Triolets.

He Eyes that are watching the fire
Over the Japanese fan,
What do you see in the pyre?
Eyes that are watching the fire,
Say do the embers inspire
Fancies too dainty for man,
Eyes that are watching the fire
Over the Japanese fan?

She Sir Poet, if you needs must know
My firelight dream, I thus record it
I thought while gazing at the glow,
Sir Poet, if you needs must know;
"That bonnet that becomes me so.
I wonder if I can afford it."
Sir Poet if you needs must know
My firelight dream, I thus record it

I want a subject for my verse,
Ah! this it is to be a poet.
My Pegasus I can't coerce,
I want a subject for my verse,
Bright fancies through my brain disperse,
But what's the use unless I show it?
I want a subject for my verse,
Ah! this it is to be a poet.

Sweet May's the shyest little saint
(I fancy though she's growing bolder)
In Quaker garb demure and quaint,
Sweet May's the shyest little saint,
And whispers: "What an idle plaint
When *I* am standing at your shoulder!
Sweet May's the *shyest* little saint,
(I fancy though she's growing bolder).
—*Edythe H. Cross, in the Woman's World.*

A Spring Shower.

Down the drops came, tinkle, tinkle,
With a sudden dash and sprinkle,
Though as blue as periwinkle
Was the sky.

"Some mysterious hokus-pokus,
Knocked about us and awoke us,"
Cries a little yellow crocus,
With a sigh.

There's a roaring! there's a clatter!
There's a smoky dash and spatter
Of the dust, as comes the patter
Of the drops.

Such a drencher, such a pelter,
Is it! Yet when helter skelter,
Everthing has found a shelter,
Then—it stops!

"'Tis the Hand that Rocks the Cradle."

"Tis the hand that rocks the cradle
Reaching out to save the world,
Flinging to the breeze the banner
Of the home, by love unfurled.

'Tis true mother heart that beats time
With man's noblest thought to-day
Aye and mother will that sternly
Puts the nation's sin away.

Never sound of martial music,
Rose as rises home's new song;
For two hundred thousand women
Make her first grand army strong.

The Burden of Ancestry.

Sometimes I think it would have been better for all hands if we had never had any ancestors nor any precedents prior to the year 1789. Of what consequence were the old Dutch ancestors of New York compared to DeWitt Clinton, who laid out the Erie Canal and pressed its execution upon a comparatively poor commonwealth? Of what consequence were the so-called Pilgrim Fathers of New York compared to the men who started the Croton aqueduct, without which this island could never have grown to the population it has? How much more we owe to the first founders of our great public cemeteries than to the founders of the little churchyards which would otherwise have been, as in London, overpacked at the present day with superabundant dead? Sometimes I think we will owe quite as much to that generation or leader who will wipe the cemeteries out, and turn their monuments and headstones into some useful architecture for the living. To put the old mould of a discharged man under a $50,000 monument is as near idolatry as the Greeks and Romans ever got, and I have never heard of but two cases where a useful man slipped into a rich man's tomb by way of charity, the first being in the case of Joseph of Arimathea, and the next that of Robert Fulton, who was slided in the Livingston tomb, but he was a connection of that eminent family. If you notice our youngest American States, they get along much smoother than our oldest States. See how our Kansas is growing, without any forefathers, and see how South Carolina is groaning under its old planter oligarchy? See how readily Minnesota reaches out her antennæ to the Sault St. Marie, to Duluth, to Manitoba, to Dakota and to everywhere, having, it is said, five railroads to Chicago, whereas the building of the Boston & Albany Railroad and the consolidating of the Pennsylvania and New York Central lines were done as if nothing of that kind had ever been done before or could be done again. Why is it that Boston and New York are connected by a single corporation, when Buffalo and New York are connected by half a dozen corporations? Precedent is upon the head of the living age. The grave-stone is not put upon the dead only, but upon the living.—*George Alfred Townsend in Boston Globe.*

Cuba's Two Meals a Day.

Only two meals a day are served in Cuban hotels. They live much as people do in some parts of France and Switzerland. You take an orange or two with a cup of coffee and a roll in the early morning; a liberal breakfast, in courses, is served at 11 o'clock and a ceremonious dinner at 4 or 5 in the afternoon. This mode of living is admirably suited to the climate, and you fall in with the custom and like it at once. The breakfast opens with small olives and fresh radishes served in the same dish; the next course is fish, then eggs, meat, etc. You are not asked what you prefer, but each course is set before you and you partake of it or not. Instead of beginning with fruit, the Cuban breakfast ends with it—pineapples cut from the stalks the same morning, bananas freshly picked, sapodillas, a faint and rather oversweet morsel, with oranges *ad libitum*. In Florida, and in many other parts of the country, the orange is cut in halves and its juice and pulp are passed to the mouth with a teaspoon. In Havana the orange is served whole on the table, peeled down to the juicy "meat of the fruit," and you present the golden ball to your lips on the prongs of a fork. At any and every American hotel the moment you sit down the question is almost flung at you, "Tea or coffee?" Cubans better understand what is healthful. They follow nature's plan and take their meals more as the lower animals do. Cubans do not fill up their stomachs with fluids during meals. After breakfast is over then coffee or tea is served—coffee in French style, at least one-half the cup being filled with milk.

Albani has had a magnificent success at Copenhagen.

WRITING NONSENSE

How Charles Dickens and Some Others Have Succeeded in Doing It.

Charles Dickens did many good things, but he committed one terrible and unpardonable crime. He published, in 1864, a delightful book, which he was wicked enough to call "Our Mutual Friend." The result is that ever since that day the word "mutual" has been systematically misused by the liege. Dickens ought to have called his book "Our Common Friend," which would have been sense; he called it "Our Mutual Friend," which is nonsense. For how can a friend be mutual? I know perfectly well that Pope also wrongly employs the word, but two wrongs do not make a right; and the meaning of "mutual" is notorious among all who are acquainted with its etymology. The meaning is "reciprocal" or "reciprocated," or "interchanged." How does "Our Reciprocated Friend" sound? It is, I believe, entirely because Dickens perpetrated this enormity that we now hear such expressions as "mutual silence" or "mutual cousins" or "our mutual queen." The error is an easy one for the unlearned to stumble into; but when committed by a literary man is not to be excused. "Preposterous" is another word that is commonly maltreated. "The demands of Russia," wrote a great English diplomatist years ago, "are preposterous." I know, of course, what the diplomatist meant. He desired to say that the demands were such as his Government could not possibly concede; and to this day I can't understand why he didn't say so instead of writing nonsense—for it was nonsense that he wrote. "Preposterous" does not mean "unfair" or "such as cannot be agreed to." It means "hindmost first," or, as we often say, "topsy turvy." If I put the cart before the horse I act in a preposterous way. "Alternative," too, is often abused. It means "a choice between two courses," and between two only; yet I have heard Mr. Gladstone's celebrated three courses spoken of as three alternatives. It is as if we were to speak of the three horns of a dilemma, thereby entirely overlooking the meaning of "dilemma," which is equivalent to a "catching between two things." Even good authors are guilty of misusing the verb "to partake of," which simply means "to take part in" or "to share in." Recollecting this, we find but little sense in such sentences as the following: "The condemned man, previous to his execution, partook of an excellent breakfast," or "the solitary wanderer in the forest partook of a great intellectual enjoyment as he listened to the nightingale's song." A murderer does not usually share his breakfast with other people; a solitary wanderer certainly cannot share intellectual enjoyment, seeing that there is no one with whom to share it. The misuse of words like "partake" is often due, I think, to a feeling on the part of a writer that simple language is inelegant. "He had breakfasted," or "he breakfasted," looks rough or unpolished; "he partook of his morning refection" looks rather well. That is the fallacious process of thought which leads to so much nonsense being written and spoken. But it is not only the misuse of words that I want to talk about. A great deal of written and spoken nonsense is nonsense, not because words are misused, but because they are ill placed. Here are some examples: 1. "He blew out his brains, after saying good bye to his wife with a blunderbuss." 2. "Being early killed, I sent a party in search of his mangled body." 3. "I could not cross examine my children in the family history of Sir Charles Grandison and Harriet Byron, as Lord Macaulay sometimes did." 4. "We complimented them upon discussing matters which were in some countries found irritating in so calm a way." 5. "A lantern of linen and embossed copper hangs from the centre, thick Turkey carpets cover the ground and an enormous knob of brass, about six feet high, surmounts it." 6. "He had jumped into the river after fastening a rope round his neck, the end of which was fastened to a big stone." 7. "A tent large enough to contain 50 persons of fine workmanship." As regards the first example, I fail to see how a man can say good-bye to his wife with a blunderbuss. As regards the second, if the writer was early killed, how does he manage to write afterward of how he sent out a party, etc.? The third sentence is a gem from Sir Henry Holland's "Recollections." I don't know what it implies; but it may imply that Lord Macaulay was in the habit of catechising either his own children or Sir Henry's on the subject of Sir Charles Grandison; or that he was in the habit of cross-examining his own children on some other topic. In sentence four I read about matters being irritated in so calm a way and I feel quite sure that that is not quite what the author intended me to understand from his words. In five, I am puzzled to know what it was that the knob of brass surmounted. Syntax answers that it was the ground; but I suspect that it may have been the centre of the lantern. In six I learn for the first time that a man can tie the end of his neck to a stone. In seven I make the acquaintance of fifty people of fine workmanship; and, I am sure, I am proud to know them. A simple arrangement of words will set most of these curious sentences right. What a pity it is that the writers did not make the simple rearrangement instead of leaving their readers to do it!—*Cassell's Saturday Journal.*

A Convicts' Eden.

A paper was read by the Rev. T. S. Lea, at the Geographical Society last night on the Island of Fernando do Noronha. This island is the Brazilian convict settlement, and is about two hundred and ninety miles northeast of Pernambuco. Mr. Lea was one of a party of three, and was engaged in collecting specimens for the British museum. Three-quarters of the insects taken were new to science; of plants there were 290 species, of which about thirty were peculiar to the island. Crabs of great alacrity ran about on the rocks and leaped from one stone to another, while crayfish and cuttlefish abounded. Fish of the most gorgeous colors—gold, green, violet and scarlet—abounded. There were no fresh-water fish. About fourteen hundred convicts were on the island, and besides them 160 soldiers and 400 women and children. The convicts met with were neither degraded nor ruffianly, and discipline was maintained without difficulty.—*London Star.*

IMPRISONED BY THE TIDE.

The Perilous Experience of a Party of Daring English Boys.

Eleven boys, ranging in age from 11 to 14 years, had a most extraordinary adventure on the beach at Seaham Harbor on Saturday. At the south side of the town there is a rock projecting from the mainland, known as Nose Point, on the top of which is built the Vane and Seaham blast furnaces. Underneath is a large cavern, locally known as the "Smugglers' Cave," which, at high tide, is filled by the sea. Among the boys referred to the exploration of this cave and the unearthing of treasures of some buccaneer of the past had long been an object to be accomplished and a determination was at last come to to carry out the project at the first fitting opportunity. Saturday was fixed upon for the day of search, and they started off, headed by a trusty leader and provided with candles, lanterns, torches, a pick and shovel. Entering the cavern at low water, they commenced work, and soon were so intent upon the object of their labors that they never heeded the turn of the tide, and it was only when they found escape from the cave by the way they had entered impossible that they realized their position. The water drove them further and further back into the cave, until at length they found it impossible to recede further. To avoid the rise of the water several of the boys climbed as high up the walls of the cave as possible. Others had no alternative but to stand pressed up against the end of the cavern and allow the water to gradually creep in upon them. Higher and higher rose the water, and deeper and deeper the lads became immersed, until some of them were covered up to the shoulders. They all managed, however, to keep erect, notwithstanding their weakened condition, produced by shouting for help and numbness from being compelled to stand in the water. Now and then a broken wave would dash in among them, rendering their position still more perilous. Moreover, the cave was nearly dark, all the lads' lights having been put out, except one, which had escaped the wash of the waves and continued to give forth its feeble illumination. One of the boys at last, from sheer want of strength, was washed from his holding; but soon another lad standing near groped in the dark, and, with nothing but the cries of his comrade to guide him, succeeded in restoring him to his feet. In the meantime the lads had been missed from their homes, and their continued absence caused inquiries to be made. This resulted in their whereabouts becoming known. A rumor then got abroad that all the boys had been drowned, and soon fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters and a large body of other men, women and children rushed off in eager haste to the top of the cliff. There was no way of reaching them from the shore, nor was there any possibility of going down the precipitous face of the cliff with ropes. Nothing could therefore be done by the hundreds of people who had collected but to wait until the fall of the tide would admit of access to the cave from the shore. Meanwhile the imprisoned boys passed a terrible time; but just when they thought the worst had come the water stopped rising. Slowly the water left the cave, and in a short time they felt themselves in comparative safety, although in darkness. It was, however, 10.30 o'clock at night before they were rescued.—*Newcastle Chronicle.*

Five Smart Young-sters.

"You don't mean to say that you understand French, Tommy?" "Oh! yes, I do. When ma and pa speak French at tea I know I'm to have a powder."

Little 3-year-old Arthur was pulling the cat's tail, when a gentleman visiting there said: "You musn't do that; she will bite." To this he replied: "Cats don't bite at this end."

I said to my little son, 3½ years old: "That is all the jelly you can have, dear; make it go as far as you can." Quick as a flash came the answer: "I'll make it go as far as my stomach."

Three-year-old Nat was told to take good care of his silver fork, so that when he grew up and had little boys of his own he could give them the fork he had himself used when a baby. "Nat wants to see Nat's little boys now," was the prompt reply.

A little girl, while on a visit to her grandmother, had been seriously ill, and, as she grew better, was spoken of as convalescent. Thinking it would be very smart to use a long word, she wrote home: "Dear mamma, I am happy to say that I am convulsive."—*Babyhood.*

A Remarkable Memorial.

One of the most interesting memorials of the Queen's Jubilee is the plantation of an entire mountain in North Wales with forest trees, so arranged that the words "Jubilee, 1887," appear distinctly amidst the surrounding trees, through the bulk of the plantation being of a different foliage. The mountain thus adorned is Moel Rhiwen, in the parish of Llianddeiniolen, on the estate of Mr. Assheton Smith. The word "Jubilee" is planted on the northwest side of the mountain in letters each measuring 200 yards by 25 feet wide. Plants of the Austrian pine form the body of the letters, which are shaded on the right with a bordering of larch. The intervening spaces are covered with a mixture of Scotch fir, pines, oak, birch, sycamore and spruce fir. The first tree of the letter "J" was planted last fall at a Jubilee celebration, and the work was completed last week. Nearly 200 men of the district have found constant employment, and they have planted about 630,000 trees. Till the plantation is in full leaf the letters will be scarcely traceable, but each year they will become more distinct, and a generation hence the mountain will be one of the sights of Wales, as the word "Jubilee" will then be seen a distance of many miles.

Then He Found Her Cold.

Gladys—Must you go, Mr. Meddleton; really, it's very early.

Algernon (looking at his watch)—By Jove, it is, isn't it? Why, I'd have said it was midnight.—*Buffalo Courier.*

Senator Ferrier has been compelled to leave Quebec, where he was attending to his duties as a member of the Legislative Council, and return to Montreal on account of an attack of acute bronchitis.

CURRENT TOPICS.

According to recent advices from West Africa, the son of one of the kings, known as Grand Jack, having died, human victims were barbarously sacrificed in honor of the occasion. "Pass" water was given them—a poisonous liquor—and when under its influence they were pitched into the surf. When the bodies were carried ashore by the waves they were cut with knives, men, women and children joining in the inhuman work. The chief of the tribe flies the British flag, and the captain of a trading vessel remonstrated with him in vain.

Consumptive patients are advised by a pupil of Liebig, in the *Apotheke Verein*, to live in rooms where one or two drachms of sulphur are melted on a hot stove. The first ten days bring increased cough and irritation, then these cease and the patient improves rapidly. Persons with catarrh and in early stages of consumption apply to enter chemical factories, where large quantities of sulphur are evaporated daily, and are cured in a few weeks by the inhalations. Cholera and epidemic diseases are never found in such factories.

The Scotch Crofters' Commission have issued a batch of decisions in the applications for fair rents recently heard at Dingwall, and the reductions are more sweeping over all than any yet granted. There were in all 150 cases, and in these the total rental has been reduced from £1 450 14s. to £955 17s., a reduction of over 35 per cent. The total arrears due have been reduced from £1,693 12s. 11d. to £920 8s. 8d., or about 55 per cent. of a reduction. On the Highfield estate the reduction is nearly 57 per cent. on the rental and 82 per cent. on arrears; and the tenants of the Duchess of Sutherland, who occupy crofts overlooking Strathpeffer Spa, have had their rents reduced 30 per cent., and 34 per cent. of their arrears cancelled.

Dr. F. F. Lord, of San Francisco, has begun suit against the relatives of Miss Lizzie Hammond, who died recently, to recover possession of her skull. He had saved the woman's life when it was supposed she was dead from a broken neck as the result of a five-story fall, and before she died in the small-pox hospital she promised him her skull and upper vertebræ in the interest of science. Her relatives, however, buried the body and refused the demand of the doctor for any portion of the remains. Hence the medical man's determination to begin suit.

At Bournemouth, England, the streets are sprinkled very successfully with salt water, which is conducted from the ocean to certain hydrants. The salt water is found particularly advantageous for macadamized roads, as it seems to make the immediate surface more compact. It is further found that the surface holds the moisture about three times as long as when watered with fresh water.

Dr. Jensen, an Austrian chemist, has invented the most destructive fluid known to man. This fluid, when brought into contact with the air, after the explosion of a shell in which it is held, becomes a gas, which destroys all living things within its reach, melts metals and sets everything inflammable on fire.

Sir John Millais, the English artist, advises art students from this continent to serve their novitiate in England rather than in France. If they go to France, he says, "they will come away with a bad French accent, not alone on their tongues but on their brushes."

Charles Dickens' nurse, Mary Weller Gibson, was buried recently. She was generally regarded as the prototype of Mary, the pretty housemaid, in the "Pickwick Papers." She always upheld the theory that Micawber was really Dickens' father. She was, of course, competent to form a judgment in the matter.

Prince Alexander of Battenberg is thus described by the London *Times*: "He is one of the most brave, most gentle, most valorous and most handsome of living princes. In all the idyls of poetry there has not, indeed, been a more perfect hero. The whole story of his campaign against the Servians sounds like an epic."

Soldiers in the Russian army are said to be cured of intemperance by a curious and heroic method. The inebriate is locked up and given only food boiled in his favorite wretched spirit and water. He soon becomes horribly sick, but is kept on this diet until the very sight or scent of the spirit creates in him an inextinguishable loathing for it.

Remark may be made, says our Chicago namesake, in passing upon the extraordinary fact that after eighteen centuries of Christianity the nation claiming to be foremost in Christendom is asking for more war material, more food for powder, more defences, more weapons of destruction, all evidences that peace and good will to man is not the ruling spirit of this more than of any pagan age.

According to experiments mentioned in *Indian Engineering* the tensile strength of a wet rope is only one third that of the same rope when dry, and a rope saturated with grease or soap is weaker still, as the lubricant permits the fibres to slip with greater facility. Hemp rope contracts strongly on being wet, and a dry rope twenty-five feet long will shorten to twenty-four feet on being wet.

A European continental paper has some amusing records of what it calls "the insane desire of the Englishman to marry his deceased wife's sister." Whenever, says the writer, the Englishman has nothing better to do he is occupied in agitating in favor of the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill. He occasionally has a little war in South Africa, in Egypt or in Afghanistan, but he always comes back to his Bill. It is the passion of his life to marry his deceased wife's sister. Now, seeing how strong and general his passion is in England, why doesn't the Englishman marry his wife's sister to begin with? It is surely absurd of him to go on marrying the wrong woman, and then to wait for death and the law to right him.

Confidence.

Woman (to tramp)—"And if I give you a nice plate of hash yon promise to saw some wood?" Tramp—"Yes, 'm." Woman (doubtfully)—"I don't know whether I can put confidence in you or not." Tramp (reproachfully)—"You ought to, ma'am. I have confidence enough in you to eat the hash."—*Harper's Bazar.*

A LIFE ROMANCE.

How a Buffalo Newspaper Man Got a Wife.

A first-class romance comes from Buffalo and in it a newspaper man plays a prominent part. His name is George M. Bailey, and until recently he was employed on the Buffalo *Express*. Two years ago he married and went to work in New York as a reporter. His wife and child were buried in one grave and he returned to Buffalo broken-hearted. His first assignment was to report a missionary meeting, and there he listened to the report of a female missionary employed on the Cattaraugus reservation, which deeply interested him, although he sat so he could not see her face. Her voice haunted him afterward, and learning her name, he wrote to her, offering to assist the cause as he could in the paper. She replied; he published her letter, sought to arouse interest in the Young Men's Christian Association, and finally decided to go out to the reservation and see for himself. He obtained a day off, as he had been working overtime and was much exhausted. He called upon the lady missionary, Miss Ball, whose mother was visiting her, and on reaching the house was suddenly taken ill, fell into a fever and for weeks was a very sick man. The two women nursed him as if he were a son and a brother. When he realized his position he was too weak to arise from his bed. Pity, sympathy, confidence followed one another fast, and when the reporter had told the story of his life, his grief, his struggles to live down the past, and his utter loneliness, the reserved, self-possessed girl missionary said simply: "I have been waiting for you," and their troth was plighted in tears of sympathy. It seems that she had lost a dearly beloved brother, who was studying at an Episcopal theological seminary on the Hudson, and she, too, had been heart-broken. Then it was she conceived the idea of carrying out the life-work begun by him, and accepted the position on the reservation. The brother was born in the same month of the same year as Mr. Bailey, his death occurred within a few days of that of Mr. Bailey's wife, and from the same cause (heart disease), and the two resembled each other in height, voice and general appearance. The almost identical position of the two young people left alone in the world, and their meeting, included a further chain of coincidences too detailed to narrate, but the finale is soon told. They were married, and may their union be a happy one.—*Albany Times.*

Recipes for the Ladies.

A Delicious Way to Prepare Devilled Ham.—One pint of chopped boiled ham, with a good proportion of fat; one tablespoonful of flour, one teaspoonful of sage, one teaspoonful of pepper, one-half a cupful of boiling water; press in a mould, place in a cool place until it becomes firm, and serve, cut in slices.

Potato Croquettes.—Take six boiled potatoes, pass them through a sieve, add four tablespoonfuls of minced corned beef, a little grated nutmeg, salt and pepper to taste; add two tablespoonfuls of melted butter and the yolks of three or four eggs; form them into balls, roll them in cracker crumbs and fry in hot lard.

Onion Fricasse.—Peel two dozen small white onions and sprinkle with salt, let them stand half an hour, then roll upon a cloth to dry; dredge lightly with flour, put in a stew pan in which has been melted two ounces of butter, and place over the fire for five minutes; drain the fat from them, add a pint of rich milk, a little pepper, salt and a dessertspoonful of butter; simmer fifteen minutes and serve in the sauce.

Egg Chowder.—Take six potatoes of medium size, three eggs, four crackers, one quart of milk, a slice of salt pork and one onion; prepare pork the same as for fish chowder, add potatoes sliced, pork and onion, and salt and pepper to taste; when the potatoes are nearly cooked, add the eggs, well beaten, and the crackers.

Addition to Soups.—A good addition to soup is made by cutting bread into little square pieces and frying them in butter until they are browned on every side. They can be served at the table with the soup or added a short time before it is removed from the fire.

Maryland Biscuit.—One quart of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of lard worked into the flour; moisten with sufficient water to make a very stiff dough; work it well, then lay it on a board and pound it until it is smooth and soft, and until the dough cracks as you work it; make into small, flat biscuits, lay them in a pan and bake in a moderate oven. Serve cold.

Date Cake.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, one cup of sour milk, four eggs, one pound of dates, one teaspoonful of soda; if sweet milk is preferred, add two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar. Remove stones from dates and cut in small pieces.

Drop Cookies.—One cupful of butter, two cupfuls of sugar, three eggs, one half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar; add flour until batter is the consistency of loaf cake; drop in tins and bake in a quick oven.

Apple Eggs.—Pare and core a convenient number of apples; leave them whole; sprinkle well with sugar and cover with water, and place in the oven; when nearly baked, take eggs, prepared as for an omelet, pour over the apples, and return to the oven for about ten minutes; grate over them nutmeg, and serve with cream or nice milk.

Tip-top Cake.—Beat well together two eggs, one and one-half cupfuls of sugar, a little salt, a little nutmeg, two tablespoons of butter, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a cup of milk, two and one-half cupfuls of flour.

Railroad Pudding.—One cupful of molasses, one cupful of suet, one cupful of sweet milk, four cupfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of saleratus and one teaspoonful of salt, one cupful of chopped raisins, one cupful of currants; warm the molasses and stir the saleratus into it; mix suet with flour; then stir altogether and steam four hours.

Mountain Dew Pudding.—One pint of milk, the yolks of two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of cocoanut, one-half a cupful of cracker crumbs and one teaspoonful of lemon extract; bake one-half an hour; make a frosting of the whites of two eggs and one-half a cupful of sugar; spread over the top of the pudding, and return to the oven to brown slightly; the quantity can be doubled if a larger pudding is required.