

IN BLACKBERRY TIME.

The blackberry is the richest of all its family and almost universally a favorite. Blackberry pie is delicious but there are many other ways of using the berries, making constant variety during their season. Some of these ways are given below.

Blackberry Pudding.—To one pint of milk add two beaten eggs, one teaspoonful salt, one teaspoonful baking powder and one pint of blackberries, dredged in flour of sufficient quantity to make a thick batter. Boil in a mold for one hour, and serve with brown sugar sauce. For sauce—stir one large cup of brown sugar with one-half cup of softened butter to a cream, adding from time to time, by teaspoonfuls, a half cup of milk. At last add a few drops of cinnamon extract. This is a delicious sauce for most plain puddings.

Shortcake.—The most familiar form is made by spreading the slightly heated and sweetened berries between layers of baked biscuit dough, and eating it with cream and powdered sugar. Another method, in favor in a certain household, is the following: Stew the berries a few moments with sugar and a little water. Take out part and spread over a prepared biscuit dough; then more berries, then more dough, in layers. Cover and boil about twenty minutes.

Tapoca.—Boil one-half cup tapoca in a double boiler with one pint boiling water. Add one saltspoonful salt, one-quarter cupful sugar. Take from fire and pour over one pint of berries, and serve with sugar and cream.

Batter Pudding.—Spread the berries in a buttered baking dish. Pour over them a batter of one pint milk, five tablespoonful flour, three stiffly beaten eggs, one small tablespoonful meatless butter, a little salt, one small teaspoonful baking powder. Bake and serve with brown sugar hard sauce.

Steamed Puddings.—Mix two cups flour, two teaspoonfuls baking powder and water for a soft dough. Add berries to taste, and steam in cups one-half hour.

STUDENTS RECOMMENDED TO FLIRT.

The occupant of the Chair of Moral Philosophy at the University of Harvard has earned for himself the new title of "Professor of Flirting."

Professor Palmer is the oldest and most popular member of the Faculty of Harvard, and consequently his declaration that all students should flirt is received with great respect. He says:—

"Flirting is the surest road to the proper knowledge of social life. The girls of Radcliffe (which is the women's college of Harvard University) and the boys at Harvard devote too much time to study, with the result that when they complete their University course they know nothing of social life.

"They should mingle a little frivolity with their studies and flirt."

"Recently on parting with an over-studious girl who has taken her degree at Radcliffe I told her that she must flirt 'good and hard' to make up for lost time. She agreed.

"Of course it makes a lot of difference who does the flirting, and when, where, and how it is done; but a little harmless flirtation is like a real holiday. One can have flirting mixed with studies and emerge all right."

Professor Palmer is sixty-seven years of age, and is twice a widower. It is reported that he will soon be married again, this time to a Professor of Wellesley College, another famous college for women.

Who blesses others in his daily deeds,
Will find the healing that his spirit needs;
For every flower in other's pathway strewn,
Confers its fragrant beauty on our own.

SPARKLES.

A boy told one of his playmates he was getting ready to run away to sea. Several months afterwards the boys met and the playmate wanted to know if the other had been at sea.

"Yes," was the reply; "I was found out, and went on a whaling expedition with father."

He was making his arrangements to spend the summer at a farmhouse. "What have you in the way of scenery?" he asked. "There's nothing in the way but a couple of mountains," replied the farmer. "It isn't worth for them you could see scenery clear to the county seat."

"Why don't you get rid of that mule?"

"Well, suh," answered Mr. Erastus Pinkley, "I hates to give in. If I was to trade that mule off he'd regard it as a personal victory. He's been tryin' foh de las' six weeks to get rid of me."

A woman prominent as a Christian Scientist tells this story on herself. She was calling on a friend, one who was not "in science," but who had the matter under consideration, when Ida, the four-year-old daughter of the hostess, entered the room, wringing her hands and wearing a most doleful expression.

"Why, dear, what is the matter?" asked the Scientist.

"I got a most awful tummy-ache," replied the child.

"A stomach-ache? Why, dearie, if you had my faith you wouldn't have any stomach-ache," said the visitor.

"And if you had my tummy-ache you wouldn't have any faith," wailed the little girl.

Little Mary saw a peacock for the first time. She cried, "O grandma, come out and see! There's an old chicken in bloom."

Blobbs: Why do you liken Harduppe to the busy bee? He's not particularly industrious, is he?

Slobbs: Oh, no; it isn't that; but nearly everyone he touches gets stung.

Tommy: "Ma, may I play make b'lieve that I'm entertainin' another little boy?" Ma: "Certainly, dear." Tommy: "All right; gimme some cake for him, then."

He (giving her her first skating lesson): "Fear nothing, miss; I have won ten medals." She: "For fancy skating?" He: "No, for saving people from drowning."

A woman who visited the British Museum at London, recently, inquired of an attendant:—

"Have you no skull of Cromwell? I have been looking all around for a skull of Oliver Cromwell."

"No, madam," replied the attendant, "we've never had one."

"How very odd!" she exclaimed. "They have a fine one in the museum at Oxford."

A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.

An elderly lady who was suing a railroad company for slight injuries sustained in an accident went to her lawyer's office one morning to learn of the progress of the case. The lawyer had notified the company of the action, and the latter agreed to compromise if the plaintiff would.

When the lady sent her name in to the lawyer the office boy returned with the question:—

"Mr. Breef wants to know what you'll take?"

"That's very considerate of Mr. Breef," replied the lady. "And, if it's all the same to him, I'll have a cup of tea."

Who is free from that which debaseth, except he love that which ennobleth?—St. Augustine.

DOING GOD'S ERRANDS.

Helen stood on the doorstep with a very tiny basket in her hand, when her father drove up to her and said: "I am glad you are all ready to go out, dear. I came to take you to Mrs. Lee's park to see the new deer."

"Oh, thank you, papa; but I can't go just this time! the deer will keep, and we will go to-morrow. I have a very particular errand to do now," said the little girl.

"What is it, dear?" asked the father.

"Oh, it is to carry this somewhere!" and she held up the small basket.

Her father smiled and asked: "Whom is this errand for, dear?"

"For my own self, papa, but—oh no, I guess not—it's a little errand for God, papa!"

"Well, I will not hinder you, my little dear," said the good father, tenderly. "Can I help you any?"

"No, sir; I was going to carry my orange, that I saved from my dessert, to old Peter."

"Is old Peter sick?"

"No, I hope not, but he never has anything nice, and he's good and thankful. Big folks give him only cold meat and broken bread, and I thought an orange would look so beautiful and make him so happy! Don't you think that poor wretched folks ought to be comforted sometimes as well as poor sick folks, papa?"

"Yes; and I think we too often forget them until sickness or starvation comes. You are right; this is a little errand for God. Get into this buggy and I will drive you to Peter's and will wait till you have done the errand, and then show you the deer. Have you a pin, Helen?"

"Yes, papa, here is one."

"Well, here is a five-dollar bill for you to pin on the skin of the orange. This will pay old Peter's rent for four weeks and perhaps it will be a little errand for God, too," said the gentleman.

Little Helen, who had taught a wise man a wise lesson, looked very pleased as her fingers pinned the bill on the orange.

WHITE'S BLACK TRICK.

Some years ago astronomical clocks were sold over the Southern states. A salesman, who said his name was White, sold one to a country merchant in East Tennessee. Then he asked, "Do you know where I could sell another?"

"Yes," replied he, "I think you could sell one to my son. He lives just over the mountain only about a mile and a half by footpath. But around the rough road it is four miles. I am sure you can sell him one, if you care to go there."

"Well, now," said the salesman, "this is Saturday and I want to get on. You are sure your son will buy one. Suppose you buy one for him and, going by the near way, take it over in the morning and surprise him with it."

This the merchant did, paying him \$75 for the two. The salesman drove away, went around to the son's, sold him a clock, and asked him if he knew where he could sell another. He was sure his father would buy one. He was induced to buy one as a surprise for him. Another \$75.

Sunday morning father and son each started from his home to surprise the other. They met on the mountain top each with a \$35 clock under his arm for the other! Explanation and indignation.

That was a very black trick for a white man. Of course he was not seen there any more. So often salesmen are heard laughing over their tricks, seeming to think it all right to "do" one whom they never expected to meet again. As the children used to say, "The old Black Man will get them sure." He can trick the slickest trickster.—Snap Shots by a Passing Preacher in the Cumberland Presbyterian.