FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Recipes.

BAKED EGGS.—Beat up six eggs, one tablespoonful flour, six of sweet milk; melt a piece of butter in the frying pan; when hot turn the whole in and bake in a very hot oven; to be eaten as soon as done.

COOKED CABBAGE.—Cut fine as for raw; put into a kettle and add water to cook until tender; then add one-half cup of sweet cream; one-half cup of vinegar, in which mix one tablespoonful of flour; season with pepper and salt to suit the taste; let it boil up and serve.

COOKING CHICKENS.—A new way of cooking chickens is to parboil them and then drop them into hot lard, a la doughnuts, and fry a few minutes. This will serve to make variety in the bill of fare, but will not wholly take the place of the favorite method of browning in butter. Nice gravy may be made by adding milk and flour to the butter in which chickens have been fried.

SNAPS.—Take one cup of molasses three-quarters of a cup of sugar, one tablespoon each of powdered cloves, cinnamon and allspice. Add these to one-half cup of melted butter and beat in two teaspoons soda, and flour enough to roll. Roll very thin, cut out with a tin cutter and bake in pans in a hot oven.

RICE MUFFINS.—Boil the rice soft and dry. Take one-half cup of rice, stir in three spoonfuls sugar, piece of butter size of an egg, and a little salt. One pint sweet milk, one cup yeast, two quarts flour. Let it rise all night. If sour in the morning add a little soda dissolved in milk, and bake in muffinrings.

APPLE CUSTARD.—Two eggs, six tablespoonfuls sugar, one cup cream; beat the mixture thoroughly and flavor strongly with lemon, unless some other flavoring is preferred. Then take a teacupful of stewed apples, mash them, and add them to the other ingredients; make crust and bake same as egg custards. They are delicious.

BAKED BEETS.—Beets retain their sugary, delicate flavor much better by baking instead of boiling; turn often in the pan while in the oven, using a knife, as a fork will cause the juice to flow; when done remove the skin, slice and season with butter, pepper and salt, or if for pickle slice into good cold vinegar.

MILK TOAST.—Cut your bread rather thick, about three-quarters of an inch, allowing a slice for each person; toast it quickly before a bright fire to a rich brown; dip lightly into boiling water; butter each slice and pile in the bowl it is to be served in; for five persons take a quart of milk, boil with a teaspoonful of salt, and when at the full boil add a heaping tablespoonful of butter, creamed with a light one of flour; stir the milk until it is as thick as cream; pour over the toast and serve immediately.

Farm and Garden Notes.

Cows and cattle at pasture need more salt than on dry hay.

Never water a horse directly after feeding, especially if he is fed on corn.

If any one desires a plant which will bloom through the winter, with no cessation, nothing will give greater satisfaction than the double pink petunia.

To allow a cow to fall off in flesh while giving milk for butter-making is a serious mistake, which can be easily detected by the expert when the butter is placed upon the market.

Bonedust is highly appreciated by the English as a fertilizer. They import large quantities of bones from Austria, and whatever substance contains phosphate is earnestly sought for enriching the soil.

As a rule the size of the seed will indicate the depth to plant it, starting with the smallest at one-half of an inch, such as celery, parsnips, etc., while peas and beans may be put one and a half inches deep.

A correspondent of the *Rural Messenger* has had good results from the application of lime, wood ashes and old iron put around the roots of fruit trees that were not doing well, thus restoring the trees to a healthy condition and improving the quality of the fruit.

A correspondent of the *Rural New Yorker* stops a cow or steer from jumping over fences by nailing a horseshoe on one forward foot. This prevents the hoof from spreading, and consequently renders the animal unable to spring. This is calculated to be very effectual.

A writer in the *Practical Farmer* gives the results of experience in saving flower seeds. No general rule can be laid down, each sort requiring special treatment. Pansy seeds must be saved while they are quite green, as the pods burst as soon as they turn yellow, throwing the seed several feet. Plants of phlox are pulled up when a fair amount of the seed is ripe, and spread on large sheets in a warm garret. On a small scale hand-picking may do. Petunia and portulaca are treated in the same way, except that the portulaca plants are cut off, and they grow up again for another crop. Verbenas must be hand-picked twice a week for several weeks.

A Sermonette on Weeds.

All weeds should be cut, gathered up and burned, both in the garden and in the field—that is if they have been left to ripen seed by neglect or by press of work in other ways. One is often so pressed with work that some things have to be left undone. Some thoughtless persons may charge an industrious man with idleness or carelessness because everything about a farm or garden is not in a perfect condition of neatness. We who work know how it is ourselves, and that some things cannot be done as well as others always. But if weeds have gone to seed they should now be burned, and not go into the manure heap. There never a manure heap yet so hot, unless it took fire and burned up, as to kill weed seeds. A long continued moist heat, as in a hot bed, even, will not destroy weeds, as may be noticed in the vigorous growth of all kinds from the manure of an old hot-bed. It is rare that a manure heap will heat above 100 degrees, and we have found the soil to be 127 degrees under the sun's heat the present season. And yet the weeds grew all the faster for it.—*Exchange.*

Weighing Cattle by Measure.

The following rules are given by which the weight of cattle can be ascertained approximately by measurement:

Take the length of the back from the curve of the tail to the fore end of the shoulder blade, and the girth around the breast just behind the forelegs. These dimensions must be taken in inches. Multiply the girth by the length, and divide by 144. If the girth is less than three feet multiply by eleven; if between three and five feet mu ltiply by twenty three; if between seven and nine feet multiply by thirty-one. If the animal is very lean one-twentieth must be added.

Another way is to take all dimensions as before, in feet, and then multiply the square of the girth by the length, and that product by 3.36. The result will be pounds. If you desire to know what an animal will dress multiply the live weight by the decimal .605; the product approximates to the actual net weight, very closely.

Produce Good Milkers.

Extra milkers should be kept to breed from, their milking qualities alone entitling them to this preference. It is quite as necessary to raise the calves of good milkers, in order to have another race of good milkers, as it is to raise the colts of good trotters in order to have fast horses. Extra dairy cows are always in demand. It is certainly to be regretted that more care is not taken to improve the milking qualities of our cows, and it is also a source of regret that so many of our farmers are in the habit of disposing of so many of their young calves to the butchers.

The Converted Pugilist.

The Rev. William Thompson, who died in England a short time ago, spent nearly a quarter of a century in the prize ring, under the name of "Bendigo," having fought twenty-four times in his life before he was forty. When he was converted he had three belts, including one for the championship. He had served twenty-eight terms in jail for drunkenness and disorderly conduct. "Bendigo's" own account of his conversion is very curious. While in prison he attended the regular religious services every Sunday, and first had his attention attracted by the minister's account "of the set-to between David and Goliah." He became so absorbed in hearing how "David the little 'un floored the giant and killed him," that he forgot where he was, and shouted out "Bravo! I'm glad the little 'un won." When he got to his cell he began to think seriously about what he had heard, and could not avoid the conclusion that "somebody must have helped David to lick the giant. At this point in the narrative, "Bendigo" continues: "Well, it was as singuiar as though it was done on purpose. The very next Sunday the parson preached another sermon, which seemed hitting at me harder than the one the week before. It was all about the three men Shadrach, Mesach and Bendigo, who were cast into the fiery furnace, and who were saved by the Lord from being burnt. Oh, yes, I've heard about that since; it wasn't exactly Bendigo who was the third man, but the name sounded like it to me, and I took it as such, though I didn't say anything to anybody. 'If one Bendigo can be saved, why not another?' I said to myself, and I thought about it a great deal. Sunday after Sunday I looked out for something about me in the sermon, and there it always was. After the one about the fiery furnace came one about the twelve fishermen. Now, I'm a fisherman myself. Bless you! I should rather think I was, one of the best in England. Well, after that came another sermon about the 700 left-handed men in the Book of Judges; and I am a left-handed man. Of course I am. It was that what beat the knowing ones I have had to stand up against. Well, it was this always going on that made me make up my mind to turn as soon as ever I got out." "Bendigo," or William Thompson, as he was thenceforth called, made good his purpose to lead a better life. He began to fit himself for a new work by learning his A B Cs, for his early education had been so neglected that he could not even read. He announced, and carried out, his willingness to spend the rest of his days on the platform, persuading men to embrace religion. When he began his ministrations, about six years ago, he attracted great attention, but the novelty soon wore off, and he was permitted to continue his labors in a quiet and efficient way. His meetings at the start were largely attended, especially by persons of his own class, who listened with rapt attention to his story of his conversion and his evidently sincere exhortations. The meetings were held at Cabman's Mission hall, the Seven Dials, and at other places in notorious neighborhoods in London.

When people hunt for happiness they onot want to find fault.

How Greenbacks are Made at Washington.

"All paper money," said a treasury official in conversation with a *Chronicle* reporter a few days ago, "both legal-tenders and national securities, is now engraved, printed and finished in the bureau of engraving and printing at Washington. Some years ago one-half the note was finished in New York by the Columbia banknote company, but that has been done away with for some time. Under the act of Congress a building has just been completed for the sole use of the bureau. Before moving into this they occupied a part of the treasury department."

"What about the process of making a greenback?"

"The process of making the greenback and other government securities is this: The paper is first taken to the wetting division. There it is counted and dampened. It is then delivered to the plate printers, each sheet being charged to them. They again count it in the presence of their assistant, who is a lady, and give a receipt therefor, the assistant certifying that she witnessed the count. The receipts are taken to the wetting division, where they are compared with the books before work is begun, and must agree. The paper is then given the first impression, which is on the back. This is done with a hand press. Attached to all of these presses are registers, which keep count of each sheet of paper as it passes through, so it is impossible for the printer to secrete any without being detected. The note then passes into the examining division, where it is counted while wet and then placed in a dry box. When perfectly dry it is taken out and again counted, and the work examined by experts, all of whom are ladies. The sheets found defective in any way are canceled, and the perfect ones placed in a hydraulic press, where an immense pressure is given them. When taken out they are perfectly smooth. They are then sent back to the wetting division, where they are again dampened."

"What is the next step in their manufacture?"

"Well, they are taken to the printing division, where they receive the second impression, which is the black part of the face, after which they are taken to the examining division, the dry box, the hydraulic press, and back again to the wetting division, the same as at first. They are taken from here the third time to the state printing division, where the third impression is received, which is the large red seal on the face. After this they are taken to the examining room, dried, pressed, counted and examined, the same as on both previous occasions. From here they are sent to the numbering division, where they receive the numbers that are seen on the upper right corner and left center Both legal-tender and national bank-notes are printed on sheets, and there are always four notes on each. After being numbered the legal-tender notes are taken to another room, where the margin is trimmed from the paper and the notes separated. This is all done by machinery. After being separated they are again counted and placed in packages of 1,000 notes each. This is also done by ladies, who are experts. One lady, a Mrs. Silver, will count 1,000 notes in five minutes. This is the final count. They are then ready for delivery to the parties authorized to receive them. The national bank notes are not separated, but are sent to the banks that issue them in sheets of four each, so that they may be the more readily signed. The rules governing the bureau of engraving and printing are very strict. In fact, during working hours the employees are treated more like prisoners than they are like ladies or gentlemen. From 1,000 to 1,500 persons are employed there, the ladies outnumbering the gentlemen considerably.'

Thurlow Weed's Adopted Daughter.

Thurlow Weed lately told a correspondent of the Indianapolis *Journal* how he came to adopt a daughter. "It was in 1845," he said, "while I was in a barber shop in Albany, I heard that a writing master named Chapman had been found dead in his room, and that his daughter, aged two years, had been alone with her dead father for several hours. Chapman was a dwarf, of intemperate habits. The little girl was to be taken to the almshouse the next morning. It was a sad case. I mentioned it to my family at the tea-table, without manifesting any feeling, but I saw at once that my wife and children shared my interest, and when I was leaving the house half an hour later my daughter stood at the hall door, and said: 'I will go with you, father.' She was right in her guess. Arriving where the waif was temporarily lodged, I found the child, and she came to me readily. I asked her if she would go home with me, and she spoke up, 'Yes, sir.' I remember her sweet voice now. Well, we took her home, and I never think of her without feeling sure that a blessing went into our house with that child." Mary Weed, as she was christened, died at the age of twelve. Mr. Weed subsequently learned that her mother belonged to a respectable English family, and that, before marrying the Albany dwarf, she had been the betrothed wife of a British army officer, whose death blighted her hopes and sent her to this country. Mr. Weed preserves a medal which was awarded to Mary by the American Institute, when she was only seven, for excellent needlework.

The time required for a trip from New York to New Orleans in 1800 was eighty-four days; in 1839 it was twelve days eighteen and one-half hours, and now it is sixty and one-half hours.

Dress Convention.

The animals held a convention the other day, to discuss the subject of dress. The elephant was called upon to preside, partly because of his size, but more on account of his being the only animal with clothes enough to justify his taking a trunk along on his travels. When he called the meeting to order, the bear inquired if he meant for them to order clothes. If he did he hoped to be measured first, as he was tired of going around in his bear skin.

"We haven't got so far along as that," said the elephant, and the beaver chipped in, and said that most of them had their fur along, though some of it like the elephant's, for instance, wasn't worth a beaver dam.

The chairman, whose hide was too thick too heed the sarcasm, said they ought to decide what should be the most fashionable for the coming season, spots or stripes. The zebra spoke eloquently in favor of stripes, but it was evident from his coat that he was not sufficiently disinterested. The leopard said he would have no objection to stripes, but it was a well known fact in natural history that the leopard could not change his spots. So he would have to continue his present style, even if it was unfashionable.

The ass remarked sadly that hehad been so long accustomed to stripes that he wouldn't feel easy in anything else.

The horse said he didn't agree with the last speaker, for he had seen him, in his obstinate moods, fairly rooted to one spot.

This remark caused the ass to brays up and ask the horse if he was heeled, but mutual friends interposed and prevented a conflict, which would have been assinine cases out of ten under the circumstances.

A dispute arose between a white polar bear and a black bear as to whether white or black was more becoming, each one contending for his own peculiar color. While the former worked himself up to a white heat, notwithstanding a chunk of ice pinned on top of his head in a towel, the latter grew blacker and blacker over the controversy. "An ice chap you are," said the black bear, "to attempt to set the fashion among the bears. How many votes do you Pole up North there, anyhow?"

"We polar bear, and that is more than you can do," retorted old whitey. "All bears were white originally," he continued, "but when some of your ancestors went out of their way to eat up a lot of children because of their aversion to bald heads, they were afterward so mortified about it that they turned black, and their descendants have been black ever since."

"And where were your ancestors all this while?" cried the b. b. "Running to get away from one of the boys that was overlooked, and turning white with fear."

"It's a bear-faced lie," shouted the w. p. b., "and I can lick you."

"Come within reach, and I'll cut your northern lights cut, you roaring borealis!"

"Be quiet, children," said the elephant, waving his trunk in a conciliating way. "You must learn to bear and forbear," and that he should go forbear if they didn't behave themselves.

A good deal of merriment was occasioned just here by the entrance of a giraffe with a paper collar around his neck.

"Necks, gentleman!" shouted a monkey that once belonged to a barber; "black yer boots?"

The giraffe said he didn't want any monkey shines around him, and jeeringly inquired if he was one of the missing lynx, which remark gave offense to an animal whose lynx-eye had been watching the proceedings in a fur-tive way. He showed his contempt for the joke, however, as only a lynx-skin.

"Is this a jaguar I see before me?" said the hyena, catching the spirit of the occasion; and the lion asked him if he was drunk or dressed up, adding that he would appear to better advantage if he wouldn't get hyena more.

"Lion, Macduff, cried the ass, who had been so rash as to hint that he was a sort of second cousin to the king of beasts, and was reminded with cruel irony that it wasn't the first time he had dressed himself up in a lion's kin.

"One of your 'ears ough to know better than that," said the fox, playfully.

"What do sour grapes bring now?" asked a weasel, who wasn't caught asleep this time.

"They would bring all their chickens in if they saw you coming," replied the fox, which was a wee sell on the weasel.

The president reminded them that they had entirely lost sight of the object of the meeting. If they kept on that way folks would think it was an assembly of newspaper paragraphers instead of a dignified body of animals considering the subject of dress. After some further discussion, it was resolved that each animal continue to wear what suited it best, and the convention adjourned.—*"Gris" in Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

William R. Balch, the Boston newspaper man and detective, and for a short time editor of the Philadelphia *Press*, recently heard a lady say: "I wish some one would invent a hairpin that would stay in one's hair." And Mr. Balch, being of an accomodating turn, went to work and invented such a contrivance. It is getting so now that a man can't be a successful editor unless he can turn his hand to almost anything. Some day, when we get time, we shall invent a pin that won't wound a young man's hand when he puts his arm around a girl's waist to prevent her falling out of a buggy or off a chair.—*Norristown Herald.*

BLUE-GRASS HORSES.

The Wonderful Results of Feeding Horses on Kentucky Grass.

A correspondent of the New York *Evening Post*, writing from Frankfort, Ky., says: The first Kentuckian I ever spoke to on his native heath was a country druggist, who was busily compounding quinine into pills for the relief of the ague-stricken inhabitants of Georgetown. He saw that I was a stranger. "Kentucky is a great State," he suggested, patriotically. "And is noted—?" I answered, inquiringly. "For three ings," said he, "women whisky and horses—blue-grass women, blue-grass whisky and blue-grass horses." Since then I have met some thousands of Kentuckians and have known some hundreds intimately, out I have yet to find the one who has not at some time during the course of our acquaintance told me in some way or other, boldly or timidly, humbly or proudly, that Kentucky is noted for three things—women, whisky and horses—blue-grass women, blue-grass whisky, blue-grass horses.

Bl ue grass, as an adjective, is in th Kentucky dialect a synonym for the superlative degree of excellence. The natives use it in the same manner as the names of famous vintages of wine are employed in the south of France—as terms of affection and respect. As a noun, blue grass is the popular name of a superior kind of pasture growth which attains in Kentucky a peculiar degree of perfection, and whose presence is the source of no small part of the State's fame and wealth. Poa pratensis is what the botanist call it. June grass is the name it bears in New England. The sobriquet under which it appears in Kentucky owes its origin to the blue hue which the grass assumes during its flowering time in the early summer. Its presence is an indication of the richest land. The same soil which, if left to itself, will bear the blue grass with the greatest success will, if cultivated, produce huge crops of tobacco and hemp, the most consuming of all farm products, without any sensible diminution in strength. When uncleared, trees of black walnut, blue ash and black locust cover it to bear testimony to its virtue. A dozen counties in Kentucky boast a soil strong enough to produce the blue grass in a greater less degree of perfection. The thousand and one requisites for its absolutely perfect growth are found combined in only three—Fayette, Woodford and Bourbon—which together constitute the famous blue-grass region of the State. Fayette is the county which includes the city of Lexington and Ashland, the home of Henry Clay; Woodford, the one in which is Woodbine, Alexander's farm, the largest in the State; and Bourbon is the source of the finest of Kentucky's exported cattle and the original producer of Kentucky's corn whisky, whose name it bears. These three are alike districts of exhaustless fertility, and alike possess a subsoil of blue limestone which constitutes a perpetual and natural fertilizer.

The blue grass is cultivated as a food for stock. It perfects the good qualities of an animal and diminishes his bad ones. Kentuckians assert that it makes horses go faster, cows give more milk and bear more flesh, sheep grow more quickly and wear more wool than any other food in the world. It is exclusively a pasture growth. It cannot be cured for hay. It stands in the field the year around, and the stock for the same period feed upon it with the greatest relish. The fall of snow is seldom heavy enough in Kentucky to cause them any inconvenience. It acts rather as a gentle seasoner, which the stock puff or scratch away, to find the grass moist and succulent on account of its having been there. Usually, unless the winter is very severe, the stock is kept turned out the year around in the blue-grass region. Sometimes the sheep have to be housed in a heavy storm, but sheep are not a popular or common product with the Kentucky farmers. Sheep can thrive on a land so much poorer that it seems a waste of wealth to raise them. Before the war mules and hogs were the great staples of the State, but the demand from the South, which used to be so large for these in slave days, has grown too slim to allow the business of their breeding to be general. Durham and Alderney cattle and thoroughbred and trotting horses have in consequence become the almost exclusive productions of this great stock country.

The comparative possibilities of these four branches of the business is an interesting subject of discussion among Kentucky stockmen. Probably the man who raises a few of each and not too many of any is the wisest. Popular opinion, however, varies on this subject. Some years ago there was a great "shorthorn" fever, when everybody's money went into "shorthorn" cattle. The market was bulled tremendously until the prices for a single animal ran as high as $20,000 and even $30,000. Then there was a grand crash, and the survivors retreated to the breeding of blood running horses, or, as they are technically called, thoroughbreds.

For the last few years trotting horses have come into fashion as a source of profit, and Kentucky has surpassed herself with her success. She has been only a few years in the business, but her achievements are marvelous. Her improvements have been to take the line of inducing a natural trotting tendency and an early maturity. It has yet to be discovered whether this means an early decay or not. The fastest two-year-old trotter in the world, So-So, is a Kentucky horse; also the fastest three-year-old, Jewett, the fastest four-year-old, Trickett, the fastest five-year-old, Santa Claus, and Maud S., the fastest six-year-old, and with St. Julien the fastest trotter yet produced anywhere. She was bred at Mr. Alexander's place in Woodford county.

Such a record as this suggests some peculiar virtues somewhere which may account for it. All these animals are of the old-fashioned Rysdyk's Hambletonian pedigree, which has been common in Eastern stables for two score years; and yet at the age when horses in the East are first jogged gently around the track, that they may learn to submit to bit and reins, these Kentucky animals are making records away down in the twenties such as were seldom made a all before the State entered the business. Maud S. and St. Julien will afford examples of what I mean. Maud S. is by Harold, a fine, handsome young horse but one who makes his first great achievement as a sire in her. She was bought on faith, as all young trotting horses must be. In her five-year-old form she changes faith to knowledge by making a mile in 2:17¼. St. Julien is by Alden Goldsmith's Volunteer. Volunteer is a Rysdyk's Hambletonian horse, standing in Orange county, N. Y.; of mature years, and confessedly the most successful of living sires. St. Julien was bought on faith, too, as well as Maud S., but it was not until his eleventh year that he made a reputation by his famous effort at San Francisco. In the case of the Kentucky horse the owner had five years of doubt; in the case of the Eastern horse he had eleven. If you ask a Kentuckian to give you the solution of such a state of affairs, he will pull up a bunch of blue grass from the ground, and, holding it up with its delicate fibered root, will say: "There is the solution." And you, knowing no better one, will perforce agree with him.

Terrible Tales of Famine.

The London *Pall Mall Gazette* says: The famine in Azerbaeejan and the adjoining districts of Asiatic Turkey, in spite of various assurances to the contrary. has not abated. Letters from Uroomieh, Tauris, and other places speak in harrowing terms of the suffering of the people. Cases of cannibalism have occurred in the neighborhood of Van, where the famine seems to be the most severe. At Khoi and other places all the dogs have been eaten. This speaks volumes when it is remembered how repulsive an animal a dog is to Mussulmans. The mortality, particularly among the Kurdish tribes of the mountain districts is great. At Selmas typhus has carried off many lives. A letter from this latter place says: "The streets are full of dead bodies, which are generally only buried when in a state of putrefaction. People are afraid of a plague adding its horrors to those of the famine. Wheat cost $350 a ton, the newly-harvested barley $150." A letter from Uroomieh says: "I am very much afraid of an epidemic disease declaring itself here; the mortality is frightful, dead bodies are left lying in the streets, and then drawn to the burial ground like carcasses of horses. The ensuing month will probably be more terrible. The Catholic mission has expended in relief about $4,000 (all it had to dispose of), the American mission about $30,000—both sums drops in the ocean. The Christians here have suffered less than the Mussulmans. Of the former, comparatively speaking, very few have died of starvation. The harvest will bring some relief, but hardly any for the utterly destitute, who have not the wherewithal to buy even one pound of bread." Another correspondent says: "As the dogs have mostly died or been killed for food, the place is divested of its guardians, and is exposed night and day to the attacks of the Kurds who come from the mountains to plunder. We are almost in a state of siege, and the firing of guns never ceases at night; the roads are very unsafe, bands of famished Kurds plundering every traveler. Poor villagers are robbed of their clothes, which are hardly worth sixpence." The Persian government does a little toward relieving the sufferings of the people; for instance, at Uroomeih 2,000 Mussulmans are receiving daily rations of bread.

Cured by Hasty Pudding.

Doctor Radcliffe cared but little for books, and yet he left $200,000 to found the library at Oxford university, which bears his name. A friend, visiting him, asked where his study was. Pointing to a few vials and a skeleton, he replied: "This is Radcliffe's library."

Though one of the most successful physicians of his day, he seemed to ignore physic. He once remarked, that when he began practice he had twenty remedies for every disease, but before many years he found twenty diseases for which he had but one remedy.

His reputation was due to the same qualities which command success in all departments of life—namely, quick penetration, good sense, decision and fertility of expedients.

He was called to a gentleman ill of the quinsy. Seeing that neither an internal nor an external application would be of any service, he ordered a hasty pudding to be made. When it was done, his own servants having been instructed as to their behavior, brought it to the patient's room.

"Come, Jack and Dick," said the doctor, as the pudding was placed on the table, "eat as quickly as possible. You've had no breakfast this morning."

Both began, but on Dick's dipping his spoon twice into the pudding to Jack's once, they quarreled. From words they went to throwing spoonfuls of hot pudding at each other; then handfuls. The patient was so much amused that he nearly burst with laughter, and at that burst the quinsy and he recovered.