the animal, and his "monarch of a "I" is survey" attitude. Mr. Cougle is a fighter and disliked the strut of the animal. So on Saturday he picked out a heavy hickory club and started for the field, having fortified himself previously with sundry drinks. On his way he informed Mr. Howard Lindsay, who met him, that he was "going to lick that bull or die in the attempt." Club in hand, he climbed the feace and advanced toward the bull who had taken his stand in the bull, who had taken his stand in the far corner. Mrs. Cougle, looking out the window of her house, assumed the office of referee. There was no

timekeeper.
Cougle started the fighting with a terrific right-hander on the bull's jaw. The bull ducked and cross-stepped just in time to catch a stiff punch in the nose, followed quickly by a right and left in the face. Cougle appeared to be doing all the fighting and things looked squally for the bull. The spectators, consisting of Mrs. Congle and a small boy at the watchbox, held their breath. Cougle led with his their breath. Cougle led with his left again, landing on the bull's jaw. The bull countered and rushed, missed and ran into an upper cut full. in the teeth. Time was up, and the bull and Cougle retired to their corners. Both were blown, but all the honors were with the man.

Man and beast glared at each other during the rest, but both stepped into the ring for the second round, de-termined to make it the last. For a few moments both sparred for an opening, and Cougle got in a right-hand jab that dazed the bull for a second. The man followed his advantage with a biff in the jaw, but received a blow in the side that jolted him considerably. The bull began to wake up and get in the game. He snorted a couple of times and led with his left horn for Cougle stomach. Cougle dodged and fouled the bull across the knees.

There were no riag officials present to see fair play and it made the bull very mad. He braced himself and insinuated that he had taken about all the punishment he wanted. Cougle never stopped, but rushed and landed time and grain on the bull's head time and again on the bull's head, nose and neck. The bull became groggy, but on Cougle's next rush he

groggy, but on Cougle's next rush he got in his only blow. Mrs. Cougle, in describing the bull's method of driving his blow home, said:

"Charley was beating him right and left and the bull sorto' turned around. Charley ran around in front again and hit him with the club. Then the bull set himself, put his head down and rushed. His head struck Charley in the stomach and he threw him up in the stomach and he threw him up in the air. Honestly, he went so high up that he didn't look any bigger than that. (Mrs. Cougle here measured off with her hands a distance of about

two feet.)
"His hat fell off," she continued, "and he went right straight up with his arms out. Then he stopped going up and commenced coming down. He ap and commenced coming down. He came down like a busted balloon and hit the ground with his face and stomach. He fell some distance behind the bull, who, when I looked at him, was quietly eating grass. Charles the bull, who, when I looked at him, was quietly eating grass. Charley lay there for a long time and the bull never touched him, but went along eating. I thought my son was dead at first and sent his brother out after him, but after a while he got up and the sent along the se staggered about a little. Then he picked up a big stone, and, going up to the bull, hit him in the face with I thought then he certainly would be killed when I saw the bull set himself again. But Charlie started for the fence and got over before the bull reached him. He came on to the rouse and when I asked him if he was house and when I asked him it he was hurt he said no, but his pants were torn a fittle. I saw the blood and saw that he could hardly stand, so I sent right off for the doctor and put him to When the doctor came he found

Charley in a pretty bad way and he says he is not out of danger yet."

Cougle's injuries, besides many brusies, consist of a terrible gash in the brusies, consist of a terrible gash in the right leg near the thigh, where he was gored by the bull. It is thought be is injured internally. His mother says he was drunk when he fought

Saved Train With Red Petticoat.

ter's red petticoat to stop a train, but the four score passengers realized it when, with blanched faces, they saw

was on a branch line, running from Blairstown, N. J., to Delaware. The line is built along the mountain side, and there is a sheer fall of nearly a lundred feet to the Delaware River at the point where the boy flagged the

Among the passengers were the Cen tenary Collegiate Institute team, from Hackettstown, which had been to Blairstown to play a game with the Blair Hall team. The lads were singing and dancing in the baggage car, when the train stopped so suddenly that they were piled up in a heap in one end of the car. The passengers jumped through doors and windows, and by the side of the track they found a ten-veryed boy with a they found a ten-year-old boy with a red petticoat. He had flagged the

There was no need of questioning the boy. Not twenty-five yards in front of the engine lay a great rock on the rails, weighing probably two tons, which had tumbled down from the mountain. Owing to the curve, the engine driver could not have seen the obstruction in time to stop the train, into the river, a hundred feet below

Every one ran forward to view the obstruction and help remove it. The football team thought it would be an easy thing to tackle, but it required the strength of four men besides the team to roll the rock off the rail.

Some one suggested a subscription for the boy, and a shower of silver and bank notes fell into the hat, but the boy could not be seen. Finally he was found hiding on the tender of the engine. He was too modest to listen to the praises that were heaped upon him. It was only after considerable persuasion that he could be induced to take the money.

With breathless interest the passen-

gers listened to the boy's story. He said he lived in the valley, and was strolling along the railroad track, when suddenly he heard a greaterash. Bunning around the curve, he saw that a

big rock had fallen the track.

There were only two trains a day on the road, and he knew that one would soon be due. He had seen the brake-men swing a red flag to stop a train, and happened to thing of his sister's red petticoat. He ran home as fast as he could, got the garment and dashed back just in time.

Under Fire of Savage Army.

The magnificent charge of the Twenty-first Lancers at Omdurman affords perhaps the best illustration of the British soldier's love of fighting for fighting's sake to be found in the whole annals of war. It was a conspicuous exhibition of pure bravery on a day which gave the honors, so far as courage alone is considered, to the barbarians.

The Dervishes lost 15,000 in dead, and for five hours they had charged

upon death itself.

The orders to Col. Lenox Martin, who commanded the regiment, were to prevent the Dervishes from returning

to the city.

By some mistake they concentrated their attention upon a small detachment of 300 Dervishes, overlooking 3000 more hidden in a ravine, and, riding ahead, they rode straight into

an ambush.

It was no longer a question of turning the Dervishes back. They must get back themselves—somehow, any-how. And they did—plunging, slashthrusting until lances broke shooting, employing all tricks of horsemanship, using every weapon, laying about them with bent sword or stump of lance, until, torn, wounded, broken and ragged, they forced them-

And then, when it was all over, the men wanted to go back and through once again—"Just for the sake of the divarshun," as an Irish sergeant, with tears of entreaty in his eyes, explained to the Colonel.

And the Colonel convelved with

And the Colonel, convulsed with laughter, was compelled to threaten death and murder and court-martial for every one in the regiment before he could induce the men to keep still.

Coolness in Danger

When the natives of the Gold Coast calmness.
"Oh, well," said the lieutenant at

The unexpected performance saved his life. His calm indifference per-suaded Samory's men that they were dealing with some one of immense importance. Unwilling to take or importance. Unwilling to take themselves the responsibility for

death, they sent him unharmed to Samory's court, in the Jimini country. Once again Lieutenant Henderson saved himself by a like exhibition of courage. He found Samory on a yet when motioned to do his hands and knees he did nothing o the sort. He sat down on the thi beside Samory, and shook that monarch

warmly by the hand.

Thanks to his coolness and assurance he was accepted as the representative of a great sovereign instead of a captive doomed to death. He talked to Samory of the Queen, and Samory talked to him.

Thus a mission which might have ended, as so many African missions have ended, in a terrible silence and His name is "Ned" Anthony, and he is only ten years old, but he is a heroic act in swinging his sisting a heroic act in swinging his sisting the Mohammedans of Western Africa.

Edwin Lord Weeks, the American when, with blanched faces, they saw the disaster they had escaped.

The train which "Ned" Anthony saved was made up of cars of the New York and Susquehanna Railroad, and "helpful weeks, the American painter, who is now a chevalier of the Legion of Honor of France, is a Bostonian, but has spent much of his life in travel, except for twenty years, when he lived in Paris. HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

A Golf Corner,

The latest craze among young women who devote a great portion of their time to the popular sport is the golf corner. One corner of the room occupied by the fair enthusiast is entirely filled with sticks and other implements employed in the game. If the young woman is an expert and has been fortunate enough to win several medals and other trophies, these are tastefully arranged upon a three-cornered table which sets closely into a wall. Dangling from the gas jet are the balls used in the victorious games and the wall is in the victorious games and the wall is decorated with photos of famous golf-ers. Those who are fond of extremes have golf sticks shortened and inserted in the spoke holes of small reception chairs as backs. The sticks are firmly glued to the foundation and the crooked ends show off very prettily when gilded and turned in different direc-tions in imitation of the different posi-tions in which they are held to strike the ball.

It would seem that with each year our ideas change in regard to what is decorative in the home. It is not decorative in the nome. It is not long since photographs were banished from all but private rooms; clocks likewise fell into disrepute. But to-day a timepiece is part of the furnishing, timepiece is part of the furnishing, while photographs are plentiful, says the Delineator. Frames are not so well liked as formerly. The cards are set up on mantels, book cases, against vases and wherever they may stand upright, and they add much to the homelike atmosphere. The impetus photography has received from the amateurs has been responsible for amateurs has been responsible for many attractive souvenirs for the li-brary. For the safe keeping of those pleasant reminders picture albums are now procurable, three pictures being slipped into each leaf. Only recently has a photograph album been shown any respect, but now it is among the most prized of the belongings. The maiden's own den is decorated with photographs tacked to the walls, the screen, if there is one, and even the panels of the door, the pictures being arranged in groups.

An Easy Way to Wash Windows.

The wood work is first cleaned, and if there are fly specks warm water will remove them much better than what may be termed hot water. Fly what may be termed hot water. Fly specks yield readily to lukewarm water in almost anything, whereas if boiling or very hot water is put on them, when they are on cotton fabries they are almost sure to be hard to remove, if not stamped indelibly there.

When the wood work is washed and

wiped, then take a cup and put in it a tablespoonful of coal oil. Fill the cup two thirds full of hot water, take cup two thirds full of hot water, take a small, clean cloth, dip in this water and rub the glass surface of the window with it. Do this rapidly, and then with a clean cloth or towel, rub well, and polish with another clean cloth or chamois skin as may be desired. This work is done quickly, with no slop, no heavy lifting of windows, and the glass shines like a clean cut diamond. If the windows are not cut diamond. If the windows are not too high on the outside, one may stand upon something to wash them, and it is so swiftly, and easily done, that one would hardly try any other way after once using this one. The kerosene solution is excellent for any glass surface, mirrors take on an added clearness and lustre, lamp chimneys never look as well as when finished with kerosene polish. But they must be rubbed until there is no bint of be rubbed until there is no hint of

Recipes.

Vanilla Tafiy—One cupful of vine-gar, three cupfuls of sugar, butter the size of a walnutand one-half teaspoon-ful of vanilla. Boil about fifteen min-utes and pour in buttered tins, after which put in a place to cool.

Stuffing Cakes-The old-fashioned studing, made of light bread, a beaten egg, plenty of butter, salt and a little pepper, well deserves a dish of its own in addition to what is used in the chicken. Make into small, flat cakes and put in the roasting pau half an hour before the dinner bour hour before the dinner hour.

Cranberry Pyramid-Make a biscuit dough with a pint of flour, a teaspoonful of baking powder, two tablespoonfuls of butter and milk to make a soft dough. Roll and cut into four circles the largest circle on a greased plate, spread with thick eranberry sauce, eover with the next smallest circle, and so on to the top. Steam for threequarters of an hour, and serve with

To Make Sausage-Sausage is made from the lean trimmings of pork. There should be a "meat chopper" and careful supervision of the preparation, that absolute cleanliness be secured. For every ten pounds of finely chopped meat, add three ounces of salt, one-half ounce black pepper, one and one-half ounces of sage. Mix thoroughly and pack in sweet stone jars, covering with melted fresh lard one-half inch. When needed for use, remove lard, make the top eve It will keep solid, and cover again. It for months in a cool cellar.

Apple Biscuits-In spite of their name these do not belong to the bread family at all, as neither flour nor yeast enters into their composition and core some ripe apples, and reduce them to pulp; flavor with essence of lemon, and mix while warm with their weight of powdered sugar; drop on plates, or into paper cases, and dry in a slow oven for several days. The heat should never be sufficient to bake, only to dry them. When thoroughly dried they should be packed in glass or tin for winter use. Apricots, pears, aspheries, strawberries plums, etc. raspberries, strawberries, plums, e.c., may be done in the same way.

The Paris Exposition of 1900 is have a theatre which will seat 15,000