

THE COUNTY RECORD

KINGSTREE, S. C.

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The railways of Switzerland will probably soon pass under the control of the government.

Women may now practice law in the Canadian courts, but they must do so bareheaded and wearing a black gown over a black dress, with white collars and cuffs.

Denver, Col., is to have a building 125 feet long by fifty feet deep and two stories high, to be devoted exclusively to doctors' offices. Twenty physicians can be accommodated, but there will be a common operating-room fitted up in the most approved manner.

Farms in England are selling at a ruinous reduction of their former value, and in many cases cannot be sold at all. In many cases farms have been sold for less than one-tenth of their value twenty years ago. Well-to-do farmers are abandoning the business and going to the colonies or to cities to start life anew.

The State of Ohio paid over \$500,000 last year for the support of the outside poor, but the law has been recently repealed, and henceforth the towns must take care for the needy outside the almshouses as well as within. The expense to the state for indoor relief and the soldiers' relief commission brought the years' total to over \$1,750,000.

The queerest educational contract in the history of West Kentucky has been closed at Lewisburg, McCracken County, near the Graves County line. Citizens living in both Graves and McCracken counties for a radius of a mile of two have subscribed \$1100 for the purpose of building a school. Each patron proposes to get the value of his stock in tuition for his children during the next three years. After that time the schoolhouse will be the personal property of Professor Bork of Paducah, who has been engaged to teach during the three years.

The Argentine Republic will hereafter be a very unhealthy place of residence for persons who do not believe in marriage. There is a new law in that country which contains these provisions: "Every male resident between the ages of 20 and 80 shall pay a tax till he marries, and shall pay it every month. Young celibates of either sex who shall, without legitimate motive, reject the addresses of him or her who may aspire to his or her hand and who continue unmarried shall pay the sum of 500 piasters for the benefit of the young person, man or woman, who has been so refused."

There isn't a hair on President McKinley's face, and, according to the New York Press, he is in the style. He carries us back to the anti-bellum fashion of the White House. With the exception of Martin Van Buren, there was never a president before Lincoln who wore a beard. Van Buren had small patches of hair on his cheeks. General Taylor's hair descended low before his ears, but could not be called a beard. Lincoln was the first president to wear a beard, and Grant the first to wear a mustache. All the presidents since Johnson have had beards or mustaches, or both. Grant, Hayes, Garfield and Harrison were bearded like the pard. Arthur had a fine set of side whiskers. Cleveland wears a heavy mustache.

Science often works along some very minute lines, and when laid down their utility may at first be matters of great doubt, but eventually most of them develop into affairs of the greatest importance. One of these apparently useless discoveries has just been announced. It is the result of the patient investigations of a professor at Harvard who declares that his researches with the aid of a newly devised machine enable him to fix the force expended in the production of an X-ray photograph at 1,000,000 horsepower exerted during the ten-millionth part of a second. This accounts, he says, for the ability of this mysterious element to penetrate solid substances. The figures have a theoretical appearance that would tend to cast doubt upon their serious accuracy, but the high character of the investigator and the solemnity with which the declaration is made by him and received by the scientific world are sufficient to convince the lay mind that something truly great has been discovered.

NEWS ITEMS.

Southern Pencil Pointers.

The buildings at the Tennessee Exposition are ready for the exhibits.

Moses N. Harshaw's nomination has been sent to the United States Senate as postmaster at Lenoir, N. C.

One hundred bales of tobacco, worth \$1.50 a pound, has been shipped to New York by Cuban tobacco growers from Fort Meade, Fla.

Near Pikeville, Ky., while Tom Darben, a logging man, was absent in Virginia chopping wood, his mountain home burned and his wife and four children were roasted alive.

Saturday at Frankfort, Ky., in the election of a United States Senator, the Democrats broke a quorum, leaving the Republican candidate, Deboe, four votes short of election. Governor Bradley begged to vote for Deboe.

Milton G. Cope, the defaulting president of the First National Bank of Paducah, Ky., has been indicted for forgery.

Greenville, S. C., has secured the Southern Railway terminal that has formerly been at Central.

Damage is reported from the frost of the 20th from Maryland, Virginia and North Carolina.

At Norfolk, Va., a plant has been established with a capacity for five tons of peanuts daily, for the manufacture of peanut oil, peanut flour and stock feed, the estimated combined yield representing more than \$400 a day.

W. W. Kidd, of Marshall county, Ala., has decamped. His shortage is \$40,000.

Wm. J. Bryan made an address before a crowd of about 1,000 people in the Kentucky legislature, representing every faction in that State.

At Barboursville, W. Va., Mrs. Amos D. Reynolds was killed by her daughter-in-law during a family row. Her head was severed from her body with an axe.

James J. Willis, of Florida, the deputy auditor of the State Department has been removed. It is stated that during the past year Mr. Willis has been absent from his desk 234 days with pay.

All About the North.

The lockout against the steam-fitters in New York has been called off.

The New York Legislature has finished its session and adjourned.

President Spaulding, of the Chicago Globe Savings Bank, has been sent to jail, the judge being dissatisfied with the bond given by him.

Saturday gold bullion to the amount of \$977,000 was drawn from the New York sub-treasury for export, the first since last July.

The Connecticut Senate has passed a bill prohibiting free lunches in saloons.

A curfew ordinance requiring children to be indoors by 8 o'clock is in effect at Springfield, Ohio.

The "king of negro minstrels," Billy Birch, died in New York at the age of 65 years of paralysis of the brain and chronic Bright's disease.

R. C. Bundy (colored), of Cincinnati, O., has been appointed a cadet at the Naval Academy by Representative Shattuck.

Joseph E. Kelly has confessed to the murder of Cashier Stickney, Somersworth, N. H., admitting that he committed both the murder and the robbery.

The business portion of the town of Boca, O., has been burned. The total loss will reach \$80,000. The cause of the fire was attributed to tramps.

Miscellaneous.

Greece has a population of 2,187,308. Pneumatic tube mail service will soon be tried in Boston.

An unsuccessful attempt was made at Rome, Italy, to assassinate King Humbert by an iron worker, who was out of work.

The Southern Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions have closed their fiscal year free of debt, and with more than \$500 in the treasury. A good showing.

Ex-President Cleveland delivered an address before the Reform Club in New York Saturday on "Present Problems." He defined the cause that led to the depression around us as the false teachings of agitators and demagogues, and says Democratic conscience cannot be forced to follow false lights.

The trial of the only remaining issue in the Fair will case has begun at San Francisco. Instead of a contest for the whole estates, and a struggle over \$20,000,000, it is a fight for \$1,000,000 the case having narrowed down to a legal battle over two pieces of real estate which Miss Nellie Craven says Senator Fair conveyed to her by pencil deed a few days prior to his death.

One hundred women of the Warren Avenue Congregational Church, of Chicago, have just earned \$1 each for the church. At a meeting the other evening each one told what she did. One shaved her husband; another got five cents whenever she got up before her husband; another offered to wash for her son, and got \$1 for letting the shirts alone; another assessed her husband \$1 for a shine. Still another got the money by not singing a song. One woman starved her husband till he paid up.

Several thousand razor-back hogs imported into Iowa from Texas during the past year have died from kidney worm.

Washington.

Gen. Miles, commanding the United States army, has the consent of President McKinley to visit the seat of war in Europe.

Harold M. Sewall, of Maine, has been appointed to be envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States to Hawaii.

The President has sent the following nomination to the Senate: John W. C. Long, to be postmaster at Statesville, N. C.

THE FIELD OF ADVENTURE.

THRILLING INCIDENTS AND DARING DEEDS ON LAND AND SEA.

Two Gloucester Fishermen's Marvelous Adventure—How a Cowboy Won a Bride—A Thrilling Ride.

I HAVE recently met in Gloucester one Howard Blackburn, who was for years a Gloucester fisherman, says a writer in the Washington Star. About ten years ago this man had one of the most marvelous adventures at sea on record. He, with a dory mate named Welch, were caught out in a frightful snowstorm hauling their trawls on Burges Bank of Newfoundland. The wind shifted and blew with almost hurricane force. They were compelled to abandon the lines and pull for their lives. The sea ran higher and higher, and every effort to pull in the direction of the small schooner anchored well to windward was in vain, and, knocking the head out of one of the kegs used for buoys, a drag was made, and they lay to that. Tossed up and down on the foaming billows, their tiny boat shipped barrels of water, and the ice formed in large lumps and dashed against the boat's sides and against its occupants with great force, and the little dory was in constant danger of swamping.

During the long and weary watches of that night the occupants of the dory, hungry, cold and bleeding, could see the glare of the flashlights their shipmates on board the schooner kept burning in the vain hope that the poor sailors might reach the ship in safety.

As the night wore on, the dory, half-filled with ice and water, drifted to leeward, and before daybreak was out of sight of the flashlights. In the meantime Welch was gradually dying from hunger and cold. Blackburn lost his mittens, and, standing amidst the ice and water in the boat, his hands and feet had begun to freeze. His dory mate, discouraged and faint, lay in the stern of the boat, and his stony stare and pitiful appeals told Blackburn as plainly as words that he was dying.

Realizing his own pitiful position, and the utter hopelessness of his mate's condition, he tucked him up gently and lovingly in the stern of the boat, that he might be as comfortable as possible, while he yet lived. And then, with the most wonderful presence of mind, incomprehensible nerve and grit, he sat down on the thwart, and, facing his dying comrade, pitiful to see in his hopeless and freezing condition, grasped the oars firmly, that his hands might freeze in a curved position and not straight, rendering him entirely helpless. A few hours more and his dory mate was dead. As he had lain there in the bottom of the boat he knew he was freezing to death, and his last words were: "I am going, Howard. Good-bye and God bless you. Howard, I can trust you, and now make me a promise. If you ever reach shore, Howard, take me with you. Good-bye. God bless you."

Words cannot describe the suffering, the physical pain and mental anguish through which this poor fisherman passed. Nor can the pen do credit to the fortitude, the manhood, the heroism and noble nature of the man. For four days without food or water, he struggled on, bearing with him the dead body of his comrade. His feet were stiff and freezing, and the flesh was gradually slipping off of his hands from contact with the oars. On the fifth day he reached shore. In his wretched condition, after all his suffering in filling the dying request of his lost comrade. After finally getting the corpse safely on shore, he started in quest of food. Some good simple people took him in and cared for him and bathed his frozen hands and feet and some days after he reached Gloucester.

He lost both hands and his feet became warped out of shape, rendering him forever unable to do any manual labor. But the good people of Gloucester recognized in Blackburn a hero and he was established in a small business by them. He is as modest as he is brave, and, while rough and brusque, he is as gentle as a child. In his daily life he is as he was in those dark hours when adrift upon the tempestuous ocean, generous and noble. He is the friend of the widow and orphan, the sick and the needy, and no one in need ever appeals in vain to the Gloucester fisherman.

As I stood in his small store talking to him one rainy afternoon, a burly fisherman entered. "Halloo, Howard!" "Halloo, Bill!" was the greeting to each other when Bill hurried to inquire of him if he knew of the sad condition of Mrs. S. — down in Duncan street. He told of her illness, of a sick child, of her poverty-stricken condition. Her rent was overdue. Notice had been given her to vacate, unless her rent was paid within a very short, specified time. "I never heard of this before," said Blackburn, after hearing the man's story; "I will investigate the matter." And he did. The poor woman was not ejected and her suffering in other ways was alleviated. All are not able to give as Blackburn is, but I have yet to see among men of their corresponding level in life a more courageous, fearless, brave, generous and moral set than the Gloucester fishermen.

How a Cowboy Won a Bride.

Very romantic were the incidents leading up to the marriage in South Dakota the other day of Myrtle Morrison, the noted "bronco buster," and Frank Dupree, a mixed-blood Sioux Indian. The bride besides being pretty is famous as a breaker and trainer of broncos, being known as the girl cow-

boy. Though she had many admirers, she stoutly insisted that she would never marry a man who could not shoot, ride and throw a lariat better than she.

Dupree is a splendid horseman, courageous and a member of a very wealthy half-breed family. In addition he is well educated. Riding together one day, Myrtle and Frank came in sight of a herd of sixty or seventy buffalo. In a spirit of bravado Frank urged his bronco alongside a huge buffalo bull and sprang from his saddle upon the animal's back. Instantly the herd was stampeding madly across the prairie, with the old bull in the lead. Dupree's foolhardiness had placed him in an extremely dangerous predicament.

If he jumped or fell from the buffalo's back he would certainly be trampled to death by the pursuing herd, and if he retained his seat till the bull became tired and ugly it was equally certain that the beast would make a furious assault upon him when he dismounted. All he could do was to cling to the bull's back and await a chance to escape alive, which did not come till he had ridden two miles in this uncomfortable manner.

Fortune favored him, for his novel steed ran for some distance along a steep, narrow washout with almost perpendicular banks twenty feet high. Here Dupree jumped and slid down the bank just in time to escape the hoofs of the herd behind. Meantime the girl had lassoed her companion's horse, and, hurrying after the rapidly disappearing buffalo, reached the spot just as Dupree had saved himself.

The episode somehow touched a tender spot in Myrtle's heart, and as a sequel the bells of Cherry Creek Mission Church announced the union of this typical frontier couple.—San Francisco Examiner.

A Thrilling Ride.

"What was the most exciting experience I ever had?" repeated Clarence Hight, as he jerked his chair a little nearer the comfortable grate at the Olympic Gun Club. "I think it occurred last summer, when I was hunting doves up in Sonoma County. Now, shooting doves is not particularly exciting or nervous, but this was one of the hottest experiences I ever had."

"I had been traveling all day with a big bag, and was pretty well tired out when I struck the county road and started for home. It was a good four miles walk, and I was pretty well pleased to see a big wagon load of hay approaching. The rancher gave me permission to ride, so I scrambled up on the top, lay down on the sweet new-mown hay and went swaying and swinging down the road. I was just dozing off when bang! went my shotgun. I had forgotten to take the cartridges out of it, and something had pressed the trigger. The horses gave a jump and the driver rolled off into the ditch. Then I discovered that my gun had set fire to the hay, and I thought it was about time for me to escape. The horses were tearing along the road as hard as they could run, but I clambered for the side of the load and slid for the road. The tail of my stout hunting coat caught on the top of a sharp standard, and there I hung to the careening wagon that threatened to upset and dump a load of burning hay on me at every turn of the road.

"The fire was cracking and burning fiercely, and I could feel the flames. Still the horses ran and still my coat held me fast to that seething mass of flames. My trousers began getting hot and then I found my coat was on fire. The next moment the loose cartridges in my coat began exploding from the heat, and then I smelled my clothes broiling.

"I had just made up my mind that all was over when the tail of my coat burned off, and I was thrown into a ditch full of water beside the road. I did not stop to see what became of the hay and the horses, nor of the rancher, but out straight across that field for home. That, gentlemen, was the most thrilling experience of my life."—San Francisco Post.

Combat With a Tiger.

Russian hunters are said to look upon a combat single-handed with a bear as an ordinary experience. It is doubtful, however, if many instances of a man attacking a tiger, armed with a sword only, can be found. Colonel Seaton, the elephant hunter, however, tells this story of bravery:

"One morning, just as we were leaving the parade ground, a man came rushing up breathless. 'Get your guns, men,' he exclaimed; 'there is a tiger in the hollow by the hut, and no one dares go by!' In all haste we got our guns and two elephants and hurried to the spot, where in truth a terrible scene presented itself. The tiger, bleeding from a cut in the head, was on the edge of the hollow, growling fiercely, with a man mangled and apparently dead lying beneath his paws. The unfortunate man was a fine swordsman and first-rate wrestler—one of the champions of his regiment. Some people who went to draw water at the well had disturbed the tiger, and on his rising they fled in terror. The brave but rash soldier, who happened to be near at the moment, on learning the cause of the commotion, immediately advanced to attack the tiger and with his sword gave him a tremendous cut over the head, which, however, did not materially injure the powerful brute. The tiger rushed at the man, stripped the arm down to the elbow, and dashing him to the ground, held him beneath his paws. When we came up we were at first at loss how to act, for the man was as much exposed to our fire as the tiger. However it was not a time for lengthened consideration—we fired, and a lucky shot finished the animal."

The French Societe Astronomique was founded ten years ago, and now has a membership of over 1300.

RELIGIOUS READING.

WE WILL HAVE FAITH.

The way is long and dreary,
The path is bleak and bare;
Our feet are worn and weary,
But we will not despair.
More heavily was thy burden,
More desolate thy way;
O Lamb of God, who takest
The sin of the world away,
Have mercy on us.

Our hearts are faint with sorrow,
Heavy and hard to bear,
For we dread the bitter tomorrow,
But we will not despair.
Thou knowest all our anguish,
And thou wilt bid it cease;
O Lamb of God, who takest
The sin of the world away,
Give us thy peace!
—Adelaide A. Proctor.

THE TALENTS MUST GAIN USE.

When Nelson signaled from his flagship to every person in his fleet, "England expects every man to do his duty," it did not mean the same to all. To the captains it meant that they should do their best as commanders; to the marines, that they should do their best at the guns; to the sailors that they should do their best in sailing the ships; to the cabin boys that they should do their best as messengers. Every one succeeded who did the best he could. Success is not a question of talents, but of doubling them. It is not a question of present position, but of making the most of one's self. Over both departments of your business, the earthly and the heavenly, in each of which you are called upon to glorify God and do good to men, write high above the entrance door this significant motto: God expects every man to do his best.—Rev. G. B. F. Hallock.

PRAYER THE BREATH OF THE SPIRIT.

Prayer is the breath of the spirit that is in harmony with God. Learn the conditions of actual prayer, and conform to them just as you obey laws of nature, of electricity, of physical life. Daily see that the life aim is right and high; that the ruling desire of your heart is toward truth and love; that the will is set with immovable fixedness on righteousness; that the words and deeds of daily life are in the direction of and in harmony with aim, desire, and purpose, and that you trust in the God revealed in Jesus Christ and abiding within you. Rest in Him. Talk to Him. Wait in silence before Him. Let your whole life of business, of hard labor, of social intercourse, of recreation, of intellectual, artistic, scientific, professional service be in harmony with this doctrine of prayer—this life of prayer.—Bishop Vincent.

PRAYER FOR WISDOM THROUGH SORROW.

We beseech thee, Almighty God! healer and comforter of man's sorrows, that not only these things which we have suffered in the body and the outward losses and pains of life may bless us; but also may the evil that we have done become to us the solemn gate through which, in penitence and sorrow having gone forth, in joy and rejoicing we may return. We beseech thee to make us wise that no dead past may have power to detain us long; give us not sackcloth and ashes, but help us to gain wisdom from which we never should have fallen; and in newness of heart and freshness of courage to do the things that we have hitherto left undone. Hear us of thy mercy. Make thy face clear to us. Lead us in patience, correction and loving kindness through life and death into eternal peace, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

THE ONE THING WORTH CARING FOR.

To await the growing of a soul is an almost divine act of faith. How pardonable, surely, the impatience of deformity with itself, of a consciously despicable character, standing before Christ, wondering, yearning, hungering to be like that. Yet must one trust the process fearlessly and without misgiving. "The Lord the Spirit" will do his part. . . . The creation of a new heart, the renewing of a right spirit, is an omnipotent work of God. No man, nevertheless, who feels the worth and solemnity of what is at stake will be careless as to his progress. To become like Christ is the only thing in the world worth caring for. Those only who make this quest the supreme desire of their lives can even begin to hope to reach it.—Henry Drummond.

"We, too, would wear unspotted"

The garments of the King,
Would have the royal perfume
About our path to cling,
And unto all beholders
A lilted beauty bring."
Thought answered alone to thought,
And soul with soul hath kin;
Thou outward God he findeth not,
Who finds not God within.
—F. L. Hosmer.

THE LITTLE THINGS COUNT.

Oftentimes the little things you do don't seem of much account. But they are. One spring morning a little boy planted a single seed in a bank of earth. It grew, budded and blossomed into sweet blue violets unseen by the child planter. It also seeded, and the seed fell out upon the bank of earth, and the next spring more violets grew, and so for years, increasing every season. The boy, grown man in a foreign land, desired to visit his childhood's home. When he saw the bank of violets he remembered how, years before, he had planted there a single seed. "Can it be," he said, "that all these have sprung from the single seed I planted? I will never waste a single seed."—English Exchange.

WE ALL MAY DO SOMETHING.

We may not move through the dark continent of Africa, a living sunburst of God's truth and glory, as did Livingstone. We may not be asked to lie in a prison, as did Judson, to testify that we desire God's will to be done by us and in us. But we have some money to give, some heart promptings to compassion, some insight to see where aid is needed, some ability to pray. Are these all and ever at the disposal of the Master?—S. S. Times.

TROUBLE.

Through trouble, with surprise we find
The soul is lifted high
As birds against a gentle wind
More easily can fly.
—George Bancroft Griffith.

There is such a thing as putting ourselves in the way of God's overflowing love and letting it beat upon us till the response of love to Him comes, not by struggle, not even by deliberation, but by necessity, as the rock comes when the sound strikes the rock.—Phillips Brooks.

GOOD FOR EVIL.

On clouds that strive to dim its light
The sun still pours its glory bright;
So in our treatment of a foe,
A smiling, gen'rous front we'll show!
—George Bancroft Griffith.

It is a part of my religion to look well after the cheerfulness of life and let the dismal shift for themselves.—Louisa M. Alcott.

"And Duty opens wide the door
By which Love enters free,
The Love whose rule is largest life
And purest liberty."

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

TO POLISH BRASS KETTLES.

To polish brass kettles or anything brass that is very much tarnished, first rub it with a solution of oxalic acid and then dry and polish with rotten stone or very fine emery dust.

BATH BAGS.

A bran bag is one of the most grateful of all toilet accessories. It is more cleansing to the skin, and much more refreshing. It is made by filling a muslin bag with two quarts of bran, one ounce of orris root, one ounce almond meal and one small cake of castile soap cut in small pieces.

THE CORN BEEF NOT TO BUY.

It is a good thing to know that brisquet is one of the cheaper cuts of beef and that it comes from that part of the animal just above the front legs, but it is better to know that butchers never corn meat that can be kept any longer and that the corned beef already cut and rolled is the corned beef not to buy.—New York World.

TO FRESHEN WINDOW SCREENS.

Window and door screens may be made more durable and to look better by an occasional coat of varnish or paint. If the wire netting is not faded or rusty it is better to give it a coat of good coach varnish, but if faded or rusty apply a coat of paint. Use a good quality, and thin with turpentine until it will run, or it will fill the meshes of the netting. Black is a good color, as it makes the netting almost invisible from a distance. Paint the frames the same color as outside of window sash.

USES FOR CHEESECLOTH.

The following is a list of some of the household purposes for which cheesecloth may be used.
For polishing windows and mirrors.
For washing windows.
For cleaning silver.
For cleaning brass ware.
For drying and polishing glassware of all kinds.
For dust-cloths.
For shining bronzes.
For stainers in cooking.
For dish-towels. For scrub-cloths. For bread-cloths.

CLEANING HINTS.

To remove ink stains, cover them with a solution of starch; when dry rub off the hardened starch, and repeat the process until the ink has entirely disappeared. If the stain is not too old, ink may be removed from paper as follows: Take a teaspoonful of chlorinated lime and pour over it just enough water to cover it. Take a piece of old linen and moisten it with this mixture, and do not rub but pat the stain, when it will gradually disappear. If one application does not remove the stain, let the paper dry, and repeat the process.

Limp, forlorn and rusty blades can be renovated by a simple method. Wash it gently in soft, soapy water, rinse in clear water, and squeeze instead of ringing it. Dip it in cold coffee into which a little gum has been dissolved, and then it has been hot ironed, and then it will damp and cover it with cloth. The coffee darkens gum arabic stiffens it, the smooths it, and if it is slightly with the fingers after the iron made flexible and lace-like.

RECIPES.

Roiled Potatoes, Parsnips, etc.—Slice five large, cold boiled potatoes lengthwise in rather thick pieces, broil brown on a buttered griddle, beat up a tablespoonful of butter with a cream with as much minced parsley, and after dusting each slice of potato lightly with salt and pepper, dip little of this sauce on each slice.

Chipped Beef and Tomatoes, French Style—Cut a slice from the stem and of five good, solid canned tomatoes, then with your finger take out the seeds; put seeds and slices in a saucepan, boil and strain. Put into a bowl one cupful bread crumbs, add quarter-pound dried beef, picked in small pieces; a quarter-teaspoonful pepper and one tablespoonful melted butter. Mix, add strained tomato juice and fill into tomatoes. Staud them in a baking pan and bake slowly fifteen minutes, basting once or twice.

Cracked Wheat, Lemon Sauce—Prepare the cracked wheat as usual, care being taken that it is thoroughly cooked. To prepare the sauce, rub a desert-spoonful of cornstarch smooth with a little cold water; stir it carefully into a pint of boiling water and cook until it thickens. Score a large lemon with the tines of a silver fork and when the oil is exuding rub a small quantity of sugar over the surface to flavor it. Cut the lemon and squeeze the juice from it. Add the juice and one-half cup of the flavored sugar to the hot cornstarch mixture; allow the whole to boil up once, stirring constantly. Germ wheat is delicious when served with the lemon sauce.

Ban Loaf—One quart of sifted flour, three eggs, one tablespoonful of butter, rubbed, light with two of powdered sugar, half an yeast cake dissolved in a large cupful of lukewarm water, a cupful of currants (washed, dried and picked over), half-teaspoonful of salt, quarter-teaspoonful of soda; mix all the ingredients together in a soft dough, except the currants; if stiff, add a little warm water; when you have an elastic mass on the board, set to rise until very light; knead again; mold into a loaf when you have worked in the currants; dredge with dry flour and leave to rise for an hour; bake in a steady oven, covering with paper as it rises. Eat fresh, but not warm.