

HOUSEHOLD.

THE HOME DOCTOR.

The fumes of burnt camphor will relieve a cold in the head. Put a piece of camphor the size of an egg in an old saucer, set it on fire, and after burning a few moments blow out the flames and inhale the fumes.

When you make a hot lemonade for a cold remember that glycerin instead of sugar will make the remedy more valuable.

Sage tea, or eat meal gruel, sweetened with honey, is good for chapped hands or any sort of roughness.

Oil of winter greens and olive oil mixed in equal parts and applied externally have been recommended for rheumatism.

It is said that a drop or two of Camphor added to the water with which the face is washed prevents the skin from becoming shiny.

A good gargle for sore throat is made of one tablespoonful of cayenne pepper, half a cup of boiling vinegar and three teaspoonfuls of salt. Mix well together and when settled strain. Gargle the throat every half hour.

As a remedy for an obstinate corn bind a piece of lemon upon it, renewing every morning for three or four days. The corn can then be removed. For a cold, hot lemonade is a household remedy. Put the juice of two lemons in a pint of hot water. Boil one minute, sweeten to taste and drink as hot as possible.

WHOOPIING COUGH.

The following remedy for whooping cough was brought from Germany, and its effect has been so good that those who have used it think it marvelous. Take four large heads of garlic and boil them in a pint of water, letting the water boil down considerably. Add two tablespoonfuls of lard to the water, boil again, strain and while hot add one teaspoonful of turpentine. It should be kept in a cold place, and used to apply under the arms, inside the hands, under the knees, at the elbow joints, under the bottom of the feet and around the neck. Heat it and rub it in well before the fire.

SOME THINGS USEFUL TO KNOW ABOUT LAMPS.

First, great care should be taken in filling them not to spill a drop of oil on the outside, as when the lamp is lighted the smell is abominable. Be careful not to overfill the oil receptacle; the oil should not come within half an inch of the top. After filling wipe the lamp with a flannel dampened with soap and water. Never add oil to nor fill up a lighted lamp; there is always fear of the vapor becoming ignited. Wicks should never be cut, but rubbed till smooth and even with a piece of paper. To prevent the lamp smoking the wicks should be well soaked in strong vinegar and dried before the fire.

A pinch of camphor powdered put into the oil will give a bright, white and steady light. When lamps are clogged with oil the burners should be boiled in strong soda and water and allowed to get thoroughly dry before using again. To prevent lamp chimneys from cracking put them into a pan of cold water, with hay between them to keep them from jarring; let the water boil, then let get cold in the water before moving the pan outside.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

Mince Meat.—One pint each of chopped meat and apples; one large cup chopped raisins; one pint beef broth; large cup of sugar and syrup each; one large cup canned peach syrup; one pint boiled cider; two dessert spoonfuls of ginger and one each of allspice and cloves. A small bit of butter dropped on each pie before the top crust is put on imparts a pleasant flavor.

Graham Muffins.—One and a half cups sour milk; one egg; one teaspoonful soda; a little salt; two tablespoonfuls of molasses, and the same quantity of melted butter. Make stiff dough with graham flour to drop from a spoon. Bake twenty minutes.

Banana Charlotte Russe.—Make a boiled custard and get aside to cool. Take large ripe banana, slice and dip over thinly strawberry, raspberry or orange jam or marmalade; alternate until the dish is half full, mixing in here and there about half a pound of ladyfinger thin slices of fruit cake. Turn custard and let stand twenty minutes or more before serving.

THE UNEXPECTED GUEST.

It is always well to have something in the pantry that can quickly and easily be prepared, should a friend appear in about lunch time whom you would like very much to invite to remain for a cup of tea.

Farmers' wives usually have a full supply of eggs, canned fruits, meats and vegetables, but our readers who live in towns and are not always so well supplied may find the following suggestions helpful.

An unexpected guest, always a source of some good sleep

TWO STORIES OF THE QUEEN.

Two Well-Authenticated Anecdotes Show Her Majesty's Generosity and Goodness.

There are two well authenticated anecdotes of the Queen's childhood and youth which are very characteristic of her. The one story is given by Bishop Wilberforce on the authority of her former tutor, Davys, Bishop of Peterborough. It describes vividly one of the most conspicuous and honorable features in the nature of the woman and the Queen, her straightforward, unswerving honesty. The child had, child-like, been trifling over her lessons, which she was saying to her tutor in the presence of her governess, when the Duchess of Kent entered the room, and asked how the pupil was behaving.

"She was a little troublesome once," answered the governess.

"No, Lehen, twice; don't you remember?" the small offender made the conscientious amendment.

The other story is told by Baroness Lehzen when she describes the means which were taken to enlighten the girl in her twelfth year as to the degree of nearness in which she stood to the throne.

The scene was the sunny school room used for the Princess's school, having the pleasant prospect over the open "gardens," with their straight walks and round pond. The crisis was when Princess Victoria discovered the genealogical paper which had been purposely slipped into her book of history and expressed her surprise at finding the table there, and was told that it had been judged time she should study it.

Then with wide open blue eyes she took in its meaning, and said eagerly what she thought. The next words were the simple, heartfelt pledge, "I will be good," followed by the innocent application of the knowledge which had come to her to the necessity for learning Latin, which had hitherto puzzled her, and again the earnest promise, "I will be good."

CANNON TO FIGHT HAILSTORMS.

Remarkable Rapid-Fire Gun Invented by an Italian For Farmers.

These are queer times. The farmer will have to start a cannon brigade if he wants to be up to date in the peaceful pursuits of agriculture. The fashion comes from France, where they have a rapid-firing, breech-loading, agricultural cannon, which is a wonder.

In France, where so much of the wealth of the whole country depends on the vineyards, there is one enemy which has hitherto been unconquerable. That is the hail. In half an hour a severe hailstorm could pulverize a prospective fortune. In Italy, also, the hail is a menace to the vineyards and the vine growers of the two countries have been making some exceedingly interesting experiments in fighting these storms.

Fighting is a good term for their methods. They bombard the clouds. When they do this, according to their published reports, the movement of a hurricane is stopped, the lightning and the thunder cease, rain or melted snow begins to fall and the clouds soon pass away.

M. Hachet-Souplet's dog, on the other hand, walks and runs thus of his own accord, and because this is the only way in which he can get from one place to another. He can run fast for a quarter of an hour without taking a rest, and whenever he does not feel inclined to run he relieves himself of the weight of his body by placing it on a chair or box or any other object of suitable height and width. Unlike trick dogs, too, he can remain for some minutes stationary, balancing himself on his fore legs.

SUGGESTIONS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

Whiting is something quite necessary to the housekeeper. It is a wonderful aid in keeping things clean and bright. Wet with a little ammonia it will clean the oxidation off silver and other metals more quickly than anything else. It polishes glass and cleans paint. If you want a little putty mix the dry whiting with a little linseed oil and work it until you have a fair substitute.

When the family is small and the head of it not particularly fond of cake, the last of a cake is apt to get rather dry before it is consumed. Yet every woman has a horror of being "caught without a bit of cake in the house." It is difficult to divide a recipe and be sure of good results, but one woman surmounted the difficulty by baking her cake in four layers, and only putting two together with filling at the time of baking. The other two she put in her cake box, and, when wanted, made a soft filling, which softened and freshened the layers. Good scheme.

An excellent filling for a layer cake is made of desiccated cocoanut. Pour boiling milk, in half or a quarter of a box, according to quantity desired, and let stand till well softened; flavor and spread between layers. Should be eaten the day it is made.

Old age commands respect—except in poultry and jokes.

Love and philosophy are sworn enemies.

A volume of smoke will bring tears to the eyes of the most heartless man.

ARTIFICIAL COAL.

German Workman Said to Have Discovered a Substitute.

According to a letter written from Bern, Switzerland, the problem of the coal supply in those countries where the coal supply is running short, such as England for instance, or in countries where there is plenty of peat, but no coal, as in Canadian Northwest, may be solved by a recent invention of an artificial coal manufactured from peat. The letter is as follows: "In the Hombach Dye and Soda Factory, near Mannheim, Germany, is a workman named Monang, who, it is reported, has invented a substitute for coal which costs about twenty-five cents per 200 pounds to manufacture. Peat in the bags, with the addition of certain chemicals, which,

AN EXTRAORDINARY KILLING.

The Story of an Arizona Sheriff and a Nervy Desperado.

"One of the nerviest shootings that ever came off in the west occurred some years ago in Arizona," said a Denver man at the Hotel Victoria. "I think it was at Tombstone that it happened, but of that I am not certain. It seemed that a certain road agent and all around desperate character had turned up in the town. Of course he was traveling strictly incog, but he was recognized, and the news of his arrival soon reached the ears of the sheriff, who straightway started out to land him. The bad men of the west travel with their lives in their hands and know that they are always prepared for the possibility of capture, or an attempt which may be made to do so, and they try to take every precaution to render such action abortive. Then, too, as a rule these men prefer death to capture. In most cases capture means that they will ultimately dance the jig of death at the end of the heppen thread after having been duly tried and sentenced. But even when they have nothing worse to face than a term of years in the pen they will put up as stubborn a resistance as if they were wanted for murder, for their love of freedom causes them to prefer death in a fight to being imprisoned for a term of years. The desperado I am telling you of, however, had committed every crime known to the criminal calendar, and there were a dozen rewards offered for him, dead or alive.

"Capture with him meant certain and ignominious death, and it was a surety that he would fight to the bitter end and sell his life as dearly as possible. The sheriff knew this, but, himself a desperately courageous man, nevertheless resolved on his capture. But he was as careful as possible about it and placed his man by carefully guarded inquiries in order that the quarry might not take fright and escape him. Finally the sheriff found out that the road agent was in a gambling joint and went there after him. The robber in the meantime had sized the room up carefully, and while not expecting trouble he took what precautions he could to avoid it should it arise.

"The sheriff's most intimate friend, a man named Driscoll, was playing faro, and the desperado took the seat beside him, which faced the door. Suddenly that door was flung open with a crash, and the sheriff, a revolver in either hand, appeared in the portal. Men dived for places of safety, tables and chairs were bumped, and in the confusion the road agent jumped on Driscoll's back and swung him between him and the sheriff. The robber was the stronger man, but Driscoll put up a good fight, and while he could not shake him off or turn him toward the sheriff he nevertheless could prevent him from drawing his gun, which the road agent was desperately trying to do. Around and around they swung, the sheriff excitedly dancing around the men, afraid to shoot on account of the fear of injuring his friend. Though he could not see the robber, he kept firing at him, and for the land's sake, Johnny, hold still," he cried, "I'll get a shot at the devil."

"How can I?" gasped Driscoll. "The spalpeen's stronger than I am."

"For a few seconds longer the struggle went on, and then Driscoll spread his legs apart in an effort to acquire sufficient purchase with his feet to hold the road agent still. The sheriff saw his chance and without a second's delay dove base and ball fashion through Driscoll's legs. Turning then, he shot upward, and with the ring of the shot the road agent's soul took flight. A more extraordinary killing never took place in the west."

THE HELPLESS WOMAN.

There was once a woman who had never learned how to swim, although she went in bathing every day in the summer. She had a friend who had acquired this art with some trouble and without a second's delay dove base and ball fashion through Driscoll's legs. Turning then, he shot upward, and with the ring of the shot the road agent's soul took flight. A more extraordinary killing never took place in the west."

"It is absurd," said this friend, "to live near the water and not swim. It makes you very attractive to God's Swimmers if you can Go Out with them and they do not feel that you are a Drag on their Pleasures. What would you do in case you fell off the Pier? Now, Watch me!"

With these words she Dived off into the Water and Swam about By Herself.

"It is a Good Thing to have a Woman Swim," said one of the Men near by. "Now, if any of the Children fall Into the Water she can Rescue them."

Just then the Woman who Could Not help Herself uttered a Scream and Fell into the Sea. Instantly Five Men leaped to Rescue Her and Spent the Rest of the Day Resuscitating her and Inquiring How she Was, leaving the Swimmer to Dive by Herself.

This teaches us that Nothing Succeeds like Distress.—Century.

One Was Ready.

A gentleman met a young woman who had formerly been a servant in his house and being interested in her welfare said to her, "Why, haven't you got married yet?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I thought you would have been married before now?"

"Oh, no, sir," she said. "There's two waitin'."

"Two?" he exclaimed. "Why, you don't intend to marry two, do you?"

"No, sir."

"Then who are they?" he inquired.

"Why," she replied naively, "the two that's waitin' is the priest an me!"

A Reminder.

Mrs. Starvem—How do you like the chicken salad, Mr. Joaksmith?

Mr. Joaksmith—Oh, that reminds me. I bought a book that was to be sent home today. Did it come?

Mrs. Starvem—Yes, but why should the chicken salad remind you of it?

Mr. Joaksmith—Well, the book is half calf.

Letting Her Have Her Choice.

Nell (excitedly)—Here's a telegram from Jack Punter of the varsity team. Belle—What's it say?

"It says: 'Nose broken. How do you prefer it set—Greek or Roman?'"

Political buttons cannot be worn in Canada during the heat of a campaign. This is due to a clause in the Dominion franchise act which says that no person shall exhibit any sign of his political faith after the official nominations are made.

The way of the transgressor is hard in modern times. The persons who commit crimes are daily coming to grief. Escape is less frequent than in former years.

DINING OUT IN CHINA.

A FOREIGNER'S ENTERTAINMENT AT A CHINESE RESTAURANT.

The Repast an Indiscriminate Mixture of Sweet, Sour and Salt Dishes, Hot Wine, Tobacco and Opium, With a Game Thrown In.

During the quarter of an hour before dinner, the guests (only male, of course) sit or stroll about, eating cakes—a favorite being a sort of hot fruit puff (which each orders for himself)—and sipping tea. Melon-seeds and salted almonds are also in demand for desultory nibbling.

When our number is complete, a tremendous encounter of good manners ensues. Though the question of precedence is of course all cut and dried beforehand, each man must be polite enough to simulate an irrevocable resolve not to accept any but the lowest place until the host's "Friend, go up higher," promotes him.

The table, as mentioned, is ready laid with an imposing show; a regulation number of regulation dishes, marshaled in regular order; quaint porcelain stands filled with slices of oranges, pears or cold goose; towers of purple quince jelly squares, grapes or shredded chicken breast; saucers of shrimps salted in their skins, and, never forgotten, the famous eggs preserved for years in lime and served, sliced, in beds of brown jelly (much prized for their acid and rather ammoniacal flavor, but not usually appreciated by foreigners). Hot wine of various brands and vintages is served throughout. That most commonly drunk is a kind of sack or cherry negus, a yellow wine distilled from Indian corn. Being comparatively mild, it is served in small cups; ardent white spirits of rice, samshu, in thimblefuls. "Rose" wine is one of the several varieties flavored with roses. (No wine is made from grapes, though they are plentiful in north China.)

When all are seated ready for the fray, the host raises his cup: "Let us drink!"

We reply, "Thanks, thanks!" then set to—with chopsticks—picking now from one dish, now from another, in piquant contrast of sweet, sour and salt.

The first fury of the opening attack being spent, the shattered bands of hors d'oeuvres are withdrawn, and the guests saunter into the other rooms for a whiff of tobacco—whisper it not in Gath—a pipe of opium, an attendant the real re- past.

Certain traditional dishes form the backbone of the feast. For instance, that most delicious of bouillies, shark's fin soup, always opens the ball. It is served in a large bowl, smoking hot, and consists of a glutinous entanglement of soft fins stewed in their own liquor. The flavor is slightly salt, but exquisite. Another traditional dish appears toward the close of the feast in the shape of a fat duck roasting in its broth. Though boiled so thoroughly that a touch from a chopstick dissolves it without aid of knife, the bird appears on the table with smooth white breast and limbs intact, and its nobly tootsome appearance is usually greeted with a buzz of anticipatory applause.

The remaining items of the menu are only curious from the mode of their selection, for each guest chooses his own dish, taking care that it shall harmonize with those already selected. One names a salmi of wild duck, his neighbor a dish of stewed mushrooms, and so on.

Wine, as remarked, is drunk throughout and always hot. The Chinese eschew all cold drinks. The cups being small their number has little effect. They cheer, but do not as a rule inebriate. Intoxication is extremely rare, though not apparently from moral considerations so much as from those of expediency, for tipsiness is not generally regarded as disgracing.

The finger game, resembling the Italian mora, is played during meals, the loser swallowing as penalty a cup of wine. Two men play at a time. They show suddenly and simultaneously a certain number of the fingers of one hand, and as each thrusts them forth he shouts or squeals the number which he thinks will be the total of his own and his opponent's fingers. Thus, if A, thinks B is going to put up three fingers he shows four and calls, "Seven!" while B, expecting him to show two, himself shows one and vociferates, "Three!" This simple game is immensely popular throughout the 18 provinces.

Dishes are not as a rule cleared away during meals, so that toward the close of dinner the table is slopped and strewn with debris, a veritable field of carnage. From time to time the convives retire to smoke, and occasionally a refresher in the shape of a course towel wrung out of hot water is handed round for the guests to successively wipe their steaming faces with—an agreeable process that has been imitated in the luxurious toilet rooms of the United States. The apotheosis of the dinner is the duck before aluded to. He is succeeded by a few sweet dishes. Finally comes a bowl or two of white boiled rice or millet porridge—to clean the palate. In home dinners rice is the chief item; in restaurant dinners it is rigidly excluded until the finale. Rince bouches of warm water follow, then a cup of tea, and the feast is over.

The guests shortly afterward disperse, the host apologizing for the wretched dinner he has dared to set before them, the guests politely protesting, emphasizing their sincerity and repletion by volleys of eructations.

When the giver of the feast leaves the restaurant, the amount of the bill is, in his honor, shrieked from court to court as far as the street door. A dinner such as described for a dozen people would cost about 30 shillings, would last three hours or so and would include, great and small, more than 50 dishes.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Brought Up on the Bottle.

A gentleman was fishing with a friend when his stick came off. Here was a dilemma—no sinker, no more fishing. All at once he thought of a flask he had with him. This he filled with water and sent it down on its mission.

After a few minutes' interval he exclaimed: "Ah, a bite!" and up he pulled at racing speed a fine pair of whittings, one on each hook.

"Eh, doctor," said his friend, "twins this time."

"Yes," said the doctor, "and brought up on the bottle too."—London Tit-Bits.

The average man does just as many queer things when he is in love as when he is but they are less conspicuous.

A MAN OF FORESIGHT.

He Certainly Should Succeed in His Line of Business.

Though young, he is tall, good looking and well dressed, the result being, when he walked into one of the largest furniture establishments in the city, he attracted general attention. He announced a desire to look over everything the place could supply for the furnishing of a house from cellar to garret. The probability of a large order struck one of the proprietors, and he departed from custom by taking the young man in hand.

He proved a discriminating judge and a man of good taste. He was quick to detect the best and most stylish, stopping to put down figures and brief but comprehensive descriptions. Two full days were required in showing him all that he wanted to see.

After footing up the cost of all that had met with his approval the youth announced that his next step would be to find a nice little house in a good neighborhood with all modern improvements and at a reasonable rental. The furniture man said that he had just such a place, and it was arranged for them to go in his carriage the next day to see it. Quite a long drive about the best part of the city was taken in order to put the prospective tenant in his best humor, and then to the cottage.

Here the young man put in four hours, finding the dimensions of all the rooms, heights of ceilings, nature of woodwork, plumbing, sewerage, heating apparatus, decorations, conveniences of work—everything—much of which would have been overlooked by many an older head. He suggested some changes that were agreed to, and then the landlord drove him to one of the best hotels for dinner.

"Well," inquired the older man after they had eaten and were smoking the quarter cigars supplied by him, "when do you think you will take the furniture and the house?"

"Haven't the slightest idea. I'm just starting in life. I believe in getting married, and if ever I find the right girl when I'm ready it will be a go. I've just been finding out in the most practical way what the probable expense will be when the time comes, if it ever does."

Then he wondered why the furniture man swore rapidly and got out of the hotel as though it were afire.

It Is Indeed.

"He's a veterinary surgeon, but since the automobile began to replace the horse he has turned his attention to dogs and other small animals."

"Literally, then, his practice is going to the dogs, eh?"—Catholic Standard and Times.

The Genuine War Dance.

Howling Dog—What was that you gave the professor for a genuine Indian war dance?

Wriggling Wolf—Oh, a few antics of that cake walk I learned when I traveled with the show!—Chicago News.

Proposal by Suggestion.

"Mrs. Simpson, you said you'd write my name in this Christmas book you gave me."

"Yes, Miss Alice, but I'll wait till you say I may write it 'Mrs. Simpson.'"—Chicago Record.

An Able Singer.

"She supports herself, her father and mother and a small brother and sister with her singing."

"My! Her voice must have what they call carrying power."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

It Depends.

Wiggles—It must be an awful thing to be deaf.

Jiggles—Oh, I don't know. Does your wife ask as many fool questions as my wife?—Ohio State Journal.

His Trap.

Gyles—Why do you call that carriage of yours a trap?

Styles—Because my wife can never get out of it without help.—Yonkers Statesman.

Business Grip.

"What! Fifty cents for putting in this load of coal? You charged only 25 cents the last time."

"Yes'm; but coal has riz."

Hard Luck.

"This clock is 87 years old and is worth \$5,000."

"Well, well! An I'm 92 an ain't worth near that much."

No Cause For Alarm.

Visitor—Are you not afraid to let the baby play with that big carving knife?

The Mother—Oh, it's an old knife. He can't hurt it.

Strains In Unpopularity.

First Microbe—I see they keep right on roasting us.

Second Microbe—Yes; it's a toss up between us and the trusts.—Puck.



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