

The St. Tammany Farmer.

"The Blessings of Government, Like the Dew from Heaven, should Descend Alike Upon the Rich and the Poor."

W. G. KENTZEL, Editor.

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WELL MATCHED.

He was a first, and she was a first,
Too clever by half, you see,
For each one thought
The other was caught,
And both were fancy free.

He made a mark on his memorandum pipe,
That all his victims enrolled;
She cut a nick
On her blue fan's stick,
That a tale of conquest told.

His number was only twenty-nine,
And hers was thirty and three,
Yet both still swore
That never before
Had they met affixity.

He was blighted by glimmering gold,
But by her golden hair,
And she confessed
She was much impressed
To find him a millionaire.

The God of Love waded mightily wroth,
For tired and bored was he
"Dull as a turnip,"
Cried little Cupid,
"In mere capidity."

They played the prettiest comedy,
Till the gray season went,
Then in dismay,
They found one
That neither had a cent.

—Dorothy Chapin, in Truth.

MRS. DECK'S NEW LEAF.

How Tommy's Sickness Taught His Mother a Lesson.

Mrs. Deck was troubled about many things. She craved the newest fashion in sleeves, not only for herself, but for her little girls, and wanted to have every sort of dish and silver appliance fancy has invented to clutter the table, and enrich the shopkeepers. She belonged to two missionary societies, and she delighted in giving dainty afternoon teas, and little dinners. Mr. Deck often said, with smiling pride, there was nothing so odd about Sally, and then he would give an odd little sign as if he unconsciously regretted his Sally's ability to keep up with life's procession. But no one notes that sign, unless it was little Tommy, whose quick ears and sharp eyes noticed everything.

Tommy was so often called an awful boy, it is probable he had his faults. To sail on a mud puddle on a bobbing bit of board, he would scour the little city over, and if there was a ticklish job of tree climbing necessary to the rescue of some fellow, Tommy was always the boy to undertake it. He would tuck nails in the pockets of his Sunday clothes, and drive them into impossible places with the potato masher, if no other hammer was available, and the times he had flooded the house from the bathroom and given himself the croup and twisted his ankles skating could not be counted. But Tommy never flinched. He never even told tiny fibs when by so doing he could have saved himself unpleasant punishment. Tommy's eyes were big, and the sort of gray that often looked black. His hair was brown and as thick on his head as it could be without being solid, and over his nose was a thick sprinkling of freckles. The little boys all liked Tommy, and so did the cats and dogs, and so did Miss Brantley's teacher, though he was stupid in number work. But his sisters usually spoke of him as "a little plague," and his mamma, without being aware of it, felt him to be a great hindrance to everything she wanted to do. If she was practicing a sonata, he would break in upon the adagio by beginning to sing "After the Ball," to the best of his ability. He had no voice whatever. Or, he would be used by some demon of unrest, steal to the stairway and take that opportunity to slide down the baluster rail, and leave upon it etchings drawn by his buttons. If she was studying a page of Browning, or trying to write an essay upon art, it did seem as if Tommy always chose the moment that would disturb her most to play wild Indian with a select party of friends, just under the window. So it fell out that by degrees Tommy fell more and more to the charge of Molly, the nurse, and consoled himself when in trouble by visiting the Tuckers, who lived just around the corner in a brown house. Mrs. Tucker somehow kept bread in the mouths of her brood of six by washing; at night she called "days' works." At night they gathered about her, and the one lamp, and in all Shoreleigh was not a happier group. She was busy at something all ways, patching usually, but it was wonderful the amount of work she could get through with swarmed upon by six pairs of arms, and talked to by six eager tongues.

The literary club was going to hold its annual banquet at Mrs. Deck's, and the lady determined to make the occasion one long to be remembered. "There may be costlier ones by and by, when Shoreleigh is a great city," she told Mr. Deck, "but there shall not be a prettier one."

"Well," assented Mr. Deck, "so it don't cost too dear, Sally, I've nothing to say. I do not mean in dollars, for you are always sensible about spending things, but by yourself. You spend yourself too lavishly sometimes." Mrs. Deck only laughed at this, and went off to the florists and spent the whole morning deciding whether she would have roses or chrysanthemums for decoration.

"Chrysanthemums is newer, mum," said Mr. Higgs, rubbing his hands together as they rustled. "An' you gits great wads of 'em. Take this 'ere white. Looks like a big dahlia, an' this 'ere white apron er like a mop of 'air a daggler' back from a gal's face, an' this 'ere one again is piled up like a lot of thin-aloed cabbages, an' this one again are like a sunflower for its shape, an' pink an' white, or orange, or—then again all lavender pink, or all gold color is 'an' dimes. Roses ain't what you can call odd, but they ain't no ways new, though I ain't one as is too ready to force my opinion. Ladies knows what they has and what they wants."

While Mrs. Deck listened to Mr. Higgs, Tommy was busy far away sailing a mud puddle lake with Harry Tucker, for it was Saturday, and when he went home Mamma was too busy to

lashing her new dress to note that his feet and legs were wet. It ached in Tommy's head the next morning when he got up, but he did not think to tell anyone about it. His mamma had been too busy thinking of her part in the coming entertainment to ask if he had learned his Sunday-school lesson. He had an old-fashioned teacher, had Tommy, and had to commit six verses to memory each week. For quiet he retired behind the curtains in the bow window, and no one thought of the redness of his face when he came out. But when at dinner he ate little of his chicken, and said he was too sleepy to wait for his pie, his father discovered that Tommy was a sick boy, and sent off for Dr. Sanders.

"Is it something contagious? Will I have to give up having the banquet here?" asked Mrs. Deck, when the doctor had felt of Tommy's pulse, and looked at his tongue and his breast.

"The symptoms are rather obscure, just now," said the doctor, who never told anything of which he did not feel very sure. "There's a good deal of scarlet fever about and measles, and I'm bound to say there's smallpox over in Bagdad."

Mrs. Deck threw up her hands, exclaiming: "Smallpox!"

"Yes, but I suppose he may not be over in that region. It has been simply a slight stomach trouble. Children, especially of a nervous, sanguine temperament, are liable to fever for slight causes."

"Have you been over to Bagdad?" demanded Mr. Deck of Tommy.

"Yes, sir," replied Tommy, unflinchingly. "I went yesterday morning with Harry Tucker. We wanted to see the thing old Uncle Lijah Blake's made. It's a paper windmill and goes by wind like a paper windmill. Uncle Lijah said he'd whittle me one for two nickels."

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the doctor. Then he looked at Tommy's vaccination spot.

"It never took good, you know," said Tommy's mamma. "The girls' were all right, but Tommy's was contrary."

Now, if anyone can have the heart to hold a rose over a hot fire and see it quickly shrivel and wilt, he can have some idea of what befell Tommy Deck within the next week. He did not have the smallpox, but something nearly as bad, scarlet fever, and after that first day he knew no one. He clung, however, closely to his mother, whom he took to be Mrs. Tucker, and he hung her about by imploring her not to go away. "I like you so," he would whisper, huskily. "I spect I'd like mamma, if I could get a chance to get acquainted with her. But she's awful busy, and I guess she don't like boys as well as girls. I forget and rumple her bangs and her frills, and I do forget about the forks and spoons. But you're so cozy to have round, Mrs. Tucker, and please do tell me that story about the wild bear of county Clare again."

Unluckily, Mrs. Tucker herself was kept close at home with her boy Harry who was sick with the dreaded smallpox, so the story of the wild bear could not be repeated. Plenty of other stories were, however, and dust gathered in the pretty parlors, and the spring bonnets came, and still Mrs. Deck thought of nothing but Tommy. But at last there came a day, and what a happy day it was, when he knew her, and old Dr. Sanders announced that, if he did not catch cold, and if he did not have the dropsy, or half a dozen other complications, he would soon mend and be about again. To look at Tommy was a sorry spectacle. His hair had grown so thin it looked like the wire netting under the moss, and stuck straight up, dry and dead. His cheeks were thin, and his fingers were skinny, and for that matter, the whole of his body was peeling. He trembled when he tried to sit up, and he wanted to do a thousand things he could not, and if he had never really been an awful boy, he became one during the weeks of his convalescence. But it was his mother who took to him, played dominoes with him, and taught him to use his paint brushes. All things end, even unhappy things, and after sulphur had made the whole house sweet, and whitewash and paint and scouring had purified Tommy's sick room, and Tommy himself was allowed to go out on sunny days, Mrs. Deck scolded him and surprised his sisters and Mr. Deck by the declaration that she was going to turn over a new leaf. Tommy, with quick remembrance of the days before his illness, broke out impetuously: "O mamma, don't! Just go on."

"Well, perhaps that's what it will amount to. The parlors are the pleasant rooms in the house, and I have taken down everything in them that can be easily soiled, or broken, so we can enjoy them every evening, and I am going to stop making frills of any sort, fancy cakes, fancy frocks for girls, and all sorts of things that take a great deal of care and time, so we can have leisure for more stories and study together."

"Good," cried Tommy. "That'll be a love your home club, Mamma Deck, won't it, your new leaf?"—Elizabeth Cummings, in Interior.

Philosophy from FOGGY BOTTOM.

Er man dat kin tell whether he's tired er jes' lazy has judicial qualification dat fit him nacherly far de s'preme bench. When er man goes round askin' for advice, de chance is 'bout seventeen ter tree dat he's jes' tryin' ter put off gittin' down ter business. De school dat you Parms in makes a heap ob difference. No good comes ob teachin' er boy bisirifmetic fum a policy slip. Er big glass di'mun shirt sturd ain't got no magriyfin' powers. Hit's effect an' ter make de man dat sturdan's behin' it look mighty small. Some men's fin's hit mighty hard ter think sense an' talk politics simultaneously. Don't gub too much 'tention ter fancy compliments. Er man gits erhead much faster by plain walkin' dan he kin by turbin' somersaults.—Washington Star.

—The railroads of Holland are the safest. There is only one passenger killed per annum, while only four are injured.

WOMAN AND HOME.

DOLLS OF FASHION.

How Ladies Obtained the Styles in the Fifteenth Century.

Long before ladies' newspapers were started and fashion plates in their modern form were thought of, ladies derived their knowledge of the fashions from dolls dressed in model costumes, which were sent from one country to another, most especially from Paris, which then as now was the leading center of the mode. This custom of exchanging fashion dolls commenced early in the fifteenth century, and prevailed for more than one hundred



DOLLS OF FASHION.

years, when woodcuts and engravings were substituted, until towards the end of the eighteenth century colored fashion plates and illustrated magazines made their appearance. Great ladies used to send these dolls to their friends at a distance, and, as the costumes were made by professional "cutters," exactly to the right shape and in the latest style, with due regard to details of materials and trimmings, the dressmakers had only to enlarge the measurements of them.

DRESSING THE BRIDE.

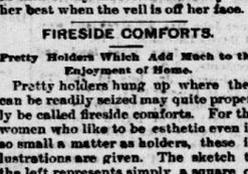
Heavy White Satin Is the Correct Material for the Wedding Gown.

Very heavy white satin is used for the wedding gown, writes Isabel A. Mallon, in Ladies' Home Journal. The skirt, which is quite plain in front, has a flare about the lower part, the result of there being two full plaits on each side of the broad gore. In the back there are two double box-plaits that fall far down, spread out and extend through the train, which is very nearly a yard long. The bodice is a pointed one, laced in the back; is high in the neck, and has over its white satin collar folds of white tulle, caught at one side with a tiny bunch of orange blossoms. The sleeves have enormous puffs of the satin that reach quite to the elbows, and below that they fit in to the arms, and each comes down in a point over the hand. Folds of tulle outline this point. Over each shoulder is an elaborate cascade of orange blossoms. The hair is arranged quite high and pinned closely and very firmly to the head; and the veil, which is fastened on under a wreath of orange blossoms, extends to the edge of the skirt in front and over the entire length of the train at the back. It is necessary in arranging this veil to remember that while it is worn over the face going up the aisle of the church, it is thrown back after the ceremony, in such a way that the bride may look her best when the veil is off her face.

FIRESIDE COMFORTS.

Pretty Holders Which Add Much to the Enjoyment of Home.

Pretty holders hung up where they can be readily seized may quite properly be called fireside comforts. For the women who like to be esthetic even in so small a matter as holders, these illustrations are given. The sketch on the left represents simply a square of



Pretty Holders.

dark cloth bound with braid, the lettering being done with Turkey red marking cotton. The center design is made of brown cloth outlined with tan floss. The pattern of a turtle can easily be copied from this, enlarging it to a size of six inches. A loop is fastened to its tail to hang by. The geranium leaf is the model for the holder shown to the right. Make this of two thicknesses, the under one of dark green cloth, and the upper of dull red, fastening them with veinings done in green silk. A loop, which is also the stem, serves to hang it by.—American Agriculturist.

Care of Curtains and Portieres.

When any cleaning or sweeping is in progress the heavy curtains and portieres should be removed, and after being thoroughly brushed and shaken should be allowed to hang in the air until the rooms are cleaned and ready for their return, writes James Thompson in a very practical article, "Artistic Doorways and Windows," in Ladies' Home Journal. Heavy hangings will absorb the odor from cigar smoke or from any food which may be cooking, and the greatest care should therefore be taken that they be kept well aired. The doorway curtains may be so easily removed and placed in position again that there should be no excuse for any unpleasant odor being attached to them.

No Trimming Matter.

Mrs. Sereleat—Do you think I would trifle with a man's affection?
Mrs. Chastique—No, indeed; not if you got a good hold on it.—Chicago News.

LESSON IN ETIQUETTE.

The Proper Way of Observing Wedding Ceremonies—The Duties of Guest and Hosts—A Few Useful Suggestions Concerning Presents.

Are you well posted on the etiquette of the wedding anniversary? Sending out the invitation, accepting it and celebrating this social function call for strict attention to details.

First, let us consider the list of anniversaries which Father Time presents with due formality as the years fit by. Here it is:

Cotton leads; second, paper; third, leather; fourth, book; fifth, wooden; sixth, garnet; seventh, woolen; eighth, bric-a-brac; ninth, tops; tenth, tin; twelfth, silk and fine lines; fifteenth, crystal; twentieth, china; twenty-fifth, silver; thirtieth, pearl; thirty-fifth, sapphire; fortieth, ruby; fiftieth, gold; seventy-fifth, diamond.

Of these, the last five rarely demand recognition. An all-around glimpse of those more generally observed may give you some suggestions that will be helpful.

Wedding anniversary invitations are printed on cards or note-paper, preferably the latter. They should read Mr. and Mrs. Frank Thompson, at home, etc., with date and residence.

The character of the occasion is indicated by a monogram at the top of the page, this being flanked by the two annual dates—as 1844(monogram) 1844. If for a golden wedding, this lettering is in golden ink; for a silver wedding, it is in silver; the invitation being printed in black ink.

No written acceptance need be sent in answer to this style of invitation. You simply dispatch a present with card attached, and, if unable to attend the reception, a graceful note, expressing congratulations, is forwarded through the mail.

In regard to the giving of presents on such occasions, a recent plan that has been widely indulged does away with all embarrassment likely to be experienced by people of limited means.

Invitations to the more elaborate anniversaries—such as the golden, silver, etc.—generally have engraved in the lower left corner: "No presents." This

is seldom the case in regard to the paper, cotton, tin, wooden, linen and china anniversaries. At such affairs, much of the merriment and jollity among the guests is occasioned by the unique presents offered.

A couple who had enjoyed the bliss of married life for two years summoned their friends to a paper wedding. This event opened the way for artistic table decorations on the part of the hostess and novel souvenir offerings from the guests.

The odd paper tablecloth was formed of large sheets of crinkled paper, pasted together and adorned at the places of the guests with choice sweeties; tin trays of salted almonds appeared in paper-mache, delicately painted, and pale pink paper-mache finger bowls, with rose petals floating on the perfumed water, also had place amid the assortment of quaint paper table settings.

As for the gifts: Well, everything had a showing, from note paper to exquisite tissue lamp shades, bearing beautiful garniture of tissue flowers. One very practical as well as pretty present was a paper mache toilet set. The pitcher, bowl, soap dish and smaller articles were of a dainty cream tint, painted in a design of daisies and grasses.

The shops teem with such delightful novelties in every form that the search for one to give for an anniversary at present is a difficult one. A little originality, a little taste and not very much money will secure an exceedingly effective congratulatory bit.—Golden Days.

As Reasonable Men Grow.

Green and white is a sweet and girlish combination, but green and black has a Frenchy air that is irresistible. A woman who made this discovery has created for herself a house frock out of the ball dress that had done duty all winter. It was a pale green silk, with fluttering white ribbons and laces. She ripped it apart and had it cleaned. The bodice and skirt were joined, and the joining marked by a fine black silk cord about her waist. A ruffle of green edged with narrow black lace, trimmed the foot of the skirt. The low-necked bodice was pieced up and half covered with narrow ruffles of green, each outlined with very narrow black lace.

Modern Raspberry Cake.

Take one pint of light dough, beating teaspoonful of lard, 3 tablespoons white sugar; mix thoroughly and set in warm place to rise. When nice and light, roll out half an inch thick, put in warm place to rise again; take 3 tablespoonsful of sour cream and spread over this; then take 1/2 cup of sugar and sprinkle this over. Mix well, roll out, add bits of butter and a sprinkle of cinnamon for the top; bake in 30 minutes.

A Social Compliment.

"Now, Ethel dear, the doctor is downstairs. I want you to see him."
"Oh, mamma! I'm not well enough to see him!"—Harper's Magazine.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—President Diaz of Mexico looks more like a country storekeeper than he does like the president of a republic. He is low of stature, small head, retreating forehead, short crisp hair, high cheek bones, and sallow face. His manner, however, is fascination itself.

—Secretary Lamont is still the most exclusive member of the cabinet, and he is even more exclusive than he was at first. It is almost impossible to get a chance to see him at his office, and many men have spent several days in a vain attempt to get even a glimpse of him. And, besides, he is in the city less than any other member of the cabinet.

—Secretary Lamar was once taken to task by a lady at Bar Harbor who thought he did not recognize her. "Ah, judge," she said, "I am afraid you don't remember me; I met you here two years ago." "Remember you, madam?" was his quick reply, with one of his courtly bows; "why, I've been trying ever since to forget you." And she laughingly exclaimed: "O, go away, you dear, delightful old southern humberg!"

—It is a singular fact that while a great many distinguished and prominent persons write fine, clear hand, most literary people have very indifferently penmanship. John Gordon, who has written so many graceful society novels, has a remarkably illegible, inelegant, hard to decipher and with no particular aim or idea, judging from the formation of the letters. Ella Wheeler Wilcox's writing is like that of an ignorant child, the letters badly formed, staggering and ugly.

—In connection with Count Tolstoy's last book a remarkable copyright dispute has been occupying the attention of lawyers, publishers and authors in England. As is well known, the Russian philanthropist not only declines to receive any financial return for his works, but even to avail himself of any copyright protection for them. The royalties which should be his, to give them to the needy if he wish, swell instead the pockets of publishers, who, in consequence, have become monopolists. They obtain for themselves the copyright refused by Tolstoy, and prosecute each other for every infringement thereof. Meanwhile the Russian poor are poorer through the shortsightedness of their would-be benefactors.

—Louisa M. Alcott began her literary career by writing sensational stories of love and adventure for a cheap Boston paper. She was paid five dollars a piece for these effusions, but, as she said in her journal, "sewing is a safer dependence," and for many years her literary work brought her such meager returns she could not afford to trust it as a support. Hospital sketches first brought her before the public prominently, and her success dated from these fugitive papers, which she did not think much of herself. Before these were written she was a strong, healthy young woman, and after the hospital experience, the dangerous illness and privations which she suffered she was a constant invalid. Her fame was purchased at a bitterly high price.

HUMOROUS.

—Tagleigh—"That girl in the play did the dude to perfection." "Who was the dude?"—Halo.

—Judge—"Do you know anything favorable about the prisoner?" Witness—"He ran away wild me odd woman, yeraner!"

—Tommy—"Paw, what is a moral right?" Mr. Figg—"It generally means a right to dodge around the law."—Indianapolis Journal.

—"I would not recall the passed," says the fellow who had successfully disposed of a counterfeit silver dollar.—Yonkers Statesman.

—"I very much Chappie and his sister look very thick alike." "Oh, do you? I never thought she looked the least bit effeminate."—Inter-Ocean.

—Tommy—"Paw, what is a brag-gart?" Mr. Figg—"He is a man who is not afraid to tell his real opinion of himself."—Indianapolis Journal.

—"Your son takes a great interest in your business, doesn't he?" said the friend. "No; only six per cent; the same as I do."—Washington Star.

—Tackit—"Why do the mathematicians make a representation of the unknown quantity?" Lachit—"Because it stands for ten dollars."—Washington News.

—Jillson says the appearance of the average printing-office towel would indicate that it had been used to wipe the face of the earth.—Buffalo Courier.

—"Professor—"How long should a man's legs be in proportion to his body?" Mr. Lovatland—"Long enough to reach the ground, sir."—Yale Record.

—"If, as the Bible says, 'all flesh is grass,'" said the star boarder at the breakfast table yesterday, "this steak must be the kind of stuff those tough Mexican hammocks are made of."—Philadelphia Record.

—"I have just been reading of a woman who selected a wife for her husband when she was on her death-bed. I think it so strange that a woman would do that." "Husband—"That's what I think, and I hope, my dear, that you'll have an opportunity to show people you're not that kind of a wife."—Inter-Ocean.

—"The Great Unheard-Of."—"Gold mining," remarked the enthusiastic boomer, "is what pays its followers glorious returns. Why, gentlemen," and his voice took the fine oratorical turn of a man with a few claims to soil, "I know a man who made a hundred thousand dollars in a month." "Ugh," grunted an old fellow who looked as if he had been there, "what about the hundred thousand who didn't?" and the question seemed to cast a chill over the subsequent proceedings.—Detroit Free Press.

SEAGIRT BLOCK ISLAND.

An Interesting Dot of Solid Land Off the New England Coast.

If you want to take the salt air and see the ocean in its season in all its majesty go to Block Island. Out on the ocean, fifteen miles from the nearest land, washed on all sides by the restless waters of the Atlantic, in this seagirt isle, its territory extending ten miles from east to west, and six miles from north to south in its widest place. It is nearly treeless, but is clad with greenward. Cattle, sheep and poultry raising are carried on to a large extent, and the raisers supply the markets of Newport and adjacent places.

The island is noted for its fisheries. Its fame began back in the dim past of Indian tradition, and its reputation has not lost anything in modern times. Bluefish, codfish, swordfish, sharks, whales and many other kinds of fish are caught here in their season. The value of the island fisheries is something like one hundred thousand dollars annually. The reason for this is very bad, but nevertheless, the people drive a great deal. The sea views from the various points are fine, and there are numerous places which are interesting to visit on account of old Indian legends and the traditions of early settlers.

The Indian name was Manisses, meaning Little God's Island. The Narraganset, Pequot and Mohog Indians lived there at different times, and were in continued broils about the ownership. In the year 1690 it had many English settlers who were continually at war with the Indians. During the wars with France and England pirates used to descend on the island and carry off or destroy everything they could lay their hands on. Capt. Kidd often landed here, loaded his vessels with all the valuables he could find, and stocked his larder with a fresh supply of provisions. Although protection was asked of the general assembly by the inhabitants, they never got it. The general assembly, in all that probability, had all it could do to protect itself, and the islanders had to defend themselves as best they could. When the revolution was war broke out this small community abhorred what it was made of. The people placed their lives and property and honor upon the altar of their country as freely as the inhabitants of the colonies, but they fared worst of all. At first they were thoroughly "sacked" by their mother colony and then left to the tender mercies of the hostile ships of England. Islanders were forbidden by an enactment to come to the mainland unless when they intended to settle there, and it seemed every man's hand was against them. Refugees, pirates and wreckers appear continually in Block Island's history, while a romantic company of ghosts, phantom ships, false lights, and witch fires illuminate the island chronicles.

When the first summer visitors began to go there, about 1848, they were peculiar people. They were a sturdy, independent class, and could drive a bargain of the sharpest kind. This characteristic they retain to the present day, and it will be well to remember the fact when you are doing business with them. The women in older times left an admirable record, and many of their virtues have been transmitted to their children. Another peculiarity of the islanders was their fondness for the sea. They were a sturdy, independent class, and could drive a bargain of the sharpest kind. This characteristic they retain to the present day, and it will be well to remember the fact when you are doing business with them. The women in older times left an admirable record, and many of their virtues have been transmitted to their children. Another peculiarity of the islanders was their fondness for the sea. They were a sturdy, independent class, and could drive a bargain of the sharpest kind. This characteristic they retain to the present day, and it will be well to remember the fact when you are doing business with them.

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THE DIGNITY OF HOUSEKEEPING.

I believe myself that a large class of American women are shockingly enervated by the irresponsibility of apartment and hotel life and over-indulgent husbands. It is a great pity some strong-linged, well-to-do men should not cut into neat pieces alike in size and shape. A fresh rod-ro is very good plainly boiled and eaten with butter and cayenne. The remains of cod-ro may be cut in slices and fried with egg and bread-crumbs, or laid in slices in a pie-dish, covered with white sauce, two hard-boiled eggs cut in small pieces on the top, and mashed potatoes over all, and put in the oven and thoroughly warmed. After boiling the onions as above cut them into neat pieces, not too small, and having made the egg-sauce, put the pieces of onions in the stew-pan containing it. Hold the stew-pan over the fire, shaking it about until the fish is quite hot; then dish it without a napkin, piling the onions in pyramid form and pouring the remainder of the sauce over. Garnish with boiled parsnips round the dish, cut into neat pieces, alike in size and shape. A fresh rod-ro is very good plainly boiled and eaten with butter and cayenne. The remains of cod-ro may be cut in slices and fried with egg and bread-crumbs, or laid in slices in a pie-dish, covered with white sauce, two hard-boiled eggs cut in small pieces on the top, and mashed potatoes over all, and put in the oven and thoroughly warmed. After boiling the onions as above cut them into neat pieces, not too small, and having made the egg-sauce, put the pieces of onions in the stew-pan containing it. Hold the stew-pan over the fire, shaking it about until the fish is quite hot; then dish it without a napkin, piling the onions in pyramid form and pouring the remainder of the sauce over. Garnish with boiled parsnips round the dish, cut into neat pieces, alike in size and shape. A fresh rod-ro is very good plainly boiled and eaten with butter and cayenne. 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