

# FREELAND TRIBUNE.

ESTABLISHED 1838.  
PUBLISHED EVERY  
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY AND FRIDAY,  
BY THE  
TRIBUNE PRINTING COMPANY, Limited  
OFFICE: MAIN STREET ABOVE CENTRE.  
LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE.

**SUBSCRIPTION RATES**  
FREELAND.—The TRIBUNE is delivered by carriers to subscribers in Freeland at the rate of 12½ cents per month, payable every two months, or \$1.50 a year, payable in advance. The TRIBUNE may be ordered direct from the carriers or from the office. Complaints of irregular or tardy delivery service will receive prompt attention.  
BY MAIL.—The TRIBUNE is sent to out-of-town subscribers for \$1.50 a year, payable in advance; pro rata terms for shorter periods. The date when the subscription expires is on the address label of each paper. Prompt renewals must be made at the expiration, otherwise the subscription will be discontinued.

Entered at the Postoffice at Freeland, Pa., as Second-Class Matter.

Make all money orders, checks, etc., payable to the Tribune Printing Company, Limited.

## HAD NEWSPAPER SENSE,

An Incident That Admirably Illustrates That Quality.

Walter B. Stevens, the secretary of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, for which St. Louis is making great preparations, was for many years connected with the Globe-Democrat and was an especial favorite of Joe McCullagh, its chief editor. Since 1883 Mr. Stevens has been a Washington correspondent, and was recognized as one of the best of the corps. On one occasion when Mr. Stevens was in St. Louis Mr. McCullagh was entertaining some visitors in his office, when the conversation turned upon the difference between men of equal intelligence in the matter of seeing more than appeared on the surface of common things.

"Why, I have a man in this office," Mr. McCullagh declared, "who can beat the world at such a game. I'll show you what he can do."

He called through the speaking tube and Mr. Stevens responded in person.

"Mr. Stevens," said the editor, "I have got to have something to fill about a column and a quarter in tomorrow's paper. I wish you would go out into the street and write up the first thing you come across. Don't stay more than 30 minutes. I need you for another assignment after you are through with this."

At the stroke of the half hour in walked Stevens with a batch of copy in his hand.

"I haven't quite finished that article," he remarked, "but it will take me but a little while more."

"Oh, very well," said Mr. McCullagh, winking slyly at his guests, "but be as quick as you can about it."

It was not very long before Stevens returned, laid the finished manuscript on his chief's desk, took his further orders and retired, whereupon Mr. McCullagh and his friends examined what he had written.

Mr. Stevens, it seems, had walked as far as the nearest corner, where a new building was in process of erection. Apparently there was nothing to be seen more than anyone could see in any unfinished building. He was probably the only passer-by who stopped and watched proceedings, and he talked with the contractor on the curbstone about the little dummy which was running up and down by steam, supplying the bricks and mortar to the masons on the upper floors. His article was a light but thoughtful essay on "The Passing of the Hod Carrier."

## ATHLETICS AND BEAUTY.

Exercise Is Better Than Physic to Improve One's Looks.

American women are beginning to realize that if they would preserve the charms with which nature has endowed them they must pay attention to physical exercise. But there is danger in excess of athleticism. One journal goes so far as to declare that athletics tends to overdevelop the muscle and produces coarseness, and that in their pursuit of exercise women lose their beauty and grace. The deteriorating influences of athletics are made responsible, too, according to the same authority, for a new order of untidy, clumsy and badly dressed women. In the case of the girls of the Neiss family of athletes this theory is at once and most emphatically dispelled. The oldest, Hermine, although barely 20, is a splendidly built woman. Her pretty rounded and well-developed arms must be stronger than many a man's, but there is not the slightest suspicion of that exaggerated outline which so often distinguishes the athlete. She attributes her unbroken health to this constant round of exercise. The suggestion that a strict course of diet was necessary to keep them in good training amused these German girls not a little. They have to regulate their meals, however, but like and eat whatever is good. A good hearty breakfast, luncheon between the afternoon and evening performance and the principal meal in the evening after their work is over is the order of their day. With their meals these gymnasts, like others of their sex, take red wine and occasionally champagne, but they would scorn the idea that they needed any influence to give them pluck and courage. They do not know the meaning of fear.—Chicago News.

It is expected that the railway now being built to connect Valparaiso with the Rio de la Plata will be completed in five or six years.

## JOHNNY HEALY, U. S. MARSHAL.

BY TAPPAN ADNEY,  
Author of "The Klondike Stampede," Etc.

Johnny Healy was troubled. He was used to that. Twenty-five years selling beads and blankets to border Sioux and coming out without a scratch, he knew a few things. He had not been sheriff at Fort Benton for some years to no purpose.

Only a year before, the Indians had determined to kill him, as the best way of expressing their opinion of a man who had come among them for the sole purpose of selling them goods. Two Indians died suddenly in consequence, and no one knows how, he had been taken into the tribe; in place, it seems, of one of those who had died. Moreover, he might almost be called a chief; for the man whose place he took, and who had wanted to kill him, was a chief. The Indian had been altogether in the wrong, and the trader right, and that was their notion of savage justice. This strange circumstance, however, is not the story. It was a fact, though, that the Chilkoots had made him a Crow—"Klukwakitishan" (Old Man of the Crows) they called him.

Johnny Healey's trading post was some distance off, so government thought it well to make him a United States marshal.

Johnny Healey, upon being appointed marshal, being a man of experience, saw it would make the work easier to get the Indians to help him. It would save him much trouble; besides, it would please them. So he appointed from among his own people, the Chilkoots, three skookum young men as policemen.

Now Indians have their "bad men" the same as white people. There was one fellow who was always making trouble. Finally, he put a knife into his squaw for some trifling matter and the marshal had to send the policemen down to arrest him. They brought him up handcuffed. He came willingly enough. The steamer to take him to Sitka would not be up for two or three weeks, and meanwhile he did not know what to do with his prisoner. He had no place to keep him. The store consisted of a single room where the goods were kept, with the living-room and kitchen behind. He could not keep him there. At the side of the building was a shed used for a store-room and entered through the store. So he put him in there. That was no place for him, though, and besides, it would cost something to keep him until the steamer came, and the government made no provision for such a contingency. The marshal scratched his head and stroked his chin. Finally he hit upon a plan. He called up the three policemen and said to them:

"Go inside and tell the man that if he will give me his word of honor to be on hand when the steamer comes in I will let him go free. Tell him that's the way white men do; that sometimes they come back even when they are going to be hanged." He hoped the plan would work. There was no alternative.

The policeman went inside and in a short while they came out and announced that the prisoner said "All right." So he unlocked the handcuffs and the man walked out. And he kept his promise. Every few days he came up to the shore to inquire about the steamer. Finally the steamer came and the marshal said to the man: "The steamer won't sail for two or three days. Be sure to be on hand when the steamer sails."

It happened that the man was a Chilkat. The Chilkats didn't always pull with the Chilkoots. They were blood kin, but they sometimes differed on politics. The prisoner had friends. He was willing to go, but it seems his friends were far from being so. They did not at all approve of the trip to Sitka. Self-respecting Chilkats only went to Sitka to spend their money and get drunk. So the steamer sailed, and the man was not there. In fact at the very time the steamer was getting under way, at least 50 Chilkats, along with the prisoner, had repaired to a large empty house about half a mile distant from the store, and were then and there indulging in a feast and filling up on Alaska whiskey.

"Go down, take your man and bring him here," commanded the marshal to the policemen, when he saw the man was not there and had heard what was going on.

The three policemen fled down to where the festivities were going on. In a little while they fled back to the store.

"What's the matter with you? You are officers. You are big men. Why don't you take him?"

There was no answer.

"Then I will," he said; and the Indians saw he meant it.

Old Donawak, chief of the Crows, spoke up, "They will kill you." They knew it, and they were his friends. The whole village turned out. Every man was there, and they started ahead of him for the house where the men were. Two to their one, and they were drinking. Arrived at the front of the house, he paused not an instant, but pulled open the door and stepped in. The room was chock-a-block with Indians. They were lined up in three tiers all around the sides of the room and there were men standing in the centre. There was the prisoner, but he was in the very last tier next the far wall. The moment the Indians saw who it was they set up a hubbub.

"Tell them when they are still I will have something to say," said he quietly to the interpreter.

In stantly there was silence. Indians are always polite that way.

With hands clasped behind his back and fixing his gaze squarely upon the man in the rear, he said, speaking slowly and quietly: "When you are all through eating, when it is all over, I want to see the prisoner at the store. Tell him to come with the policeman."

There was a dead silence, as before. The trader turned to go. Turning back, half around, he spoke again: "If there is any person here who objects, let him speak right now."

There was a dead silence, as before. Then to the policeman: "I want you to stay here until the feast is over."

Then he went back to the store. He was playing a desperate game; that it might work he could only hope. It might be more correct to say that Johnny Healey never for an instant, after the inception of a course of action, allowed a doubt of success to cross his mind. Force, he saw, was out of the question. No man would come alive out of that hole, if the first hand were raised. Every Chilkat carries a six-shooter in the waistband of his pants and a knife in his shirt to use when he thinks necessary. Three hours passed. The policeman came back to the store. The prisoner was not with them.

The trader had been against as hard a proposition as this before, but not exactly of this kind. If he weakened, his authority was gone. He rubbed his chin once more and looked vacantly out through the small window in front of the store. Then his eyes wandered to the different objects about the dingy room. Against the wall near the window stood a small table. On the table was a copying press. It was just an ordinary commercial copying press. He used it for keeping copies of letters he sent outside for goods and other matters. He had found it a useful thing, and had brought it from Montana. It was somewhat of a mystery to the Indians. There was not another one in Alaska this side of the governor's office at Sitka. Perhaps they had some idea about its being "official." They knew that letters to Sitka first went into that machine. However, we may not know all that passed through the minds of the savages whenever they came into the store to buy a bolt of calico or a plug of tobacco. An idea struck the trader. The copying press!

## FALLACIES ABOUT FLOUR.

Patent Roller Article More Digestible Than Graham.

Commonly accepted and widely taught ideas in regard to the evil effects of eating white flour bread, instead of graham and whole wheat breads, are upset by recent experiments of the Department of Agriculture. Digestion experiments were carefully carried out with bread made from each of the several kinds of flour, and the proportions of protein assimilated and rejected by the system carefully determined. The whole wheat flours may afford a greater proportion of the mineral nutrients, however, as this phase of the subject was not studied, but as far as the available protein fats, carbohydrates and energy are concerned the patent roller flours are preferable.

According to the chemical analysis of graham, entire wheat and standard patent flours, milled from the same lot of hard Scotch Pife spring wheat the graham flour contained the highest and the patent flour the lowest percentage of total protein. The results of the digestion experiments with these flours showed that they were valuable in the reverse order, that is, the standard patent roller flour afforded the greatest amount of assimilable protein, while the graham and whole wheat afforded lesser amounts. This paradox, that the flour containing the smallest proportion of protein, should afford the greatest proportion available for digestion, is explained by the coarseness of the particles of the whole wheat varieties. The bran and germ of these flours resist the action of the digestive juices to a great degree, and consequently pass through the system unaltered. On the other hand, the finely ground condition of the patent flours improves its digestibility.

It was also shown that the addition of wheat starch to flour did not improve its bread-making qualities or the size of the loaf. The most desirable flour for bread-making appears to be one produced by blending hard and soft wheat flours, in which the undesirable properties of the gluten of each are counterbalanced.

There is no recreation in desecration. The Sun of righteousness withers the hypocrites.

The only way to feed the sheep is to follow the shepherd.

The only anger without sin is that which is against sin.

If life is a day-dream death will be a terrible night of reality.

The heavier sins fetter the more some boast of their freedom.

Life is to be measured by its outflow rather than by its income.

The man of bitter thoughts will not be likely to live a sweet life.

The people who sing the wrong stanza usually sing the loudest.

When money is your only friend you naturally hate to part with it.

The counsel that falls like the snow lies longer than the hail of chiding.

The links in the devil's chain are forged out of what we call our liberties.

It is still an open question whether this is the steel age or the age of steel.

No woman can find greater social opportunities than those of her own home.—Ram's Horn.

**WORDS OF WISDOM.**

There is no recreation in desecration. The Sun of righteousness withers the hypocrites.

The only way to feed the sheep is to follow the shepherd.

The only anger without sin is that which is against sin.

If life is a day-dream death will be a terrible night of reality.

The heavier sins fetter the more some boast of their freedom.

Life is to be measured by its outflow rather than by its income.

The man of bitter thoughts will not be likely to live a sweet life.

The people who sing the wrong stanza usually sing the loudest.

When money is your only friend you naturally hate to part with it.

The counsel that falls like the snow lies longer than the hail of chiding.

The links in the devil's chain are forged out of what we call our liberties.

It is still an open question whether this is the steel age or the age of steel.

No woman can find greater social opportunities than those of her own home.—Ram's Horn.

**An Acetylene Life Saver.**

A successful trial has taken place at Vienna, Austria, at the Diana Baths of a new invention for saving life at sea. The inventor is Lieutenant George Irsay de Irsay of the Hussars.

A man completely dressed, the life-saving appliance hanging loosely from his shoulder, threw himself into the water. After a few seconds he returned to the surface, and then for some hours was kept above the water by the inflated bladder or bag constituting the essential part of the appliance.

The invention consists of a metal box and a bag, which is closely wrapped around the box. Within the apparatus a perforated case is placed containing a certain chemical preparation.

The lock of the case consists of a rubber plate, which is kept upward before use by means of a substance soluble in water.

The inflated bag penetrates into the apparatus acetylene gas is developed and the lock becomes closed automatically.

The inflated bag serves as a sort of floating cushion, by means of which even voluntary attempts at diving are impossible.

**A Curious Marriage Notice.**

The following curious marriage notice appeared the other day in the London Times: "On Tuesday, the 15th inst., at Botesfield, Lincolnshire, John Kirk, an occasional preacher in the Methodist Connection, to Susanna Seaton, of Burringham, mantua maker. The patient bride had kept company near two years with a blacksmith of the same place, and was actually published with him in the church the very Sunday preceding her marriage, but for the reasons best known to herself cloped next day with the preacher; so true is it that we know not what a day may bring forth."

**A Wonderful Increase.**

Recent census figures show that in the last ten years newspapers and periodicals have increased to the enormous number of 7916. There are published to-day 23,916 papers in all. It is not to be wondered at that advertising pays so well in this country. These figures show how small a percentage of our population is illiterate.

**Lord Rosebery's Descent.**

The Earl of Rosebery appears to have been the right man in the right place yesterday, and this in more senses than one. His lordship, it would seem, had a genealogical claim to deliver the Millenary oration. An antiquarian correspondent informs us that Lord Rosebery "has a clear descent from the great king of the Saxons through Princess Margaret, sister of King Henry VIII. She was the wife of the chivalrous but rash James, fourth king of the Scots of that name, who came to grief at Flodden, and their son and successor was James V, the father of that most romantic of princesses, Mary Queen of Scots, Queen Mary had a half-brother, the Earl of Moray, the same who forced her poor trembling hand to sign the deed of abdication, who founded a line of nobles, the fourth of whom gave a daughter as wife to the ninth Earl of Argyll. He had the misfortune to lose his head at Edinburgh for opposing James II of England, whose representative is 'Mary III,' otherwise the Princess Louis of Bavaria. This Countess of Argyll was mother of the next earl, ancestor of the fourth duke, a sister of whose was Countess of Rosebery, and great great-grandmother of the present noble earl."—London Chronicle.

**What Becomes of Arctic Animals.**

It has been a source of much surprise to Professor Nordenskjöld that during his expedition within the Arctic Circle, in regions where animal life is abundant, he has found very few remains of animals which died a natural death. No one has any idea of what becomes of the bodies of such animals. And it is, indeed, very strange that on Spitzbergen it is easier to find bones of a gigantic lizard of remote geological time than those of a self-dead seal, walrus or bird. The same is also true of some places not so far north.

**King Edward's Statue.**

The discovery has been made that the metropolis does not possess a public statue of the King. The omission is to be repaired, for it is proposed in the city to celebrate the coronation next year by the erection of an equestrian statue of King Edward in a leading thoroughfare.—Liverpool Courier.

## A TORNADO AT CLOSE RANGE.

What One of Them Looks Like 300 Feet Away.

There was a fearful storm in the lowlands yesterday forenoon at 1 o'clock, and a great many trees, some two feet in diameter, were picked up out of the ground and hurled into the air to be dashed to the earth again with terrific force. As far as can be learned there was no loss of life. The storm spent its fury in a path about 100 yards wide and two miles long, it is approximated.

Levi S. Wild, manager of the Western Union Telegraph Company of this city, and Bryan Irvine went to Bernice Saturday night and yesterday morning engaged a team and drove out to Hoadley's place, about four miles and a half up the lowlands from Bernice. They were chatting in Hoadley's cabin, when Mr. Irvine looked out of the window to the west and remarked that he saw the blackest cloud he ever beheld. The morning had been fretful and drizzling. The other gentlemen noticed the ominous appearance of the black bank of cloud in the sky, but paid no more attention to it until it began to sprinkle, when a great gust of strong wind reminded the party within of the black cloud.

The rain resolved itself into a hail-storm and soon the largest hailstones that any of the men ever saw poured down in a threatening manner. The roof of the cabin was inadequate and the boards were rent asunder and great stones rained and pelted down upon the floor, bounding back toward the ceiling violently. Still the cabin was not in the teeth of the storm, for Mr. Wild said he could see across the creek, 100 yards distant. Trees were torn up and dashed to the ground and the wind lifted them high into the air and carried them great distances. It was feared at the time that all the men in the cabin would be dashed to eternity by the savage twister. But nothing more than a hard hailstorm struck the cabin. The sight was awe-inspiring. There was but little lightning and thunder. The roaring in the trees, whose majestic beauty was being marred and rent, was dolefully grand and inspiring.

Two men drove up to the cabin fifteen minutes later and said the road was literally strewn with trees. They had secured shelter in a crevasse and were unhurt. They saw a whole hillside denuded of its foliage and dense growth of trees. Some of the trees were nearly three feet in diameter, and they were piled indiscriminately upon one another. There were at least 100 grand, stalwart pines dashed into a heap in about two minutes. The havoc was terrible to behold.—Anacoda (Mont.) Standard.

**Only One Meal, But Big.**

A famous and eccentric physician of London, who flourished 130 years ago, was a stout advocate of a restricted diet. He held that one meal a day was enough for anyone, and he practiced what he preached. But that man! A chronicler of the time said of it: "For over twenty years Dr. Fordyce dined daily at Dolly's chop house, near Paternoster row. At 4 o'clock he entered and took his seat at a table always reserved for him. A silver tankard full of strong ale, a bottle of port wine, and a measure containing a quarter of a pint of brandy were instantly placed before him.

"The moment the waiter announced him the cook put a pound and a half of rump steak on the gridiron, and on the table some delicate trifle as a bonnebouche to serve until the steak was ready. This morsel was sometimes half a broiled chicken, sometimes a plate of fish. When he had eaten this the doctor took one glass of brandy and then proceeded to devour his steak.

"When he had finished his meat he took the remainder of his brandy. (He drank the ale during his dinner.) He then took his bottle of port. He thus spent daily an hour and a half, and then returned to his house in Essex street to give his 6 o'clock lecture on chemistry. He made no other meal until his return next day at 4 o'clock to Dolly's."—Boston Advertiser.

**Put to Novel Use.**

Carrier pigeons have been put to novel use by a physician of Rockland, Me. On one occasion he was called to attend a patient who was seriously ill. To reach this island he was obliged to make a dangerous trip. Before he returned to the mainland he gave the family of his patient six homing pigeons which were to be used as messengers to inform him of his patient's condition. A pigeon was dispatched as often as necessary, carrying assurances to the physician of the patient's steady progress toward recovery.

**What Becomes of Arctic Animals.**

It has been a source of much surprise to Professor Nordenskjöld that during his expedition within the Arctic Circle, in regions where animal life is abundant, he has found very few remains of animals which died a natural death. No one has any idea of what becomes of the bodies of such animals. And it is, indeed, very strange that on Spitzbergen it is easier to find bones of a gigantic lizard of remote geological time than those of a self-dead seal, walrus or bird. The same is also true of some places not so far north.

**King Edward's Statue.**

The discovery has been made that the metropolis does not possess a public statue of the King. The omission is to be repaired, for it is proposed in the city to celebrate the coronation next year by the erection of an equestrian statue of King Edward in a leading thoroughfare.—Liverpool Courier.

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS:

How to Prepare and Bake the Wholesome Maize Edibles.

The art of making bread was Mrs. S. Rorer's theme at the food show in Philadelphia. The process was demonstrated in all stages—the flour stage, the sponge stage, the shaped loaf stage and the finished browned beauty stage. Mrs. Rorer made white bread, whole wheat bread and corn bread.

## ART OF BREAD MAKING.

Make one pint of mush; when cold add one pint of scalded milk, one yeast cake, dissolved, and sufficient flour to make a batter. Beat thoroughly, and stand aside for two hours. When light add enough flour to make a dough, knead carefully and put at once into a greased pan and when it is again light bake in a moderately quick oven one hour.

**CORN LOAF.**

Make one pint of mush; when cold add one pint of scalded milk, one yeast cake, dissolved, and sufficient flour to make a batter. Beat thoroughly, and stand aside for two hours. When light add enough flour to make a dough, knead carefully and put at once into a greased pan and when it is again light bake in a moderately quick oven one hour.

**RUSSIAN AND GERMAN.**

For an example of salt rising bread of an ascetic fermentation there was a loaf of pumpernickel, a most wholesome bread containing all the nourishment necessary to the sustaining of life. This whole wheat and unbolted yeast bread, which is made without yeast or baking powder, is the chief food of the Westphalian and Russian peasants. Both this and Kneippe bread are sufficient to sustain a laborer without animal food.

**WHOLE WHEAT BREAD.**

Scald one pint of milk, add a pint of water. When lukewarm add a dissolved yeast cake, a level teaspoonful of salt, and sufficient whole wheat flour to make a batter. Beat thoroughly and stand in a warm place for two hours. Add sufficient flour to make a dough. Knead until elastic. Form into loaves, place in bread pans, and stand for one hour in a warm place. Bake three-fourths of an hour in a moderately quick oven.

**WHITE BREAD.**

Pour one pint of boiling water into one pint of milk; when lukewarm add one teaspoonful of salt and one-half an ounce of compressed yeast cake dissolved in a quarter cup of warm water. Mix and stir in sufficient flour to make a dough. Turn this on a board and knead thoroughly until soft and elastic. Put back in the bowl; cover and stand in a warm place (seventy-five degrees Fahr.) for three hours. Then form it into loaves; put them into greased pans, cover again and stand in a warm place for one hour. Brush with water and bake in a quick oven for one hour if in square loaves, or a half hour in long French pans.

**IMPORTANT POINTERS.**

The kneading motion should be light and elastic. It has a two-fold object, to stretch the gluten and to make the bread lighter in color.

Bread must be thoroughly baked to kill the yeast plant and rupture the starch cells.

Large loaves must go into a slow oven and be in ten minutes before browning. A too hot oven means a heavy crust, which is a non-conductor, and prevents the heat from reaching the centre. Small loaves should go into a quick oven.

German bread with kimmel seeds is a good luncheon bread.

Of course there is but one sort of bread for dinner, "just bread."

A mixture that pours is a thin batter. One that drops from a spoon is a thick batter. While a mixture thick enough to knead is a dough.

Good flour is as important as good yeast. White flour should be slightly granulated, and free from bran. Rye flour resembles it, and may be made after the same recipe.

**Pepper Vinegar.**—Break up a half dozen peppers. Add three dozen black peppercorns. Scald a quart of vinegar and pour over the peppers. Put in a jar, steep a few minutes, strain and bottle. To be eaten with fish or raw c.sters.

**Browned Potatoes.**—Fry a slice of onion in a tablespoonful of fat to extract the flavor. Remove the onion, add as much more fat and a tablespoonful of butter; in this fry a nice brown cold boiled or freshly boiled potato cut in lengthwise halves. Dust with salt. Place around the eggs on hot platter.

**Portugal Cakes.**—Put a pound of fine sugar, a pound of fresh butter, five eggs and a little beaten (ground) mace into a bread pan; beat it with your hands until it is very light and looks curdling; then put thereto a pound of flour and half a pound of currants very dry; beat them together, fill tin pans and bake them in a slack oven.

**HOUSEHOLD RECIPES**

The second highest smokestack has just been completed at Constable Hook, N. J., 365 feet high, seven feet thick at base, sixteen feet diameter,



ART OF BREAD MAKING.

How to Prepare and Bake the Wholesome Maize Edibles.

The art of making bread was Mrs. S. Rorer's theme at the food show in Philadelphia. The process was demonstrated in all stages—the flour stage, the sponge stage, the shaped loaf stage and the finished browned beauty stage. Mrs. Rorer made white bread, whole wheat bread and corn bread.

**CORN LOAF.**

Make one pint of mush; when cold add one pint of scalded milk, one yeast cake, dissolved, and sufficient flour to make a batter. Beat thoroughly, and stand aside for two hours. When light add enough flour to make a dough, knead carefully and put at once into a greased pan and when it is again light bake in a moderately quick oven one hour.

**RUSSIAN AND GERMAN.**

For an example of salt rising bread of an ascetic fermentation there was a loaf of pumpernickel, a most wholesome bread containing all the nourishment necessary to the sustaining of life. This whole wheat and unbolted yeast bread, which is made without yeast or baking powder, is the chief food of the Westphalian and Russian peasants. Both this and Kneippe bread are sufficient to sustain a laborer without animal food.

**WHOLE WHEAT BREAD.**

Scald one pint of milk, add a pint of water. When lukewarm add a dissolved yeast cake, a level teaspoonful of salt, and sufficient whole wheat flour to make a batter. Beat thoroughly and stand in a warm place for two hours. Add sufficient flour to make a dough. Knead until elastic. Form into loaves, place in bread pans, and stand for one hour in a warm place. Bake three-fourths of an hour in a moderately quick oven.

**WHITE BREAD.**

Pour one pint of boiling water into one pint of milk; when lukewarm add one teaspoonful of salt and one-half an ounce of compressed yeast cake dissolved in a quarter cup of warm water. Mix and stir in sufficient flour to make a dough. Turn this on a board and knead thoroughly until soft and elastic. Put back in the bowl; cover and stand in a warm place (seventy-five degrees Fahr.) for three hours. Then form it into loaves; put them into greased pans, cover again and stand in a warm place for one hour. Brush with water and bake in a quick oven for one hour if in square loaves, or a half hour in long French pans.

**IMPORTANT POINTERS.**

The kneading motion should be light and elastic. It has a two-fold object, to stretch the gluten and to make the bread lighter in color.

Bread must be thoroughly baked to kill the yeast plant and rupture the starch cells.

Large loaves must go into a slow oven and be in ten minutes before browning. A too hot oven means a heavy crust, which is a non-conductor, and prevents the heat from reaching the centre. Small loaves should go into a quick oven.

German bread with kimmel seeds is a good luncheon bread.

Of course there is but one sort of bread for dinner, "just bread."

A mixture that pours is a thin batter. One that drops from a spoon is a thick batter. While a mixture thick enough to knead is a dough.

Good flour is as important as good yeast. White flour should be slightly granulated, and free from bran. Rye flour resembles it, and may be made after the same recipe.

**Pepper Vinegar.**—Break up a half dozen peppers. Add three dozen black peppercorns. Scald a quart of vinegar and pour over the peppers. Put in a jar, steep a few minutes, strain and bottle. To be eaten with fish or raw c.sters.

**Browned Potatoes.**—Fry a slice of onion in a tablespoonful of fat to extract the flavor. Remove the onion, add as much more fat and a tablespoonful of butter; in this fry a nice brown cold boiled or freshly boiled potato cut in lengthwise halves. Dust with salt. Place around the eggs on hot platter.

**Portugal Cakes.**—Put a pound of fine sugar, a pound of fresh butter, five eggs and a little beaten (ground) mace into a bread pan; beat it with your hands until it is very light and looks curdling; then put thereto a pound of flour and half a pound of currants very dry; beat them together, fill tin pans and bake them in a slack oven.

The second highest smokestack has just been completed at Constable Hook, N. J., 365 feet high, seven feet thick at base, sixteen feet diameter,