

will be better understood from this time. The Saints have always been a missionary people. It is the very purpose of their existence to testify to the world of the truth.

The visit to the First Presidency to the Fair was referred to, and the speaker said he rejoiced in the circumstance, because the more we became known in the world the better for us. Our brethren and sisters of the choir made a favorable impression wherever they went, the purity of our young people being manifest to the audiences before whom they appeared.

Having read a portion of Malachi, Elder Young remarked that when John the Baptist came, he testified of the coming of Jesus whose messenger he was. He accomplished his mission by proclaiming this truth and rebuking the wickedness of the people. He was finally martyred because of his testimony. But his mission was not yet finished. The Scriptures tell us that the messenger should once more be sent before the second coming of Christ. We testify that he did come, for he appeared to Joseph and Oliver and conferred on them the Priesthood in the name of Messiah. And then in a wonderful vision that Joseph had in the Kirtland Temple the Savior appeared. Thus were the words of Malachi fulfilled. The Lord came to His Temple. He opened the great work whereby salvation for all is proclaimed, not only for the living but also for the dead.

The speaker rejoiced that we can be heard among the nations of the earth and proclaim peace to all men. He is a firm believer in the message which embraces all the human race and he longs for the day when the Elders will be universally received and the earth blessed. He closed by an earnest exhortation to the Saints to cultivate good will towards all and live so as to be able to do good for themselves and for those who depend on them, for the cause of God among our fellowmen. A time will come when the Saints shall be saviors on Mount Zion, not only in a spiritual sense but physically. We will be called upon to feed the hungry and clothe the naked. Let us be prepared to do good in all respects.

THE IOWA prohibitionists have selected as their candidate for governor this fall a Mr. Coffin. The cold water party will surely be in it.

A SUIT WHICH many friends of the respondent hoped would prove an attempted extortion was lately brought against Congressman W. C. P. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, by a Miss Josephine Pollard. The charge is seduction and breach of promise. After a considerable delay the answer has been filed and it must be something of a disappointment to those who hoped to see the statesman clear his skirts completely. He denies absolutely nothing as to his unchaste conduct, if the dispatch informs us correctly, and relies upon the pitiable counter-charge that the girl was not virtuous, declaring that he has nothing to do with her till he knew her character was not good. There are men who would rather perish than make such an admission as that—that a woman's bad character is a justification for improper association with her!

In Woman's Sphere.

By One of the Sex.

[Conducted for the News by Mrs. Frances M. Richards.]

The Food We Eat.

YEAST AND BREAD.

I had occasion recently to try and borrow a little yeast in my own neighborhood. This is something very uncommon in our house, as the keeping of yeast and bread on hand is one of the cardinal housekeeping-virtues in our home. But a week's absence left me with sour yeast, and I forthwith proceeded to try and get yeast of some of those people who torment me almost to death with the borrowing of yeast and bread. In a half dozen efforts, I succeeded in getting about two lots of yeast. But sad to relate, both were undeniably sour. The bread made from them had to be very sadly thrown away, for it would have been worse than thrown away if put in the stomachs of my dear children. Then began a search. From one block to another we hunted to get yeast. Once in a while we could get a little by paying about twice the amount in sugar, and even then it was sour. One good lady assured me that if I would only always add a little soda to my yeast and bread then both would be all right. Fancy eating sour bread sweetened by soda day in and day out all summer! Next I tried a yeast cake, but as I could not tell just when it was ready to use, I soured another lot of yeast with it. After a week's trial, we found a very small quantity of sweet yeast, and since then there has been peace in the family. It was a sort of revelation to me, though, to discover how the various families in my neighborhood kept house. Day after day gone by without yeast being made, and weeks at a time sour bread in the house! I tell you it seemed to me to preach a pretty strong sermon in favor of some sort of lessons in our Church schools being given to our girls to teach them how to make and keep healthful yeast and bread.

There are several ways to make yeast; the commonest—a few boiled potatoes, some hops boiled; the proportions for this yeast are; six potatoes, boiled and mashed with the water with which they were boiled, a handful of hops boiled and strained, two tablespoons of sugar and two of salt, or more salt if you do not salt the bread.

The best yeast I have ever made is made from grated raw potatoes, and it keeps much better in the summer. It can be made without hops, but for summer use it is better to have the hops. The proportions are: six large potatoes, peeled and grated into a six-quart pan, set them on the back of the stove and pour two quarts of boiling water into them, stirring them all the while. Be sure the water is boiling, and let them stand about two minutes on the stove to soften. Then, if you add hops, a handful boiled and strained can be turned into the potatoes. When this is cold, or rather just when it is lukewarm, turn into it a half cupful of salt and one of sugar, and a little sweet yeast to start it with. You can use a teacup of this to set a batch of bread. In using this yeast, no salt should be used in the bread.

BREAD.

I don't know how people live day after day, month after month, and year after year with sour or burnt or soggy bread. I think I should forswear eating bread altogether if I could not have good bread. People never know their blessings till a short season of deprivation causes them to be fully appreciated. One week of sour bread has been enough to make me grateful for the past and future. The having of good bread is very much a matter of habit. If you accustom yourself to forget to set bread, and to forget to make it on the morning, and to forget the fire when you put it in the oven, and to forget to put it in the oven till it is sour, then you may depend upon it you will get the habit so strongly fastened upon you that it will be next to impossible to do better. I have an excellent girl living with me, but she will persist in refusing to remember things. And when she came, I told her if she would not remember her bread in all its stages she would have to leave me, for I could not remember for her and me too. I will tell you more about her and the bread next week.

The Lives We Live.

ARE YOU A LADY?

Not if you think it excusable to exercise your wit upon the character of any woman. I heard your wife the other day laughing, and that, too, in a mixed company, about the actions of such and such a woman who received a certain gentleman with carefully lowered blinds. I just wondered if she knew the vile insinuations she was giving in that sneering remark. You are no lady if you find bitter words of criticism for every one mentioned in your presence. You are no lady if you think it your right to browbeat those who work for you and have to come for their pay. If you take advantage of your servant's need to say sharp things to him, or if when a hired girl works for you, you insult her in terms that you would never listen to from one of your own friends, you are no lady. I would like to know by what God-given right you presume to jaw and swear at the helpless girl, who as things are today, must perforce keep her place if she would not starve? Who has given you the privilege of going into shops where awhile you go you would be very civil, and because you happen to know things are in a panicky condition there, while you have money in your pocket, you haggle and browbeat the poor, distracted shopkeeper over a ten cent melon. Do you call it ladylike to tell your neighbor just what you think of her, provided that "think" is a disagreeable one? While if it be a good "think" you carefully keep it to yourself? I have seen real ladies who ate with their knives and never saw a napkin. I will tell you what I consider to be the only test of ladyhood, and that is a genuine consideration for the feelings of others. If you would resent any one scolding you for an accident, don't be guilty of so injuring another. If you have bargained for a certain thing at a certain price, stick to your bargain, no matter what cost to yourself. It is worse than an Indian to back out of your word. Do you know what lines the training of the highest European classes is moulded upon? I will tell you, it is upon the principle of self-control, self-denial, and