

# DRESSY WEAR.

WHAT THE WINTER STYLES WILL BE FOR THE WOMEN.

Smooth-faced Broadcloth in Plain Colors the Most Popular Material—Wool Suitings of Great Variety Also Strong Favorites—Shoulder Capes and Long Cloaks.

For dressy wear this winter the style is for costumes of the new smooth-faced broadcloth in plain colors. They are extremely handsome and very lustrous, and



for simple elegance cannot be surpassed. They may be tailor-made or not as is fancied, a new style having part of the costume braided with soutache.

Such a costume is the one illustrated. It is of broadcloth in a rich shade of Havanne brown, with braiding of the same color twisted with gold-colored silk.

The bodice is cut after a new model, and is particularly graceful and pretty. The bonnet is brown felt, faced with brown velvet and trimmed with plaid silk in shades of brown and gold.

For useful gowns the wool-suitings cloths, of which there seems to be a greater variety than ever this year, are



the materials in vogue. They are checked, striped and plaided, or else the neat mixed cloths are used. Such dresses are made very simply, with plain or pleated skirts and very full draperies and short basques, finished with tailor buttons and a binding of silk tulle or lace; or else there may be a little plush or velvet used on the bodice in the shape of a vest and collar, or revers. With plaid skirts in large designs the basques worn are of plain goods, harmonizing in color.

For the early fall days hats of dark straw will be worn, trimmed with velvet, moire or gay plaid silks and ostrich feathers or birds' wings. A becoming shape is illustrated. It is of brown straw, faced with velvet and trimmed with light brown moire, a tuft of feathers and a jeweled dagger.

At this time of between seasons, when many of the days are chilly, an extra wrap is a necessity. There are several styles in fashion, many of them extremely pretty. The prevailing style of wrap is in visette shape, very short in the back and with long peplum points in front. Lace, jet and loops and ends of ribbon are the garnitures. Later on the materials used will be heavier, with fur substituted for the lighter trappings.

The very graceful and convenient wrap shown is of heavily beaded black net, lined with changeable silk and trimmed with black Chantilly and bows of ribbon.

There are many pretty little shoulder capes that cover the figure to the waist, for use in the demi-season, some made to match suits and others of checked



cloth. They are cut to fit into the figure front and back, and have dolman-shaped sleeve pieces that reach just short of the elbow. A hood is added lined with silk, and the effect is very jaunty and particularly suitable to young girls.

For traveling and inclement weather there are stylish long cloaks in brown and newmarket shades, dark blue, green and mixed or plaided cloths. Black cord passementerie galloons and round ball of buffalo horn are the trimmings.

Many of the short cloth jackets have vests and lapels faced with plush or braided with soutache. A new fancy executes this braiding in gold, silver or steel, with very good effect. All over

braided jackets in self-colors are a novelty.

Suede gloves still hold their own despite all rumors to the effect that gloves of glossy kid were to supersede them. The newest street gloves are of un-dressed kid, in shades of tan and black, with heavy stitching on the back and an embroidered figure to match on the wrist. Evening gloves are of Suede-kid in light tints in long mouseteater style, some of them covering the arm to the shoulder.

Ruchings will be more worn than for several seasons past. Sometimes the merest line of white, consisting of a fold of etamine or fine silk bolting cloth, answers for this purpose. The new ruchings are of etamine, crepe de chine, thin silk or surah laid in flat folds, points, &c. Many have color introduced into them in the shape of upright loops of picot ribbon or silk chenille.

## THE NAN-GIN-TSIN.

An Opium Den Known Throughout the Chinese Empire.

A writer in a recent number of the North China Herald describes the Nan-gin-tsin, the greatest opium den in China. It is known throughout the length and breadth of the empire to the Chinese, and it helps to make Shanghai regarded as a city affording the same opportunities for pleasure and dissipation that Paris does the typical Frenchman. It is situated in the French concession in Shanghai, with a view of the river of the wall of the native city, within which no opium shops are supposed to exist. The character of the place could not be guessed from its external appearance, although the air and the people passing in and out might suggest it. The throngs visiting it represent all stations of life, from the coolie to the wealthy merchant or the small mandarin. It is with difficulty that one gets inside through the crowds of people hanging round the door. The door has not the requisite number of copper cash to procure the baneful pipe with horrible wistfulness each of the more affluent pass in with a sackful of money, and the door is fastened at the end of which a lump of lead is fastened. They drop it over the side of the wall, and, as the plummet naturally seeks the centre of gravity in the earth, the workman discovers the hole and breaks it up, and the door is open, and just what is the perpendicular. Our text represents God as standing on the wall of character, which the Israelites had built, and in that way measuring it. "And the Lord said unto me, Amos, what seest thou?" and I said, "A plummet line."

What the world wants is a straight up-and-down religion. Much of the so-called piety of the day bends this way and that to suit the times. It is horizontal, with a low state of sentiment and morals. We have all been building a wall of character, and it is glaringly imperfect and needs reconstruction. How shall it be brought into the perpendicular? Only by the divine measurement. "And the Lord said to me: Amos, what seest thou?" and I said, "A plummet line." The whole tendency of the time is to make us act by the standard of what others do. If they play cards we play cards. If they dance we dance. If they read certain styles of book we read them. We throw over the board of our character the tangled plummet line of other lives and reject the infallible text which Amos saw. The question for me should not be what you think is right but what God thinks is right. This perpetual reference to the plummet line, to others, as though it decided anything but human fallibility, is a mistake as wide as the world. There are ten thousand plummet lines in use, but only one is true and exact, and that is the line of God's eternal right. There is no right but an attempt being made to reconstruct and fix up the Ten Commandments. To many they seem too rigid. The tower of Pisa leans over about thirteen feet from the perpendicular, and people go thousands of miles to see it. It is a leaning tower, and by extra braces and various architectural contrivances it is kept leaning from century to century. Why not have the ten granite blocks of Sinai set a little askant? Why not have the pillar of truth a leaning tower? Why not have an ellipse as good as a square? Why is not an oblique as good as straight up and down? My friends, we must have a standard; shall it be God's or man's?

## THE SHREWD EXAMINER.

How a Young Man Found Inspiration in His Girl's Picture.

An examiner who prided himself on his shrewdness was determined that he would make it impossible for any copying to take place under his supervision. Accordingly he not only kept a very sharp and constant eye on the candidates, but he watched them from time to time between the fingers of his hands spread before his face. At last he thought he detected a man in something which looked very suspicious. Looking from side to side to satisfy himself that no one observed him, the man plunged his hand into his breast pocket, and drawing something out, regarded it long and steadfastly, and then, hastily replacing it, resumed his work with a new vigor and increased energy. The examiner pretended not to notice this, but after a time he rose from his seat, with his hands in his pockets strolled round the room with an appearance of negligence and indifference to what was going on. By these means he succeeded in disarming suspicion, and getting to windward of his prey. He replucked upon him from a distance, gradually and unperceived.

Then, watching patiently, his strategy was rewarded. He observed that the man once more turned his head from side to side, yet not quite far enough to see him, and once more put his hand into his breast pocket. The examiner sprang forward in indignation, and seized the hand in the very act of grasping the suspected object. "Sir," said he, "this is the fourth time I have watched you doing this. What have you in your hand?" The man hesitated to reply, and this, coupled with his evident confusion, confirmed the suspicions of the examiner. "I must assist, sir, on seeing what it is you have in your hand." The man reluctantly complied, and drawing his hand from his pocket, presented to the disgruntled examiner the photograph of a young lady. This it was which had been his hidden source of inspiration. This had been the secret of his ever-freshened energy. Very humbly and sincerely did the examiner offer his apologies as he returned, crest-fallen, to his seat, and it gives the finishing touch to the story to learn that the candidate married that young lady in due time, and that they are now living happily together in the enjoyment of a blessing that is theirs for ever, so rudely tested and discovered.—Temple Bar.

Dangerous Drinks. A bartender plaintively bewailed the necessity of saving his customers' droops of sticky beer from the bar. "But if I let them remain," said he, in the tone of one seeking compassion, "they rot the wood."

"They rot the wood," the bartender fiercely repeated a beer bibbler. "Then what in the name of common sense does beer do to my stomach?"

The man who manipulates drinks: "It is beyond me to tell. Of one thing I am confident, and that is man's stomach is made of cast-iron. Elsewise how could he withstand the fluids he pours into it? Let me show you something." He placed a piece of raw meat on the counter and dropped upon it a small measure of an imported ginger ale. In five minutes the meat had parted into little shreds as though hacked by a dull knife.—Philadelphia News.

# A PLUMB LINE.

A STRAIGHT UP-AND-DOWN RELIGION THE ONLY ONE.

Rev. Dr. DeWitt Talmage's Sermon on the Necessity of Building Solid and Correct—Christian Characters—So-called Piety Too Often Below the Horizontal.

BROOKLYN, September 25.—After the great congregation had sung the long meter doxology in the Brooklyn Tabernacle this morning, Dr. Talmage expounded the sixth chapter of the second epistle to the Corinthians, setting forth the importance of separation from bad fellowship, and saying that a man is no better than the company he keeps. Professor Henry Eyre Brown played an organ solo, Sonata No. 1 in D minor by Guilmant. The subject of the sermon was "A Straight Up-and-Down Religion," and the text was Amos vii, v. 8: "And the Lord said unto me, Amos, what seest thou? and I said, A plummet line." Dr. Talmage said:

The solid masonry of the world has to me a fascination. Walk about some of the triumphal arches and the cathedrals, four or six hundred years old, and see them stand as erect as when they were built, walls of great height for centuries, not bending a quarter of an inch this way or that. So greatly honored were the masons who build these walls that they were free from taxation and called "free" masons. The trowel gets most of the credit for these buildings, and its clear ringing on stone and brick has sounded across the ages. But there is another implement of justice, and my text recognizes it. Bricklayers, and stone masons, and carpenters in the buildings, and all the trades of a city, are at the end of which a lump of lead is fastened. They drop it over the side of the wall, and, as the plummet naturally seeks the centre of gravity in the earth, the workman discovers the hole and breaks it up, and the door is open, and just what is the perpendicular. Our text represents God as standing on the wall of character, which the Israelites had built, and in that way measuring it. "And the Lord said unto me, Amos, what seest thou?" and I said, "A plummet line."

In the same way we need to measure our theologies. All sorts of religions are putting forth their pretensions. Some have a spiritualistic religion, and their chief work is with ghosts and other religion of political economy proposing to put an end to human misery by a new style of taxation, and there is a humanitarian religion that looks after the body and lets the soul take care of itself, and there is a legislative religion that proposes to rectify all wrongs by enactment of better laws, and there is an esthetic religion that by rules of exquisite taste would lift the heart out of its deformities, and religions of all sorts, ready to break on either side of right. Sin may seem attractive, but it is deathful, and like the manchineel, a tree whose dewdrops are poisonous. The only genuine happiness is in an honest, Christian life. The Chippewa, wanting to see God, took to his side with charcoal and fasts till he had a vision of what he calls God. My God, I can see what I take my hat off and let the sunshine blaze in my face and after a reasonable breakfast. He is not a God of blackness and stardust, and the glory of the noonday sun is Egyptian midnight compared to it. There they go—two brothers. The one was converted a year ago in church, one Sunday morning, during prayer, or sermon, or hymn. No religion has been in the time, and the other either side of him suspected nothing, but that at young man's soul this process went on: "Lord, here I am, a young man amid the temptations of city life, and I am afraid to risk them alone; come and save me, and my help; save me from making the mistake that some of my comrades are making, and save me now." And quicker than a flash God rolled Heaven into his soul. He is just as jolly as he used to be, is just as brilliant as he used to be, and he can strike a ball and catch it as easily as before he was converted. With gun or fishing-rod in this summer vacation he was just as skillful as before. The world is brighter to him than ever. He appreciates pictures, music, innocent hilarity, social life, good food, and all the pleasures of life, and fun, glorious fun. But his brother is going down hill. In the morning his head aches from the champagne debauch. Everybody sees he is in rapid descent. What cares he for right, or decency, or the honor of his family name? Turned out of employment, depleted in health, cast down in spirits, the typhoid fever strikes him in the smallest room on the fourth story of a fifth-rate boarding-house, cursing God, and calling for his mother, and fighting back demons from his pillow, which is beset with torn to rags. He plunges out of this world with the shriek of a destroyed spirit. Alas for that kind of fun! It is morose. It is despair. It is blackness of darkness. It is woe unending and long and bitter, and crushing, as though all the mountains of all continents rolled on him in one avalanche. My soul, stand back from such fun. Young man, there is no fun in shipwrecking your character—no fun in disgracing your father's name. There is no fun in breaking your mother's heart. There is no fun in the physical pangs of the dissolute. There is no fun in the profligate's deathbed. There is no fun in an undone eternity. Paracelsus, out of the ashes of his father's heart, he could re-create the rose; but he failed in the alchemic undertaking, and roseate life once burned down in sin can never again be made to blossom.

"But," say you, "if there be nothing but a plummet line what can any of us do, for there is an old proverb which truthfully declares: 'If the best masons that were written on his forehead it would make him pull his hat over his eyes.' What shall we do then, according to Isaiah, 'God shall lay judgment to the line and righteousness to the plummet?'" Ah, here is where the Gospel comes in with a Saviour's righteousness to make up for our deficits. And while I see hanging on the wall a plummet line, I see also hanging there a cross. And while the one condemns us the other saves us, if only we will hold to it. Oh sick, and diseased, and sinning, and dying hearer, why go trudging all the world over, and seeking here and there relief for your discouraged spirit, when close by, and at your very feet, and at the door of your heart, ay, within the very estate of your own consciousness, the healing waters of eternal life may be had, and had this very hour, by a very minute, this very character that may never be corrected. One of the best friends I ever had died of delirium tremens at sixty years of age, though he had not since twenty-one years of age—before which he had been dissipated—touched intoxicating liquor until that particular carousal that took him off. Not feeling well in a street on

a hot summer day he stepped into a drug store, just as you and I would have done, and asked for a dose of something to make him feel better. And there was good, assured they can make it up on others, and a good dose, and that one drop aroused the old appetite, and he entered the first liquor store, and stayed there until thoroughly under the power of the narcotic, and his wife and daughters feeling from his presence, until he was taken to the city hospital to die. The combustible material of early habit had lain quiet nearly forty years, and that one spark set the wall on fire, and it was a hundred feet high, and yet a deflection one foot from the foundation affects the entire structure. And if you live a hundred years and do right the last eighty years, you may never feel so something as that early existence. All you who have built houses for yourselves or for others, am I not right in saying to these thirty years of age may commit more than you did in a lifetime. A cat that has killed one pigeon cannot be trusted. Keep it from killing the first pigeon. Now, John, or George, or Charles, or William, or Alexander, or Andrew, or Henry, or whatever your Christian name or surname, say here and now: "No wild oats for me, no cigars or cigarettes for me, no wine or beer for me, no nasty stories for me, no Sunday sprees for me, I am going home, or I am very glad, on right, God start right and keep on right. From the throne of eternal righteousness let down to me the principles by which I can be guided in building everything from foundation to capstone. Lord God, by the wounded hand of Christ, throw me a plummet line."

Now Nelson's general direction when going into naval battle was, no man can do wrong that places his ship close alongside that of the enemy. My friend, you will never do wrong if you keep your life close alongside the Ten Commandments. And there, there, who rode up the Hill of Deiance and shook her sword at the four corners of the earth.

"But," say you, "you shut us young folks out from all fun." O, no! I like fun. I believe in fun. I have had lots of it in my time. But I have never seen one who shut us out from all fun. No credit to me, but because of an extraordinary parental example and influence I was kept from outward transgressions, though my heart was bad enough and desperately wicked. I have had fun in my time, though I never swore one oath and never gambled for so much as the value of a pin, and never saw the inside of a haunt of sin save as when ten years ago, with a commissioner of police, and a detective and two elders of my church, I explored these cities by midnight streets, and I never saw a man in a night in pulpits discourse set before the people the poverty and the horrors of underground city life. Yet, though I never was intoxicated for an instant, and never committed one act of dissoluteness, remained as pure as the snow, and without which restraint I would have gone headlong to the bottom of infamy, I have had so much fun that I don't believe there is a man on the planet in the present time who has had more. Hear it, men and boys, women and girls, all set at the side of the range, where it cannot seem attractive, but it is deathful, and like the manchineel, a tree whose dewdrops are poisonous. The only genuine happiness is in an honest, Christian life.

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THE DESERTED FARM.  
F. W. CLARKE.  
Far up the slope of yonder eastern hill,  
A lonely farm-house lingers in decay;  
Deserted, cheerless, desolate and gray,  
The sport of winds that mock it at their will.  
The farm is barren; but the stony rill  
That bubbles through it, answered to the  
play  
Of children once, who grew, and went  
away.  
With recollections that are tender still,  
Now, in the New England of the West,  
Offspring of this, have other homes up-  
grown.  
Whence loving thoughts fly back to yonder  
ere,  
Like birds of passage from a kindlier zone;  
In fond remembrance of the parent nest,  
As once it was, before the brood had flown.  
—American Magazine.

## THE FAMILY KITCHEN.

Reasonable Bills of Fare and Receipts for the Dishes Composing Them.

BY MARION HARLAND.  
[Copyrighted, 1887.]

BREAKFAST.  
Snowballs.  
Lamb Chops a la Tartare.  
Fried Potatoes.  
Cornmeal Short Cakes.  
Mellons.  
Tea.  
Coffee.  
SNOWBALLS.—Half cup of rice and the same of pearl tapioca; half cup of sugar, a quart of milk, a half teaspoonful of salt; soak rice and tapioca well, mix together while dry in three cups of water, four hours; salt the milk, dropping in a tiny bit of soda, pour upon the soaked cereals and let them stand together half an hour; set over the fire in a farina kettle and simmer slowly one hour; fill small cups with the mixture while hot, and when cold put on the ice. Turn out in saucers and eat with cream.

LAMB CHOPS A LA TARTARE.—Salt and flour the chops, fry in nice dripping and set over hot water to keep warm; heat in a saucepan a cupful of good broth, well skimmed, thicken with browned flour, season with pepper and salt and stir in a heaping tablespoonful of capers, or, if you cannot get them, the same quantity of chopped pickles. Boil up once, pour on the chops and let them stand over boiling water ten minutes before they go on the table.

CORNMEAL SHORT CAKES.—Two cups of Indian meal and one of flour sifted into a bowl with a teaspoonful of soda and the same of salt; sift three times; one tablespoonful of butter and two of lard, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, three eggs, two cups of "lapped" milk. Rub sugar and shortening together, beat the eggs light, add the milk, then the meal and flour and meal; bake in a square, shallow pan, and when done cut in squares. Split and eat hot.

LUNCHEON.  
Chicken Valise.  
Broiled Tomatoes.  
Fried and Butter.  
Crackers and Cheese.  
Peach Britters and Cream.  
CHICKEN VALISE.—Two cupfuls of minced cold chicken, three eggs, one cupful of milk, half cupful of prepared flour, two tablespoonfuls of clarified dripping, one tablespoonful of minced parsley and onion, pepper and salt. Put the dripping into a frying pan and set at the side of the range, where it cannot scorch; beat the eggs light, put with the milk, the parsley, seasoning the flour, and beat to a smooth batter; bring the fat to a boil and pour the batter into the frying pan when firm about the edges spread the minced chicken, well seasoned, on it; cook three minutes, shaking the pan to loosen the batter and prevent burning; when done, cut the rolls well done roll up into a compact bundle; cut perpendicularly. If you have any chicken gravy warm it up and send around with the "valise."

BROILED TOMATOES.—Cut large, smooth, firm tomatoes crosswise into three pieces each without peeling. Broil quickly on both sides. Beat together a tablespoonful of butter, a tablespoonful of vinegar and as much salad dressing. Lay the tomatoes on a hot platter and pour the dressing early in the dressing and serve on rounds of crustless toast buttered.

PEACH FRITTERS AND CREAM.—One cup of milk, one quart of flour sifted with a teaspoonful of salt, three eggs, one tablespoonful of lard and two of sugar, one-half cake of yeast dissolved in warm water, fine ripe, freestone peaches, pared and stoned; make four balls, and let them stand in a warm place in the morning and let it rise until light; beat sugar and lard to a cream and add, working in thoroughly; form into a long roll, cut off slices half an inch thick, flatten each with a rolling-pin and lay in the middle a peach from which the stone has been extracted by laying open one side, cut each piece with a ball, including the fruit, roll it round on the pastry board and lay within a floured pan. The balls must not touch one another even in the second rising. Bake in a hot oven. Have plenty of lard-hot in a kettle. Fry the balls more slowly than you would dough-

nuts; drain off the fat with white paper and then eat hot with sugar and cream. They are very nice when well made.  
Ochra Soup.—Two pounds of ochra and one of lean veal, minced finely and cold water, pepper and salt, one cupful of sliced ochra, one cupful of sliced minced onion, one cupful of sliced parsnip and one cupful of sliced water. Serve with a little cream and water over the fire until the ochra is tender and set by until the ochra is tender. Pressing hard; put the ochra in a colander with the onion, ochra, parsnip and water, and cook steadily for one hour, adding a cupful of milk, white sugar, salt and one minute and pour out.  
Larded Halibut Steaks.—Lard the steaks with strips of fat salt and pepper, and project of the fish and fry in a hot pan until browned, and cook steadily for one hour, adding a cupful of milk, white sugar, salt and one minute and pour out.  
Green Corn.—Strip the husk from the corn, pick off the silk carefully, and wash the twenty to twenty-five minutes in cold water. Serve with a little cream and water over the fire until the corn is tender, and when buttered and salted, eat directly from the ear. It is no longer a novelty, but it is a very nice and very considerable delicacy is not to be despised.  
Young Turnips.—Peel and lay with cutting, in ice-cold water for half an hour, drain thoroughly, serve in a hot dish; salt, pepper and butter. Or, a prefer, cover with drawn butter. In cold cases send to the table.  
Glazed Potatoes.—Boil whole, perfectly and lay in a dripping pan; add two spoonfuls of fat from the top of the lard, which the beef is cooking, wash the potatoes with cold water, and drain, serving more than twice with the fat.  
Italian Cream.—One quart of rich cream, three cups of sugar, two lemon juice of both and the grated peel of one orange; beat the cream and sugar together in a cup of cold water, then pour one cup of boiling, and set in hot water until the cream is stiff and the orange peel is soft and the cream and sugar is stiff and the orange peel is soft and the cream and sugar is stiff and the orange peel is soft.

Mashing a Masher. A young masher walking up and down the platform of a railway station in a carriage with a companion who had come to see off a party of friends. The masher had observed two handsome girls enter the carriage. "Look here," he said to his companion, who did not pay much attention to his dress, "I'll get into that compartment, and I'll tell you what I'll do. When the train is about to start you come up and touch your hat, and say 'Good-bye to my friends.' My companion smiled, said he doubted if he could do it with a proper air of a nobleman's servant. The masher took his seat with a really air of interest he wished to excite. The train arrived and the train began to move. The masher came up to the carriage and said, "Hey, Jock," he shouted, "my masher to be sure to send this beautiful note by Saturday."  
The Sword Dumb. A skillful armorer forged the sword which was carried by the possessor of the famous blade made from a thunderbolt that had slain one of the chief's enemies when the smith delivered it with pride, to his patron he observed: "The sword is sharp, oh chief of the tribe, Ghavil-sharp indeed; but when it is drawn, it is as sharp as a razor. As for the smiter—I am he, and I stantly struck off the smiter's head, and there should never be another sword like this."  
One great source of happiness is in our neighbors enjoy all of their rights.

Chic and Mississippi Railway Co.  
Office of President & General Manager  
Cincinnati, O., Nov. 15th  
The Charles H. DeGuerre Co.  
Baltimore, Md.  
Recently, while in the act of alighting from my car, I tripped upon a stone which turning suddenly under my foot threw me to the ground with a very severely sprained ankle. Suffering exceedingly, I was helped into the car, and my men rubbed me with generally with drugs, and kindred remedies, but to no avail. I called at a station where Dr. Jacobs Oil could be secured, and bottles of it were brought, and the application resulted at once in a relief from pain which had become well nigh unbearable. I see all these bottles of the Oil were used, and I see not and about my foot in three days when, ordinarily, I would have been confined to my room for a weary week.

I am not in the habit of giving patients medicine testimonials, but in this instance Dr. Jacobs Oil did all that is claimed for it, and since I see no reason why I should not say so, when a doctor gives a good turn by a man, it is not his duty to give him grateful credit, and I do not see but that the same rule should apply with a remedy.  
Yours, Very truly,  
M. DeGuerre  
Pres. DeGuerre Co.

THE CHARLES H. DEGUERRE CO.  
BALTIMORE, MD.