

PEOPLE who are looking for the advent of the millennium will take fresh hope when they learn that a bucket-shop operator has decided to disgorge.

These tiresome busybodies who go about explaining everything they don't understand have discovered that women are knock-kneed because they kneel to pray so much.

JOHN BURNES' ideas about this country are not original. Another Englishman, Lord Cornwallis, entertained them over a hundred years ago until he met a sturdy Virginian at Yorktown.

The experience of China comes too late for the present war. She recalled her students in this country last they should become Americanized and cease to be good Chinamen. Japan let her remain as long as possible. There is a moral in this which even Americans might profit by.

There is one great reproach to American civilization, and that is the enormous roads of the country. Is it possible that a people who are masters of art and architecture, who have a pride in the advancement of all other public improvements, are going to be satisfied with a system of country roads that is behind the thoroughfares of a century ago?

Some observant man once said that there were few revolutions in a country where the people had to sleep under blankets. Probably if the Brazilians had to shovel snow off their sidewalks and stand at the street corner getting their ears frozen waiting for a trolley car, they would have something else to do than plan conspiracies and other ructions.

A boat named John Lithgow who died in Boston recently, left a will which the courts have properly broken to smithereens. By its terms, his estate, amounting to \$150,000, was to be held intact until his children and their issue were all dead. Now the Lithgow boys and girls have come into their inheritance without a bit of obligation to the old curmudgeon whose name they bear.

In these cabling days the damage to the Florida orange crops will not be nearly so serious as it would have been a few years since. There is a large stock of the fruit on hand and safely stored, and the use of the cables to Messina, Malta and Algiers would secure an ample supply before the present one gives out. Then also we might drop in for a few of the Maltese egg-bread oranges—the best in the world.

The Delavan house in Albany, one of the oldest and best managed hotels in the country, burned the other night and sixteen persons perished in the flames. Just where the fault lies is not apparent, but that such an appalling loss of life should be possible is proof of criminal carelessness either in the construction or management of the house. With modern materials and appliances such a calamity should be impossible.

The 16-year-old Dakota boy, who confessed that his employer hired him to kill a man, is an exemplification of the danger of not reading newspapers and keeping up with the times. He should have pleaded hypnotic influence, which is becoming almost as great a fall with murderers as appendicitis and heart failure with doctors. The fact that the boy doubtless told the truth is not likely to serve him as good a turn as an ostentatious parade of occultism would have done.

It was hoped that the accession to power of the new president of Brazil would end the dissensions and bitterness which have characterized the politics of that country for the past few years, but the reports of trouble and rebellions outbreaks in Pernambuco and Rio Grande do Sul refuse to deny that there is a godly-sized element of the population opposed to the Morones administration. The governor of the state of Rio Grande do Sul refuses to accept the terms of the government, and eighty men have been arrested in Rio Janeiro charged with conspiring against the life of the president.

HEROES show that the slaughter of the Armenians was brutal, bestial and sickening. Just to think of the open-headed, cold-blooded murder of 15,000 people, men, women and children in broad daylight because they refused to pay tribute to two beastly savage governments. Think of the hacking to death of pleading women and innocent children, the murdering of priests and the firing of churches, and you have outrages before your eyes that were perpetrated upon the Armenians by the bloodthirsty savage Turks and Kurds. No wonder the sultan obeys to having these outrages investigated by a civilized nation.

HARVARD may not be such a muscle, but when it comes to contests of brains, the old college is strictly in it. The Yale, Princeton and Columbia chess players could not hold a candle to the Cambridge champions in the intercollegiate tournament.

ONE day it's a burning mine, the next a frightful shipwreck or tenement-house fire, and every day it's the trolley bend swooping down on every trolley town. After all, isn't there something in the saying that you've got to die to win?

THE ISLE OF PALMS.

DR. TALMAGE TELLS OF HIS CEYLON WANDERINGS.

A Press Sermon from the Text: "The Ships of Tarshish First"—Isaiah 60:1x.—The Heathen Temples Crumbling Before Christian Light.



THE TARSHISH OF my text by many commentators is supposed to be the island of Ceylon, upon which the seventh sermon of the "Round-the-World" series lands us. Ceylon was called by the Romans Taprobane. John Milton called it "Golden Chersonese." Moderns have called Ceylon "The Isle of Palms;" "The Isle of Flowers;" "The Pearl Drop on the Brow of India;" "The Isle of Jewels;" "The Island of Spice;" "The Show Place of the Universe;" "The Land of Hyacinth and Ruby." In my eyes, for scenery it appears to be a mixture of Yosemite and Yellowstone park. All Christian people want to know more of Ceylon, for they have a long while been contributing to its evangelization. As our ship from Australia approached this island, there hovered over it clouds thick and black as the superstitions which have hovered here for centuries; but the morning sun was breaking through like the gospel light which is to scatter the last cloud of moral gloom. The sea lay along the coast calm as the eternal purposes of God toward all islands and continents. We swung into the harbor of Colombo, which is made by a break water built at vast expense. As we floated into it the water is black with boats of all sizes and manned by people of all colors, but chiefly Tamils and Cingalese.

There are two things I want most to see on this island: a heathen temple with its devotees in idolatrous worship, and an audience of Cingalese addressed by a Christian missionary. The ethnologist may have his capture of brilliant insects; and the sportsman his tent adorned with antler of red deer and tooth of wild boar; and the painter his portfolio of gorge three thousand feet down, and of days dying on evening pillows of purple cloud etched with fire; and the botanist his camp full of orchids, and crocuses, and gentians, and valerian, and lotus. I want most to find out the moral and religious triumphs, how many wounds have been healed; how many sorrows comforted; how many entombed nations resurrected. Sir William Baker, the famous explorer and geographer, did well for Ceylon after his eight years' residence in this island and Prof. Ernst Heckel, the professor from Jena, did well when he swept these waters, and rummaged these hills and took home for future inspection the insects of this tropical air. And forever honored be such work; but let all that is sweet in rhythm, and graphic on canvas, and imposing in monument, and immortal in memory be brought to the deeds of those who were heroes and heroines for Christ's sake.

Many scholars have supposed that this island of Ceylon was the original Garden of Eden where the snake first appeared on reptilian mission. There are reasons for belief that this was the site where the first homestead was opened and destroyed. It is so near the equator that there are not more than twelve degrees of Fahrenheit difference all the year round. Perpetual foliage, perpetual fruit, and all styles of animal life prosper. What luxuriance, and abundance, and superabundance of life! What styles of plumage do not the birds sport! What styles of scale do not the fishes reveal! What styles of song do not the groves have in their libretto! Here on the roadside and clear out on the beach of the sea stands the cocconut tree, saying: "Take my leaves for shade. Take the juice of my fruit for delectable drink. Take my saccharine for sugar. Take my fibre for the cordage of your ships. Take my oil to kindle your lamps. Take my wood to fashion your cups and pitchers. Take my leaves to thatch your roofs. Take my smooth surface on which to print your books. Take my 30,000,000 trees covering 500,000 acres, and with the exportation enrich the world. I will wave in your fans and spread abroad in your umbrellas. I will vibrate in your musical instruments. I will be the scrubbing brushes on your floors."

Here also stands the palm tree, saying: "I am at your disposal. With these arms I fed your ancestors 150 years ago, and with these same arms I will feed your ancestors 150 years from now. I defy the centuries!"

Here also stands the nutmeg tree, saying: "I am ready to spice your beverages and enrich your puddings, and with my sweet dust make insipid things palatable."

Here also stands the coffee plant, saying: "With the liquid boiled from my berry I stimulate the nations morning by morning."

Here stands the tea plant, saying: "With the liquid boiled from my leaf I soothe the world's nerves and stimulate the world's conversation, evening by evening."

Here stands the cinthona, saying: "I am the foe of malaria. In all climates my bitterness is the slaughter of fevers."

What miracles of productiveness on these islands! Enough sugar to sweeten all the world's beverages; enough bananas to pile all the world's fruit baskets; enough rice to mix all the world's puddings; enough cocconut to powder all the world's cakes; enough flowers to garland all the world's beauty.

But in the evening, riding through a cinnamon grove, I first tasted the leaves and bark of that condiment so valuable and delicate that transported on ships the aroma of the cinnamon is dispelled if placed near a rival bark. Of such great value is the cinnamon shrub that years ago those who injured it in Ceylon were put to death. But that which once was a jungle of cinnamon is now a park of gentlemen's residences. The long, white dwelling houses are bounded with this shrub and all other styles of growth congregated there, make a botanical garden. Doves called cinnamon doves hop among the branches, and crows, more poetically styled ravens, which never could sing, but think they can, fly across the road giving full test of their vocables. Birds which learned their chanting under the very eaves of heaven, overpowered all with their grand march of the tropics. The hibiscus dapples the scene with its scarlet clusters. All shades of brown and emerald, and saffron, and brilliance; melons, limes, mangoes, lemons, guavas, pineapples, jessamine so laden with aroma they have to hold fast to the wall, and begonias, gloriosas on fire, and orchids so delicate other lands must keep them under conservatory, but here defiant of all weather, and flowers more or less akin to azaleas, and honeysuckles, and foxes, and fuchsias and chrysanthemums and rhododendrons, and fox-gloves, and pansies, which dye the plains and mountains of Ceylon with heaven. The evening hour burns incense of all styles of aromatics. The convolvulus, blue as if the sky had fallen, and butterflies spangling the air, and arms of trees sleeved with blossoms, and rocks upholstered of moss, commingling sounds, and sights, and odors, until eye, and ear, and nostril vie with each other as to which sense shall open the door to the most enchantment. A struggle between music, and perfume, and iridescence. Oeanders reeling in intoxication of color. Great banyan trees that have been changing their mind for centuries, each carrying on a new plan of growth, attracted our attention, and saw us pass in the year of 1894, as they saw pass the generations of 1794, and 1694. Colombo is so thoroughly embowered in foliage that if you go into one of its towers and look down upon the city of one hundred and thirty thousand people you can not see a house. Oh, the trees of Ceylon! May you live to behold the morning climbing down through their branches, or the evening tipping their leaves with amber and gold! I forgive the Buddhist for the worship of trees until they know of the God who made the trees. I wonder not that there are some trees in Ceylon called sacred. To me all trees are sacred. I wonder not that before one of them they burn camphor flowers, and hang lamps around its branches, and a hundred thousand people each year make pilgrimage to this tree. Worship something man must, and until he hear of the only being worthy of worship, what so elevating as a tree! What glory enthroned amid its foliage! What a majestic doxology spreads out in its branches! What a voice when the tempests pass through it! How it looks down upon the cradle and the grave of centuries! As the fruit of the tree unlawfully eaten struck the race with woe and the uplifting of another tree brings peace to the soul, let the woodman spare the tree, and all nations honor it, if, through higher teaching, we do not, like the Ceylonese, worship it! Now consolatory that when we no more walk under the tree branches on earth, we may see the "Tree of life which bears twelve manner of fruit, and yields her fruit every month, and the leaves of the tree are for the healing of the nations!"

Two processions I saw in Ceylon within one hour. The first led by a Hindu priest, a huge pot of flowers on his head, his face disfigured with holy lacerations, and his unwashed followers beating as many discards from what are supposed to be musical instruments, as at one time can be induced to enter the human ear. The procession halted at the door of the huts. The occupants came out and made obeisance and presented small contributions. In return thereof the priest sprinkled ashes upon the children who came forward, this evidently a form of benediction. Then the procession led on by the priest started again; more noise, more ashes, more genuflection. However keen one sense of the ludicrous, he could find nothing to excite a smile in the movements of such a procession. Meaningless, expressive, squalid, filthy, sad.

Returning to our carriage, we rode on for a few moments, and we came on another procession, a kindly lady leading groups of native children all clean, bright, happy, laughing. They were a Christian school out for exercise. There seemed as much intelligence, refinement and happiness in that regiment of young Cingalese as you would find in the ranks of any young ladies' seminary being chaperoned on their afternoon walk through Central park, New York, or Hyde park, London. The Hindu procession illustrated on a small scale something of what Hinduism can do for the world. The Christian procession illustrated on a small scale something of what Christianity can do for the world, but those two processions were only fragments of two great processions ever marching across our world; the procession blessed of superstition and the procession blessed of gospel light. I saw them in one afternoon in Ceylon. They are to be seen in all nations.

Nothing is of more thrilling interest than the Christian achievements in this island. The Episcopal church was here the National church, but disestablishment has taken place, and since Mr. Gladstone's accomplishment of that fact in 1880, all denominations are on equal platform, and all are doing

mighty work. America is second to no other nation in what has been done for Ceylon. Since 1816 she has had her religious agents in the Jaffna peninsula of Ceylon. The Spauldings, the Howlands, the Doctors Poor, the Saunders and others just as good and strong have been fighting back monsters of superstition and cruelty greater than any that ever swung the tusk or roared in the jungles.

But passing up and down the streets of Ceylon you find all styles of people within five minutes: Afghans, Kafirs, Portuguese, Moormen, Dutch, English, Scotch, Irish, American; all classes, all dialects, all manners and customs, all styles of salutation. The most interesting thing on earth is the human race, and specimens of all branches of it confront you in Ceylon. The island of the present is a quiet and inconspicuous affair compared with what it once was. The dead cities of Ceylon were larger and more imposing than are the living cities. On this island are dead New Yorks, and dead Pekings, and dead Edinburghs, and dead Londons. Ever and anon at the stroke of the archaeologist's hammer the tomb of some great municipality flies open, and there are other buried cities that will yet respond to the explorer's pick ax. The Pompeii and Herculaneum underneath Italy are small compared with the Pompeii and Herculaneum underneath Ceylon. Yonder is an exhausted city which was founded 500 years before Christ, standing in pomp and splendor for 1,500 years. Stairways up which fifty men might pass side by side. Carved pillars, some of them fallen, some of them aslant, some of them erect. Phidias and Christopher Wrens never heard of here performed the marvels of sculpture and architecture. Ales through which royal processions marched. Arches under which kings were carried. City with reservoir twenty miles in circumference. Extemporized lakes that did their cooling and refreshing for twelve centuries. Ruins more suggestive than Melrose and Kenilworth. Ceylonian Karnaks and Luxors. Ruins retaining much of grandeur, though wars bombarded them and time put his chisel on every block, and more than all, vegetation put its anchors, and pines, and wrenches in all the crevices. Dagobas, or palaces where relics of saints or deities are kept. Dagobas four hundred feet high, and their fallen material burying precious things for the sight of which modern curiosity has dug and blasted in vain. Procession of elephants in imitation, wrought into lustrous marble. Troops of horses in full run. Shrines, chapels, cathedrals wrecked on the mountain side. Stairs of moon stone. Exquisite scrolls rolling up more mysteries than will ever be unrolled. Over sixteen square miles, the ruins of one city strewn. Throne rooms on which at different times sat 165 kings, reigning in authority they inherited. Walls that witnessed coronations, assassinations, subjugations, triumphs. Altars at which millions bowed ages before the orchestras celestial woke the shepherds with midnight overture.

When Lieut. Skinner, in 1832, discovered the site of some of these cities, he found congregated in them undisturbed assemblages of leopards, porcupines, flamingoes and pelicans; reptiles sunning themselves on the altars; prima donnas rendering ornithological chant from deserted music halls. One king restored much of the grandeur; rebuilt 1,500 residences, but ruin soon resumed its scepter. But all is down; the spires down; the pillars down; the tablets down; the glory of splendid arches down. What killed those cities? Who slew the New York and London of the year 500 B. C.? Was it unhealthful with a host of plagues? Was it foreign armies laying siege? Was it whole generations weakened by their own vices? Mystery sits amid the monoliths and brick dust. Finger on lip in eternal silence while the centuries guess and guess in vain. We simply know that genius planned those cities. An eminent writer estimates that a pile of bricks in one ruin of Ceylon would be enough to build a wall ten feet high from Edinburgh to London; 1,600 pillars with carved capitals are standing sentinel for ten miles. You can judge somewhat of the size of the cities by the reservoirs that were required to slake their thirst; judging the size of the city from the size of the cup out of which it drank. Cities crowded with inhabitants; not like American or English cities, but packed together as only barbaric tribes can pack them. But their knell was sounded; their light went out. Giant trees are the only royal family now occupying those palaces. The growl of wild beasts, where once the guffaw of wassail ascended. Anuradhapura and Polonnara will never be rebuilt. Let all the living cities of the earth take warning. Cities are human, having a time to be born and a time to die. No more certainly have they a cradle than a grave. A last judgment is appointed for individuals, but cities have their last judgment in this world. They bless, they curse, they worship, they blaspheme, they suffer, they are rewarded, they are overthrown.

Preposterous! says some one, to think that any of our American or European cities which have stood so long can ever come through vice to extinction. But New York and London have not stood so long as those Ceylonese cities stood. Where is the throne outside of Ceylon on which 165 successive kings reigned for a life time. Cities and nations that have lived far longer than our present cities, or nation, have been annihilated. Let all the great municipalities of this and other lands ponder. It is as true now as when the psalmist wrote it, and as true of cities and nations as of individuals: "The Lord knoweth the way of the righteous; but the way of the ungodly shall perish."

MATRONS AND MAIDS.

HOUSEKEEPING IN THE ICE OF THE ARCTIC REGION.

Some of Mrs. Peary's Interesting Experiences—A New and Pretty Way to Entertain—The Kettle—In Cases of Group—Toothsome Dishes.

Near the North Pole. "Oh, no," was Mrs. Peary's answer to the first question. "It is not always winter in Greenland. We have a summer there of nearly four months, during which the temperature is sometimes as high as sixty degrees, and the vegetation is very luxuriant. The grass grows often a foot high over the old 'igloos,' or huts, and is plentifully sprinkled with bright yellow poppies, potentillas, bluebells, and rhododendrons, but there are no trees worthy the name. During the mild season the skies and waters are beautifully blue, and the air is wonderfully soft and clear. There were a number of days last summer when I went out in a tweed gown and no wrap, and even the slight exertion of gathering flowers made me uncomfortably warm.

"I dressed there outwardly exactly as I do here. Of course, I had to wear very heavy underclothing, and in the winter deerskin stockings, with the fur turned in, reaching above the knee, and sealskin boots. The latter were rather clumsy, but very warm and comfortable. When I went sledding I wore a long fur coat, which enveloped me from head to foot. "Yes, last winter was unusually severe. The storms were numerous and terrific, but it is a consolation to know that there is not likely to be a recurrence of such weather for a year or two. We suffered a little with the cold after the tidal wave, which washed away most of our oil barrels and crushed others, compelling us to get up with short rations of fuel. Fortunately, aside from the personal discomfort, no injurious effect to any of the party followed. "The only sickness we experienced was the peculiar disease that broke out among the dogs, which prevented my husband from prosecuting his work as rapidly as he wished. "No, indeed, we didn't live in ice huts, as the natives do, but in a good-sized double house, which my husband designed and took with us all ready to set up. It had double doors and windows, and was lined through with felt, but otherwise was like an ordinary frame cottage, and I took such pride in it. The interior did not differ materially from those of the houses you see every day. I had Brussels carpet on my parlor floor, several comfortable rocking chairs, portieres, a few pictures and the like. "Well, yes, housekeeping in Greenland differs necessarily from housekeeping here. For one thing, every drop of water we used had to be melted from ice, and cans of tomatoes, corn, meat and the rest had to be brought from the storehouse the day before, and put on a high shelf to thaw ready for use. But that was really not as much trouble as to wash and pare vegetables before cooking, as we are obliged to do here. We are spared, too, the constant worry of trying to think up something new every day. Circumstances did not permit very much variety in our diet. The hunters kept us supplied with deer meat, which is very palatable, and we had plenty of canned vegetables, but oh, how I did long for a taste of home cooking once in a while! Throughout the whole journey back, I could hardly eat a mouthful of ship fare, in anticipation of all the good things awaiting me. "Our house there was heated throughout with oil. The first time I was in Greenland we used coal, except in my room, where it was found that the oil provided such an even temperature that Lieutenant Peary decided to heat the whole house with it.

Restoring Black Lace. There is no garniture of a woman's toilet that is more useful and becoming than black lace. A good bit is always a safe investment, for if a little worn or defaced it can be made almost as good as new. Here is an excellent way to restore black lace: Make some strong green tea, and when cold dip the lace in several times. When it is dry, pull it out carefully, wind it around a bottle previously covered with flannel, and dip it in the following mixture to stiffen: Two tablespoonfuls of cold water, two tablespoonfuls of beer, and one tablespoonful of can de Cologne. Keep dipping the lace in it for about ten minutes, roll in a cloth, and when nearly dry iron gently with a cool iron, putting paper or muslin between the lace and iron. For Home Nurses. The trained nurse who finds herself in a sick room where the patient cannot be disturbed by the sweeping keeps the carpeted floor wholesome and free from dust by wiping it over with a cloth wrung from warm water, in which a few drops of ammonia have been put. Upholstered furniture, if such is in the room, is also treated in this way, and all dust taken off without being redistributed through the atmosphere. In Cases of Croup. A standard medical authority says that the first thing to do for the child is to put his feet into as hot mustard water as he can bear, and be sure that the room is very warm. If possible put him into a hot bath, and then quickly drying him, put him in bed between blankets. Even before putting him in bed give him syrup of ipecac in teaspoonful doses until he vomits. For external applications take two tablespoonfuls of turpentine and four tablespoonfuls of goose

oil, or sweet oil or lard oil, mixed well, and rub thoroughly on the outside of the throat. Saturate a flannel and lay it over the chest and throat. Hot bricks, or bottles filled with hot water, should be placed at the child's feet and at the sides of his body to induce perspiration. Keep him carefully covered. After the vomiting the bowels must be kept open with syrup of squills. The best drink for the child is slippery-elm water. Give plenty of nourishment to keep up the strength.

Beatrice Luncheon. The up-to-date woman follows closely in man's footsteps even in social affairs. A benedict supper has long been a cherished institution among men as a send off for their masculine friends about to enter matrimony. Now girls follow suit with a Beatrice luncheon, which one readily perceives has many possibilities in the way of decorations, etc. Such an affair was given lately by half a dozen married women to a bride of the following week, needless to say a very popular girl. The luncheon was held at a clubhouse not far from the city, whose jollity is proverbial. It was not the conventional thing of which one is wearied to death—that was one reason why the clubhouse was selected, as it was decided that this particular luncheon should not be a display of fine china and glittering glass, but that the sparkle should come from the givers of the feast, not from the table accessories alone, as is too often the case in women's luncheons. Everything was simple in the extreme, the oaken table, polished to a high degree, was laid with pink Japanese doilies, one at each cover; the rolls tied with broad pink ribbon, and a quotation card, tied with a knot of the same, were at every place, and these quotations, which all bore on the theme of love, were read before the guests were seated. Chrysanthemums, delicately tinted with pink, were the floral decoration, and at the place of the guest of honor a huge bunch of the same flowers in white, suggesting her bridal bouquet, tied with white ribbons, on which in gilded letters were the words, "Beatrice luncheon" and her Christian name. The viands were eminently substantial, as these practical women do not advocate ethereal food for love's nourishment. But the real feast was that of reason. Would that some of the clever things that were said could be chronicled, but the wit flashed and scintillated too fast for record. And who says that a woman can't make an after-luncheon speech? Anyone who doubts her ability in that line should have been present at that affair. Every woman present gave an original toast, and two or three made speeches that Channey Dewey would not blush to own. The Beatrice luncheon, given by such bright women and such a prospective bride, will outlast the usual period of such fads and will become a fixed institution.—Chicago Times.

The Kettle. There's many a house of cranberry, With turret, tower, and dome, That knows not peace or comfort, And does not prove a home. I do not ask for splendor, To crown my daily life, But this I ask: a kitchen Where the kettle's always hot. If things are not all shipshape, I do not tumber foot, A little clean disorder, Do not my nerves upset, But one thing, is essential, Or seems so to my mind, And that's a tidy kitchen Where the kettle's always hot. In my Aunt Hattie's household, Though skies outside are drear, Though times be dark and troubled, You'll always find good cheer, And in her quaint old kitchen, The very homeliest spot, The kettle's always hot. The water's always hot. And if you have a headache, Whatever the hour may be, There is no tedious waiting To get your cup of tea. I don't know how she does it, Some magic she has cast, For the kitchen's cool in summer, Yet the kettle's always hot. Oh, there's naught else so deary In any household found, As a cold and sullen kettle That does not make a sound. And I think that love is lacking In the hearts in such a spot, Or the kettle would be hot. And the water would be hot.—Ellis Worcester Wilcox in Youth's Companion.

Cranberry Sauce. Pour very hot water upon the fruit, as it will then be easy to pick out the bad ones. Measure them and put them into a preserving kettle, with water enough to cover them. Stir them very often and be careful not to boil them too fast. Crush the fruit as it boils with a wooden spoon. When the berries are crushed, add a pint of fine sugar for every quart of berries, and allow them to boil gently fifteen minutes, stirring them almost all the time. Wet in cold water moulds or bowls of a size to hold sauce enough for use at one dinner. Many persons prefer to strain the sauce through a colander fine enough to keep back the skins before putting it into the moulds. St. George Pudding. One cup each of raisins, suet and molasses, three cups of flour, one teaspoonful each of cloves and cinnamon, half a teaspoonful of allspice, one teaspoonful saleratus, two eggs. Boil or steam four hours. Serve with wine sauce. Salt Mackerel Broiled. Soak the mackerel for a while in lukewarm water; take up and wipe dry. Dip in melted butter, then in beaten egg, and roll in bread crumbs. Broil and serve with lemon juice and parsley, or maitre d'hotel butter. Chocolate Cookies. One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, three cups of flour, four eggs, one cup of grated chocolate, one-half teaspoonful of soda. Flour to roll thin. They are better with eggs.