

TWILIGHT!

As filmy veil o'er summer skies
It drew, and cooled their fervid eyes,
With tender tint on field and dell,
The light across the landscape fell;
It flushed on tired childhood's cheek,
And said: "Thy dreamy pillow seek!"
To plowman, at his cottage door,
It whispered: "Rest; day's toil is o'er."
To wistful watcher by the sea:
"The moon may bring thy ship to thee!"
It crowned the saint upon his bier:
"Sleep well, God's own—the night is here;"
Kissed off the tears from weeping eyes:
"Have faith! the day again shall rise."
Its passing ray, through chancel pane,
Wrote on the urn: "This life is vain!"
The spire's gold cross athwart the sky
Flashed its last words: "Tis gain to die!"
And thus, with vari-colored thought,
Were evening shadows interwrought.
Thus, to the earth the fading light
Gave benedictions of the night.

Eph's New-Year's Boots.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.

THE ship *Emerald*, under topsails, is plunging and rolling over and through great mountains of storm-tossed wintry sea. Mr. Kendall, the sturdy little second mate, makes his way forward by clinging to the weather rail. He casts a glance at the side lights to make sure that they are burning clear, and then, in a cheery voice, hails the look-out.

"Only five minutes longer, Ned," he hawls, encouragingly; for cold as it is on deck, he knows that facing the bitter blast on the exposed fore-castle is a hundred times worse.

Ned Rand returns the customary, "Ay, ay, sir," and vaguely wonders if he ever will be warm again. Not only is he drenched and chilled through and through, but the cold, which is growing more intense, has stiffened his soaked oil-clothes until they seem like a suit of tin armor. Like a dream the remembrance of a year ago that very night comes to mind, how, sitting around the glowing grate in the cozy home sitting-room, he, with the family, watched the old year out and the new in.

Ting, ting, ting, ting, ting, ting, ting, sounds faintly from aft.

"Ring out the old, ring in the new," grimly mutters Ned between his chattering teeth, as he strikes the knell of the old year on the big bell forward.

"Hillo-o-o in there! Eight bells, you sleepers! D'ye hear the news?"

As the sleepy, grumbling watch come on deck, the wheel and look-out are relieved.

"Go below, the port watch, but stand ready for a call," says Mr. Marline, the chief mate.

Ned is crawling stiffly down from the look-out, when very unexpectedly the long-legged overgrown boy who, without speaking, had relieved him, hawls in his ear, "Wish you a happy new year, Ned!"

Unexpectedly, I say, for the reason that the two boys, who were room-mates, have not spoken together before for a whole week. Ned hesitates a moment. Suddenly to mind come the familiar lines,

"The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the old, ring in the new."

"Same to you, old fellow," he exclaims, as well as his chattering jaws will let him, and then creeping cautiously along the slippery, heaving deck, Ned enters the "boys' room" in the after-end of the hold. Throwing off his oil-skins and drenched p-a-jacket with a shiver, he is about to turn into his bunk, when he sees lying on his gray berth blankets a pair of half-worn rubber boots. Scrawled on a bit of paper tied to one of the loops are these words:

"A new year's present to Ned I was keeping them for you all the time from your aff shipmate, E Jackson."

As Ned reads this friendly message, his face begins to burn—perhaps from the heat of the coals of fire thus heaped upon his head; for the trouble between himself and his room-mate had begun about these very same rubber boots. Ned's had been accidentally washed over board by a big sea a few days previous, he having laid them on the main hatch to dry; and vainly had he tried to buy this pair of Eph, who wore thick "cow-hides" in ordinary weather, keeping the rubber ones for extraordinary.

"You're a mean, contemptible skinflint, Eph Jackson," Ned had angrily exclaimed.

"Mebbe I be, returned Eph, as a dull red tinged his homely face; but, all the same, you can't buy them boots: I've got another set for 'em."

High words followed. Ned called Eph "a hayseed-haired countryman." Eph, in return, taunted Ned with hanging back when a royal haul to be stowed or the flying jib furled: "a sogerin' skulk" was the uncomplimentary epithet which he applied to his room-mate, if I remember aright. Since which time, as I have said, no word had passed between the two until Eph had broken the ice with his New-Year's greeting.

"He's not such a bad lot, after all," said Ned aloud. "The boots are a couple of sizes too large," he added, as he pulled them on over a pair of dry socks; "but they'll keep out the wet and cold anyway."

But there was a sort of unconscious patronage in his way of accepting the welcome present, after all; for Ned Rand's father, who owned two-thirds of the *Emerald*, was a wealthy ship-builder of East Boston, while Eph Jackson was an uncultured young fellow from the country. Ned was making this his first sea-voyage "just for the fun of it"; Eph, because he had an old mother up among the Berkshire hills, for whom every cent of his wages was meant.

"Some day I call late to be a officer, an' git my forty or fifty dollars a month," said Eph, sturdily, to himself.

Ned had obtained his parents' consent that he should make a trial voyage with Captain Elton. "But don't favor him, Captain," privately suggested Mr. Rand.

"Favor him!" echoed the plain-spoken Captain; "I guess not. There's no favors shown aboard ships. Your boy will be treated the same as that

long-legged young chap from the country who shipped yesterday—no better and no worse." Which assurance Ned had found to his extreme disgust is carried out to the very latter.

But the voice of the storm without grows louder and fiercer.

"I thought so!" growls Ned, as two hours later he hears the command to "turn out and shorten sail."

Ugh-h-h! It is ten degrees colder at least than when he went below. Mast and spar, brace and rigging, alike are cased in thin ice.

The upper topsails have been lowered on the caps, where they are thrashing as only stiff, half-frozen sails can thrash.

"Jump up there lively, and roll up the main-top-sail first," bellows Mr. Marline, and in a moment wily little Mr. Kendall is in the main-rigging. Closely following him is Ned Rand, but not from any desire to show unusual activity.

He has learned that in furling a sail the extremity of the yard is the easiest place, for here he has nothing particular to do except to hold on by the "lift" with one hand, and pass the yard-arm gasket to the man who stands next inside.

The sail is "picked up," and secured after a fashion, for it is as unmanageable as an oak plank. The gaskets are passed, and the men descend the slippery rigging. Ned delays as long as possible, for the fore and mizzen topsails have yet to be furled.

"You, Ned, are you going to stay on that yard all night?" thunders Mr. Marline from below, at which gentle hint Ned bestirs himself.

Crawling cautiously along the slippery, swaying foot-rope, one moment high in air, and the next with the boiling, seething sea beneath his feet, Ned is nearly half way in, when, as the ship rolls heavily to leeward, his mittened hands slip on the icy iron jack-stay, and with a wild cry, which is heard even above the storm, he is launched into space.

"Man overboard!" yells Mr. Kendall, who is very excitable.

Eph Jackson, who has been sent to the lee, hears it, and stooping, "yanks" the grating from under the helmsman's feet, setting it spinning over the rail.

Captain Elton was never known to be excited in his whole life.

"Put the wheel down," Jerry, and let her head come up in the wind." Raising his voice a little, he then orders the star-boards braced aback, and the fore stays set aback.

While one way is obeying this order, others of the crew clear away the port quarter boat. But when there is a call to man it, one and all hesitate, for verily it is venturing into the very jaws of death.

Eph Jackson suddenly leaves the lee wheel, and follows the plucky little second mate, who is shipping the rudder.

"If that young chap is goin'," mutters Bob Macy, "blowed if I'll hang back;" and in another moment the boat is manned, and afloat in darkness and storm.

Meanwhile, what of Ned Rand? This: As his head disappeared under the icy waves he felt as though a terrible grasp had seized his ankles and was dragging him deeper and deeper despite his efforts to rise.

"It's my heavy boots," was the thought which flashed like lightning through his brain; and thanks to their size, he slipped them off one at a time, coming to the surface just as it seemed to him that his lungs were about to burst through holding his breath so long. Dashing the water from his eyes, he struck out manfully, yet with a sense of utter hopelessness, when his hand struck the grating, to which he clung convulsively. He saw rockets and blue-lights thrown up from the ship's deck, and shouted himself hoarse, for the *Emerald* was not a cable-length distant.

But as he felt an awful numbing chill steal over him, against which he vainly struggled, he was dragged in over the bow of the *Emerald*'s boat by the nervous arms of the bow oar—Mr. Ephraim Jackson.

"Darned if he ain't lost them boots a'ready!" exclaimed Eph, as the insensible boy was laid face down in the bottom of the boat.

Well, through God's mercy and Mr. Kendall's skill, they reached the ship in safety, but Eph—or indeed any of the boat's crew—will never forget the terrible pull, or how near they were being crushed by the ship's side in taking the boat aboard.

Ned was rubbed, filled to the throat with hot coffee, and stowed away in his bunk, so that by morning he was all right again, but, to his great joy, he was excused from further duty, the ship being now off old Boston Light.

"You saved my life, Eph," says Ned, gratefully, as in high glee the two boys begin to pack their chests in readiness for going ashore, "and how shall I ever repay you?"

There was no mock modesty about Eph Jackson. "It ain't wuth mentionin'," looking up from his work, "but seein's you make so much of it, if you're a mind to buy me a pair o' new rubber boots, we'll call it square."

Which Ned afterward does, and better still, invites Eph home to stay until the ship is again ready for sea; for Captain Elton has offered to take him as able seaman on the next voyage. A year later, and Mr. Jackson is second mate of the *Emerald*.

"Them rubber boots," he remarks aloud, as he incloses a money order for fifty dollars to his proud mother—"them rubber boots was a lucky New-Year's present for me."

"And for me too, Eph," smilingly returns Ned Rand, who stands close by.—*Harper's Young People*.

In Brazil some experiments have been tried by M. de Lacerda, showing that permanganate of potash is an almost certain antidote for the bite of snakes. M. de Lacerda has not as yet tried its efficiency on himself, but in the case of thirty dogs on whom he experimented only two died under exceptional circumstances, and all whom he did not treat with the injection of permanganate of potash died in the usual way.

The world is not so bad but that those who most condemn it leave it regretfully.

"OLD IRONSIDES."

The Constitution, or "Old Ironsides," as she was familiarly called, was one of six frigates the keels of which were laid in 1794. She was the third vessel built for the United States navy after the adoption of the constitution, the United States being the first and the Constellation the second. The Constitution was built at Hart's ship-yard in Boston, which was situated where Constitution Wharf now is, at a cost of \$302,718. She was made very strong, her frame being of live oak, and her planks bent on without steam, as it was believed that the steaming process weakened and softened the wood. Her tonnage was 1,335. She was launched on the 21st of October, 1797, in the presence of a great gathering of people. It was because she was so staunch a ship that the name of Ironsides was given her, and her subsequent service in the war of 1812 fully entitled her to the name. She was the most famous ship in our navy, and has been made the theme of story and of song. She started on her first cruise in July, 1798, under command of Captain James Nicholson, but she did not come into active service until 1804, when she was the flag-ship of Commodore Preble in the war between this country and the Barbary Powers. On the 29th of August the bombardment of Tripoli was renewed for the third time, and the Constitution made her first historical record. She ran in to within a short distance of the castle and batteries, and poured in destructive discharges of round and grape shot. She silenced the guns of the castle and spread destruction among the gun-boats of the enemy. The squadron finally withdrew after doing great damage to the town. After this exploit the Constitution was engaged in cruising until the war of 1812, during which she made her glorious record, and proved to the world that even so young a nation as the United States could produce a navy able to cope with that of Great Britain.

The Constitution, carrying forty-four guns and under command of Captain Isaac Hull, returned from foreign service about the time of the declaration of war, and having shipped a new crew, sailed from Annapolis on a cruise to the northward July 12, 1812. At one o'clock in the afternoon on the 17th, while she was sailing easily along with a light breeze, Captain Hull found himself nearly surrounded by Broke's British squadron. The Constitution was not strong enough to fight the powerful fleet that was closing around her, and her safety depended on her speed. One of the most remarkable naval retreats and pursuits ever recorded now began. The sea was in almost a dead calm, and sails were of little use. The boats were lowered and attached to the ship by long lines, and the sailors pulled with a will to tow the frigate out of the enemy's reach. The British followed the example of the Americans, and the flight and pursuit had become most exciting when night settled down over the waters. All night long the race continued. On the second day eleven sail were in sight, but a gentle breeze was blowing, and the Constitution was gaining slowly on her pursuers. By nightfall she was four miles ahead of the foremost of the British squadron, the *Guerriere*, and at 8.15 that night the Englishmen abandoned the case, and drew off to the northward. The Constitution, after her escape, ran not far from the shore to the Bay of Fundy without meeting a single vessel. Captain Hull then turned her prow to the southward, and on the 19th of August a man-of-war was discovered from the masthead, which afterward proved to be the *Guerriere*, from which "Old Ironsides" had so narrowly escaped a month before. Captain Hull at once gave chase to the stranger, and when about a league to the leeward began to shorten sail and prepare for action. He cleared his ship, beat to quarters, hoisted the American colors, and bore down gallantly on the enemy, intending to bring her into close combat immediately. The *Guerriere* was perfectly willing to fight, and the commander comprehending Hull's movement, hoisted three national ensigns, fired a broadside of grape-shot, filled away, and gave another broadside on the other tack, but without effect, as the missiles all fell short. The Constitution pressed all sail to get alongside the foe, and engage in a fair yard-arm and yard-arm fight. At a little after six in the evening the bows of the American ship began to double the quarter of the English. "Now, boys, pour it into them!" shouted Captain Hull, and the Constitution opened her forward guns with terrible effect. It cast the men in the cock-pit of the enemy's ship from one side of the room to the other, and before they could adjust themselves the blood came streaming from above, and many of their companions, horribly mutilated, were handed down to the surgeons.

The enemy at the same time were pouring heavy metal into the Constitution. The vessels were only half pistol-shot from each other, and the destruction wrought by the broadsides was terrible. Within fifteen minutes after the fight began the *Guerriere*'s mizzenmast was shot away, her main yard was in slings, and her hull, spars, sails and rigging were torn in pieces. At this stage of the contest the Constitution ran foul of her enemy, her bowsprit running into the *Guerriere*'s larboard quarter. Both parties now attempted to board, but before this could be done the sails of the Constitution filled, and she shot ahead and clear of her antagonist whose foremost fell, carrying with it the mainmast, and leaving the British frigate a helpless wreck rolling like a log in the trough of the sea. Captain Dacres, commander of the *Guerriere*, now hauled down the jack, which had been kept flying at the stump of the mizzenmast, in token of surrender, and a prize crew was sent on board. She was too greatly damaged, however, to be saved, and, as it was evident that she would sink, Captain Hull gave orders the next day to set her on fire, and fifteen minutes afterward she blew up. The importance of this victory to the Americans at this period of the war can hardly be overestimated. For the first time in the history of the world, as the *London Times*, expressed it, "did an English frigate strike to an American." Up to this time the Americans had little faith in the power of their navy, and they looked upon England's "wooden walls" as almost impregnable. The victory of the Constitution gave a new vigor to the war in this country, and had a correspondingly

depressing effect in Great Britain. The American loss in the engagement, which lasted half an hour, was seven killed and seven wounded, while the British loss was fifteen killed, and forty-four wounded, and twenty-four missing. The Constitution was severely damaged in spars and rigging. She carried the news of the victory to Boston, arriving there on the 30th of August. When she went into the harbor she was surrounded by a flotilla of gayly decorated small boats, and escorted to the wharf. Here Captain Hull was received with a national salute, and an immense assemblage escorted him to his quarters in the city. A grand demonstration was made in his honor and New York tendered him the freedom of the city, presented swords to him and his officers, and requested him to sit for a portrait to be hung in the Governor's room in the City Hall. The first really great engagement in which the Constitution took part had made her and her commander famous for many long years.

Captain Hull was retired from the command of the "Old Ironsides" and Captain William Bainbridge was appointed his successor. He sailed from Boston October 26, 1812, and on December 29, when off the coast of Brazil, at 9 a. m., discovered two vessels in-shore and to the windward. The larger was seen to alter her course with the evident intention of meeting the Constitution, and Captain Bainbridge, anxious to oblige the stranger, tacked and stood in toward her. He soon discovered that she was an English frigate, and both at once prepared for action. At two o'clock a general cannonade from both vessels began, and a furious battle was begun, both frigates running on the same tack. When the fight had raged half an hour the wheel of the Constitution was shot away, and for a time her antagonist had a great advantage over her. But Bainbridge managed his crippled ship so well that she was the first in coming to the wind on the other tack, and gave her opponent a terrible raking fire. At three o'clock the English vessel attempted to run down on the Constitution's quarter. Her jibboom penetrated the latter's mizzen rigging, but this and the head of her bowsprit were shot away, and the Constitution poured a heavy raking fire broadside into her stern. This was followed by another, when the enemy's foremast went by the board, crashing through the fore-castle and main deck. The Constitution now closed in, and the two vessels lay broadside to broadside, pouring metal into each other. Soon the English vessel's mizzenmast was shot away, leaving nothing standing but the mainmast, the yard of which had been carried away near the slings. The stranger then hauled down her colors, and a prize crew was sent on board. She proved to be the frigate *Java*, carrying thirty-eight guns, and in command of Captain Henry Lambert. She was one of the finest vessels of the British navy, but the engagement left her a complete wreck; and Captain Bainbridge, after transferring the prisoners to the Constitution, ordered her fired, and she blew up on December 31st. In this engagement "Old Ironsides" lost only nine men, with twenty-five wounded. Captain Bainbridge was slightly injured in the hip by a musket-ball, and the shot that carried away the wheel of the Constitution drove a small copper bolt into his thigh, inflicting a dangerous wound. On the *Java* sixty-five were killed and one hundred and seventy wounded.

After this exploit the Constitution sailed for Boston, reaching that port February 15, 1813. Captain Bainbridge resigned the command, and the frigate was put on the stocks for repairs. She left Boston for a cruise December 30, 1813, under command of Captain Charles Stewart, and on February 14, 1814, captured the British war schooner *Pictou*, with a letter of marque which was under her convoy. On April 3d, she was very nearly captured by two British frigates, the *Juno* and the *Nymphe*, but she managed to escape by making Marblehead. At the close of December she again put to sea, still under command of Captain Stewart, and on February 20, 1815, two ships were sighted, which were evidently in company, from the signals which they exchanged. The Constitution gave chase, and at six in the evening, when within range, showed her colors, when the two strangers flung out the British flag. The three ships were now so arranged that they formed the points of an equilateral triangle, the Constitution being to the windward. In this position "Old Ironsides" opened fire, and for fifteen minutes the three ships kept up a continuous cannonade. One of the English vessels became disabled and retired temporarily from the action. The other managed to get to the leeward of the Constitution, and the two vessels poured broadside after broadside into each other. The Constitution justified her claim to the name of "Old Ironsides," and in three-quarters of an hour the English ship surrendered. She proved to be the frigate *Cyane*, Captain Falcon, manned by a crew of one hundred and eighty men, and carrying thirty-six guns. An hour after the surrender of the *Cyane*, her consort, the *Levant*, having repaired her damages, and being ignorant of the capture of the *Cyane*, bore up and met the Constitution coming in search of her. She was soon overpowered, and at ten o'clock at night fired a gun to leeward and surrendered. The loss of the Constitution in this gallant action was three men killed and twelve wounded. That of the enemy in the two vessels was estimated at seventy-seven killed and wounded.

This was the last engagement in which the Constitution was called to take part.

Since the war of 1812 the Constitution has been used mostly as a training or school ship in special service. She was stationed at Annapolis the most of the time until the breaking out of the civil war, and then was removed to Newport and continued in the same service. In 1875 she was placed on the stocks at the League Island Navy-yard and subjected to repair under the supervision of Naval Constructor Hart, a grandson of the man who built her in Boston eighty-four years ago. In 1878 she was detailed to take the goods of American exhibitors to the Paris Exposition, and upon her return was again placed in service as a school ship. In the summer of 1880 she was anchored at the Brooklyn Navy-yard for several weeks, and was visited by throngs of people during her stay. Last April she went on a short cruise, and not being heard of for ten days, a re-

port was circulated that she was lost. The report created a great deal of excitement, which was allayed by the announcement on April 20th of her safety. As an evidence of the sentiment felt for every plank of "Old Ironsides," an anecdote of the Administration of President Jackson may be given. The original figure-head of the Constitution was a bust of Hercules. This was shot away in the war of the Mediterranean, and its place was supplied by a carved billet-head. In 1834, while the frigate was lying at the Charlestown Navy-yard, Commodore Elliott had this billet-head removed, and substituted for it a bust of General Jackson. This substitution was denounced by the opposition as a partisan outrage. Elliott was assailed in newspapers, pamphlets, speeches, and threatened in anonymous letters with violence if he did not remove the effigy. He was deaf to all complaints, and finally, one stormy night in July, 1834, a daring young man from this city went out to the ship in a skiff, sawed off the head of the image, and carried it to Boston. All efforts to discover the perpetrator of this outrage on a government vessel were fruitless, and the excitement finally died away.—*New York Times*.

THE BOOMERANG.

This curious weapon, peculiar to the native of Australia, has often proved a puzzle to the man of science. It is a piece of carved wood nearly in the form of a crescent, from thirty to forty inches long, pointed at both ends, and the corner quite sharp. The mode of using it is as singular as the weapon. Ask a black to throw it so as to let it fall at his feet, and away it goes, forty yards from him, skimming along the surface at three or four feet from the ground, when it will suddenly rise in the air forty or sixty feet, describing a curve, and finally dropping at the feet of the thrower. During its course it revolves with great rapidity on a pivot, with a whizzing noise. It is wonderful so barbarous a people have invented so singular a weapon, which sets the laws of progress at defiance. It is very dangerous for an European to project it at any object, as it may return and strike himself. In a native's hand it is a formidable weapon, striking without the projector being seen. It was invented to strike the kangaroo, which is killed with certainty.

WHY HE OBJECTED.

A crude old farmer, living on the line of one of the recent railroad surveys, and who is owner of a barn of large dimensions, with huge swinging doors on both sides, observed a posse of surveyors busily driving a row of stakes through his premises that extend to the very centre of his big barn. Sauntering leisurely toward the trespassers, with an airavoring somewhat of indignation, he addressed the leader of the gang as follows:

"Lay'n' out another railroad?"
"Surveying for one," was the reply.
"Goin' threw my barn?"
"Don't see how we can avoid it."
"Wall, now, mister," said the worthy farmer, "I kalkulate I've got sumthin' tew say 'bout that. I want you tew understand 't I've got sumthin' else tew dew besides runnin' out to open and shet them doors every time a train wants to go through."—*Stamford Advocate*.

It would be a sad thing to unbelieving ones, if it should transpire that you were mistaken after all—in if in the end you should face death with the painful consciousness of something more than you have counted on beyond.

THINGS TO MAKE A NOTE OF.

GRATED HAM SANDWICHES.—Grate finely as much well cooked ham as you are likely to require; flavor it with a little cayenne and some nutmeg; roll out some good puff paste very thinly, cut it into two perfectly even portions, prick it in one or two places to prevent it rising too highly, and bake in a quick oven till of a golden brown; then take out, and let it stand till cool; then spread a little fresh butter lightly over the whole. This should not be done till the paste is perfectly cool. Now spread the grated ham evenly over the paste, lay the second piece of puff paste over it, and with a very sharp knife cut into small sized sandwiches. This is a nice supper dish.

COFFEE CUSTARD.—Make a good strong extract of coffee—by dripping it as slowly as possible through a percolator; for ten people you will want two cupfuls; take eight of the same measures of milk, and beat into the milk the yolks of six eggs; add three ounces powdered sugar; mix into this the two cupfuls of coffee; as coffee differs in strength, taste to see that it is strong enough; pour the mixture into cups, and put the cups in a not too deep pan with boiling water; the level of the water ought not to stand higher than half the cup; do not boil the water too hard; about fifteen minutes of boiling is necessary.

MUTTON BROTH.—One pound mutton or lamb cut small, one quart of cold water, one teaspoonful of rice or barley, four tablespoonfuls of milk, salt, pepper, parsley; boil the meat without the salt, closely covered, until very tender; strain it and add the barley or rice; simmer for half an hour, stirring often; add the seasoning and milk, and simmer five minutes more.

SUNSHINE CAKE.—Yolks of eleven eggs, two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of milk, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, three cups of flour, and flavor with vanilla.

CREAM CAKE.—One pint of flour, two cups of sugar, two eggs, one cup of cream, two-thirds cup of milk, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, a little salt, and spice to your taste.

CRACKER GRIDDLE CAKES.—To one beaten egg, add two pounded crackers, a pinch of salt, and milk enough to make a thin batter. Of course, one can increase the quantity in same ratio. They are very light and nice.

MEAT LOAF.—Chop fine whatever cold fresh meat you may have, fat and lean together, add pepper, salt, a finely-chopped onion, and two slices of bread soaked soft in milk. Stir all together, beat in an egg, and bake till nicely browned.