The longest distance over which telephoning can be maintained is uncertain; 750 miles is a common daily occurrence. but two gentlemen quite recently carried on a protracted conversation between Charleston, S. C., and Omaha, a distance | Inspector Byrnes Talks About Sandof about 1500 miles.

Manchester, England, is having a great ship canal constructed by a company who employ 12,000 men at the work, and in several years that busy manufacturing city will become a seaport. The effect of this upon Liverpool is discussed in England, and that port will doubtless feel the competition of Manchester. But Liverpool is busy with securing an abundant water supply from Wales. These new waterworks will include a wonderful aqueduct tunnel under the river Mersey, and the estimate of the total cost is \$8,500,000.

A rather curious illustration of the superstitious belief in signs and omens is just seen in the opposition to the name given the new cruiser launched the other day at the San Francisco pavy yard. In honor of that city it had been decided to call the ship San Francisco, but no sooner was the name announced than the Navy Department began to get letters by the bushel, declaring that it was an omen of bad luck, and the vessel thus named would inevitably go to the bottom with all on board. The source of this superstition nobody appears to know. There are no records of naval disaster on which it might have been based. Whatever it spine are and have been the favorite was founded on, it had no influence with | points of attack by the criminals who em-Secretary Tracy, who threw the letters | ploy this style of assailing a man. | The into the waste basket, and telegraphed a small bag filled with sand. The simthe officials at Mare's Island to stick to plest one known to the police is a small the name San Francisco. The cruiser is now affoat under that name, and the cranks are probably on the lookout for the news of a great marine disaster.

The rabbit problem still confronts the agriculturists of Australia. The American farmer knows no pests like the rabbit pest as it exists in that country. From a few English rabbits, imported some years ago, the breed has increased until vast expanses of the country are literally overrun with them. Apparently incredible stories are told of the number and ravages of Australian rabbits, but they are no exaggeration of the facts. The Parliament of the colonies always keeps the rabbit issue on hand as one of the standing orders of business, but it has never found a remedy. Some time ago it offered a prize of \$25,000 to any one that would suggest an effective exterminator. M. Pasteur, the French scientist, responded with a plan by which the animals were to be inoculated with a fatal infectious and contagious disease. But after two years of experimenting this has failed, and the Government has just withdrawn its offer.

Statisticians who devote their chief attention to population are raising the question whether the English-speaking people are not destined, in course of time, to overspread and rule the whole world. At present the people of the United Kingdom and the United States number about one-fifteenth of the total population of the earth, possess one-third of its surface and govern one-fourth of its inhabitants. They are increasing with a rapidity unknown to any other civilized race; and there is room enough in the territory still at their disposal to enable them to multiply at the current rate for another century and then be doubled, and still not be so thickly crowded together as the people of some old world countries-Belgium, for instance-are to-day. Calculated upon the most modest basis, the population of the United States by 1980 will not fall short of 480,000,000, and that of England, Canada, Australia and South Africa will at the very least, swell the aggregate to 713,000,000; while a generous estimate for continental Europe places its population ninety years hence at 534,000,000.

Miss Kate Drexel, the Philadelphia heiress to over \$5,000,000, who was admitted as a postulate into the severe orders of the Sisters of Mercy, has now taken the white veil, her first six months of probation having ended. This step is a new one toward the black veil, which, about three years hence, will separate her from the world for life. "It would be a mistake," says the New York Sun, "to attribute to undue influences the disposition Miss Drexel is making of herself and her millions. It is simply the natural development of the life she has led since her infancy. Her father was a deeply religious man. So was her mother, a Miss Longstreth, who died when Kate was only two years old, but found time to sow in her mind the seeds of a mysticism which was carefully cultivated since by her stepmother, s Miss Bouvier, whose family was of the strictest religious habits such as are still to be found in highly cultivated French families nowadays. Sister Drexel will devote her life to the education of Indian and colored girls, and a few years from now will probably be heard from as the

THE SANDBAG.

WORK OF A DEADLY WEAPON IN NEW YORK.

bags-How They Are Made-Other Strange Weapons Used By Footpads.

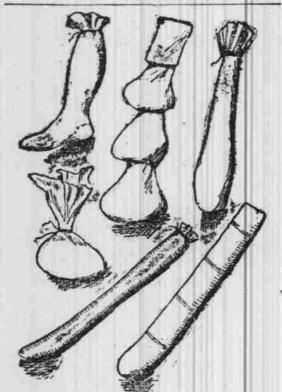


down in promiweapon and died

without being able to say anything about their assailants, Later two more men were assaulted in one

Police Inspector Byrnes was seen by a reporter for the Mail and Express. He said that these recent cases of sandbagging which have excited the attention of the people of New York are but a revival of a form of crime which appears every fifteen or twenty years, and which is much more prevalent in other parts of the world than it ever has been in the United

"The principle of sandbagging," the Inspector, "is the application of concussion to the human body in such a way as to produce a terrific shock without breaking or even abrading the skin. In America and England the back of the head and neck or the upper part of the original sandbag was, as its name implies,

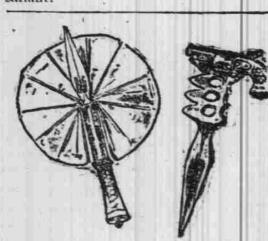


strong stocking filled with sand. The advantage of this primitive affair is that, the moment after it has been used, the sand can be thrown away and the stocking kept without exciting any suspicion. Some are made in the shape of clubs. The material used is cotton or woolen cloth, bed ticking, crash, heavy silk, sausage skins, eel skins, leather, and even snake skins.

"A number of famous sandbags, which have been captured by the police, are worthy of mention. One was a handsome eel skin, filled with sand, close up to the end, and thence with bird shot to the end itself. This arrangement gave the effect of a slungshot to the affair and added to the strength of the arm which wielded it the awful effect of a swift rotary motion.

"Another, owned by a French murderer, was of silk, handsomely embroidered and finished with silk-wound leather thongs. A third, of Spanish origin, was of fine sheepskin, so carefully finished as to be as soft as the best chamois.

"The most impressive quality of the sandbag lies in its not abrading the skin of the person who is struck by it. There was a case only a short time ago where a man's skull had been fractured, and yet here was no indication of injury, so far as the cuticle was concerned, not even to the medical eye. The skull was very thick and hard, so that the blow must have required a terrific amount of force, probably representing the combination of a heavy sandbag and a powerful assailant.



REVOLVER-DIRK AND FAN-DAGGER.

"Sandbagging is not as rare as is commonly believed. . Criminals, especially those of foreign origin, carry these instruments of death quite frequently. There is, however, a seeming periodicity in their use, just as there is in other forms of crime. There is something so brutal, ferocious and cowardly in sandbagging that it excites a feeling of disgust in minds familiarized with crime.

"The odd sandbags described are but a few of the long list which are discovered by the police. Recently an English seaman was arrested who was carrying about as murderous a tool as can be imagined. It was a set of brass knuckles, heavier and uglier than usual.

"At the top, opposite the thumb, there was attached to it a revolver, and at the Superioress of a --- " branch of her or bottom a sharp, double-edged dirk projected three inches below the lower line of the hand, Its owner could shoot

strike or stab in almost the same move-

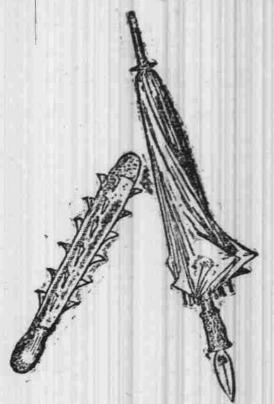
"Another, a cane, is so arranged with a knife blade in the handle that a slight jar converts it into a short spear. The same principle is applied to umbrellas, parasols and even fans, and enables a woman to convert her paraphernalia into

a traveling arsenal.

"The most horrible weapon among the God bless His own on Christmas Day! novelties is the creation of some Ameri-HE recent cases which. In external appearance the inof sandbagging strument is a good imitation of a police in New York city club. It is made, however, of hollow have caused a metal, and not of wood. A handcuff atgreat deal of achment, with steel chains, fastens it to comment. Some the owner's wrist in the firmest manner.

weeks ago two "A spring in the handle operates a men were struck | valve in the lower end of the club, opening a series of minute holes in the handle nent thorough- and permitting the free escape of some fares in the city red pepper stored there with the pleasant by this silent intention of blinding the victim. A second spring in the handle throws a hundred razor-edged lancets from within the interior to varying positions on the exterior of the club.

"A man catching hold of the club

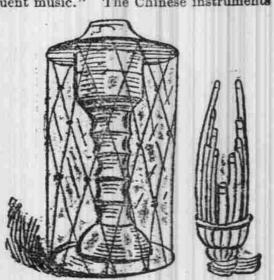


UMBRELLA SPEAR-PEPPER LANCET CLUB. would have his hand cut to rags the moment the spring was touched, and, if struck by it with even the smallest amount of force, would die from loss of blood ensuing upon the opening of so many veins and arteries."

been likewise extended in many directions. We now have an air pistol, as well as disguised derringers and revolvers of various sorts, and have them conand umbrella lance mentioned.

Odd Musical Instruments.

No one would imagine that harmony could be produced from these curiousheathen fancy they "discourse most eloquent music." The Chinese instruments



CHINESE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS. resembles, respectfully, an hour-glass and an extracted molar, while the Siamese



These queer instruments are among the recent additions to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York.

Too Stout to See His Shoes.

"Want a shine, Boss?" "I don't know. Do I need it?"-Life.



Man in the Moon-"Pull down your

GOD BLESS US ALL

God bless us all! With Tiny Tim 'Tis thus we finish with prayer and hymn, While cheerily from lip to lip The Christmas wishes gayly trip; God bless us all, the circle round, At home, abroad, please Gou, we -

God bless the golden heads arow can brain or freak, it is hard to say Where ruddy hearth flames leap and glow, God bless the baby hands that clasp Heart fibres in their clinging grasp; God bless the youth with eager gaze; God bless the sage of lengthened days: At home, abroad, please God, we cry, God guard Hisown, 'neath any sky!

God ease the weary ones who bear A cumbering weight of grief and care: God give the wage no ill can spoil, The honest loaf for honest toil; We round the heart-felt prayer an i hymn, And breathe Amen with Tiny Tim, As reverently, please God, we sav. God bless us all on Christmas Day!

-Margaret E. Sangster.

UNCLE BOB'S CHRISTMAS.



E wants me to be married on Christmas Eve," said Bertha, with a quiver in her voice, and a suspicious dimness in her eyes. "And he's vexed, poor fellow, because I won't promise him. But how can I leave Uncle Bob?"

Lilian put her hands tenderly on Bertha's shoulder. "I would take care of Uncle Bob," said

she, "even if you were gone." "Do you suppose I wouldn't look after dear old Uncle Bob?" indignantly struck in Lotty, who was barely fourteen. "If both of you want to go and get married, I am old enough to keep house for Uncle Bob! Look at that carpet! I changed the breadths, so that the worn spots should not show. See the wall-paper! I pasted on the fresh piece to hide the cracks, so that no one would know it wasn't new. And Uncle Bob's coat-did you see how I had worked over all the button-holes, and mended the freyed elbows."

"Dear little Lotty," said Lilian, kissing the flushed cheeks of the baby of the family. "You are a perfect fairy, but "The principle of the air-cane gun has you are such a mite of a thing, after all." "Lilian is right," asserted sage Bertha. 'You are so little, Lotty. And Lilian is

absent at her bonnet-frame making all day long. Uncle Bob grows feeble as he cealed in as many forms as the cane spear grows older. He must not be left. Oh, I can't be married this year!"

But Bertha never told her sisters how Allan Hapgood's last impetuous words had contained a veiled hint that this was the last time of asking; if she-Berthadid not care for him, other girls might! looking affairs, but to the almond-eyed His neatly-furnished flat, and his salary raised to a thousand dollars a year, need not go begging long!

The words had struck like barbed arrows to her heart, but they had not skaken her allegiance to poor Uncle Bob. "I won't leave him now, of all times," said Bertha, to herself. "He loved me and cared for me-for us all, indeedwhen I was nothing but a trouble and an expense. He brought us all up, and spent his substance on us, and I shall be ungrateful indeed to desert him when he is old and poor and feeble. I can earn something here at home, and be companion for him still. Allan is young and brave-hearted. Hc will soon get over this disappointment. But Uncle Bob takes every little thing to heart. Oh, no, I can't leave Uncle Bob!"

And so Bertha Bloom settled herself down to the unlevely prospect of singleblessedness, and all for Uncle Bob's Uncle Bob was a lawyer's clerk. He

had been a lawyer himself once, in Colorado, but his health had failed, his small investments had taken to themselves wings, and he had gradually come down to the low estate of a clerk's desk and a clerk's salary. Without his niece Lilian's wages and

his niece Bertha's careful administration of the slender household funds, he must certainly have gone into bankruptcy. But he kept his hat carefully brushed,

wore a flower in his buttonhole when it was obtainable, and staunchly adhered to the traditions of his gentlemanhood. He still read the few lines daily in his Greek Testament that kept up the memories of his college days; he looked in at the windows of the book stores, and pondered wistfully on the books he would buy, if only he could afford it.

And, most piteous of all, he still pre-served a curl of bright-brown hair in his pocket-book, and mused at times on what might have been, if Nell Sandiford had not flung away his love, twenty-odd

"I think I did right," thought Uncle Bob, reverently kissing the curl, and replacing it in the worn compartment of the pocket-book. "It seemed hard at



It was the afternoon before Christmas Day. The clerks at Jay & Jay's were al- more. Uncle Bob came up with the rest to re- Lilian," said he. "We've got to econoheaded and respectable, with his specta- mize! cle glasses shining in the level gas-jets. 'T've hemmed a new silk handker-"Oh, by-the-way, Mr. Bloom!" said chief for you, Uncle Bob!" said Bertha. Mr. Simeon Jay, the younger of the part- "I meant to keep it till to-morrow, but ners, detaining with a gesture the old Lilian has set the example of giving our clerk, as he would have passed on to the gifts now."

"Now it's coming" thought Uncle producing from her pocket an infinites-Bob, with a faint stir in his dull old heart imal parcel done up in tissue paper,

-- "the increase of salary that I've looked "I've knitted you a pair of silk mittens! for so long! They've waited until Real silk! To wear on Sundays and Christmas to give the thing more signifi- high holidays. Put them on at once,

cance. It's coming row!" He paused at the door of the private office, where there was such a flash of plate-glass, such a polished gleam of old oak and mediaval beas ornamentation.

Old Mr. lay sales front of a blazing

Jay & Jay have discharged me or not, so oak and mediaval be as crnamentation. cannel-coal fire, with an ale, antly dressed

lady-client signing some papers at a Uncle Bob was near-sighted, spectacles to the contrary notwit astanding, but he got a general impression that the you about it for fear of worrying you, lady-client was somebody very grand and but Allan and I have had a serious dis-

"I'm exceedingly sorry, Mr. Bloom," said Mr. Simeon Jay, smoothly, "but it's all right low. Allan will wait. He we're going to condense our business cause this sternoon and brought me this somewhat and consequently shall not require your services after to-day. Here's your month's salary. I wish you a good afternoon-and" (speaking as if with an long. I've known of serious troubles afterthought) "a very merry Christmas."

The next clerk was close on Uncle Bob's heels, and the old man was passing on, with his money in his hand, before he fairly realized the blow that had fallen upon him.

Slowly he took his well-brushed hat and seedy overcoat from the peg, and fitted them on; slowly he drew on the gloves which Lotty had so carefully mended for him at odd times, and went out into the fresh, crisp air, moving with machine-like steps.

A merry Christmas! Was it likely,

under these circumstances, that his Christmas would be particularly mirthful? It had been a hard struggle to live, even with the aid of his salary; what would it be without? Uncle Bob passed the high brick walls

of the "Home for Old Gentlemen" in his daily way to the office. He looked wistfully up at the gates

"It's a forlorn place," he said to himself, "but many better men than I am have been brought to it. I shall miss the girls, though—the little girls, who are so fond of their old uncle. And it feet. would be a cruel thing to break up their home, but I don't see what else-"Holly, sir? Fresh holly for Christ-

It was a blue-looking child, with her frowsy head wrapped in a shawl, who accosted him.

Uncle Bob stopped and bought a few sprays, red-berried and moist, with melted snowflakes. "I oughtn't to have have done it, I suppose," murmured he-"not under the

circumstances—but the girl looked so and I don't think I should ever have cold, and it's beginning to snow; and found you if I hadn't been in my lawyer's office, this afternoon, and seen you there.

his branch of holly, and thinking how he should break the bad news to "the girls" at home. Meanwhile, the lady client at Jay &

Jay's had looked up from the papers she was signing. "Bloom!" she repeated. "Did you call that man Bloom?"

"That is the name," blandly spoke Mr. Jay. (The clerks in the office could generally tell the number of figures in a client's bank account by the oiliness of Mr. Jay's accents in addressing him or her.) "Yes, madam-Bloom.

"So you're discharging him?" said the "Well, you see, I want to make room for my nephew from Cincinnati," ex-plained Mr. Jay. "And Bloom is the oldest clerk and the one I can best dis-

pense with. A fine penman, but he's rather outlived his usefulness. When a man gets beyond the fifties-" "Exactly," curtly uttered the lady. 'And how is it about a woman?



Mr. Jay simpered uneasily. He had a vague idea that the heiress was making game of him, and he muttered something

about "the ladies being always young. "Please favor me with this gentleman's address," interrupted the lady, rather imperiously. "I may want some law copying done. "Anything in our line, madam?" be-

gan Mr. Jay, eagerly. "If I had wanted you to do it, I should have put it in your hands," said the heiress, and Mr. Jay was silenced.

"Girls, it's Christmas Eve!" said Mr. Bloom, as they sat around the fire. "Here's my month's money; it's the last. years," she cried, clasping Miss Sandi-Jay & Jay have discharged me. I would ford's hand; "and fate has parted you dropped on his breast.

"We don't want any Christmas pres- one second. ent, Uncle Bob!" cried Lotty, clinging around his neck.

present enough for us, Uncle Bob," to me!" whispered Bertha. "And look, Uncle Bob!" said Lilian; hand stall and it's quite perfect. Here Nell Sandiford and Uncle Bob.

Uncle Bob's eyes lighted up once

it is, Uncle Bob, with a Merry Christ-

ways dismissed early on this day, and But you shouldn't have bought it, a broad of twelve chickens out in the four large potatoes, using new when in ceive his monthly stipend-meek, bald- mize now, my girl-we've got to econo-

"And, Uncle Bob!" shrieked Lotty,

Uncle Bob, and see if they will fit!"

"Girls gills!" stammered Uncle Bob, "this isn't economy! No, it isn't! But you are three little darlings! Come here long as I have got you!

The slow tears trickled down his cheek as he spoke, and Bertha softly hugged him.

"Uncle Bob," said she, "I haven't told agreement. And . because I wasn't ready to be married this Christmas. But little brooch. See, Uncle Bob!"

him, my child-marry him. Lotty might perhaps live with you. Lilian car support herself; and as for me, why there s the Old Gentlemen's Home, if I can get interest with the directors!"

Bertha's eyes filled with tears. "Uncle Bob," said she, "don't talk nonsense! There's no Old Gentlemen's Home for you, except just here. As if I would ever leave you, dear Uncle Bob!" their Christmas marketing-on a very small scale it was this year, poor things

-Uncle Bob sat staring at the fire. "My little girls!" he repeated to him-Home, it's got to be on the sly.'

of soft silk, the scent of delicate perfume. kitchen from the market is actually unfit recalling the violet banks of long ago, and for food. Housekeepers could well af-

"Nell!" he cried aloud, starting

"Yes, it's Nell-Nell Sandiford!" cried the woman. "So you knew me again? to come back to you, this Christmas Eve. and ask your pardon for all that happened twenty years ago, and ask you to take me cates that we are cultivating a taste for back to you heart again? I'm rich now, putrid meat. Bob; I've got more money than I know what to do with. But there's no one to love me as you did, Bob-dear Bob! I've kept single all these years for your sake. I've sought for you high and low, It was my fault, dear, that we've lost all And Uncle Bob trudged on, carrying these years of happiness. But now we'll set the clock of Time back and begin to

live-really to live?" "My little girls," faintly began Uncle

Bob-"my nieces!" "They shall be my little girls, too," said Miss Sandiford. "I shall love them as my own. Dear Bob, nothing on earth. must come between us now!"

Tears gathered into Uncle Bob's eyes. "Nelly," said he—"Nelly, I have never ceased to love you, but I did not suppose you could remember me all this time. Are you quite sure, Nelly, that you're not mistaken?"



Nell put both her hands on his shoullers, and looked into his face. "Quite, quite sure, Bob," said she. If only you will say to me: 'Nell, I

"My dear," said the old Chevalier Bayard, "there's no necessity for that. There never has been anything to forgive. We were both young and foolish

"And," added Nell, with a somewhat tremulous laugh, "we are both older and wiser now.

When the three girls came back from suttered, and place in the oven for about their expedition into the region of shops three minutes; best up six eggs with half and stores, they found Uncle Bob sitting | hree minutes, beat up a saucepan, add beside an elegantly dressed lady, "and looking," as Lilian afterward said, "as much like an old Prince as ever." "Girls," said Uncle Bob, "this is your

Christmas present-a new aunt!" Lotty looked amazed-Lilian drew back with a low exclamation. Of all the three. Bertha alone divined the se-"You have cared for him all these

the pocket-book. "It seemed hard at the time, but I've always felt that I did presents, but I can't." And his head love him, for he is worthy of it!" The heiress laughed and cried, all in

"My dear ones! my dear ones!" she thinly into cold water some mediummurmured. "If I could only make this sized potatoes, drain in a colander and

But that was impossible. The flow- drippings, or half of each; cover closely ers that blossom late in life's day have ten minutes, removing only to stir them 'this is the copy of 'Paradise Lost' that the deepest scents, the richest colors, and from the bottom to keep from burning; you wanted. I found it at a second- this Christmas Eve was very sweet to sook another ten minutes, stirring until

A Quall in the Brood.

Last summer a hen belonging to Rober
Mosley, of Crawfordsville, Ind., hatched on a slaw cutter over a pan of cold water

try is nearly fifty pounds a year,

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS

NEW HOUSES.

There is too great haste in occupying a house after its completion. In many places there is such demand for dwellings, and often business apartments, that as soon as finished they are occupied. This is especially true of small dwellings. There is more danger in this than is supposed. There is no health in dampness and mould under any circumstances, and in living apartments where tendency is toward poor ventilation, dampness of newly finished houses contribute largely to ill health. In the town of Basic, Switzerland, a regulation has been adopted which prevents newly built house from being occupied until four months after completion. Under many circumstances, so long a time as above specified "It's very pretty, my dear," said Uncle is not necessary, but it is often well to err on the side of safety. The size of from long engagements, Bertha. Marry the houses, its location, surroundings, the material used and the state of the weather enter into consideration of the time necessary in which a building should become sufficiently dry for occupancy .-

A POISONOUS PRACTICE.

Sanitary Neces.

If housekeepers everywhere would start and maintain a crusade against the sale of undrawn poultry in the markets or by Long after the girls had gone out to de farmers it would work a most wholesome hygienic reform, says Good Housekee It is a vicious paactice, an abuse, in fact, that people have endured as they have many other abuses, because there is no self----my three dear little women remedy except in concerted action or They've got lots of love but no logic ir legislation. It is impossible to keep un-'em. If I go into the Old Gentlemen'i drawn poultry even a few hours without the beginning of putrefaction from the Just then there came a soft tapping at the door.

"Come in!" said Uncle Bob, with a longer it is kept the more of the poison goes into the flesh, and, in the majority The door opened; there was the rust of cases, the poultry that reaches the ford to pay a larger price to have the killed-they pay for much weight that is thrown away, as it is, beside having left a mass of poisoned flesh. It is urged Oh, Bob, is it wrong and unfeminine of me that some people prefer the flavor of undressed poultry, but that fact only makes the matter more alarming, since it indi-

CHICKEN PIE.

There are many ways of making a chicken pie, but this is a good one: Cut up as for fricasse a pair of tender chickens weighing from six to eight pounds. Put them over the fire with a quarter of a pound of salt pork, cut in very thin strips, and add boiling water to scarcely cover; simmer slowly until tender. Remove all the nicer pieces, the breasts of which make four pieces from each chicken, the first and second joints each cut into two. Leave the backs, the tips of the wings and the necks to simmer another hour, adding a minced onion and some parsley. Line a very large earthen pudding dish with good paste; lay in he pieces of chicken, strain over it the gravy, which you have thickened slightly, put on the top crust and bake until the crust is done. When taken from the oven pour in slowly some of the reserved gravy through the hole made in the top of the paste. Of course, all the larger bones are to be removed when the chicken is laid in the paste, and each layer must be seasoned with salt, pepper and minced parsley. It is good either hot or cold, and the day after the dinner you will have chance to sample in the latter state.

RECIPES. Boiled Codfish-Soak in a pan of water over night, and simmer two or three hours, or until well done. Serve with drawn butter, with hard boiled egg chopped fine and stirred in; also garning the fish with slices of hard boiled egg aid on it or around the edge.

Minced Veal-Take an earthen dish, and put in it a layer of breadcrumbs; over this place pieces of butter, then a layer of minced cold veal, with salt and pepper, then more crumbs, butter, vesl, salt and pepper. When the dish is full, with a layer of crumbs for the top, pour over it an egg, beaten well, and mixed in half a cup of milk. Bake until brown. Hashed Meat-Take the trimmings of

cold boiled or roasted ham; chop fine and spread on delicate slices of toast,

pepper, salt and two ounces of butter, and stir till it begins to thicken; remove from the fire, stir a little, then spread on the ham and serve. Fried Chicken-Put equal quantities of butter and lard in a hot frying pan. If the chicken has been previously cooked t will need no more salt. Dredge in lour, and fry it to a nice brown in each side. Make a dressing by putting two tablespoonfuls of flour into the hot fat

aste. Serve in a gravy boat. Fried Raw Potatoes-Pare and alice "This bunch of holly is Christmas Christmas half so happy to you as it is out into a frying-pan in which is two resent enough for us, Uncle Bob," to me!" lightly browned. Sweet potatoes may be

prepared in the same way. Saratoga Chips-Thinly peel and slice

woods. When she brought them to the season; salt the water and let stand while house a baby quail followed. It has breakfast is preparing; take handfuls of grown up with the chickens, is no wilder the potatoes at a time, drain and dry them than they are, and goes to roost with on a napkin; separate the slices and drop a handful at a time in boiling lard, without contact with each other; stir with a Somebody has taken the trouble to compute that the average consumption of salt by each grown person in this country is nearly fifty pounds a year.

fork until a light brown or crisp, as desired; skim out, drain well and serve in an open dish. Are very good cold as well.