

OLD TIME COOKERY.

Dishes That Ticked the Palate in the Fifteenth Century.

An old volume, the "Noble Boke of Cookry, for a Prynce Houssoide or any other Estately Houssoide," written about the year 1467, contains many rare and curious recipes in use in those days not only for ordinary dishes, but those to be eaten on fast and fish days. It is curious in reading this cookery book to find that there are the same birds, beasts and fishes, the same courses and sometimes the same names to dishes as in a modern one; but, although the names are often the same, the ingredients and the preparation are very different. For instance, their "blanche mange" was composed of lamprey or other fish, and their custards contained fresh pork minced small.

Here is one recipe from the book: "To make moza any take and boil rows' green and when it is boiled cut it small and let it cool. Then take cow curds and press out the whey; then bruise them in a mortar and cast them in the pot to the cream and boil together. Put therein sugar, honey and may butter, color it up with saffron and in the setting down put in yolks of eggs well beaten and do away the strain and let the potage be standing; then arrange it in dishes and plant therein flowers of violets and serve it."

Some of the recipes in this quaint old book were intended specially for a "humble" table. For instance, a pike was to be served whole to "a lord," but cut in pieces for the "commonalte." Cabbages were to be thickened with grated bread for ordinary people, but served with yolks of eggs for a "lord." The dishes at this time used at table were either gold or silver for great occasions and wooden trenchers and platters for ordinary use. It was not until the time of Queen Elizabeth that plates of metal and earthenware began to be generally used instead of wood.

An Anecdote of Dumas.

Speaking of Alexandre Dumas, a writer says that his chief characteristic was his utter disregard of money. He made millions, but never had a franc at his command. "For example," said he, "upon one occasion Dumas had invited company to dinner and, finding that he did not stand possessed of a single cent, drove to a friend's and asked him to lend him 2 louis. This his friend readily did and as Dumas was taking his leave suggested, as he had just been getting some very fine pickles, he would be glad to give him a jar to add to his dinner. The servant was sent for the pickles, and when he put the jar in the carriage Dumas, having no other change about him, dropped the 2 louis in the man's hand."

The Felting Process.

The crinkly nature of wool is in part responsible for its felting power, but the most important factor in this regard is the scales which cover the fiber. There are from 1,100 to 3,000 of these scales to the square inch of fiber, the wool with the greatest number and most perfect scales being of the best grade for felting. To be placed in the wool class animal fiber must possess those qualities which will permit it to be used for felting. Wool is felted by causing the scales of the fiber to hook into each other when they are mechanically entangled, and the more firmly the scales grip each other the greater is the degree of closeness which the woollen thread attains.—New York Sun.

The Great Steadier.

A minister once asked a young man on a train: "Do you smoke, sir?" "No, sir," was the reply. "I suppose you drink—that is to say, moderately?" "No, sir; I abstain," answered the young man. "Do you gamble?" "No, sir." "Swear?" "No, sir." "Young man," said the minister, with an air at once pleased and puzzled—"young man, what are you, anyway?" "I'm married," the young man answered.

Waste of Energy.

If you hold your fist as tight as you can hold it for fifteen minutes the fatigue you will feel when it re-

laxes is a clear proof of the energy you have been wasting, and if the waste is so great in the useless tightening of a fist it is still greater in the extended and continuous contraction of brain and nerves in useless fears, and the energy saved through dropping the fears and their accompanying tension can bring in the same proportion a vigor unknown before and at the same time afford protection against the very things we feared.

CITY OF GOLDEN DOMES.

Beauties of Peter the Great's "Paradise" of the Swamps.

"The City of Golden Domes"—such is the name so often applied to the metropolis of Russia, St. Petersburg. It was Peter the Great who founded the city and built it on a veritable swamp. The waters of the Neva river overflowed the lowlands all about where the beautiful city of the czar now flourishes, but it was at the expense of many thousands of lives that the foundation of the present metropolis was built. It is said that even now one may see the moisture underlying the city oozing up between the paving blocks on the Nevsky prospect, a busy thoroughfare. The city is not only built over water, but the heavens seem to frown upon human beings having intruded there, for it rains or snows at least 200 days of the year and sometimes a little more. The city is practically surrounded by water, for swamps abound on two sides, the sea and the river on another.

At the very beginning of the building of St. Petersburg every one seemed to hate the place, all save Peter the Great. And, in view of the dislike expressed by nobles and peasants alike, the ruler set thousands at work, "under compulsion of the knout," to build dikes and reclaim the land for the city. He called the city his "paradise" and forbade the use of stone in building elsewhere, ordering all the stone accessible to be brought to St. Petersburg. Any peasant who wished to enter the city could do so by fetching a cartload of stone. This was his passport. Indeed, people did not have to beg to enter St. Petersburg. They were forced by the czar's command to abandon other places and come to dwell in his "pet" city. The consequence was a crowded quarter, where the poor herded together like so many rats, living in squalor and misery. Even to this day the Russian metropolis is the most unhealthy capital of Europe.

But St. Petersburg has become a beautiful and a majestic city nevertheless. There is something imposing about her streets. The Winter palace is splendid, as are also entire streets of beautiful buildings. It might be called a city of space, for the streets are so wide, and nowhere, save in the slums, does one find crowding. Nevsky prospect is the fashionable street of St. Petersburg. It is only three miles in length, but it is as celebrated a highway as Regent street, London, or Fifth avenue, New York.

During the winter months the days are very short, artificial light being turned on at 3:30 in the afternoon and daylight not coming in full till about 10 in the morning. But during the summer months—June and July—one will see the sun at 7 o'clock in the morning and easily read a book at 10 o'clock at night by nature's own light. Thus the summer recompenses one for the dreariness of winter.—Boston Globe.

A Slow Journey.

Jones was taking a walk in the country just outside Warrington when he was surprised to find a man perched on the top of a signpost which bore this inscription, "This will take you to Liverpool."

Jones was quite unable to make out why the man sat there, so he called out, "What are you up there for?"

"Begorra," the man replied, "I've been sittin' here for two hours, and I'm wondering what time it starts."

—London Ideas.

A Royal Compliment.

Mgr. de Nosmond, archbishop of Toulon, when preaching one day in the private chapel of Louis XIV. lost the thread of his discourse, so that he had to remain silent for some time. The king came to his lordship's relief with this graceful remark: "I am very glad, my lord, that you are giving me a little time

to digest all the good things contained in the former part of your sermon."

The Influence of Clothes.

He—Did you ever observe what a difference clothes make on one's mind? Now, when I am in my riding togs I'm all horse; when I have on my business suit my mind's full of business; when I get into my evening dress my mind takes a purely social turn.

She—And I suppose that when you take a bath your mind's an utter blank?—Stray Stories.

He Was Spurned.

"Believe me," said old Gotrox, "although I'm an old bachelor I'm sure I could learn to be a good husband. You know, a man is never too old to learn."

"Nor too old to yearn, perhaps," replied Miss Peechis; "also I'm sorry to say you're not too old to spurn."—Philadelphia Press.

Sympathy.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown had given their six-year-old son Ralph a most careful home training. With great reluctance they placed him in a public school. A few days later Ralph came home with a cut lip and swollen nose.

His mother exclaimed, "How did you hurt yourself?"

He replied: "I was sliding down hill at recess and ran into a tree. It hurt pretty bad, mother, but every one was awfully good to me. The boys were just fine—why, mother, there wasn't a boy in the class who didn't say 'Gosh' when I ran into that tree."—Harper's Magazine.

A Trick of the Trade.

Many of the local curiosity shops planted in the back streets of most county and country towns are simply kept up by large London firms who, from a prolonged study of human nature, have discovered that people who are shy of buying old furniture or old silver in Bond street or Piccadilly are ready and eager purchasers of precisely the same objects, at a rather higher price, when they come upon them in the back streets of a country town.—London Tatler.

A Child's Odd Question.

Robby (as the train plunges into a tunnel)—Oh, mamma, where's all the outside zone?—Boston Transcript.

TYPEWRITERS GIVEN AWAY

The Emerson Typewriter Company of Woodstock, Ill., have recently given away over 400 of the highest grade, wholly visible Emerson Typewriters made in the world. They have gone into every state and territory in the United States. There may be some in your town. They are giving them away everywhere to men, women, boys and girls, over 18 years of age, on surprisingly liberal conditions.

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The Emerson Typewriter is one of the highest grade, wholly visible typewriters made in the world. Many who have used the "EMERSON" and other makes pronounce the "EMERSON" superior to any \$100.00 typewriter on the market. It is a wholly visible machine, has every new, up to date feature, looks like other high grade \$100.00 typewriters, though it is selling just now at an astonishingly low price and on terms of no money with order, trial free in your own home. Nothing to pay at first, and after a thorough trial, 10 cents a day until paid. The "EMERSON" has every new improvement, universal keyboard, back spacer, tabulator, two-color ribbon, everything the best; is the ideal machine for beginners as well as for the most expert typists and stenographers; just the typewriter for the smallest or largest office.

If you could possibly make any use of a high grade typewriter, even though it didn't cost you one cent of money, or if you would like the agency in your town on a plan by which you could make big money, or if you would like a position with the company, then be sure, on a postal card or in a letter addressed to "Frank L. Wilder, President, Woodstock, Ill.," say, "Mail me your Free Offers."

Sunset—the Pacific Monthly and the Santiam News for \$1.75.

At the Churches

Services at the Christian church on second and fourth Sundays of each month.

Christian Endeavor meeting Sunday evening.

Services at the Baptist church on the first and third Sundays of each month. Union Sunday school at 10 a. m.

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