The Albany Register.

VOL. IV. ALBANY, OREGON, FEBRUARY 2, 1872. NO. 22.

Albany Register.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,
By COLL. VAN CLEVE,
IN REGISTER BUILDINGS,
Corner Ferry and First Streets.

TERMS IN ADVANCE.

One year.......................Three dollars.
Six months.....................Two dollars.
Single copies..................Ten cents.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Transient advertisements, per square of ten lines or less, first insertion $2; each subsequent insertion $1. Larger advertisements inserted on the most liberal terms.

JOB WORK.

Having received new type, stock of colored inks, cards, a Gordon jobber, etc., we are prepared to execute all kinds of printing in a better manner, and fifty per cent cheaper than ever before offered in this city.

Agents for the Register.

The following gentlemen are authorized to receive and receipt for subscriptions, advertising, etc., for the REGISTER:
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O. P. Tompkins, Harrisburg.
Peter Hume, Brownsville.
W. R. Kirk, Brownsville.
E. E. Wheeler, Scio.
T. H. Reynolds, Salem.
L. P. Fisher, San Francisco.
D. P. Porter, Shedd's Station.
Fletcher & Wells, Buena Vista, Polk Co
Chas. Nickell, Jacksonville.

BUSINESS CARDS.

D. B. RICE, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon, Albany, Or.
OFFICE ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF MAIN street. April, 1870-32

N. S. DU BOIS
HAS ON HAND AND CONSTANTLY receiving a large stock of
Groceries and Provisions,
Wood and willow ware, tobacco, cigars, confectionery, Yankee notions, etc., etc., wholesale and retail, opposite R. C. Hill & Son's drug store, Albany, Oregon. 1v4

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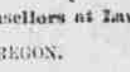
MITCHELL & DOLPH,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY AND PROCTORS in admiralty. Office over the old post office, Front street, Portland, Oregon. 1v4

J. C. POWELL. L. FLINN.
POWELL & FLINN,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
AND SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY. L. Flinn notary public, Albany, Oregon. Collections and conveyances promptly attended to. 1

N. H. CRANOR. S. D. HUMPHREY, Notary Public.
CRANOR & HUMPHREY,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
ALBANY, OREGON.
Office in Parrish brick, up stairs. 5v4

GEO. W. GRAY, D. D. S.,



GRADUATE OF CINCINNATI Dental College, makes *Several New and Improved Styles of Plates for Artificial Teeth*, also, does ALL work in the line of his profession in the best and most approved method, and at as reasonable rates as can be had elsewhere. Nitrous Oxide administered for the painless extraction of teeth if desired. Office in Parrish brick block, up stairs. Residence first house south of Congregational church, fronting on court house block. 172-18

W. G. JONES, M. D.,
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN.
OFFICE ON FIRST STREET, ONE door west of Broadalbin, in Burkhart's two story brick (up stairs), over Geo. Turrell's store. RESIDENCE—Corner Sixth and Ferry streets, Albany, Oregon. [16-71

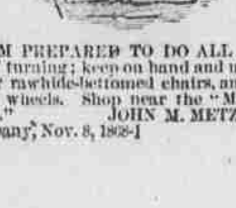
LEFFEL & MYERS'
Water Wheels
SPHERICAL FLUMES,
And General Mill Machinery.
J. F. BACKENSTO, Agent, Albany, Oregon. 51v3

20 DOLLARS A DAY
TO MALE AND FEMALE AGENTS,
To introduce the celebrated
$25.00
Buckeye Sewing Machine.
STITCH ALIKE ON BOTH SIDES, AND the only shuttle sewing machine in the United States licensed to use the celebrated Wilson feed sold for less than $40, and acknowledged by all to be the best family sewing machine, for light or heavy sewing, in the market. Outfit free. Address
MINER & PEARSON, Gen. Agts., Albany, Oregon. 20v31f

ALBANY BOOK STORE.
Established in 1856.
E. A. Freeland,
DEALER IN EVERY VARIETY OF miscellaneous books, school books, blank books, stationery. Books imported to order at short notice.
Albany, Dec. 3, 1870.

TURNING - - TURNING.

RAWHIDE CHAIRS.



I AM PREPARED TO DO ALL KINDS of turning; keep on hand and make to order rawhide-bottomed chairs, and spinning wheels. Shop near the "Magnolia Mills." JOHN M. METZLER.
Albany, Nov. 8, 1868-1

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN CONNER,
BANKING
—AND—
Exchange Office,
ALBANY, OREGON.

DEPOSITS RECEIVED SUBJECT TO check at sight. Interest allowed on time deposits in coin. Exchange on Portland, San Francisco, and New York, for sale at lowest rates. Collections made and promptly remitted. Refers to H. W. Corbett, Henry Failing, W. S. Ladd. Banking hours from 8 A. M. to 4 P. M.
Albany, Feb. 1, 1871-22v3

MARBLE WORKS.

MONROE & STAIGER,
Dealers in
Monuments, Obelisks, Tombs,
Head and Foot Stones,
Executed in
California, Vermont and Italian Marble.
SALEM, OREGON.
BRANCH SHOP AT ALBANY.

J. DOW. M. B. CRANE.
DOW & CRANE,
Dealers in
Boots, Shoes, and Findings
ALBANY, OREGON,

INVITE THE ATTENTION OF THE public to their fall stock of, the latest styles in gentlemen's and youth's boots, shoes, gaiters, oxford ties, etc., etc., as well as to the very latest thing out in the line of ladies' and misses' gaiters, balmorals, Newport ties, Antoinette buskins, and many other new and fashionable styles, just received at the City Boot Store, which they will sell as rapidly as they can find purchasers who wish first-class goods at the most reasonable rates. They respectfully invite you to come and see their stock. Boots, shoes, etc., made or repaired to order, and *all work warranted.*

CITY BOOT STORE, FIRST STREET,
First door West of Register Build'g. 17v3

CITY MARKET,
FIRST STREET, ALBANY, OREGON,
J. L. HARRIS,
PROPRIETOR,
WILL ENDEAVOR TO KEEP CONstantly on hand a full supply of
ALL KINDS OF MEATS,
Which will be of the very best quality. The highest market price paid for beeves, hogs and sheep.
Third door west of Ferry, on south side of First street. J. L. HARRIS.
Albany, Dec. 15, 1871-15v4

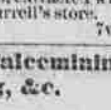
J. C. MENDENHALL,
Notary Public,
REAL ESTATE & INSURANCE AGENT,
ALBANY, OREGON.
RENTS COLLECTED AND TAXES PAID for non-residents and others, making out real estate papers, etc. Office one door above telegraph office. 3v3

Albany Collegiate Institute,
ALBANY, OREGON.
THIS INSTITUTION WILL REOPEN ON Monday, September 4, 1871, with a corps of teachers capable and earnest. Instruction will be thorough and practical, and the system of order unsurpassed. For particulars address
R. K. WARREN, A. M., President;
Or, Rev. E. R. GEARY, D. D., Albany.

The Eyes! The Ears!
DR. T. L. GOLDEN,
Oculist and Aurist, Albany, Oregon.

DR. GOLDEN IS A son of the noted old opthalmic doctor, S. C. Golden. Dr. Golden has had experience in treating the various diseases to which the eye and ear are subject, and feels confident of giving entire satisfaction to those who may place themselves under his care. April 18, '69.

DR. E. O. SMITH, DENTIST,



HAS LOCATED IN ALbany, and is now ready to wait on the citizens of Albany and vicinity, with a new invention in dental work. It consists in supporting the plate to the mouth without covering the whole roof, as heretofore. Those wishing artificial teeth are requested to call and examine for themselves. Also, plates mended, whether partially broken or divided. Teeth, extracted without pain. Office over Turrell's store. All work warranted. 7v4

Paper-hanging, Calcemining, Decorating, &c.
F. M. WADSWORTH will give prompt attention to all orders for Paper-hanging, Calcemining, Decorating, &c., in this city or vicinity. All work executed in the latest style, in the best manner, and at lowest living rates. ☞ Orders left at Furniture Warerooms of Chas. Mealey will receive prompt attention. 10v4

Camilla.

Paul Smith was a poor old man. He had a back room in the top of a noisy lodging house, where he slept nights, and munched his meals of bread and cheese (or Bologna-sausage, when he could afford it), and from whence he crept, as harmless and unnoticed as a fly, down to the corner of the dingy street, to the little music shop of Carl Bertman, a German settler somewhere in Soho.

There he tinkered all day on broken violins and other musical instruments, never absenting himself for a moment, save on Saturday afternoons, when he went to the house of a small tradesman to teach the piano to three or four very stupid girls. Sundays he curled up in his den, and amused himself, no one knew how, until Monday morning.

There are a few certainties, he never went to church; but he picked ragged children from the pavement when they fell near him, and gave them half-pennies when he had any; shared his dinner often with a mangy, dirty cur, who acted as a sort of escape-valve for the ill-temper of half the men and women in the streets; and he roused Pat Ryan from his midnight snooze in the gutter many a cold night, and literally carried him home to Norah and the "children."

As for his honesty, a neighbor remarked: "If he found five shillings in the street, he'd wear out ten shillings worth of strength and shoe-leather to find the owner."

One cold night Paul was returning from his work, with a loaf of bread under one arm and a violin under the other, when at the street door he stumbled and nearly fell over a small object crouched on the step.

"Bless us, what's this?" cried Paul, striving to regain his equilibrium.

"Only me sir!" and the small object stood up, and became a very pale, thin and ragged child.

"Are you hurt, little girl?"

"No sir."

"What are you doing out here in the cold."

"Nothing."

"Why don't you go home?"

"I ain't got any."

* * * * *

The winter of 186— come in like a lion, as many a poor wretch well remembers, and with the first blast came Paul's enemy. He turned one night a sad face from his warm corner in Bertram's shop among the violins, and hobbled up the cold street, feeling the approach of the old rheumatic pains, and wondering what would become of poor little Camilla.

His excitement carried him up to the last flight of stairs, and hearing Camilla's voice, he paused to rest and listen. She was singing in that sweet and expressive manner which made her voice seem to him the sweetest and purest he had ever heard. At the end of the stanza she took breath, and another voice said, "Child, you astonish me. Either I am a poor judge of music or else your voice is the finest I ever heard. You are right in preferring its cultivation to anything else."

An electric thrill shot through old Paul's frame and quickened his blood to a rapidity that quite carried away his rheumatic pains, and in a twinkling he was up the stairs and in his little attic.

He was terrified at the sound of a man's voice, but the sight of a handsome and polished gentleman, with diamond studs in his showy linen, a heavy ring upon his dainty white hand, unquestionable broadcloth upon his back, in close conversation with his Camilla, whose wondrous beauty had of late startled even his dull perception, was more than Paul could bear.

He was a very small man—had been in his youth—and now that time's writhing fingers had touched him, he was shriveled and dried like withered fruit, but in his virtuous indignation he puffed out to his fullest extent, and in his falsette voice piped, "Camilla, how dare you invite anyone here?"

"Oh, Uncle Paul! This is Mr. Clavering, a gentleman, whose—whose—"

"Whose mother she saved from death. Your niece, sir, a few days since, was passing through our crowded thoroughfare, when my mother's carriage drew up to the pavement. The horses were restive, and bidding the driver to attend to them, she began to ascend unassisted. Her foot was on the step, when the animals sprung forward and flung her violently from her foothold. But for the sudden act of your niece, who received my mother in her strong young arms, the fall might have proved a fatal one. My mother at once entered a shop, and keeping your niece by her, sent for me. I came to-day, at my mother's earnest request, to express our heartfelt gratitude and to offer——"

"You needn't offer Camilla a penny, sir. She will never suffer as long as I have a pair of hands to work for her," said Paul

"You mistake me. I do not wish to insult you, but would raise this child from her poverty, and educate her, that she might be of use to you and herself and become a refined woman. Don't let your selfish love stand in her light and shut it out from her. She sings like a prima donna and wishes to study music."

The great lustrous eyes of the child turned imploringly to her new guardian.

"Lor', Camilla, I can't stand in your way, I know you're every bit a born lady, if your poor forsaken mother did die in a hovel among wretches who turned her child into the cold as soon as the breath of life had left her body; but dear me, I can't part with you."

"And you shall not. Let me serve little Camilla, and she will never leave you, but shall prove a blessing to you in your old age."

Paul could say nothing, and the strange visitor departed, with no further injury to his darling than an eloquent glance from an expressive pair of eyes.

Then from the gloomy lodging-house to the snug set of chambers a few streets off went Paul and Camilla, and the poor wretch soon looked like another being, in his cleaner work-clothes and Sunday suit, earned from increased number of pupils provided through the willing assistance of their philanthropical friend, Mr. Clavering.

Day after day, Camilla went with her books to the teacher so strangely provided; and after a little time there came days when passers paused to listen to the warbling of the rich young voice.

When she had been there six months she entered one morning to find Mrs. Clavering in the music master's room. "What do you propose to do with your famous pupil?" said her sweet voice.

"Madam, Camilla is quite capable of doing anything in a musical way. She will be a songstress of whom this country will be proud. Ah, here she is!"

"You have improved wonderfully, my child," said the lady, holding out her gloved hand. "I came to bring you Richard's farewell. He leaves for London to-night, and will remain abroad many years. Here is a little gift, as a token of rememberance."

She did not understand that Mrs. Clavering had placed a pretty necklace of coral in her hand, and then gathered up her shawl and departed; but when her teacher spoke she cried out as if in mortal pain, and without a word, flew down the street toward home. As she turned the corner she rushed pell-mell into the arms of a gentleman, who, on seeing her pale and tearful, said, "Why little Camilla, what is the matter?"

"Oh, Mr. Clavering, you are going away!"

Richard Clavering's fine face grew sad and expressive as the tearful eyes looked into his own, and for the first time he comprehended that he was a young man, and that his protege was stealing from childhood into beautiful girlhood, and undeniably a beauty.

"Camilla, I am going away but will you wait for my return?"

"Wait for you? I am not going to run away."

"You do not comprehend me. Well, it is better so. Perhaps two years later you may understand me. Good-bye, Camilla. Kiss me good-bye."

It was a very quiet street, and so Camilla lifted her head and kissed him. In all probability the child would have kissed him in the main thoroughfare as readily as there, and I only mention the fact of the street being a quiet one to silence the startled propriety of those who are shocked at the publicity of it.

Well, there they parted; he to go over the sea; she to remain at home and improve the opportunities he had placed before her.

* * * * * * *

The great heart of the music-loving public was agitated with mingled emotions of joy, pride, astonishment and awe. A new songstress had been criticised, picked over piece-meal, ground down to the finest point, dissected, examined through the most perfect musical microscope, and pronounced perfect! And now the manager of a first-class fashion-patronized theatre had engaged her for a single night at an almost fabulous sum, and the world was to hear her voice.

The night came. The theatre was crowded from pit to roof. The orchestra pealed forth a grand overture, the expectant crowd filled the air with perfume, and soft murmurs of whispering voices and rustling silks arose in a subdued sound; and then the broad curtains rolled up and disclosed the elegantly fitted stage.

Suddenly there was a rush in the vast building, and eyes grew bright with eager anticipation, as from the wing came the *debutante*.

A tall, graceful girl, with gleaming shoulders, and white, perfectly-shaped arms; with a crown of purple black hair upon the regal head; with great, dark eyes scanning the crowd, and then with almost childish shyness vailing themselves beneath the long lashes; a mouth, soft, tender and beautiful, and a cheek as fair as the pure white satin of her sweeping robe; and they had seen all the long-talked-of and highly praised beauty.

A roar like the rushing of distant waters sounded in her ears, and then swelled into a thunder of applause; and coming slowly down in the splendor of the footlights, her beautiful head erect, her eyes glowing with excitement, her beauty enhanced by the elegance of her costume, Camilla, the poor little waif, the child of poor old Paul Smith, the protege of proud Richard Clavering, received the homage of the assembled crowd.

When the acclamations had ceased, the orchestra began a soft symphony; and then through the building echoed the clear, pure notes of a voice that sounded far away, a dreamy mystic voice, full of hope, of doubt, of pain. Nearer, still nearer, it sounded, and hope half drowned the doubts, but yet a plaintive sorrow seemed to remain. It came nearer and the sorrow was a half expectant, trembling glimpse of something better; and then suddenly the strange voice broke forth in a triumphant strain, and listeners held their breath as the wonderous notes rang out upon the air, and then died away.

For a moment a deathly silence reigned, but it was for a moment only, and then the building vibrated with a crash of enthusiasm that came from the music-crazed audience. Men arose in their seats and hundreds flung their floral tributes at her feet.

In one of the boxes above the one where the music master and manager sat, an old, odd looking man waved his handkerchief and cheered with great tears falling down his wrinkled cheeks, and Camilla looked up to that one box and gave him the only smile that crossed her lips during the night.

But at length the curtains fell, and Camilla, weary and worn, went on to the dressing room. Some one stood in the shadow of a side scene, and when she asked permission to pass caught her by the hands and drew her out into the light.

"Camilla, little Camilla, is it you? Have I been listening to my little girl this glorious evening? Speak to me! I am bewildered and blind."

"Mr. Clavering! When did you come? Oh, I am so glad, so happy!" she exclaimed.

"Are you glad? Are you happy? Oh, is this my welcome? Have you waited for me, my love my darling?"

She put her hands over her eyes, mourning: "You do not mean your words! I am dreaming! I am mad!"

"You are here, wide awake, Camilla, and I am asking you to love me, and to be my wife."

She drew him away for a brief moment, and laid her weary head within his arm. Then she passed on to her dressing-room, and when she returned she put out her hand, saying. "Oh, Richard, take me away! I am soul-sick of all this."

"And you will only sing—"

"In your nest. Come, we must not forget Uncle Paul. He is waiting in the box for me."

The box was near at hand, and in a moment they stood at the door. It was ajar, and Richard pushed it open to allow Camilla to enter, and saw the old man sitting in one of the luxurious chairs, his head lying back upon the soft cushions, and his hands peacefully folded.

"Uncle Paul!" cried Camilla. "Why, you naughty boy, you are fast asleep. Come it is time to go home. Ah."

She started back with a cry, for the hand she touched was icy cold, and fell back stiff and helpless.

"Camilla, darling, come away. I will attend to him."

"Oh, Richard!"

"Hush, love. He is beyond us now. Those strains of music have carried him to Heaven, from whence they came."

The poor old man was dead. With the consummation of his heart's wish, his quiet, comprehending, unoffending life had passed out into the new existence.

There were loud growls in the music-loving world, but nothing ever came of it; for Richard Clavering removed their singing bird so deftly that few knew the cause of her flight; and now she sings only to him and to her brood of young Claverings.

Woodhull and Claflin in the Rossel Funeral Procession—Remarks by the Gamins.

If Victoria and Tennessee were not amused, they must be difficult creatures to entertain. The boys invited them to speak, and were particularly happy in their remarks on their personal appearance. A big tow-headed boy sung out: "Which is the old cat they calls the next President? Oh! my, ain't she ugly! Say old gal, give us a song and dance. Is that your own hair or a scratch? Open yer mouth—yer 'fraid to, for fear the boss cars 'l think it's the depot and drive in?" "Jehu! what a nose," says a lad within a foot of Victoria; "I hain't seen such a nose since I had the measles, and then the doctor had it to pick a bile with." The nasty nuisances stood in solid masses about the women. Colonel Blood and Stephen Pearl Andrews manfully strove to protect the brokeresses. But the boys seemed to know all about matters, and said: "Now his blood's up"—"Say, Capt'n, it's all right—we are all free lovers." When a cheap transparency made its appearance with a delegation, bearing the inscription: "And they had all things in common," then the crowd shouted: "Fetch that banner over here." "Give it to Woodhull." "Here's the gal for that motto." Finally the procession started, and those unhappy women, foot-sore and insulted, walked miles through the mud which covered everything, supported by the greatest rabble that ever paraded, one weak band, thirty or forty lower class French women, and thousands of wild, hungry-looking men. It was ridiculous on the part of the police to interfere with the Communists, as they did on the preceding Sunday, since that act was the only one that gave any sort of consequence to the whole affair.

A TREASURE LITTLE PRIZED.—Time, the most precious of all possessions, is commonly the least prized. It is, like health, regretted when gone, but rarely improved when present. We know it is irrecoverable, yet throw it wantonly away. We know it is fleet, yet fail to catch the current moment. It is the space of life, and while we never properly occupy its limits, we nevertheless murmur at their narrowness. It is the field of exertion, which we continually leave fallow, and yet we sorrow over our stinted harvest.

EXTREME COLD IN NEW YORK.—The New York *Herald* of December 23d says: If our Russian guests had happened to have been in the city yesterday, they must have been satisfied with the Siberian and Kamschatka-like character of the weather. It was decidedly the champion "cold snap" of the season, and if that venerable old greybeard, the "oldest inhabitant," can point out a severer day, let him "trot it out." The average temperature in the city yesterday was thirty-two degrees below that of the same day last year. Never since Monday, the 8th January, 1866, when the thermometer stood fifteen degrees below zero in this city, has there been so cold a day as yesterday. At six o'clock in the morning the thermometer stood at one degree below zero, and at six in the evening at seven degrees above.

In Danville, Ill., live a man and wife, named Davidson, who are the parents of a child, now over five weeks old, which weighs but two pounds. Its length is seven inches, and its face about the size of a watch crystal. Its tiny arms are so slender that a small finger ring can be slipped on either of them to the shoulder. The little creature is already making quite a noise in its part of the world, and hundreds have called to see it. The parents are of standard size.

A plain and unschooled man, who had received his education principally beneath the open sky, in the field and the forest, and who wielded the ax more than the pen, while speaking of children, remarked with true and beautiful simplicity, "The little chips are nearest the heart."

Recipes.

HAM TOAST.—Chop some lean ham fine, put it in a pan, with a little pepper, a lump of butter and two eggs beaten; when well warmed, spread it on hot buttered toast, and serve.

SALLY LUNN.—Seven cups of sifted flour, half a teacup of butter, warmed in a pint of milk, one spoonful of salt and three well-beaten eggs, two tablespoonsful of brewers yeast; if the yeast is home-made, use twice as much. Pour this into square pans to rise, and then bake it before it sours.

NICE BISCUIT.—One quart of milk, raised; when light, add one cup of butter, one egg, one tablespoonful of white sugar, half teaspoonful of soda; raise again; roll thin, and bake quickly.

SAUSAGES.—Sausages can be made by using mutton instead of pork. Chop lean and fat mutton together very fine, and season with sage, salt and pepper. Eat with mustard, and they are not distinguished from genuine pork sausages.

RAILROAD CAKE.—One cupful of sugar, one cupful of flour, two tablespoonsful of melted butter, two tablespoonsful of milk, three eggs, one teaspoonful of cream tartar, and one half teaspoonful of soda. Flavor with lemon.

REMEDY FOR FRESH WOUNDS.—Bind up the cut or wound with fine pulverized earth and renew the earth in the course of a few hours. This remedy is simple and within the reach of every one. Earth is a complete deodorizer and acts like a charm on fresh wounds. So is white pine turpentine.

SPICED APPLES.—Eight pounds of apples, pared, four pounds of sugar, one quart of vinegar, one ounce of stick cinnamon, half an ounce of cloves. Boil the sugar, vinegar, and spice together; put in the apples when boiling, and let them remain until tender (about twenty minutes). Take them out, and put them in a jar. Boil down the syrup until it is thick, and pour it over.

An effectual remedy for small pox is said to have been recently found by a surgeon of the British army in China. The mode of treatment is as follows: When the preceding fever is at its height, and just before the eruption appears, the chest is rubbed with croton oil and tartaric ointment. This causes the whole of the eruption to appear on that part of the body, to the relief of the rest. It also secures a complete eruption, and thus prevents the disease from attacking the internal organs. This is now the established mode of treatment in the English army in China, and is regarded as a perfect cure.

HOW TO COOK A BEEFSTEAK.—The frying pan being wiped dry, place it upon the stove and let it become very hot. In the meantime mangle the steak—pepper and salt it, then lay it in the hot dry pan, which instantly cover as tight as possible. When the raw flesh touches the heated pan, of course it seethes to it, but in a few seconds it becomes loosened and juicy. Every half minute turn the steak, but be careful to keep it as much as possible under cover. When nearly done lay a small piece of butter on it, and if you want much gravy, add a teaspoonful of strong coffee. In three minutes from the time the first steak goes into the pan it is ready for the table. This method of cooking makes the most delicately broiled steak, full of juice, yet retaining the healthful beefy flavor. The same method may be applied to mutton chops, only they need a little longer cooking to prevent them from being too rare. An excellent gravy may be made by adding a little cream thickened with a pinch of flour into which, when off the fire and partly cold, stir in a yolk of an egg, well beaten.

What chemical instrument is like a cutting reply? The retort.