TORTURE AND LUXURIES.

PREPARATION OF PATE DE FOIS GRAS AND PEPSIN.

They Are Products of Exquisite Cruelty—Geese Have Their Eyes Put Out and Their Feet Nailed to the Floor—Stuffed With Cornmeal Up to the Bill—To Obtain Pepsin Pigs Are Fed Great Quantities of Oatmeal Then Allowed to Starve.

It is doubtful if in any other two instances the true glories and humanities of our modern civilization show to such advantage as in the preparation of pate de fois gras and pepsin. One of the radiant triumphs of modern times is vivisection. But the beautiful experiments, such as sticking red-hot needles into the bared nerves of living animals, are tame and barbarous as compared with the making of pate and pepsin.

The pates for the most part come to us from Strasbourg. The pepsin for the most part is made in Chicago. And in both places at this very moment, as you are reading this story, the things about to be described are going on.

A pate de fois gras being as the name says, a compound of fat livers, is a product obtained from geese. The genuine pate is always made from goose livers, and the finest pates are made from the livers of geese that have never laid an egg. So in all the country round about Strasbourg geese are raised by the tens of thousands. Every farmer has many geese,and some have many hundreds. To make a good pate you must have a diseased goose liver. The normal liver contains a little less than 4 per cent. of fat. The liver artificially prepared by steadily diseasing it contains over 50 per cent. of fat.

Late in the fall of every year a peasant gets together all his geese that he can spare for the liver market. If he has plenty of room and a dark cellar he puts these geese in little cages in the cellar. If not, he puts out their eyes and nails their feet to the floor of the living room of his cottage. The geese are usually nailed in a long row in front of the open fire, so near that

THEY SUFFER INTENSELY

from the heat.

For six long months these geese stand or squat in the same place before this fire. They are blind. They cannot move about. But this is nothing compared to what fellows. Three times a day their mouths are forced open and large balls of cornmeal are stuffed and rammed down their throats until each goose is full clear up to the bill.

As you walk through the streets of the little country villages during these six months your ears are assailed by an incessant clamor of suffering. The wretched geese, nailed and blind and sick and burning with thirst, vent cries of anguish until their strength is exhausted, and they begin again as soon as they recover voice. As every house in every village has a number of geese enduring these agonies the noise never ceases.

The peasants do not mind it in the least. They have heard these sounds all their lives and have become thoroughly hardened. If you go into one of the houses you will in all probability find the children tormenting the geese. The children are taught to stuff the geese. They think it great fun and enjoy the funny sounds that are wrung from the geese by torture. No educational process was ever devised for the susceptible mind of youth that compares with this torturing of geese.

To learn how to torture a goose for six months so as to keep it constantly in agony and yet never quite kill it is a rare and difficult accomplishment. The children who are learning this art are allowed every latitude, provided only that they do not strangle the geese to death. So they make a study of torture and elevate it from mere vulgar infliction of pain without guiding intelligence to the lofty art of getting the most possible suffering, the most possible expression of suffering without quite taking the life of the victim.

All who have visited the liver manufactories of Strasbourg agree that the children who feed and play with the geese are far superior in skill to any of the

FAMOUS TORTURERS

of the middle ages. And the next time you eat pate de fois gras you must not fail to think of these blind and tortured geese and these playful, artistic peasant children. Aside from the pleasure of six months of torturing the peasants get a substantial money return. The livers, swollen with disease, sell for six or eight francs each, and the carcasses for five or six francs more. It is not often that a family can sell the children's playthings at such a good price after the children have used them for six months.

Out in Chicago they get the pepsin in an equally interesting and agreeable way. They want pure pepsin in large quantities. They have found by experiment that no animal can give such a flow of pepsin as a young pig. So you will find in the pepsin manufactories long rows of pig stalls, each stall with a single young pig in it. All these pigs must be perfectly sound when they are put into the stalls. So they select only the best pigs, those with enormous appetites that would lead them to eat great quantities of food.

The pigs have the desire to eat, and for a time the desire is gratified. For several weeks each pig is fed great quantities of oatmeal and is allowed to drink great quantities of water. Thus each pig is presently perfectly clean and has a stomach that is in perfect working order. Its appetite,growing with much feeding, is enormous and the glands which contain the gastric juice are large and secrete gastric juice to their utmost capacity.

When this condition is reached the pig is starved. They give it nothing to eat, nothing to drink. It stands squealing with agony and straining its nose through the spaces between the bars that make the front of its pen. It is almost

MAD WITH THE PAIN

of hunger and thirst. This is very interesting and refined. As you walk along the isles between the rows of pens you are much edified by looking at the expressions in the eyes and mouths of the rows of pigs. Every pig is squealing with agony. The din is frightful, and, unless your nerves are well trained you have the same sensations you would have at seeing a man amuse himself by jabbing pins into a child.

But the last scene is the most delightful and artistic. When the pigs have suffered all they possibly can and their torturers see that they are about to sink into a numb state, then art supplements nature. In troughs arranged so that each pig can get his nose just over the edge of the trough, but no further, they put steaming hot potatoes, heated exactly to the point where they will give off the most powerful odor.

When this is done there is a scene which not even Strasbourg can equal The wretched animals, dying of hunger and thirst, strain at the bars, yell and screech in agony, drawing in the while the maddening odor of the food which they cannot reach. It is to be regretted that this cannot last longer. They can get only a few hours of this exquisite suffering out of the animals at most.

When the tantalization begins the gastric juice begins to flow into the stomach. It flows almost in a stream so terrible is the excitement of appetite. When the flow is at its greatest the pig is killed and ripped open and the gastric juice is taken away to be prepared as pepsin for the market. The carcass of the pig is also sold. So there are two profits besides the torture.

SALVATION ARMY DISCIPLINE.

A Story About Gen. Booth from a Former Resident of Guy's Hospital, London.

The present trouble in the Salvation Army in the United States has recalled some incidents showing the inflexible, not to say cruel, discipline in the rank and file of the Army, and the extreme hardships undergone especially by the newer members. Not many of these stories get into print, for the new converts are silent. A bright woman who has lived several years in New York, but is of English birth and training, told the other day of an incident of twelve or thirteen years ago, which occurred while she was a resident of Guy's Hospital of London. She was there as an indoor medical student attending clinics, and also for treatment for spinal trouble, her brother being one of the resident doctors of the hospital.

"During a severe spell of cold weather," she said, "three of the patients brought to the hospital were members of the Salvation Army in uniform—two women and a man. All three had collapsed from weakness and exposure while out in the bitter cold performing the work imposed by their superiors. I believe they were begging, or at least one was. That is, as I understood it, each was furnished with a list of names and addresses of people from whom subscriptions were to be solicited, each list representing a day's work of the

VERY HARDEST SORT.

It was said that if they did not do a satisafctory day's work they got only bread and water for supper.

"The man was found to be dangerous-ill of pneumonia. The house doctor said that one of the chief causes of his illness was insufficient clothing. The man had on only a thin cotton shirt of the flimsiest material underneath his Salvation Army jersey. The doctor said that to go out with such clothing in such weather was simply suicidal, and that the people who imposed such tasks ought to b ein jail. In fact, all the attendants in the ward were indignant, and it was almost the sole subject of our conversation at meals. The man, said that these were all the clothes he had, and he had no means of getting more. They had a trifling allowance, I believe he said, of three or four shillings a week, and they had to account literally for every halfpenny of it. If they spent what was considered an unnecessary penny, it was deducted from the next week's allowance.

"I don't know so much about the women patients, but we understood they were also very low. They, too, had the scantiest clothing. It is a rule in Guy's as in other hospitals, that patients who can afford to pay for treatment ought to do so. After a while in this case the hospital authorities sent a bill to Gen. Booth for the treatment of these three patients. The General answered, declining to pay; he said neither he nor the Army could be held responsible for the medical bills of its members. He also said, and this was the outrageous part of it, that when a soldier

CEASED TO WORK

he ceased to belong to the Army. The hospital people wrote again and insisted that as these people became ill while performing unreasonable duties imposed by the Army, the Army ought to pay the bills.

"I don't remember how that controversy ended—probably I never heard—but I know the hospital officials were angry enough to make trouble for the General if he did not pay. Some part of the story eventually got in the papers and a Radical Weekly—I think it was Reynold's Sunday News—took it up. This paper hunted up the people that Gen. Booth dealt with for his supplies, and published long articles showing that he revelled in the choicest luxuries in the market and lived like a regular nabob. They said he bought strawberries in winter, the best in Covent Garden, at half a guinea a box, and that he bought the most expensive wines, and had a cook at £45 a year, which is very big salary over there for a cook. Several of the papers criticised the General, and called for some accounting of the thousands and tens of thousands of pounds that had been raised for the Army, and which the General had put in his own private pocket for all the public knew to the contrary. But the General never noticed these attacks."

It has already been noted that the General has always kept the control of the Army, which included the sole handling of the funds, among the members of his own family.

"Great Scott, woman!" exclaimed Mr. Wickwire, to whom his wife was trying to explain something. "You couldn't do worse at trying to make your point if you were attempting to sharpen a lead pencil!"

HOUSEHOLD.

HOW TO USE EGGS.

Eggs are invaluable food; they furnish the basis for many a good meal. In this cold climate eggs are scarce and expensive in cold weather, and it is wise to pack plenty of fresh eggs for winter's use. They should always be kept in a cool, dry place, where it will not freeze. From time immemorial housewives have packed eggs in salt. Put a layer of salt in a large stone jar or firkin, then a layer of eggs. Some pack with the small end down; we prefer the small end. Do not let the eggs touch each other, but put salt between them. Bran and oats are both good for packing eggs. A farmer's wife says she prefers oats to salt and has used them for years.

Poached Eggs.—Fill a spider over half full of hot water, add a tablespoonful off salt, oreak some fresh eggs in a saucer, keeping the yolks whole; when the water begins to bubble, slide the eggs into the spider, and let cook slowly, until the white is done, remove with a skimmer to a hot platter, being careful to have no water, put a piece of butter on each egg and serve.

Baked Eggs.—Butter a soup plate, break carefully so as to keep the yolks whole, as many eggs as you wish, sprinkle a dust of salt over them and put a small piece of butter on top of each egg, then pour over them sweet cream, allowing one tablespoonful for each egg, set in a moderate oven about five minutes, or until the whites are set; serve from the same dish they are baked in.

Eggs Served with Hash.—Prepare your hash for the table, put it on a platter and smooth nicely, then with the bowl of a spoon make indentations in the top, have some eggs either fried or poached, and place one in each cavity. In serving, help each one to some hash and one egg.

Egg Salad.—Boil six eggs ten minutes, then put them in cold water until thoroughly cold, peel and slice. Have ready a cream dressing, two eggs beaten well, a tablespoonful of sugar, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls sweet cream, a pinch of mustard, two spoonfuls of vinegar; put in a double boiler, and stir until it thickens, set away until cold, then pour over the eggs. It is best to make the dressing first, so it will be cooling

Scrambled Eggs.—Put two tablespoonfuls of butter in a spider, beat six eggs, add three spoonfuls of sweet milk, half a teaspoonful of salt, pour in when butter is hot, but not brown, stir from outside to the middle, from one to two minutes, pour out in a warm dish and serve.

Plain Omelet.—Allow four eggs, one tablespoonful of flour, two tablespoonfuls of milk, a little salt, beat all the yolks and two whites together, add the flour and milk, beat until smooth, then beat the other whites with egg beater, and add. Put two spoonfuls of butter in a spider, when hot pour in the mixture, set over the fire and brown on the bottom, remove, loosen and set in the oven to cook the top, watch carefully, remove to a hot platter and serve.

Steamed Eggs.—Butter a pie plate, break carefully six or eight eggs on the plate, if the yolk of one breaks remove it, set the plate in a steamer over a kettle of boiling water and cover, cook until the whites are well done, wipe the plate and remove to the table.

Ham and Eggs.—After the ham is fried, cut it into pieces ready for serving, put it on a large platter, have a good supply of fat hot, break three or four eggs into a dish, slip carefully into the fat, then do not leave them to fry themselves, but constantly throw hot fat over them until the white is done, have the platter near, put one egg on each piece of ham, and for some of the larger slices allow two eggs, serve immediately.

A SPONGE HOTBED.

The other day when I dropped into a neighbor's kitchen, and what a cheery kitchen it was, I noticed a row of bright cake tins in the sunny window, but instead of a batch of gingerbread cooling off, they held what seemed to me to be green things growing, writes Kate Kramer. They weren't in earth, either, for when I looked closer the tender little sprouts had their feet fast in a bed of moist sponge.

"What are they?" I asked curiously.

"Pansies," said Emeline, as she rolled out a great piece of biscuit dough. "It's an idea of my own. I'd seen sponges used make a bed of winter grass by filling them with canary seed, so I thought I'd try it for my pansies. You remember what a lovely pansy bed I had last year and how early they bloomed? Well, they were al raised in sponges. I got a lot of cheap sponges as long and plump as I could find, and I packed a deep cake tin full of them. Then I soaked them well and sowed the seed just as delicately as possible. Why, I almost dropped each tiny seed in a small pore by itself. I set them in a sunny window, and in a week or two you could see these tender little shoots poking up their heads. The sponges have to be kept quite moist. Only you must be careful to pour the water in at the side, not on the sponge, or it will wash the tiny seed out of their beds. I let them grow real strong and healthy before planting them out. I wait till there is no longer a danger of spring frosts and the weather is fairly warm, then I set them in a bed, which is finally spaded and mixed with some loam. Pansies will more than reward you for every bit of tender care you give them."

SOME HINTS.

A clothespin bag for the laundry is a most necessary article not always found there.

A thin coating of three parts lard melted with one part rosin applied to stoves and grates will prevent their rusting in the summer.

Don't drive your boys and girls away from home to have a shut-up parlor. Carpets and furniture are of small account beside their future.

An ingenious woman has taken a rolling pin and split in half, covering it as one would an ironing board. It presses the seams to perfection, as it supplies a curving, shooth surface, and yet one which remains firm beneath the weight of the iron.

Don't throw away large feathers of ducks, chickens and turkeys, but trim the plumes from the stalks, inclose them in a bright bag, rub or knead the mass as if washing it, and you will get a perfectly uniform and light down, nice for quilting coverlets and for other purposes.

MERRY MOMENTS.

AgentW"Sir, do you need any typewriter supplies?" Merchant—"Yes; send me about four pounds of candy."

The Master—"Is it raining very hard, Thomas?" The Servant—"No, sir; only hailstones, sir."

"How married life does change one." "From what I have observed I should say it changes two."

Teacher—"Suppose you were a king, Tommy, what would you do?" Tommy—"I'd never wash my face any more."

The burglar climbed over the office partition. "It is well to be on the safe side," he said. Then he began work on the vault.

"How does Jibson stand prosperity since he came into his fortune?" "Oh, he stands it all right, but it's pretty rough on his friends."

"Which would you rather do, Jarley, kiss a girl on her lips or on her eyes?" "Her eyes, of course. You have to do it twice to cover the ground."

Mamma—"Willie, where are those apples gone that were in the storeroom?" Willie—"They are with the gingerbread that was in the cupboard."

Enfant terrible—"And did they go into the ark two by two?" Mamma—"Yes, dearest." Enfant terrible—"Well, who went with auntie?"

"Popper," the little boy asked, "what kind of a horse is it that they call a plug?" "A balky one, my son. They call him that because he is a stopper."

He—"So they were married at home, eh? What did you think of the service?" She—"Not much; it was marked 'sterling,' but I'm sure it was plate."

Tom—"That man over there has been quite successful, I believe." Bob—"Perhaps he takes a great deal of interest in his business." Tom—"Yes, he is a pawnbroker."

"What's that long piece of writing, papa? Is that poetry?" (Hastily replacing it in his empty pocketbook)—"Y-yes, dear; it is an owed to your mother's milliner."

"Her fiance is a pronounced brunette, is he not?" said one young woman. "No," replied the other; "he is a Russian. He can be spelled, but not pronounced."

Architect—"Have you any suggestions for the study, Mr. Veryrich?" Veryrich—"Only that it must be brown. Great thinkers, I understand, are generally found in a brown study."

Harold was told to write a sentence containing the word "copse." He came from the city, and the word had a familiar sound. His sentence read: "The boy dodged the copse."

I gave my love a little dog,
My hourly passion to recall;
Alas! whatever love she had,
The dog has won it all!

"Clarence," she sighed romantically, "do something true, something brave, something heroic to prove your love for me." "Well," he faltered, but calmly, "I have offered to marry you."

Absent-minded party—"Why, how do you do, Barker? How's your wife?" Barker—"My wife? Why, my dear doctor, I never married." Absent-minded party—"Really! Congratulate her for me."

Aunt Maria—"Did he ever say anything which would lead one to think that he wished to make you his wife?" "Phoebe—"Yes, indeed. Why only today he said that nothing was so becoming to me as calico."

Mrs. Moneybags—"Your son's extravagance is increasing. He wants a new plaything. This time it is a stable of race horses." Mr. Moneybags—"That's all right. I was afraid he wanted to start a newspaper."

"I've been told Rivers' name is in old Rocksworthy's will." "Yes, his name is in it; he signed it as a witness. That's all, and—good gracious! What's the matter?" "Nothing, only I've lent him $500 on the strength of it."

"This is leap-year," remarked the maiden, timidly, "and I am disposed to avail myself of my sex's privilege. Mr. Tillinghast, I love you. Will you be mine?" "But can you support a husband," asked Mr. Tillinghast, anxiously.

"This is leap year, I know, said the maid; "but I do not think I could so far forget my maidenly modesty as to propose to a man. Yet—" "Yet what?" asked the youth, seeing she hesitated. "I might jump at an offer if it were made to me."

Exploding an Old Myth—"Are you superstitious? "No; I got out of that at a very early age." "How did it happen?" "I was born on Friday, April 13, and the Friday that I became 13 years old a rich uncle died, leaving me $3,000 by will."

Hermione—"Isn't Jack good? He has engaged himself to me, you know; but he says he will not bind me to him. If I can get somebody else, he says he shan't interfere." Blanch (sweetly)—"Mt is evident that he feels perfectly sure of you."

AN ANCIENT FAMILY.

The Mikado is the religious head of the Japanese as well as their ruler. His place is hereditary, and it has been filled by members of his family for more than 2,500 years. His is incomparably the most ancient lineage known. The Mikado is the 122d of the line. The founder of it, whose hope of posterity in his wildest dreams could not have equaled the result, was contemporary with Nebuchadnezzar, 660 B.C.

THEY ALL DO IT.

Bingo (anxiously)—You haven't got an opening in your business for my boy, have you?

Kingley—Why, I thought he was in your office.

Bingo—He was, but I had to discharge him.

A STRANGE PECULIARITY.

A MAN BORN WITH WONDERFULLY MARKED EYES.

Alphabetic Eyes Resulting from Ante-Natal Influences—When a Child He Was Believed to Be a Prodigy.

A man with the alphabet in his eyes—that is the rare human phenomenon to be seen in Atlanta, Ga., at the present time.

Every letter of the twenty-six is distinctly marked in his two great blue organs of vision. They are as plain as print and lie around the edge of the iris like the figures on the face of a watch, being slightly in relief and appearing as if enamelled on a blue background.

How account for his almost marvellous peculiarity?

It is beyond doubt the result of the well-known law of birthmark. But connected with this extraordinary and unprecedented case there is an absorbing tale of a mother's devotion to her children, of her resolute determination to instruct them properly and to learn for herself the great truths of the Bible.

About 1855 there lived in a rural district of Northeastern Georgia a humble family of very meagre means. The father, an illiterate man, tilled the soil for a living. The mother, also illiterate, attended to the household duties. In spite, however, of her poverty and ignorance of the world, she was filled with ambition and had an intense desire for an education. She could not at the time distinguish one letter of the alphabet from another, but she continued to cherish the idea of being

ABLE TO READ,

and at last one day the first step towards the realization of her life idea was taken at a camp-meeting that she had attended. The eloquent words of the preacher made her a convert, and she resolved to learn to read the Bible. Securing a little spelling-book, she solved, after the most intense application, the mysteries of the alphabet.

At this period she was in that delicate condition foreshadowing maternity. A few days after a son had been born to her the eyes of the infant began to attract attention, and before many weeks had passed the letters could be distinctly traced around the iris of each eye. The intense mental strain of the mother, who had looked at the book until the letters made her eyes ache, had left its impress on the eyes of the child.

What a sensation the discovery made in that remote Georgia region! Men and women flocked to see the little one that had been born among them. High destiny was predicted for him.

"Why," remarked the sage of the settlement, "he jist looks the letters out of his eyes."

In the minds of many divine origin was ascribed to the prodigy, and the simple country men and women speculated in their homely way as to how it came about.

"Yes," they said, "his mother had got religion, and the boy was a godsend to her from heaven."

Conversions were numerous thereafter, and the local circuit preacher congratulated himself in bringing the weary wanderers back into the fold.

APPEARANCE OF THE LETTERS.

In each eye the entire alphabet is plainly marked in capital letters, but not, however, in regular order. The "W" is at the lower part of the iris and "X" at the top. They appear to be made of white fibre or nerve cord, being connected at the top by a white cord seemingly linked to the upper extremity of each letter. The eye itself is very blue, with white lines radiating from the centre almost to the letters tnemselves, but these letters do not slope exactly in the direction that the radials extend from the pupil. Beginning at the bottom with "W" and following the letters like the hands of a clock, they can be more readily distinguished. Then, too, the irregularity is a striking feature, showing how the mother learned her letters in broken patches, as a child learns when beginning to read.

"A" and "B" are in a group together, they being the easiest letters on account of ease of pronunciation. The letters were photographed in the eye of the child in the order in which they had been learned by the mother.

After leaving A B she seems to have skipped to K, then back to J, over again to S and back to M. She probably on another occasion began at W, then went back to the more simple letters, such as N O and P, thence skipping over to R, receding to L, then I, and finally D, thereby mastering all but the difficult letters and impressing them upon the mind. It is strikingly noticeable that the difficult letters follow in a group—Q, F, G, H, C, Y, X, Z, U, E, T—which complete the series.

Lee's early life was spent in the neighborhood of his birth, in some way he had heard of "big men" who spouted forth eloquence like babbling waters from the hillside, and he was impelled to do likewise. He soon became weary of his trade as a carpenter and entered the ministry, where, in his own words, he "was a power unto the converted and a thorn in the flesh of the sinner."

A LARGE TUNNEL.

The largest tunnel ever built—the underwater section of the Blackwall tunnel, under the Thames, at London—has just been finished. It is twenty-seven feet in diameter and one mile in length, and connects Poplar on the north side of the river with Greenwich on the south. Nearly 4,000 feet of this tunnel had to be driven by compressed air. The accuracy of the curvey and the danger of the work may be imagined from the statement of the engineers that while driving under the river bed, there were, at one time, but five feet two inches of earth between the top of the tunnel and the water. So great was the danger of the water bursting through that large quantities of clay were dumped into the river over the thinnest spots.