

1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

### "FOR GOD, FOR COUNTRY, AND FOR TRUTH."

## SINGLE COPY, 5 CENTS.

### VOL. X.

# PLYMOUTH, N. C., FRIDAY, APRIL 7, 1899.

#### THE AMERICAN NOMAD.

Turning from the quiet fields Where the lazy cattle graze; Leaving her in tears who bent O'er him in his helpless days; Faring down the dusty road, Leaving all he loves behind, Rushing in where striving men Push him down and never mind.

Dreams of sweet old peaceful scenes, Sometimes, in the rush and roar; Memories of cradle songs That are sung to him no more; Newer friends and newer hopes, Gaining step by step, and then For a little chinking coin, Leaving all behind again.

Ever striving to outstrip Those that labor at his side; Spurning love and spurning rest, Till the last unsatisfied ; Here today-tomorrow where? "Home" a hollow, empty name; Happiness to give in trade For a little pelf or fame.

Still the lazy cattle graze Out upon the sloping hill, And the smoke is curling up From the old red chimney still; Still the rusty hinges creak When they swing apart the gates, And a little vacant lot For the restless toiler waits.

-Cleveland Leader.

# THE OLD UNIFORM. A Story of the Zouaves.

#### 

One of my desk-mates in the office fight. Dry-Jean got a cut on the at the ministry of war was an ex-non- head from a tringlo that nearly fincommissioned officer, Henri Vidal. He ished him, a fortnight in the guardhad lost a left arm in the Italian cam- room and the loss of his stripes-the paign, but with his remaining hand he second time he had lost them. executed marvels of caligraphy-down to drawing with one pen-stroke a bird in the flourish of his signature.

a sprinkling of gray in his blonde imperial-he had been in the Zonaves. We all called him Pere Vidal, more respectfully than familiarly, for we all to support his widowed sister and giving you eight days for a speck of her three children.

walked home with Pere Vidal, and I the slightest want of discipline. The used to make him tell of his campaigns as we passed near the military school, meeting at every step-it was at the close of the empire-the splendid uniforms of the Imperial Guard, green stiff as a bristle, with the mustaches chasseurs, white lancers and the dark of an angry cat, flung his punishment and magnificent artillery officers, black at Dry-Jean's head, adding curtly, 'I ting killed in.

As we walked along the hideous Bouleyard de Grenelle he stopped sud- to do pack-drill. But all the same the denly before a military old-clothes captain might have come off his high shop-there are many like it in that horse a bit had he seen the rage that quarter-a dirty, sinister den, showing reddened the sergeant's face as soon in its window rusted pistols, bowls as he turned his head and the hatred full of buttons and tarnished epaulets; that flashed through his terrible blue in front were hung, amid sordid rags, eyes. a few o'd officers' uniforms, rain-rotted

"Of well-to-do parents and with some education, he would have risen to be an officer long before if it had A good fellow, Vidal; the type of not been for his conduct. Eighteen the upright old soldier, hardly 40, with months later he got his stripes back again, thanks to the indulgence of the old African captain who had seen him under fire in Kabylie. Hereupon our old captain is promoted chief of batknew his honor and devotion. He lived talion, and they send us out a captain in a cheap little lodging at Grenelle, of 28, a Corsican named Gentili, just where-on the money of his cross, his out of school, a cold, ambitious, clever pension and his salary-he managed | fellow, very exacting, hard on his men, rust on your gun or a button off your As at that time I, too, was living in the southern suburb of Paris, I often in Algeria, not tolerating fantasia or two took a hatred to each other from the first; result, the guardroom for Dry-Jean after every drinking bout. When the captain, a little fellow, as and gold, a costume worth while get-ting killed in. know yon, my man, and I'll bring you to order!' Dry-Jean answered never a word and walked away quietly captain might have come off his high

"Hereupon the emperor declares and sunburned; with the slope-in at | war against the Austrians, and we are

charge it was, too! Have you ever seen a high sea dash on a rock? Each company rushed up like a breaker on a reef. Thrice the battery was covered with blue coats and red trousers, and thrice we saw the earthwork reappear with its cannon jaws, impassable.

"But our company, the Fourth, was to snatch the prize. In 20 leaps I reached the redoubt; helping myself with my rifle-butt I crossed the talus. I had only time to see a blonde mustache, a blue cap and a carbine barrel almost touching me. Then I thought my arm flew off. I dropped my gun, fell dizzily on my side near a gun-carriage wheel and lost consciousness.

"When I opened my eyes nothing was to be heard but distant musketry. The Zouaves, forming a disordered half-circle, were shouting 'Vive l'Empercur!' and brandishing their rifles. "An old general followed by his staff galloped up. He pulled up his horse, waved his gilded helmet gayly and cried:

" 'Bravo, Zonaves! You are the first soldiers in the world!'

"I found myself sitting near the wheel, supporting my poor broken paw, when suddenly I remembered Dry-Jean's awful crime. At that very instant he stepped out of the ranks toward the general. He had lost his fez, and from a big gash in his closeshaven head ran a trickle of blood. Leaning on his gun with one hand, with the other he held out an Austrian flag, tattered and dyed red-a flag he had taken. The general gazed at him admiringly.

" 'Hey there, Bricourt!' turning to one of his staff; 'look at that, if you please. What men!'

"Whereupon Dry-Jean spoke up? " 'Quite so, my general. But you know-the First Zouaves-there are only enough left for once more!'

' 'I would like to hug you for that!' cried the general; 'you'll get the cross, you know,' and still repeating, 'what men!' he said to his aid-de-camp something I didn't understand-I'm no scholar, you know. But I remember it perfectly: 'Worthy of Plutarch, wasn't it, Bricourt?'

'At that very moment the pain was too much for me, and I fainted. You know the rest. I've often told you how they sawed off my arm and how ! dragged along in delirium for two months in the hospital. In my sleepless hours I used to ask myself if it was my duty to accuse Dry-Jean publicly. But could I prove it? And then I said, 'He's a scoundrel, but he's brave; he killed Captain Gentili, but he took a flag from the enemy Finally, in my convalescence, I learned. that as a reward for his courage Dry-Jean had stepped up into the Zouaves of the Guard and had been decorated. Ah! at first it gave me a disgust at my own cross which the colonel had pinned on me in the hospital. Yet Dry-Jean deserved his, too; only his Legion of Honor ought to have served as the bull's-eye for the squad detailed to put him out of existence. "It's all far away now. I never saw him again; he remained in the service, and I became a good civilian. But just now, when I saw that uniform with its bullet-hole-God knows how it got there-hanging a stone's throw from the barracks where the marderer is, it seemed to me that the punc. captain, the crime still unpunished, I did my utmost to quiet Pere Vidal, assuring him he had acted for the best. Five days later, on reaching the office, Vidal handing me a paper folded at a certain paragraph, murmured gravely: "What did I tell. you?" I read: "Another victim of intemperance.-Yesterday afternoon, on the Boulevard de Gre-nelle, a certain Jean Mallet, known as Dry-Jean, sergeant in the Zouaves of the Impe-rial Guard, who with two companions had been drinking freely, was seized with delir-jum tremens while looking at some did uniforms hanging in a second-hand shop. He frew his bayonet and dashed down the drew his street to the terror of all passers-by. The two privates with him had the utmost difficulty in securing the madman, who shouted ceaselessly: 'I am not a murderer; I took an Austrian flag at Melegnano!' It seems that the latter statement is true. Mallet was decorated for this feat; his addiction to drink has alone prevented him from rising in the ranks. Mailet was conducted to the military hospital of Gros-Callion, whence he will soon be transferred to Charenton, for it is doubtful if he can recover his reason.

HELPS FOR HOUSEWIVES.

The Flapping Window Shade,

Not only do invalids find a flapping window shade a great source of annovance, but persons of strong nerves are often made uncomfortable by the constant tapping sound. An easy way to prevent this nuisance is to screw two brass hooks on the sides of the window opposite each other and about twelve inches from the sill. Tie a tape across the window from one hook to the other. Screw a third hook in the moulding below the sill. The shade should then be pulled down over the tape and the curtain cord tied securely to the lower hook. In this way the shade will be firmly held in place.

#### Regulating the Oven.

When particular baking is receiving attention and several unfamiliar dishes are being manufactured, it is of special importance to have the oven in perfect condition, and as far as possible under the control of the cook. The best of stoves, says an experienced housewife, are tricky sometimes and bear watching. Nearly each one has its pet peculiarity - a tendency to burn at the bottom, or a habit of scorching at the top, while the lower part remains raw and sodden. Familiarity will enable the cook to correct these difficulties. She will overcome the first fault by placing the grating on a pan under the baking dish and the other by covering the cake or loaf with a pan or paper until the bottom is done. A plain piece of manilla paper placed over the top of the cake will insure thorough, even baking, when, without this arrangement, the top would become scorched long before the cake was baked through.

#### Children's Earache.

A simple household remedy for children's earache is a bag of hops wrung out in boiling vinegar, or even boiling water if that is more convenient. Lay the heated hops over the ear, cover it closely with a heavy piece of flannel and cotton to keep in the steam, and keep the moisture from penetrating outside. Severe pain may be almost instantly relieved by this remedy, which is so easily applied. Keep two bags in use, removing one as soon as it is cooled and substituting the other. Take special care not to leave the ear exposed to the cold air in changing the bags. When going out in the air after a season of earache, wear a little cotton in the ear until the cold has passed away. Never thrust hairpins or any hard objects in the ear to remove way. The use of a soft cloth and soap and water is all that should be employed in the interest of cleanliness. Where there is a sudden deafness, an accumulation of wax may always be suspected. In that case use a small glass ear syringe with warm water and soap suds. If this does not remove the obstacle apply warm or quite hot olive oil and let it remain long enough to soak out the whx. Syringe out the ear again with warm soap suds. If no wax appears, the deafness is probably caused by something else, but in a vast number of cases it is the cause of sudden deafness, and 'may be removed by the method described .- New York Trib-

#### DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON. Again, the street impresses me with the

#### SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: "Perils of the Metropolis"-The Luxury and the Squalor of Great Cities Thrown Into Violent Contrast-Object Lessons Drawn From Experience.

TEXT: "Wisdom crieth without; she ut-ereth her voice in the streets."-Proverbs . 20.

We are all ready to listen to the voices of nature-the voices of the mountain, the oices of the sea, the voices of the storm, the voices of the star. As in some of the cathedrals in Europe there is an organ at either end of the building, and the one instrument responds musically to the other, so in the great cathedral of nature day responds to day and night to night and flower to flower and star to star in the great harmonies of the universe. The springtime is an evangelist in biossoms preaching of God's love, and the winter is a prophet—white bearded—symbolizing woe against our sins. We are all ready to listen to the voices of nature, but how few of us learn anything from the volces of the noisy and dusty street? You go to your noisy and dusty street? You go to your merchanism and to your work and to your merchandlse, and you come back again, and often with how different a heart you pass through the streets. Are there no things for us to learn from these pave-ments over which we pass? Are there no tufts of truth growing up between these cobblestones, beaten with the feet of toil and pain and pleasure, the slow tread of and pain and pleasure, the slow tread of age and the quick step of childhood? old Ave, there are great harvests to be reaped, and now I thrust in the sickle because the harvest is ripe. "Wisdom crieth without: she uttereth her voice in the streets."

In the first place, the street impresses me with the fact that this life is a scene of toil and struggle. By ten o'clock every day the city is jarring with wheels, and shuffling with feet, and humming with voices, and covered with the breath of smoke-stacks, and a rush with traffickers. Once in awhile you find a man going along with folded arms and with lefaurely step, as though he had nothing to do; but for the most part, as you find men going down these streets on the way to business, there is anxiety in their faces, as though they had some errand which must be executed at the first possible moment. You are is the first possible moment. Fourier for are jostied by those who have bargains to make and notes to sell. Up this ladder with a hod of bricks, out of this bank with a roli of bills, on this dray with a load of goods, digging a cellar, or shingling a roof, or shoeing a horse, or building a wall, or mending a more, or building a book. Inmending a watch, or binding a book. In-dustry, with her thousand arms and thousand eyes and thousand feet goes on singing her song of work, work, work, while the mills drum it and the steam whistles fife it. All this not because men love toil. Some one remarked, "Every man is as lazy as he can afford to be." But it is because necessity with stern brow and with uplifted whip stand over you ready whenever you relax your toll to make your shoulders sting with the lash,

sting with the lash. Can it be that passing up and down these streets on your way to work and business that you do not learn anything of the world's toil and anxiety and struggle? Oh, how many drooping hearts, how many eyes on the watch, how many how many losses suffered, how many battles fought, how many victories gained, how many defeats suffered, how many exasperations endured; what losses, what hunger, what wretchedness, what pallor, what disease, what agony, what despairl Sometimes I have stopped at the corner of the street as the multitudes went hither and yon, and it has seemed to me a great pantomime, and as I looked upon it my heart broke. This great tide of human life that goes down the street is a rapid, tossed and turned aside, and dashed ahead, and driven back-beautiful in its confusion. and confused in its beauty. In the carpeted nisles of the forest. in the woods from which the eternal shadow is never lifted, on the shore of the sea over which iron coast tosses the tangled foam sprinkling the cracked cliffs with a baptism of whirl wind and tempest, is the best place to study God, but in the rushing, swarming, raving street is the best place ts study man. Going down to your place of business and coming home again, I charge you to look about—see these signs of poverty, of wretchedness, of hunger, of sin, of bereavement-and as you go through the streets, and come back through the streets, gather up in the arms of your prayer all the sorrow, all the losses, all the sufferings, all the bereavements of those whom you pass, and present them in prayer before an allsympathetic God. In the great day of eternity there will be thousands of persons with whom you in this world never ex-changed one word, will rise up and call you blessed, and there will be a thousand ingers pointed at you in heaven, saying: "That is the man, that is the woman, who helped me when I was hungry and sick and wandering and lost and heartbroken. That is the man, that is the woman," and the blessing will come down upon you as Christ shall say: 'I was hungry, and ye fed Me; I was nuked, and ye clothed Me; I was sick and in prison, and ye visited Me; inasmuch as ye did it to these poor waifs of

fact that it is a very hard thing for a man to keep his heart right and get to heaven. Infinite temptations spring upon us from, these places of public concourse. Amid so much affluence, how much temptation to covetousness and to be discontented with our humble lot! Amid so many op-portunities for overreaching, what tempta-tion to extortion! A mid so much disclar tion to extortion! Amid so much display, what temptation to vanity! Amid so many saloons of strong drink, what alurement to dissipation! In the maelstroms and hell gates of the street how many make quick and eternal shipwreck! If a man-of-war comes back from a bat-tle and is towed into the navy yard, we go down to look at The splintered spars and count the bullet holes and look with patriotic admiration on the flag that floated in victory from the mast-head. But that man is more of a curiosity who has gone through thirty years of the sharpshooting of business life and yet sails on, victor over the temptations of the street. Oh, how many have gone down street. Oh, how many have gone down under the pressure, leaving not so much as the patch of canvas to tell where they per-ished! They never had any peace. Their dishonesties kept tolling in their ears. If I had an ax and could split open the beams of that fine house, perhaps I would find in the very heart of it a skeleton. In his very best wine there is a smack of poor man's smact. Oh it is atranse that when a mon sweat. Oh, it is strange that when a man has devoured widows' houses he is disturbed with indigestion? All the forces of nature are against him. The floods are ready to drown him and the earthquake to swallow him and the fires to consume him and the lightnings to smite him. But the children of God are on every street, and in the day when the crowns of heaven are distributed some of the brightest of them will be given to those men who were faithful to God and faithful to the souls of others amid the marts of business, proving themselves the heroes of the street. Mighty were their temptations, mighty was their deliverance and mighty shall be their triumph.

NO. 29.

Again, the street impresses me with the fact that it is a great field for Christian charity. There are hunger and suffering, charity. There are hunger and substring, and want and wretchedness in the coun-try, but these evils chiefly congregate in our great cities. On every streat orims prowls, and drunkenness staggers, and shame winks, and pauperism thrusts out its hand asking for aims. Here what is most squalid and hunger is most lean. A Christian men scheme lear the treat in New Christian man, going along a street in New York, saw a poor lad, and he stopped and said, "My boy, do you know how to read and write?" The boy made no answer. The man asked the question twice and thrice. "Can you read and write?" And then the boy answered, with a tear pinshing on the back of his hand. He said in defiance: "No, sir, don't read nor write, neither. God, sir, don't want me to read and write. Didn't has have my the and write. Didn't he take away my lather so long ago I never remember to have seen him? And haven't I had to go along the streets to get something to fetch home to eat for the folks? And didn't I, as soon as I could carry a basket, have to go out and, nick un cinders and never have no sobole pick up cinders and never have no school-ing, sir? God don't want me to read, sir. I can't read nor write, neither." Oh, these poor wanderers! They have no chance, Born in degradation, as, they get up from their hands and knees to walk, they take their first step on the road of despair. Let us go forth in the name of the Lord Jesna Christ to rescue them. Let us ministers not be afraid of soiling our black clothes while we go down on that mission. While we are tying an elaborate knot in our cravat or while we are in the study rounding off some period rhetorically we might be saying a soul from death and hiding a multis tude of sins. O Christian laymen, go out on this work! If you are not willing to go forth yourself, then give of your means, and if you are too lazy to go, and if you are too stingy to help, then get out of the way and hide yourself in the dens and caves of the earth, lest, when Christ's charlot comes along the horses' hoofs trample you into the mire. Beware lest the thousands of the destinute of your city the thousands of the destitute of your city in the last great day rise up and curse your stupidity and your neglect. Down to work! Lift them up. One cold winter's day, as a Christian "what makes you think anybody will come and take care of you?" "Oh," she said, "my mother diadlast week, and I was crying very much, and she said: 'Don't cry, dear, though I am gone and your father is gone, the Lord will send somebody to take crre of you." My mother never told a lie; she said some one would come and take care of me, and I am waiting for them to come." Oh, yes, they are waiting for you. Men who have money, men who have influence, men of churches, men of great hearts, gather them in, gather them in. It is not the will of your Heavenly Father that one of these little dnes should perisb. Lastly, the street impresses me with the fact that all the people are looking for-ward. I see expectancy written on almost every face I meet. Where you find a thonsand people walking straight on, you only find one stopping and looking back. Th fact is, God made us all to look ahead, be The cause we are immortal. In this tramp of the multitude on the streets I hear the the multitude on the streets 1 hear the tramp of a great host, marching and marching for eternity. Beyond the office, the store, the shop, the street, there is a world, populous and tremendous. Through God's grace, may you reach that blessed piace. A great throng fills these boule-vards, and the streets are arush with the chariots of conquerors. The inhab-itants go up and down, but they never weep and the never toil. A river flows weep and the never toll. A river flows through that city, with rounded and lux-urious banks, and the trees of life, laden with everlasting fruitage, bend their branches into the crystal. No plumed hearse rattles over that pave-ment for they are paver side. With Imment, for they are never sick. With im-mortal health glowing in every vein, they know not how to die. Those towers of strength, those palaces of beauty, gleam Oh: in the light of a sun that never sets. Heaven, heaven, beautiful heaven! Heaven, where our friends are! The take no census in that city, for it is inhab-ited by "a multitude which no man can number," Bank above rank, Host above host, Gallery above gallery, sweeping all around the heavons. Thou-sands of thousands. Millions of millions, Thous Blessed are they who enter in through the gate into that city. Oh, start for it tos day! Through the blood of the great sacrifice of the Son of God take up your march to heaven. "The spirit and the bride say, Come, and, whosever will, let him come and take the water of life freely." im come and take the water of life ireely. Join this great throng marching beaven-ward. All the loors of invitation are open. "And I saw twelve gates, and the twelve gates were twelve pearls."

the waist and the padded shoulders shipped off to Italy. But let me come they had an almost human aspect.

Vidal, seizing my arm with his right hand and turning his gaze on me, raised his stump to point out one of the uniforms, an African officer's tunic, with the kilted skirt and the three gold braids making a figure eight on the sleeve.

"Look!" he said; "that's the uniform of my old corps, a captain's tunic."

Drawing nearer, he made out the number engraved on the buttons and went on with enthusiasm:

"My regiment! The First Zouaves!" Suddenly his hand shook, his face darkened; dropping his eyes, he murmured, in a horror-stricken voice: 📢

"What if it were his!" Then brusquely turning the coat about he showed me in the middle of cowed the terrified sergeaut; then he the back a little round hole, bordered | said to him: by a black rim-blood, of course-it made one shudder, like the sight of a wound.

"A nasty scar," I said to Pere Vidal, who had dropped the garment There's to be fighting tomorrow; tryand was hastening away. And foreseeing a tale, I added to spur him on: "It's not usually in the back that bullets strike captains of the Zouaves.'

He apparently did not hear me; he mumbled to himself: "How could it The battalion moved forward; we were get there? It's a long way from the battlefield of Meleguano to the Boulevard of Grenelle! Oh, yes, I knowthe carrion crows that follow the army; the strippers of the dead! But why just there, two steps from the military school where the other fellow's regiment is stationed? He must have passed; he must have recognized it. What a ghost!"

"See here, Pere Vidal," said I, violently interested, "stop your muttering, and tell me what the riddled tunic recalls to you."

He looked at me timidly, almost suspiciously. Suddenly, with a great effort, he began:

"Well, then, here goes for the story; I can trust you; you will tell me frankly, on your houor, if you think my conduct excusable. Where shall I begin? Ah, I can't give you the other man's surname, for he is still living, but I will call him by the name he went under in the regiment-Dry-Jean -and he deserved it, with his 12 drinks at the stroke of noon.

"He was sergeant in the Fourth of the Second, my regiment, a good fighter, but foud of quarrel and drink -all the bad habits of the African soldier; brave as a bayonet, with cold, steel-blue eyes and a rough red beard on his tanned cheeks. When I entered the regiment Dry-Jean had just re-enlisted. He drew his pay and went on a three days' spree. He and two companions of the same kidney rolled through the low quarters of Algiers in a cab, flying a tri-color bearing the words, "It won't last forever."

at once to the day before the battle of Melegnano, where I left my arm, you know. Our battalion was camped in a little village, and before breaking the ranks the captain had made us a speech-rightly enough-to remind us that we were in a friendly country and that the slightest injury done to the inhabitants would be punished in an exemplary way. During the speech Dry-Jean-a little shaky on his pins that morning, and for the best of reasons-shrugged his shoulders slightly. Luckily the captain didn't see it,"

"At midnight Dry-Jean was engaged in a brawl with some peasants and was being prevented from molesting a young girl when Captain Gen-tili arrived. With one look-the little Corsican had a paralyzing way-he

" 'Dogs like you deserve to have their brains blown out; as soon as I can see the colonel you lose your stripes again, this time for good. to get killed.'

"At dawn the cannonade awoke us. The column formed, and Dry-Jeannever had his blue eyes glittered more ommously-placed himself beside me. to dislodge the white coats, who with their cannon, occupied Melegnano. Forward, march! At the second kilometer the Austrians' grape shot cut down 15 of our company's men. Then our officers, waiting for the order to charge, made us lie down in the grain field, sharp-shooterwise; they remained standing naturally, and our captain wasn't the least straight of the lot. Kneeling in the rye, we kept on firing at the battery, which lay within range. Suddenly some one jogged my elbow. I turned and saw Dry-Jean, who was looking at me, the corner of his lips raised leeringly, lifting his gun.

" 'Do you see the captain?' be said, nodding in that direction.

" 'Yes, what of it?' said I, glancing at the officer, 20 paces off.

" 'He was foolish to speak to me as he did.'

"With a swift, precise gesture he shouldered his arm and fired. I saw the captain-his body bent backward, his head thrown up his hands beating the air for an instant-drop his sword and fall heavily on his back.

" 'Murderer!' I cried, seizing the sergeant's arm. But he struck me with the butt of his rifle, rolling me over and exclaiming:

" 'Fool! prove that I did it!' "I rose in a rage, just as all the sharp-shooters rose likewise. Our colonel, bareheaded, on his smoking horse, pointed his sabre at the Austrian battery and shouted:

" 'Forward, Zonaves! Out with your bayonets!'

"Could I do otherwise than charge wind up with a knock-down with the others? What a famous picks up a label as it passes.

As I returned the paper to Vidal, he looked at me meaningly and concluded:

"Captain Gentili was a Corsicanhe has avenged himself!"-Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Francois Coppee.

#### Helping the Doctor.

In these energetic go-ahead days, we are continually hearing of some new and curious way of making, money, but the following method is perhaps as ingenious as any previously devised: A little boy entered a surgery the other day when the village doctor was in attentiance, and, marching up to him whispered, cautiously:

"Please, sir, mother sent me to say as how Lizzie's got scarlating awful bad; and, please mother wants to know how much you'll give her to sprend it all over the village!"--Tit Bits.

An ingenious mechanical device pastes paper labels on 100,000 caus in ten hours. Down a chute rolls a ceaseless procession of caus, and each

#### Recipes.

Snet and Milk-To one pint of milk add one cup of scraped yeal suct and a tenspoon of sugar. Scald together for one hour, then strain, and add a little, flavoring if liked. This is a nourishing drink for an invalid.

Potato Rolls-Add to one pint of mashed potato one half pint of salt, two teaspoonfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of butter and one beaten egg. Mix to a dough while warm, turn on the board and work the mass into a long roll, 'Cut into three inch pieces. then roll into a smaller roll with tapering ends. Fry in hot fat until nicely browned all over. Garnish with parsley.

Pot Roast, with Catsup Sauce-Place two tablespoonfuls of butter in pot; dredge each side of two-pound roast thoroughly with flour; place in pot and brown well on each side; add one sliced onion, one bay leaf, one tablespoonful salt, one quart of cold water; cover tightly; place where it will cook slowly for four hours; one-half hour before serving add coffeecup of catsup. Very line.

Egg Fondue-For luncheon, egg fondue is a favorite combination of eggs and cheese, with those who are fond of both. Beat four eggs well, then add three tablespoonfuls of grated cheese, salt and pepper to taste. Put a tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan, and when melted, add the mixture and stir constantly until it is smooth and done. Serve on hot buttered toast and garnish prettily with parsley.

Aspic Salad-One and a half pints good chicken broth, season, and add our drops lemon juice. Have soaked half box gelatine, add to broth and pour a little into mould. When partly set, lay ou cooked peas, rims of raddish and bits of string beaus, then more jelly. Invert mould and drop salad on to plater, and sease with rim of curly parsley. This salad may be varied by bedding in the jelly bits of lobster or sweetbread or diced chicken.

the streets, ye did it to Me." Again, the street impresses me with the fact that all classes and conditions of society must commingle. We sometimes culture a wicked exclusiveness. Intellect despises ignorance. Refinement will have nothing to do with boorishness, Gloves hate the sunburned hand, and the high forehead despises the flat head, and the trim hedgerow will have nothing to do with the wild copsewood, and Athens hates Nazareth, This ought not so to be. The astronomer must come down from the starry revelry and help us in our naviga-

tion. The surgeon must come away from his study of the human organism and set our broken bones. The chemist must come away from his laboratory, where he has been studying analysis and synthesis, and help us to understand the nature of the solls. I biess God that all classes of people are compelled to meet on the street. The glittering couch wheels clashes against the scavenger's cart. Fine robes run against thr peddler's pack. Robust health meets wan sickness. Honesty confronts fraud. Every class of people meets every other class. Impudence and modesty, pride and humility, purity and beastliness, frankness and hyporisy, meeting on the same block, in the same street, in the same city. Oh, that is what Solomon meant when he said, "The rich and the poor meet together; the Lord is the Maker of them

I like this democratic principle of the gospel of Jesus Christ which recognizes the fact that we stand before God one and the same platform. Do not take on any hirs. Whatever position you have gained in society you are nothing but a man, born of the same parent, regenerated by the same spirit, cleansed by the same blood, to He down in the same dust, to get up in the same resurrection. It is high time that we all acknowledged not only the Fatherhood of God, but the brother-

#### The Bismarcks' New Resting Place,

The bodies of Prince and Princess Bismarek were placed in the new mausalsum at Friederichsrah, Germany, a few days age, Emperor William attending the cere-