Plum Pudding in Verse.

If you wish to make the pudding in which every one delights,
Of six new-laid eggs you must take the yolks and whites;
Beat them well up in a basin till they thorougly combine,
And be sure you chop the suet up particularly fine.

Then take a pound of well-stoned raisins and a pound of currants dried,
A pound of pounded sugar and some candied peel besides;
Rub them all up well together with a pound of wheaten flour,
And let them stand to settle for a quarter of an hour.

Then tie the mixture in a cloth and put it in the pot,
Some people like the water cold and some prefer it hot;
And though I don't know which of these two plans I ought to praise,
I know it ought to boil an hour for every pound it weighs.

O, if I were Queen of England, or what's better, Pope of Rome,
I would have a Christmas pudding every day I dined at home;
All the world should have a piece, and if any did remain
Next morning for my breakfast I would have it fried again.

HOW HE GOT OUT OF IT.

The Story of a Match-Making Mother and a Smart Young Man.

"By Jove, Stair's a luchy chap!"

"Why, old man? Going to be married, eh—is he?"

"No—by all that's lucky—he has got out of it."

Such was the prologue. This was the piece.

He had drifted into it. She was very pretty, and undeniably well dressed, danced to perfection, and possessed that perfect ease and grace of movement which marks the highest London fashion and gives it the stamp peculiarly its own.

So they met, night after night, dancing valse after valse together. They sat in flowery lcoves and on twilight staircases, and talked in a manner befitting the occasion; soft murmurs, half sentences, whispers very close to the shell like ear.

Beyond taking her at the end of dances to her mother, he had made no particular acquaintance with Lady Vi (as her friends called her—a mode which we will also adopt). But one evening she said: "Will you take my mother down to supper tonight? Her usual cavalier has deserted early and gone home."

Of course, he offered his arm directly with the utmost courtesy, though it must be said his mind rather misgave him, and, indeed, the end of half an hour's study of this lady's fascinations left him a much wiser if rather a sadder man.

But we must introduce her ladyship with due honors, as indeed, she deserves. Lada Vi was, in the order of events, somewhat older than her daughter. But if this was inevitably so, as we fear it was, she was not the one to admit so damaging a confession. The one invariable compliment she expected was: "Two sisters surely! Impossible! This young lady your daughter? I must be allowed to contradict you."

In truth she was surprisingly young looking for a lady certainly twenty years older. At a little distance you might conceivably mistake one for the other, especially against the light.

Beneath that delightful and artistic exterior a keen and subtle intellect was constantly at work. Nor was she wont to waste its refinement on trashy books or the like. Her studies were the world in which she lived. The men, the women, who inhabit our sphere supplied her with those objects of scientific investigation and interest which other people are said to find in the follies of the microscope and other toys.

So he found himself, as it were, impaled beneath a lens of searching and pitiless strength. His writhings and contortions and awkward attempts at extrication only amused his professor and served no purpose whatever. To turn him inside out was his tormentor's evident intention; and the victim, driven to extremity, was forced to summon all his resources in self-defence, and this is what he did.

He plied her on that evening with every attention he could devise. After supper was over he never left her side or danced again. He attended her to her carriage, shawled her with the utmost solicitude, paid no heed to Mabel's reproachful looks nor found a word to say to her. In short, he transferred himself bodily to Lady Vi, and became from that evening her devoted and abject slave.

Now, Lady Vi had a husband!

A husband is a fact which cannot be wholly ignored or entirely left out of the calculation by the female portion of mankind. And facts are stubborn things, and Sir Hercules was more than a common stubborn thing.

Our hero had always behaved as if he were entirely unaware of this particular fact. It is true he had never seen Sir Hercules in outward and visible shape, for that warrior did not in general accompany his daughter and wife, spending his time chiefly at his club in more congenial society.

He might be seen looking out of the bow window in St. James' any day between 12 and 7, attired in a blue frock, a very stiff cravat and buff waistcoat.

Lady Vi really wished the match for her daughter. There was no fault to find with this misguided young man. He would do or a son-in-law better than many, and she would be glad to have Mabel fairly settled in life, and be able, as she said, to devote herself to Sir Hercules, who could do without her less and less, as she was in the constant habit of affirming. So Lady Vi firmly resolved to bring the young man to book, while he, unconscious of his doom, continued to frisk and play like a lamb in the meadow while the butcher is advancing unawares.

It fell out in this way.

He was to call for the ladies one afternoon in order to escort them to the park. But he was shown ominously into the shaded and charming room which belonged to Lady Vi, with its screens and draperies, its palms and pots and fantastic ornaments. Mabel was not there, however, and her ladyship presently entered alone. He must excuse Mabel, she said, who had a headache and could not go; could not, in fact, leave her room; so she would give him tea and they would have a little quiet chat. He began to feel nervous, and his heart, under his white waistcoat, gave a sudden jump. They sipped their tea—Lady Vi slowly, as he thought, and with cruel deliberation. Presently the enemy would, as he well knew, open fire. His courage began to rise, as a brave man's will, with the sense of danger. He resolved to be no craven, and to fight it out with all the desperate valor of despair.

"My dear child has not been looking very well of late—do you think?" began the attacking force in a gentle, murmurous voice, like a dove on an elm tree.

"Indeed, Lady Vi! In my poor opinion your daughter never looked more brilliant"——

"No, indeed," interrupted the fair speaker with much vivacity. "These constant headaches from which the poor child suffers are becoming, I assure you, a serious cause of anxiety. I think of consulting Sir Agnew Darke about her. But medical treatment is too often powerless in such cases. But what is a mother to do?" And Lady Vi heaved a deep sigh.

"Advice, I know, is often useless," said this artless young man, "in cases of organic disease; but you cannot possibly feel any such apprehension with regard to your daughter's health."

Lady Vi's heavier guns now advanced and began to open on the position.

"I see I must speak plainly, my dear friend. Young ladies must be silent, but mothers must act freely on their behalf. Your attentions have been so marked that I fear my darling child's happiness is in danger of being compromised. She is suffering in silence, and without a word from you either to explain or to justify your heartless—yes, and I will say it—your unprincipled conduct."

Here a lace pockethandkerchief came out and was used with effect.

"Speak you must, indeed," murmured her ladyship, softly, but with great decision, from behind it, "or I must see my beloved Mabel the premature victim of her unhappy and misplaced affection for a heartless man. Tears choked her utterance; sobs shook the pretty hands which held the handkerchief, now being used as a flag of distress unutterable.

Even our young man was, for one brief moment, disconcerted. But he felt it was now or never, and with bold determination dropped on his knees. He seized the disengaged hand and kissed it fervently.

"Now I will speak indeed!" he cried. "Lady Vi, you behold in this attitude" (and he glanced at his knees) "the most devoted of your slaves. It is quite impossible you can for one moment have mistaken my attentions. It is you whom I have ventured to approach through your daughter. Speak, dear lady, and make me the happiest, as I am I feel the most audacious of men."

"Good heavens!" screamed her ladyship. "Do you know what you are saying. A declaration to me! What will Sir Hercules say?"

"Sir Hercules!" said the ardent swain in a modest voice, "May I ask who is Sir Hercules, and what has he or any man to do with my affairs, I should like to know?"

"Simply this," returned her ladyship, wringing her hands, "thateh is my husband—my dear, dear old man—and that you, sir, are wilfully insulting me. Get up from the carpet this instant, and never let me see you again!"

"Married!" he murmured in the faintest accents. "Good gracious! Lady Vi, I thought you were a widow, and free, I needn't say, to receive my addresses, or I should never—never have presumed. What a cruel mistake for a man to make! Forgive me, if you can, Lady Vi. It is I who have to suffer." He hid his face in his hands, this hypocritical young man. Hypocrisy is always a detestable vice. "Forgive me," he pleaded. "Say you forgive, or I won't go away; upon my honor I won't," and he showed signs of falling on his knees again.

Lady Vi rose majestically. "This interview, sir, has been already too prolonged. Begone!"—with a startling vivacity—"and never let me see you in this house again."

"Since you are so cruel," he replied in the meekest of voices, "I must bow to necessity. But go I will not"—with stout determination, and in a much louder key, "until you say I am forgiven."

She tendered him her hand, which he kissed with the utmost devotion, bowed very low and withdrew with a modest consciousness of having scored the trick and won the honors.

Now, the truth of the matter was this: At Ascot our youth had been presented to a young lady, daughter of a modest clergyman of the neighborhood. "One of seven," as he was immediately informed. But it is no less a fact that this young person's blue eyes and modest ways played such havoc in our hero's susceptible bosom than he resolved, then and there, at all risks and hazards, to pursue the acquaintance.

That he ultimately did so successfully we may infer from the deep disgust with which Lady Vi read this announcement in the morning paper to Mabel that self-same season at Homburg, whither we must conclude they had gone for the cure of headache, for which the waters of the delightful bath are so notorious, but which Sir Hercules was daily imbibing with no softening effect upon his temper, be it said:

"On the 29th inst. (July), Capt. the Hon. Stair de Boots to Angelina, seventh daughter of the Rev. Decimus Manifold."

"That young man always was the most contemptible idiot I ever knew," said her ladyship with a withering sneer.—*Woman's World.*

Overloaded.

You've eaten too much turkey,
And so you cannot work, eh!
Your head feels very murky—

There! I don't believe I could add another line and make it rhyme if I had a dollar for doing it. A few cents, however, will cure me. To relieve stomach and bowels from the effects of overloading, a full dose of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets is the best remedy. They operate gently, yet thoroughly, and without griping, nausea, or other unpleasant effects. In vials, convenient to carry.

In the Restaurant.

New York *Herald*: "Garcon, I've waited here one mortal hour!" said Chappie.

"That's so, sir; but just think o' me. I've been waiting here for 10 years."

Children almost invariably suffer from catarrh at this season. Do not neglect it until perhaps consumption is developed, but apply Nasal Balm at once. It never fails to cure.

A SCOT REMAINS A SCOT.

The Earl of Aberdeen Cannot Deny his Nationality.

The Earl and Lady Aberdeen and party arrived in the city about 10 o'clock this morning, and were driven directly to the Auditorium Hotel. A *Press* reporter sent up a card shortly after, and was shown into the presence of one of the staff, the Earl himself having retired. The reporter was informed that the party had reached here in excellent health and were pleased with their trip. "America," said the gentleman, "is always a source of pleasure to the British traveller."

But the Earl himself could not be seen.

A waiter, who had conveyed something good for the inner man to the noble guest, returned bearing the card which the reporter had sent up. On one side was the reporter's name—the quaint old Scottish name of Jean—on the other side were a few words scribbled by the Earl:

"Will see you at ——. Your name came up like a sprig of heather."

After all a "Scot is a Scot the world over."

For the uninitiated be it added that Jean means "sprig of heather."—*Monday's Chicago Press.*

"Who hath not own'd with rapture-smitten frame
The power of grace, the magic of a name?"

Asks Campbell, the poet, in his "Pleasures of Hope." Pleasures of Hope, forsooth. Many and many a woman knows them no longer. They are in despair about their health. They are run-down, debilitated, suffering from what they know not. It may be dyspepsia, heart disease, liver or kidney disease; any or all of them. The sicknesses of women are cured by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. That's where the magic of a name comes in. This improves digestion, invigorates the system, enriches the blood, dispels aches and pains, produces refreshing sleep, dispels nervousness and melancholy, and builds up both the flesh and strength to those reduced below a healthy standard. If is a *legitimate medicine*, not a beverage. Contains no alcohol to inebriate; no sugar or syrup to sour in the stomach and cause distress. It is as *peculiar* in its composition as it is marvelous in its remedial results.

The Increase of Crime.

Detroit *News*: The growth of the criminal class, so-called, is a question that has engaged the attention of the professional reformers for some years back, almost to the exclusion of the other subjects of kindred interest. The prison reform congresses that are held every year under the presidency of Mr. R. B. Hayes, of Fremont, O., and in the presence of Mr. Levi L. Barbour, of this city, are annually forced to bewail the way the world is going to the bad. Every year the people who will do bad things get ahead of the reformers by so many and so many hundredths per cent. They may measure them up by the Bertillion system, classify and codify and differentiate them, put them in jail under indeterminate sentences, and do what they will, but the professional reformers find the crime wave rolling up in size and violence, now here, now there, now everywhere, to their confusion.

Don't Monkey With the Snake!

It is stated that a rattle-snake cannot bite if held up by the tail. Would you like to put the statement to a practical test? Probably not; but how often do you take far greater risks? A snake-bite is not the only means of introducing poison into the system. If your liver is sluggish, it fails to remove the impurities from the blood which passes through it, and deadly poisons are thus thrown into the circulation, all the more dangerous because they are insidious. If your blood is impure, if your liver is out of order, if you have blotches, pimples, boils or eruptions, "don't monkey with the snake!" Take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the only specific against all blood-poisons, no matter of what name or nature. It is sold under a *positive guarantee* that it will benefit or cure, or your money will be refunded.

An Editorial Pet.

Switchman's Journal: There is a man in our town and he is wondrous wise; whene'er he writes the printer man, he dotteth all his i's. And when he dotteth all of them, with great sangfroid and ease, he punctuates each paragraph, and crosses all his t's. Upon one side alone he writes, and never rolls his leaves; and from the man of ink a smile, and mark "insert" receives. And when a question he doth ask (taught wisely had he been), he doth the good penny stamp, for postage back, put in.

Every man has an axe to grind, and looks upon every other man with an eye to inducing him to turn the handle.

—The King of Greece speaks a dozen languages.

DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE

ARE NOT a Purgative Medicine. They are a BLOOD BUILDER, TONIC and RECONSTRUCTOR, as they supply in a condensed form the substances actually needed to enrich the Blood, curing all diseases coming from POOR and WATERY BLOOD, or from VITIATED HUMORS in the BLOOD, and also invigorate and BUILD UP the BLOOD and SYSTEM, when broken down by overwork, mental worry, disease, excesses and indiscretions. They have a SPECIFIC ACTION on the SEXUAL SYSTEM of both men and women, restoring LOST VIGOR and correcting all IRREGULARITIES and SUPPRESSIONS.

EVERY MAN Who finds his mental faculties dull or failing, or his physical powers flagging, should take these PILLS. They will restore his lost energies, both physical and mental.

EVERY WOMAN should take them. They cure all suppressions and irregularities, which inevitably entail sickness when neglected.

YOUNG MEN should take these PILLS. They will cure the results of youthful bad habits, and strengthen the system.

YOUNG WOMEN should take them. These PILLS will make them regular.

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Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Swellings.

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TEA TABLE GOSSIP.

OH, WHAT A FALL!

He held her hand as he tried on a glove,
In the mammoth dry goods store;
And he thought of the nights he had held that hand
As they strolled by the sea-beat shore.

He looked at her face, he smiled and bowed;
She gave him a vacant stare,
And said, in a voice as cold as ice,
"I'll take this four-button pair."

—It takes two years to make a bottle of champagne.

—Mr. Spurgeon signed the abstinence pledge in 1866.

—When a man realizes that he cannot be famous there is some hope that he will settle down and be useful.

—If you have nothing else to be thankful for, be thankful that you can't always read your best friends thoughts.

CONSISTENT TO THE END.

Young Goitfast was wont to say—
"We all have got to die;
So while I stay upon the earth
I'll live exceedingly high."

So well did he this theory
Of living high expound,
That when he died his feet were all
Of six feet from the ground.

—"That's what you might call 'cutting a swell,'" said the surgeon as he lanced a big boil.

A piano is a moral thing,
Viewed in whatever light,
For if you find it is not square,
It's sure to be upright.

—Jimmy—Pa, I wish I could be a pirate and sail the Spanish main and scuttle ships. Mr. Scrimp—Well, you just take this scuttle and sail down cellar and pirate some coal from Smith's bin.

—A tiger in Belgrade tore his keeper to pieces. The last words of the poor man were: "It's tough on me, but it'll be the making of the show."

Competition.

In order to ascertain the views of chemists throughout Great Britain as to which of the remedies for outward application had the largest sale and greatest popularity, *The Chemist and Druggist* instisuted a post card competition, each dealer to name on a post card the preparation which had the largest sale and was the most popular with customers, and the publisher received 635 of these cards, with the following results:

St. Jacobs Oil	384
Elliman's Embrocation	172
Holloway's Ointment	32
Allcock's Plasters	19
Bow's Liniment	7
Pain Killer	7
Vaseline	4
Cuticura	2
Scattering	8
Total	635

The Block Pavement Unhealthy.

Ottawa *Free Press*: Western physicians have come to the conclusion that cedar block pavements are prejudicial to public health in those cities where they are in use, as they harbor the germs of typhoid and other diseases. There is talk of tearing up the cedar pavements which have been put down at great expense in Toronto. All over the country the cedar block pavement is being condemned, and the general concensus of opinion is that in those cities which cannot afford granite or solid asphalt good brick is about the best material for paving streets. Brick pavements last well, are easily repaired, and no objection can be urged to them on sanitary grounds.

The Fastest Short Run on Rails.

It is disputed that the fastest train in Great Britain is the Scotch Express. The New York *Sun* says in answer to a correspondent: "For a short distance four English trains beat ours, and the fastest train in the world is on the Great Northern of England, between Grantham and King's Cross Station, London; the distance is only 105¼ miles, but the schedule speed is 54 miles an hour. The schedule speed on the Central's new express is 52½ miles an hour, and the Baltimore & Ohio's 51½ miles an hour."

Wanted a Chance.

Long Term William—What did you want to tell that kind lady you were in for a double murder, you petty larceny thief?

A. Jay Hallrack—I'm sick of tracts and kill-me-quick cigars; what I want is sweet smelling posies.

PRACTICAL JOKES.

The joke that's called "the practical'
Is born of mulish wit
And to some sad and cruel end
Come thou who practice it.

Emperor William is fond of shooting, but because of his withered arm he is not an accurate marksman. It is with the greatest difficulty that he can shoulder a rifle.

The latest survey of Mount St. Elias, in Alaska, places the height of that famous mountain at about 19,000 feet.

Your friends may not know much, but they know what they would do if they were in your place.

But over and above all this the girl baby is a mark of intellect. It has long been noticed that the greatest men leave no male descendants. George Washington left none. Thomas Jefferson had only girls. Andrew Jackson never risked a son. The greatest Democrats of the country have steadily pursued this safe and conservative policy, the great advantages of which are illustrated by the contrasts presented in other parties. The opponents of Democracy have been obliged to elect two presidents as sons of their fathers or grandsons of their grandfathers—a misfortune which could not have happened had the Democratic precedent been followed.—*Elmira Telegram.*

D. C. N. L. 48. 91

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