- We call them dead, the loved and lost Whose faces dear no more we see. These who the selemn bound have crossed That borders wast Elernity.
- Yet all that in their lives was sweet— The words they spake, the smiles they gave The kindly acts love made complete— Pa sed not with them into the grave.
- For these their blessed influence 8till round our pathway sweetly cast, And open to the soul's pure senso The dearest memories of the past.
- We lay our precious dead away.

 No longer their fair forms we see
 And part of our lives died the day
 Their mortal being ceased to be.
- The loving ways that made them dear, Their gentleness untouched by ari, In sweet impressions linger here, For of ourselves they are a part.
- Our aims these leved ones helped to cast In honor's mould; they planted seeds Of hope within us that at last Were ripened into life's best deeds.
- And though no more their hands we press.
 Though they have vanished from our side,
 The glory of their loveliues.
 Faded not with them when they died.
- The sweet companionship we miss
 As we recall the words they said,
 But in our souls their presence is—
 We causet call them wholly dead.

WAS IT THE SOUL OF THE BURGO. MASTER!

I have always professed a high es teem, and even a sort of veneration, for the noble wine of the Rhine; it sparkles like champagne; it warms one like burgundy, it lubricates the throat like bordeaux, it stimulates the imagination like the liquors of Spain, it renders us tender like the Jachryma Christi; in fine, and above all, it makes us dream and unfolds to our eyes the vast realms of phantasy.

In the fall of 1846 I decided to make a pilgrimage to Johannisberg.

Mounted on a miserable horse with

hollow flanks, to whose intercostal cavities I had disposed two canteens, I

was making the journey by short stages.

What an admirable spectacle wineculture is! One of my cans was always empty, the other one always full. My only regret was to be unable to share my asure with one capable of appreciating it. One evening, when a few sunbeams were still lingering among the large vine leaves, I heard the trot of a horse behind me. I turned slightly to the left to leave him a free passage, when to my great surprise I recognized my friend Hippel. You know Hippel, his fleshy nose, his special mouth for degustation, his stomach built in three stories. He looked like the good Silene pursuing the god Bacchus. Hippel was traveling with the same

object as myself; a distinguished amateur, he wished to fix his opinion about the shade of certain hills, concerning which he had always entertained some doubts. We continued the road in company, halting now and then to inspect our canteens.

The night was already advanced when we arrived at a small tavern on the hill-

We dismounted. Hippel glanced through a small window, almost on a level with the ground. There was an old woman asleep near a table on which was a lighted lamp.

door, mother.'

The old woman startied, arose, came to the window, and pressed her old shrunken face against the panes. When the old sibyl had distinguished

"Come in, gentlemen, come in," said she, in a trembling voice, "I shall awake my son; make yourselves at home." "Let us have oats for our horses and

us, she grimaced a smile and opened the

a good supper for us," cried Hippel. 'Yes, yes," hastened to say the old

She went out and we heard her ascend stairs more perpendicular than those of

We remained a few minutes in a low and smoky dining-room. Hippel made a tour of the kitchen, and returned caressing his stomach.

"We shall have some supper, yet," said he. In effect it was placed on the table shortly after-a fine ham, a bottle on each side, one of red wine, the other

'Which do you prefer?" asked the

"I must taste it first," answered Hippel, handing his glass to the old woman who had poured him red wine. She also filled mine. We tasted it. It was a strong and sharp wine. It had a peculiar taste, a perfume of cypress. I drapk a few drops and a profound sadness took possession of my very soul. Hippel, on the contrary, clapped his tongue with an air of satisfaction.

'Famous!" said he, "famous! Where do you get it, good woman?"
"From a hill in the neighborhood," said she, with a strange smile.

"Famous hill," aswered Hippel, filling his glass again. It seemed to me that he was drinking blood.

"What a face you make, Ludwig," said he, "what ails you?" "Nothing," I replied, "but I don't like that red wine."

"There is no disputing with tastes, observed Hippel, emptying the bottle.

"Some more," he called; "some more, and exactly the same. Ah! that's a generous, vivying wine."

Hippel leaned back in his chair. His

face seemed to become decomposed. I emptied the bottle of white wine at a draught and joy seemed to return to my heart. My friend's preference for red seemed ridiculous, though ex-

We continued to drink until 1 o'clock in the morning. He the red, and I the white wine. One o'clock! It is the hour when celestial music tickles the ear of the dreamer, and whispers in the soul the harmony of invisible spheres. It is the hour when mice gambol on the floor, and said, indifferently: and bate unfold their velvety wings and

sail silently over our heads.
"One o'clock!" said I to my comrade, "we must rest if we wish to start in the

Hippel arose, tottering. The old wom an conducted us to a room with two beds and wished us a sound sleep. We undressed, and I remained the last to put the light. I had scarc ly touched my bed when Hippel was in a profound sleep. His respiration resembled the everybody."

"Yes," added the judge, "and he always looked as if he wanted to criticise everybody." roar of the tempest. I could not close my eyes. A thousand fantastic figures were flying around me. Imps and witches were executing their cabalistic dances on the coiling. Singular effect of the

white wine! I arose, lighted my lamp, and, drawn by an invincible curiosity, I approached Hippel's bed. His face was red, his mouth partly open, the blood seemed to beat in his temples, his lips moved as if he wished to speak. I remained immobile, near him, and should have liked to look to the very hottom of have liked to look to the very bottom of his soul, but sleep is an impenetrable mystery; like death, it keeps its secrets. At times Hippel's face expressed terror, then sadness; sometimes it seemed to contract as if he was going to cry. That good face, made for laughter, had a strange character under the impress of

What was passing at the bottem of this abyss! I saw full well the waves on the surface, but whence came the profound commotions? All at once the sleeper arose, his lids opened and I saw that his eyes were white. Every muscle in his face was quivering, his lips seemed to wish to make a cry of horror. Then he fell back and I heard a sob. "Hippel! Hippel!" I screamed, pouring a pitcher of water over his head.

He awoke. "Ah! thank God, it was a dream! I am so glad that you awoke me."

"Very well; but you must tell me your dream. "Yes-to-morrow. Let me sleep. am sleepy.

"Hippel, you are ungrateful; it will be all forgotten to-morrow. "Cordieu! leave me alone; I am

asleep. I would not listen to it. "Hippel, you will dream again, and this time I shall leave you to your fate

without mercy." These words produced a magical effect. "Dream again!" he yelled, jumping out of bed, "My clothes, quick! My horse! I am going. This house is haunted. You are right, Ludwig, the devil inhabits these walls. Let us go!" He dressed himself hurriedly. Then I

stopped him. "Hippel," said I, "why should we run away? It is only 3 o'clock, let us rest." I opened the window, and his fears vanished as the fresh night air came in. Leaning on the window sill he related

what follows: "We were talking yesterday of the famous vineyards of Rhinsau," said he. "Although I have never been in that section, my mind was undoubtedly preoccupied with it, and the rich wine I drank gave a somber shade to my ideas. What is most astonishing is that I imagined, in my dream, that I was the burgomaster of Welche (neighboring village), and I was so identified with that man that I could describe him like myself. This burgomaster was a man of middle hight, and almost as big as myself. He wore a coat with long basques and brass buttons. Down his pantaloons was another row of small buttons like nail heads. A three-cornered hat covered his bald head; in fine he was a man of a stupid gravity, drinking only water, and thinking only of money. As I had taken the clothes of the burgomaster, so had I taken his character. I should have despised my-self, I, Hippel, if I could have recognized myself-beastly burgomaster that I was. Is it not better to live gayly and laugh at the future than to pile up dollars and

distill bile? But that's all right-here I

am, burgomaster. "I arise from my bed, and my first thought is to see if the men are at work in the vines. I put some bread in my pocket for breakfast. Think of it; I, who eat my cutlet and drink my bottle every morning. I order the old housekeeper to sweep the room and prepare dinner at 11 o'clock-some boiled meat and potatoes, I think—a miserable din-ner. But no matter. He goes out. 1 could describe you the road, the mountains; they are right under my eyes. Is it possible that a man in his dreams can thus conjure up a landscape? But dur-ing all that time I felt a sort of dizziness, an indescribable headache. I walked faster. The sun arose and the heat became excessive. I was following a path which led to the ruins of an old castle, and a little beyond were my four acres of vines. I hastened to get there. I was all out of breath as I reached the ruins. I stopped. The blood seemed roaring in my ears. My heart was beating against my breast like a hammer on an anvil. The sun was all on fire. I wished to continue my road, but suddenly I was struck as if by a mallet. I rolled behind the wall and I understood that I was suddenly struck with apoplexy. Then despair took possession of me. "I am dead," said I to myself; "the money that I have saved with so much hardship, the trees that I have planted with so much care, the house that I built, all that is lost, all passes to my heirs!"

I felt my soul detaching itself from my cadaver, but it remained standing beside

That soul of the burgomaster saw that its cadaver's face was purple and its hands were yellow.

As it was very warm and a deathly sweat was rolling from the forehead, a host of flies alighted on his face. The cadaver did not stir, and the soul in distress could not drive them away. An hour passed. The heat was increasing, there was not a breath of air, not a cloud.

A goat wandered along the ruins. In passing by my poor body she bounded to one side; then came back, opened her eyes wide, sniffed around and continued on her way. A young shepherd started after her, but, on perceiving the corpse, he screamed and ran toward the village.

Another hour passed, as slowly as eternity. Then some voices, some steps, and my soul saw ascending slowly, slowly, the justice of the peace, followed by his clerk and a number of persons. I knew them all. They made but one exclamation at the sight of my body: "Our burgomaster!"

The physician drew near, drove the

"Our burgomaster has been struck with apoplexy. He must have been here since morning. He must be buried as soon as possible, for this heat hastens

"Faith," said the clerk, "between us

everybody."
"That is not surprising," continued another, "fools always imagine they have beains."

So saying, they walked off and my poor soul heard them a few moments

longer; then I remained in silence and solitude I don't know how long.

They returned, however, and oursed the weight of the burgomaster, whose body they were carrying, while my soul followed plunged in the blackest of grief. Finally I was deposited in a room on a strawbed, and passed in review. When one of my cousins wished to take the keys from my pocket, I wanted to cry with rage, but unfortunately souls have no voice. Finally, my dear Ludwig. I saw them open my desk, count all my money and although I could never need anything more, I grudged every cent they

At last they undressed me, nailed me between four boards and I assisted at my own funeral. When they lowered me into the grave despair gnawed at my soul; all was lost. It was then that you woke me Ludwig; and I fancy that I still hear the clods rolling over my coffin.'

Hippel stopped and shuddered, chilled through.

We remained a long time meditating, without a word; then went to the diningroom. The host served us the remnants of our supper, filled one of my canteens with white wine, the other with red, sad-dled our horses and wished us a "bon voyage." We were hot half a mile from the inn when my friend Hippel, always thirsty, took a drink of red wine. He seemed seized with vertigo. "My dream! My dream of last night!"

He started at a galiop, as if to escape the vision. My nag forced me to lag be hind.

With the first rays of the sun Hippel

stopped and waited for me.
"I don't know," said he, "what dark
thoughts have taken possession of me. That red wine must have some singular property; it flatters my throat, but it attacks my brain."

"We cannot deny," I replied, "that certain liquors contain in themselves the principles of phantasmagoria even. I have seen cheerful men become sad, sad men become gay, smart men become stupid and stupid men become smart with a few glasses of wine in their stomachs. It is a deep mystery, and no one is so insane as to doubt the magic power of the bottle. Is it not the scepter of a superior incomprehensible force, before which we must bow, since we sometimes feel its d vine or diabolical influence?"

Hippel recognized the force of my arguments and remained silent and lost

in a reverie. We jogged along awhile, when sud-denly Hippel halted, his mouth opened, his hands stretched in the attitude of stupor, then, like a flash, he turned to flee, but I seized the bridle of his horse.

"Hippel, what on earth is the matter?" I exclaimed. "Has Satan laid himself in ambush before you? Has the angel of Balaam made his dagger shine before your eyes?" "Leave me alone," he said, struggling

"it's my dream!" "Come," I said, "calm yourself. Red wine evidently does not agree with you

Take a drink of this wine; you will find He drank with avidity, and somewhat recovered his equilibrium.

We emptied that red wine which had become black as ink. It formed large it seemed to me that I heard deafening roars, confused voices, sighs, but so faint that they seemed to come from distant regions. Hippel was too excited to notice this phenomenon, but I was profoundly impressed with it. At that moment I saw a blackbird, as large as my fi-t, escape from one of the bushes and fly away with a little cry of terror.

"I feel," Hippel, "as if two opposite remains

principles were contending for supremacy within me-the black and the white -the principal of good and that of evil.

Let us go!" We continued on our way. "Ludwig, said my companion soon after, "there are such strange things in this world that the mind trembles in humility. You know that I have been through this country. Well, yesterday I dreamed and to day I see the reality of my dream rise up before me. Look at this landscape, it is the same I saw in my sleep. Here are the ruins of the old castle where I was struck with apoplexy. Here is the path that I went over and there are my four acres of vine. There is not a tree, not a bush that I don't recognize as if I had seen them a hundred times. When we shall have turned the corner, we shall see at the end of the valley the village of Welche; the second house to the right is that of the burgomaster; it has five windows and above, in front, and four below and the door. To the left of my house, that is to say, that of the burgomaster, you will see a barn and a stable, that is where I used to shut up my horses and cattle. Finally, my dear Ludwig, I am resuscitated just as you me. The poor burgomaster looks at you through my eyes, he speaks to you through my lips, and if I do not recol lect that before being burgomaster, miser, rich proprietor, I have been Hip-

pel, the high liver, I should hesitate t say who I am, for what I see recalls to me another existence, other habits, other ideas

All happened as he had predicted. W perceived the village at a distance, bouses scattered along the river, and the second house to the right had in effect peen that of the burgomaster.

All the individuals we met Hippel had a vague recollecion of having seen them; some seemed so familiar that he was on the point of calling them by name; the word remained on his tongue and he could not detach it from other recollections. Besides, seeing the indifferent curiosity with which we were looked at assured Hippel that we were unknown, and that his form was a complete mask for the defunct soul of the burgomaster. . We stopped at the inn that my friend pointed out as the best in the village; he

and been acquainted with it a long time. A new surprise awaited us. The mis-tress of the inn was a fat woman, a widow for many years, and whom the bar-gomaster had courted for a wife. Hippel a little calmer. was tempted to put his arms around her, so quickly did his old sympathies revive. However, he controlled himself. The veritable Hippel was combatting in him the matrimonial tendencies of the burmaster. He contented himself asking in the most amiable manner for a good breakfast and the best wine possi When we were scated a very natu ral curiosity impelled him to inquire what had taken place since his death.

"Madame," he said to the hostess, with a flattering smile, "you were un-

donbtedly acquainted with the former burgomaster of Welche?"
"Do you mean the one who died of ap-

oplexy three years ago?" she asked.
"Precisely" replied my comrade, fixing a peculiar look upon the lady.
"Oh, yes; I knew the old miser; the old fool wanted to marry me. If I had known the old fool was going to die so soon I should have taken him. He pro-posed that the first one to die should leave all the property to the survivor."

That answer somewhat disconcerted my dear Hippel. The self-love of the burgomaster was terribly wounded with-in him. However, he restrained him-

"And so, madame, you did not like "Like him! How can a woman like a man who is so miserly, dirty and repul-

Hippel arose and looked at himself in the glass. He smiled at his full, rosy cheeks and returned to finish his chicken.

"Was he any relative of your?" asked the hostess

"I! I did not even know him. I was only saying that some are ugly; others are good-looking. Because my nose is on the middle of my face like your burgomaster, it does not follow that I must

look like him."

"Oh, no," hastened to say the woman; "you have no family resemblance
at all." "Besides, I am not stingy, which de-

monstrates that I cannot be your burgomaster. Bring me two more bottles of wine. The lady disappeared and I seized the occasion to warn Hippel not to rush in conversations which might betray his

incognito. "For who do you take me, Lud-wig?" he yelled, furiously. "I want you to know that I am no more the burgomaster than you are, and the proof is that my papers are 'en regle.' "

He drew out his passport. The hostess was just entering. "Madame," said he, "did your burgomaster answer this description!"
He read: "Medium forehead, large

nose, thick lips, gray eyes, medium hight, brown hair." "Pretty near," said the lady, "except that he was bald."

Hippel passed his hand through his hair, exclaiming. "The burgomaster was bald, but no

one can pretend that I am." The hostess thought that my friend was crazy, but as he paid her on arising, she did not say anything.

At the door Hippel turned to me roughly, saying, "Let us go."
"One moment, my dear friend," I said, "you must first take me to the cemetery where the burgomaster is reposing. "Never," he shouted, "never! Do

you want to throw me into Satan's claws? I, standing over my own grave! But that would be contrary to all the laws of nature. Surely you don't think of it, Ludwig?"

"Calm yourself, Hippel. You are this very moment under the empire of invisible powers. They are holding you in such transparent toils that you can't see them. You must make an effort to dispel them. You must make restitution butbles as it sank through the ground, of the soul of the burgomaster, and that is possible only over his You don't want to be the thief of that soul; that would be a manifest larceny. I know your delicacy too well to suppose you capable of such infamy."

These invincible arguments dicided "Very well," said he, "I shall have the courage to tread under my feet those

remains, the heaviest half of which I carry with me. Ah! thank God, no such robbery shall be imputed to me, Ludwig. I shall lead you." He walked with rapid, precipitate steps, his hat in his hand, his hair flying,

shaking his arms, stretching his legs like a wretch who performs the last act of despair, and has to excite himself in order not to fail. At last we reached the cemetery.

In a corner was the charnel house, at the other was a cottage with a small garden.

Hippel rushed in the room. The grave digger was there, sculpting a cross and so absorbed in his work that he arose, quite frightened at the approach of Hippel. My comrade fixed on him a pair of eyes that must have horrified "My good man," said I, "will you

lead us to the grave of the burgomaster. "I know where it is," cried Hippel

and without waiting for an answer he rushed like a lunatic among the graves. "Here we are!" The genius of evil had evidently taken

possession of him, for he knocked down a while cross, with a crown of roses-the cross of a little child.

The grave digger and I followed from afar. The cemetery was large. Rank weeds of a dark green were as high as three feet. Cypresses dragged their branches over the ground, but what struck me at first sight was a clump of vines so magnificently loaded with grapes that the branches were lying thickly

I said to the grave-digger, "You have a small vineyard there which must be quite profitable. over each other.

"Oh! very little," he replied in a dole ful tone, "what comes from the grave returns to the grave. Nobody wants these grapes."
I examined this man. He had a false

look; a diabolical smile contracted his lips and his cheeks. I did not believe what he said. We arrived at the grave of the burgo

master. It was close to the wall. Right in front was that enormous vice, full of sap like a boa. Its roots penetrated undoubtedly into the coffins and disputed their prey with the worms. Moreover its grapes were of a purple red, while those of the other vines were of white slightly tinged with vermillion. Hippel

"You don't eat those grapes," I said to the grave-digger, "but you sell them." He turned pale and made a gesture in

"You sell them in the village of Welche, and I can name you the tavern where your wine is drunk," I exclaimed; "it is the inn of the Fleur-de-Lis." The grave-digger trembled in every limb. Hippel tried to grasp that wretch good.

by the throat, and all my strength and intervention was required to prevent him from tearing him to pieces.

"Scoundrel!" he yelled, "You have

made me drink the quintesseence of the burgomaster. I have lost my identity." But all at once a bright idea struck him. He turned towards the wall and taking the celebrated attitude of those attacked with seasickness he rendered unto the earth the substance which had drawn its

sustenance from the earth. "Thank God!" said he, as he came back to me. "I have returned unto the earth the soul of the burgomaster, and I feel relieved of an enormous weight." An hour later we continued our route

and my friend Hippel had recovered his normal cheerfulness.

Convict Photographs.

The convict who has to pose for his portrait is, of course, as well aware as the operators of the purpose for which it is required. It is one which, assuming that the rascal has no present intention to abandon the crooked path and walk in the straight, can be no other than inimical to his future welfare. His study, therefore, is to make it as little like him as possible. To manage this, he need not seek to disguise his natural expression of countenance by extravagant contertions. Were he to resort to such a flagrant device he would jeopardize his accumulated good conduct money and after all be compelled to do what was required of him. But it is easy to assume a joyous smile—the delightful prospect of speedy release sufficiently accounts for it—quite foreign to his visage, to project the under jaw a little, or purse the lips, or, as though lost in innocent wonderment as to what on earth they were taking his likeness for, the convict may, without suspicion, so raise his eyebrows as for the time to com-pletely do away with the scowl that is his natural wear.

There are a dozen similar tricks, which judiciously practiced, will answer the purpose. That is an artifice commonly if not invariably restored to is notorious. From time to time I have had opportunities of narrowly comparing dozens of re-cently executed convict photographs with the originals, and I know positively that in no more than one instance in six is the resemblance so complete as to leave no room for doubt. Indeed, it would seem that the authorities themselves are alive to the desirability of strengthening the photographic evidence of identity, for of late the convict's right hand appears in the picture as con-With fingers spicuously as his face. spread, it is laid, knuckles outward, on the man's breast, and, seen in that prom- | to the top. inent position, any peculiarity that may characterize the limb, is apparent at a glance. At first thought there may appear to be not much in this, but it is an ascertained fact that if a hundred right hands were closely examined, would be found no two even passibly alike. Apart from such disfigurements as enlarged knuckles, the effect of rheumatism or accidental injury, or crooked fingers, or scars, there is almost certain to exist some distinguishing natural peculiarity-an unusually thick thumb or fingers, or an exceptionally broad or narrow palm. A man may alter the expression of his features, but his faithfully photographed hand will bear witness against him more reliably than even his hand writing .- London Telegraph.

Playing the Porker.

Any one undertaking to play off a character for a sly purpose may find it as dangerous to be taken for what he pretends to be, as to be taken for what he is. An old soldier tells how his experience illustrated this on a certain occasion

which he has reason to remember: "One dark, rainy night during the war, one of the boys and myself undertook the job of outwitting the vigilant eve of the sentinel. We got along well enough until we came in sight of him, and then at a given signal, my friend dropped on his hands and knees and began crawling along slowly, all the while grunting and rooting about.

To my delight he passed without being discovered.

Then my turn came and I started off hog-fashion. I had hardly gone ten steps before I heard the guard say: "There's more hogs around her than's

necessary," and he stooped to pick up a rock. Although badly scared, I kept cautiously moving along, grunting and

rooting. "Well, here goes to see what kind of a shot I am with a brick." the sentinel again said; and whiz! came the rock, striking me in the side and knocking me

When I revived a little, the guard was bending over me. "Wood," he said, "I struck harder than I intended; I knew it was you all the time, and I thought I'd teach you a little lesson; now back to eamp and don't try it again.

Stowly I retraced my steps, feeling that I wasn't much of a hog after all."

The Wrong Fee.

A clergyman, now of New York, married not long ago a couple that at once started for Europe. The bridegroom was a man of wealth, and before he presented himself before the bridal altar, he placed a one huadred dollar greenback in his vest pocket to give the parson for the marriage fee, and did pay it to him, as he supposed.

While crossing the ocean, he discovered, greatly to his astonishment, the bill in the pocket in which he had placed it. On getting back to this country, he determined to solve the mystery, and waited upon the reverend gentleman and inquired if, on a certain date, he did not marry a certain couple. clergyman remembered the occasion per-

"I know I am about to ask an impertinent question," said the visitor; "but I should like to be informed what fee you received for the ceremony?"

The clergyman recognized the man as the one he had married, and said that he would, of course, gratify him, since he was so anxious to know. "I received." he then went on to say.

"a very small quantity of fine chewing tobacco, folded in a very small piece of That was enough. The only thing re-

maining to be done was to apologize for the currous blunder, laugh heartily, and make the one hundred-dollar deposit

The university of South Carolina has a larger number of students than at any

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

A plain dessert can be made by follow-ing the directions for making roly poly pudding, and by substituting jelly for fruit. Cut in slices and serve with wine sauce.

Oatmeal cookies combine many good qualities, and will be reliahed by chil-dren. Make them just like an ordinary sugar cooky, using two-thirds oatmeal and one-third wheat flour.

An extremely simple way of ornament-ing the square of flannel which you put over baby in his carriage is to crochet a row of openwork and a small scallop on the edge and run a bright ribbon through the open spaces. Cranberries make a delicious filling

for a roly-poly pudding. Stew them, using as little water as possible, so that the juice will be thick and jelly like; sweeten and let the sauce boil for a minute or two, but not longer, after the sugar is put io. Cream fritters, as an entree with roast

beef and vegetables, are made just the same as if they were to be eaten with syrup. The cream is a gravy made of butter and flour, with boiling water poured over. A little sugar should be added and a few drops of vanilla. If the family is very small, and large loaves of bread are likely to become

stale before they can be eaten, it is a good plan to make two little loaves for one tin. They will keep their shape all right, and will not run together or adhere any more than rolls or biscuit do. A nice dish for breakfast is made by outting pork tenderloins in thin slices; stew them in water till they are nearly done; then put a little butter in a sauce-

them on buttered toast, with mashed potatoes and raw tomatoes sliced thin. Apple custard pie should be baked with an under crust only. The filling is delicious if made of one pint of sweet milk, one pint of smooth apple sauce, well sweetened, three eggs; flavor with lemon or with a little cinnamon. This will make two small-sized pies or one

pan, and fry them till light brown; serve

large one. A little time and trouble used in removing the seeds from grape sauce will pay a large interest. After the grapes have cooked sufficiently so the seeds separate readily from the sauce through colander, then with a spoon remove the seeds as far as possible, put the skins back with the juice to cook until they are soft, and skim off any seeds that rise

Sauce for a common fruit pudding is nice made of one cup of sugar, an even tablespooful of flour, and one of butter. Mix to a cream, pour boiling water over this and stir until there are no lumps; then put it on the stove, and keep it there until it is cooked, say, for ten or even fifteen minutes. Flavor with nutmeg, and put in a large spoonful of molasses to give it a rich brown color.

Cranberry pudding is made by pouring boiling water on a pint of dried bread crumbs; melt a tablespoonful of butter and stir in. When the bread is softened add two eggs, and beat thoroughly with the bread. Then put in a pint of the fruit and sweeten to your taste. Bake in a hot oven for half an hour. Fresh fruit may be used in place the cranberries. Slices of put in layers make a delicious variation

Philosophy of Advertising.

In his address to the editors of Indiana, at their recent meeting at Fort Wayne, says the Philadelphia Record, Colonel Gil Pierce, of the Chicago Daily News, presented the following thoughts with reference to advertising, which are worth remembering. He

And in presenting a beautiful sheet typographically one should remember the advertisers as well as the readers. A man likes to have his advertisement pleasing to look upon, catching to the eye, and indicative generally of the advertiser. This class of patrons are so important to success that they should receive every encouragement. Particularly should they be impressed with the desirability of keeping their wares before the public. A man never realizes the full benefits of advertising till he has placed the matter before the same people fifty or 100 times. The first ad. is good, but the 100 is worth more than 500 times as much as the first. Some one

has said that the-First time a man looks at an advertisement he does not see it.

The second time he does not notice it.

The third time he is dimly conscious The fourth time he faintly remembers something of the kind before.

The fifth time he half reads it.

The sixth time he turns his nose up at The seventh time he throws the paper

down impatiently.

The eighth time he ejaculates: "There is the confounded thing again."

The ninth time he wonders if there is anything in it.

The tenth time he thinks it might possibly suit somebody else's case.

The eleventh time he thinks he will ask his neighbor if he has tried it or knows anything about it. The twelfth time he wonders if the ad-

vertiser can make it pay. The thirteenth time he rather thinks it must be a good thing.

The fourteenth time he happens to

think it is just what he wanted. The fifteenth time he for a long time resolves to try it as soon as he can afford The sixteenth time he examines the ad-

dress carefully and makes a memorandum of it.

The seventeenth time he is tantalized

to think that he is hardly able to afford The eighteenth time he sees painfully how much he is in need of that particu-

The nineteenth time he counts his noney to see how much he would have left if he bought it.

The twentieth time he rushes frantic

ally forth and buys it.

weigh a ton.

"Mr. Jipso indulges largely in hyper-bole," remarked the high school girl to her mother. "Yes," answered the old lady; "Mrs. Jones told me he'd taken to drinking; I'm sorry for his wife, poor

thing." Nine million postal cards are said to