The Chatham Record.

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Time Makes Changes.

Does trouble rise, and life appear
A prison with no open gate,
And fettered circumstances and fear
Attend thy ways?—In silence wait
And look to God; it well will be,
For time makes changes pleasantly.

Let no corroding passions rise
To vex but works to add to pain;
Warm lies the light in Southern skies
To chase the clouds of winter rain
And heart-content awaits for thee,
For time makes changes pleasantly.

Mrs. Burke's Pudding.

BY MARY N. PRESCOTT.

It had always been the custom in Mrs. Capulet's day to bake one of her best plum-puddings during Christmas week for the char-woman, Mrs. Burke, who was never likely to taste such a dainty at other seasons. "Why should we keep all the good things to ourselves," she used to ask, "eat plum-pudding whenever we fancy it, and this poor, hard-working woman never know the taste of such a sweetness?" It was also the custom at the house "to build," as Harry Capulet used to say, several of these rich puddings at the same time; they would keep for weeks or months without spoiling, and there they were, at a moment's notice, if dinner-company arrived unexpectedly on washing or ironing days, when it was inconvenient to concoct nice desserts. When Mrs. Harry Capulet took the management of affairs after his mother's death, her husband's cousin, who had been regent during the interregnum, said to her at Christmas-time: "I hope, dear, you will continue Mrs. Burke's puddings; she has received it for so many years, she will feel injured, I'm afraid, unless you do."

"Oh, certainly," answered Mrs. Harry, who was of an unsentimental turn of mind; "I shall give Mrs. Burke a pudding, but not one of these. What are you thinking about—wasting these delicacies on a char-woman?"

"Gingerbread pudding, with a few raisins added, will delight her quite as well," put in Mr. Harry's sister.

"What they call a poor man's pudding," added Mrs. Harry.

"Yes—the very thing."

"But, my dear," expostulated Sue Capulet, "Mrs. Burke will know; she has been accustomed to the best. I have made it a principle to send her as good as I kept; I hated to scrimp her at Christmas time."

"Oh, you're too extravagant, Cousin Sue. Besides, you give an old ignorant char-woman credit for all your own virtues and tastes. I don't think it worth while to waste so much money upon her; a poor man's pudding is more appropriate for the circumstances."

"Nobler charity," insisted Sue. But Mrs. Harry laughed, and ordered the poor man's pudding to be baked the same size as her own plum-puddings.

"I can hardly tell them apart, cook has given them all such a rich brown. Surely the proof of the pudding is in the baking as well as the eating."

But Sue sighed. "Mrs. Burke is English. You won't be able to deceive her about an English plum pudding."

"I'm not going to cheat her, and she can take it or leave it. Beggars shouldn't be choosers, I'm afraid," cried Mrs. Harry, who considered sympathy her impert as well as she could sympathize other things.

"That was a pudding!" said Mrs. Burke, one morning after Christmas, having come in for some work. Mrs. Harry looked at Sue. "I think," continued Mrs. Burke, "they grow better every year, Mrs. Capulet. This one just melted in your mouth; it was too good for poor folks."

"There!" cried Mrs. Capulet, as soon as Mrs. Burke had been turned, "what did I tell you, Sue? After educating Mrs. Burke up to the English plum-pudding! This is all the good it does to educate the lower classes, you see."

"I hope it isn't learning to Mrs. Burke," lamented Sue.

"A man [illegible] be well,
[illegible] of the same [illegible],"

quoted Mrs. Harry.

After this, whenever Sue and Mrs. Harry discussed her sister-in-law's pudding, Sue would say, "Remember Mrs. Burke's pudding," Sue." However, the matter died out of their minds in time, and perhaps they would never have thought of it again if Mr. Gus Wake hadn't happened to drop in upon them. Now, Mr. Wake was somebody worth while in Miss Lily's eyes. She had met him here and there, danced with him at germans, yachted with him, picnicked with him, lunched with him; once he had even sent her some flowers; she had some of them now, pressed in a book of love sonnets. He was one of those genial people who shake hands as if they were making love. Miss Lily was more than fond of his society, she intended to marry him. But it was a pity that he should arrive on the only day in the week when they had a picked-up dinner.

"There is one of the Christmas puddings left, at any rate," said Mrs. Harry; "that will relish in the dinner."

Mr. Gus Wake was very affable as usual. He and Lily early chatted together before dinner; she had also to show him over the grounds, the view of the river, the eagle's nest, they hunted for four-leaved clovers together, and she told his fortune with a daisy. He was complimentary and gallant. Lily felt as if a crisis was at hand. They met Sue, with her hands full of wild flowers, coming from school.

"A neighbor?" he asked, with his most indifferent manner, as she just nodded and hurried by.

"Oh, no. That is Sue Capulet, Harry's cousin. She used to keep his house before he married."

"Indeed."

"Yes. She's rather prim in her ways, and opinionated, like all country people."

"Ah! she must be very disagreeable."

"Perhaps; but one needs to live with her to find it out."

"And you live with her?"

"Yes. She will live here I suppose till somebody marries her."

"Then she has a lover?"

"I never heard of one."

"And yet she is not precisely ugly," with a wicked twinkle in his eyes.

"No, not at all; only commonplace," conceded Lily.

The dinner progressed as far as the dessert. It was a picked-up one, to be sure; but what could any one expect who came without announcing himself, Mrs. Harry assured herself. Mr. Wake was famous (that night, he knew, moreover, how to make himself agreeable over a dinner of herbs, and then there was her English plum-pudding to top off with. How plump and delicious it looked as it came upon the table, and what royal color it emitted. She cut it with pride in her mien. She tasted it and shot a quick glance at Mrs. Harry, but said nothing. The guest was quietly nibbling it and looking brilliantly. Presently Lily, who had been listening to him, stooped to Sue and said, in her sweetest and gayest tones, "Sue, I've helped everybody else, and I'm hungry for the enjoyment of her pudding. Sue, regardless, saw a look of consternation gath[illegible] upon her face. Sue attended to everything as it should be now.

"Sue," she cried, [illegible] the serene pudding to Mr. [illegible]. "There, the poor man's pudding," [illegible] voice of her guest.

"I cut the pudding; the cook gave me," returned Sue.

"No wonder Mr. Burke thought it a good [illegible]" put in Lily, coolly.

They both glowered at Sue. They were obliged to repress their wrath before their guests, but they were then full of indignation to talk rationally over Sue's heresy. If Mr. Burke [illegible] that there was thunder in the air, he was facetious and [illegible] the atmospheric changes and did not hurry away. By which it was [illegible] to take his train at [illegible], the three ladies heard about Sue's head.

"So you curtailed my pudding after all my directions to the contrary," says Mrs. Harry. "Mrs. Burke had her English plum-pudding in spite of me."

"There's nothing to do with it," returned Sue; "[illegible] to you."

"Hey Harry, [illegible]," said Miss Lily, [illegible] Sue's [illegible]. "If he wife [illegible] in his heart [illegible] knew it. A poor man's pudding [illegible] Mr. Gus Wake, [illegible] the most [illegible] woman!"

"I'm very sorry," said Sue. "It wasn't a nice thing."

"Not a nice thing for you to do in another's house."

"Mrs. Capulet, I had nothing whatever to do with it," protested Sue.

"Susan Capulet, I don't believe a word you say."

"And if I were sister, you and I should leave the house."

And so it happened that Sue packed her trunks, and Harry Capulet heard such a version of Mrs. Burke's pudding that he did not dream of mentioning it.

Sue went to a friend's house in the city, who had promised to find her a situation.

In the meantime Mrs. Capulet's servants could tell the story of the plum-pudding to Mrs. Burke herself, and Gus Wake's part in it. Mrs. Burke felt it her duty to write Mr. Wake and report the whole affair, and thus again lost to helpless Miss Sue, who would never hurt a fly, out of her trouble.

Mr. Wake smiled over this letter. So they had made it hot for Miss Sue. He had suspected as much. He went to call on his friend, Mrs. Barnes, and request her cooperation. He was shown into the music-room, and met Sue.

"So," he said, shaking hands, "this is the result of Mrs. Burke's pudding." And then Mrs. Barnes entered.

"I came," he said, "to consult you about the affairs of a friend of mine who has come to grief. His case is even worse than that of the man in the South who had his mouth filled with plum-pudding."

The upshot of the consultation was that Sue had a position, a little later, where Mr. Wake was immediate enough to drop in at his pleasure and carry the governess off to the opera, or for a few hours' recreation in the Park behind his team; and it happened that one day Lily and Mrs. Capulet received the wedding-cards of Miss Susan Capulet and Mr. Gustavus Wake, which was all owing to Mrs. Burke's pudding.—*Harper's Bazar.*

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Cricket Songs.

What's the song the crickets sing—
Summer, autumn, winter, spring?

When I take my little broom
And go dusting through the room:
"Sweep! sweep! sweep! sweep!"

When I go to bed at night,
Then I hear them out of sight:
"Sleep! sleep! sleep! sleep!"

When I waken, every day,
If it's sunny, they say:
"Peep! peep! peep! peep!"

But they feel as bad as I
When it rains, for then they cry,
"Weep! weep! weep! weep!"

—*Forest Whitman in N. Nutshell.*

The Story of a Fire Horse.

One of the horses that is hitched to the fire department at Toronto, Can., had the popular but somewhat undignified name of "Old Doc." While on duty one night many years ago, "Old Doc" got out of his stall and in roaming around found a pile of bags. The smell of the bags was so delightful to the nostrils of the fire horse as the fragrance of roses to a little girl's nose in the month of sweet roses, June. What did "Old Doc" do but seize one of the bags in his mouth and bear it to his stall, for the bag contained oats. A plan to make his way to the pile and bore another bag to his fellows. That filled the bill, when upon his back a bag of oats to each of the horses in the stable. They had a feast that night, and when the hostler came the next morning he found two sick horses. The empty bags told the tale. "Old Doc" was the sickest of the lot, because he had eaten more oats than the others. But they all got well, and "Old Doc" lived to die a more heroic death. He was killed some time ago with the sound of the wild fire bells in his ears, while running with an engine.

The Contrary Donkey.

Not long ago, during the yearly cruise of the training ships, on which young boys serve their apprenticeship as sailors in the navy, great numbers of pets were picked up by them in the tropics and the different islands and countries at which they touched. They had a hundred and ten canaries, twenty parrots, nine dogs, four cats, four monkeys, and 1st, but most enjoyable of all, a Lisbon donkey, very small and self-possessed.

No better mascot of a good captain was needed than the love for boys and animals shown in his willingness to allow the apprentices to bring their numberless pets on board.

While the small pets were the property of individuals, the donkey seemed to belong to all. He was a steady larger than a Dominick hound, and caused the boys who rowed ashore carried them on his back, or rather were them stood on his hoofed and put his forefeet on their shoulders, ate from their hands, and was full of delight when recreation hour came and his fun began.

The donkey was kept in a little shelter on the quarter-deck, near the captain's cabin. It was the custom every evening, just after sunset, for the boys to assemble on the poop-deck, and the boatswain's mate piped all hands aft, and the Lord's Prayer in unison.

One day, just after the arrival of the donkey on board, the order for silence on the ship was scarcely given, about sunset, when the boys assembled, and the chaplain began the evening prayer. The donkey, seeing them from his little house, thought that playtime had arrived, and tried to be in his house and get to them. When he found he could not, he began a series of bellowings that rang through the ship like the yelling of hobgoblins in unison. Not a sound of the chaplain's words or the united voices of the apprentices could be heard.

The boys tried to keep grave, but it was impossible, and the donkey had to be removed in disgrace, all the while protesting in a succession of amazing sounds which, to the ears of the generations of men who had never yet been induced to a chromatic scale. When the chaplain had even time for the apprentices to recover their gravity, the diary was put on shelf with, and a short time after the cruise began.—*Belgo's Lady Book.*

Doctors in Russia.

The Russians are not in all respects a nation to be imitated, but there are some things we might learn even from them. For instance, a Russian doctor who fails to attend a patient when called upon to do so commits a legal offense, the punishment for which is a fine varying from 5 to 100 rubles, and in case of gravity, a term or three months' imprisonment. There is a much better method of keeping medical students to the mark, where the patient is not a "paying" one, than the remote prospect of an inquest before a medical examiner. I observe, too, that in Russia medical fees are regulated by law, which is also not a bad idea.—*London Truth.*

Met a Hornet.

Little Willie, of Brooklyn, as three made a visit to the country. She enjoyed all the new things until one day, when she ran with a distressed cry to her mother, in reply to whose enquiries she said:

"O, mamma! I turned me on a big fly."—*Babyhood.*

LONDON CITY.

Total Splendor of the Lord Mayor's Position.

How the Government of the Great Metropolis is Conducted.

A London letter to the New York *Commercial Advertiser* says: A greater difference between the mode of election and the functions of a lord mayor of London and a mayor of New York it would be difficult to conceive. In your mayoralty your citizens vote direct for the candidates for the mayor's office, and, when elected, that functionary is the executive officer of the whole city. Here things are totally different. There is no popular election here, and the lord mayor, when chosen merely rules over a tiny, infinitesimal portion of the vast London of to-day, viz. the so-called "city" proper, an area extending from the Tower of London to the Temple, and from Holborn to the river—a mere island in a constantly diminishing population. There are some 50,000 bona fide inhabitants of the "city" proper, and some 1,500,000 outside who are without any municipal institutions. It seems difficult to realize such extraordinary a condition of things, and yet this is the state of London to-day. Threatened men, it is said, live long; and the same seems to be true of threatened institutions. For this little "city" corporation which controls vast wealth and which arrogates to itself a position it is no longer entitled to occupy has been threatened for some time by radical onslaughts, and yet it still lives and had its annual gala day last Tuesday.

Nor is the lord mayor selected by a popular vote, for the city corporation is perhaps the closest and least popular body in the country. A lord mayor is each year selected by rotation from among the city aldermen who have served the office of sheriff. The persons who make the selection are the "livery men" of the various city guilds, who meet for that purpose on December 29. In past times these so-called livery men were genuine traders carrying on business within the city of London. Today many of them have no connection whatever with the city; the livery companies are now become of wealthy men, into whose ranks possession of money and profession of city politics are the necessary conditions of entrance. Every alderman is the livery man of a guild, and the court of aldermen have the right to grant powers to the livery companies to act as their livery, i.e., to increase the persons who can purchase the legal right to vote in the election of city officers and parliamentary representatives. Thus the whole government and suffrage of the city is based on money, and a more corrupt arrangement probably does not exist in the world.

There are twenty-six aldermen in the city, each representing one ward. Some of these wards are absurdly small, one of them containing less than 300 constituents, so that a lord mayor of London may have been originally elected by less than 150 votes in an aldermanic. When in office the lord mayor is a judge of the central criminal court although he may be as ignorant of law as a Hottentot of the differential calculus, a packer of the jury, and chairman of the court of aldermen, the court of common council and the court of common hall. He is also a member of the privy council, chief butler at a royal coronation and dispenser-in-chief of civic splendor. When I said that it has sometimes happened that a lord mayor could not speak the English language without some painful errors common to cockneydom, the reader will have a sense of the charming incongruity of things. A lord mayor has a chaplain provided for him to look after his spiritual welfare, but with strict instructions to avoid mention of all ugly texts, such as that describing the difficulty of rich men entering into the kingdom of heaven. The lord mayor is further allowed £10,000 ($50,000) per annum for his ordinary year's expenses, the use of £10,000 worth of city plate and a huge clumsy gilt carriage, which is said to be constantly needing large sums for repairs to prevent it from falling in pieces. The lord mayor has robes and a gold chain, and the aldermen and councillors have robes also. The common council is composed of 206 persons. Members most of the offices of the city and has unlimited control over the rate.

A Governor Disconcerted.

Gov. Porter of Indiana is noted for his childlike and bland methods when he goes to speak during an election campaign. He always assumes the familiarity of knowing all people. On one occasion he went down to Franklin, twenty miles below Indianapolis. He arose to speak with his face wreathed in smiles, and began:

"Ladies and gentlemen, it affords me great pleasure to meet my old friends whom I have known so long."

At this point some shrill voice in the audience shouted:

"Now, look here, Governor."

This was the second time the Governor that he did not recognize from all the evening.—*Kansas City Star.*

New York Doctors.

There are at present, it is estimated, almost 5,000 physicians in this city, or one for every 300 of its inhabitants, which is certainly a bountiful supply. If the satirical saw, "The more doctors the more illness," be true, New York should be overrunning with patients. But it is not, indeed, it is quite a barren town, which may account for the alleged fact that the majority of our doctors hardly earn a decent livelihood by their practice, being often obliged to depend on credit. Many are constantly forced out of their profession in order to get a living, but their places are regularly and rapidly supplied. Nearly 3,000 make, it is said, from $1,500 to $3,000 a year, and some 1,500 make from $3,000 to $5,000, only a few hundreds reaching the last figures, and then when they have passed middle age. Forty or fifty perhaps have incomes from $20,000 upwards, and these are so constantly heard of that one might infer that the amount is rather the rule than the rare exception. Most of the physicians who are peculiarly popular people are what are called fashionable physicians—that is, they are in attendance on rich families of social position. Not a few of these get $50,000 to $60,000 a year, and occasionally a handsome present from a millionaire whose life they have saved, though it may not have been worth savings. Dr. Jared Linsly, who was with old Cornelius Vanderbilt during his last illness, received $25,000 for his services, and Dr. McLane, who went abroad with Mr. William H. Vanderbilt, towards the close of his life, and was called in after the railway magnate had his last attack of apoplexy, is understood to have received something like $50,000.—*New York Commercial.*

Quaint Bedsteads.

A writer in the *Cosmopolitan* gives a curious study of bed and bedsteads. One is reminded of the pillow error in reading that, "During the Middle Ages beds were made of coarse canvas and filled with straw and leaves. These could be opened and the straw renewed daily, as is the custom today with the mattresses in the old-fashioned inns of France and Italy."

In the time of Chaucer we are told that, "As a general thing the young men of the house slept on the benches in the tables and benches in the great hall, where woolen coverlets and blankets were provided for warmth. Servants and attendants slept upon the floor."

Let us, in the time of Tudors, the "four-post" bedstead, an imposing piece of furniture having canopy supported at each corner by the posts, becomes the fashionable sleeping couch. At some of the earlier bedsteads the curtains were ornamented with figures representing the four evangelists.

In a mediæval ballad there is mention made of "the four gospelers on the four pillows, and heads of angels all of wax moreover." The use of curtains still in use in some of the English country places is an echo of this old custom:

"Matthew, Mark, Luke and John,
Bless the bed that I lie on.
Two angels at my head,
Four angels round my bed,
Two to watch and two to pray,
And two to carry my soul away."

Growth of the Human Heart.

Investigations show that the greatest and most rapid growth of the human heart takes place during the first and second years of life, the second year showing its bulk to be nearly double what it originally was; in the third and seventh year it begins almost doubled a slower rate of growth now setting in until the fifteenth year, the augmentation of volume during the intervening seven or eight years being only about two-thirds. In the period of maturity which then approaches, the growth of the heart again makes progress, the heart keeping pace with the advance toward maturity of the other portions of the system, thus, as compared with the size of the age of fifteen, two-thirds have been added by the age of twenty, following the latter year, the rate of development again becomes slower, but an increase in volume is perceptible up to the fifteenth year. The annual gain in bulk during that period is supposed to be about half a cubic inch, and the maximum volume thus attained is estimated at from sixteen to seventeen cubic inches.

Garfield Wanted Flour.

At Pittsburg Landing, in 1862, a line of teams came down from the army for rations. There were so many wagons to be loaded that great dispatch was necessary. A fine looking soldier, wearing a blue overcoat, presented his requisition. The commissary saw him take up a barrel of flour and toss it into a wagon as if it required no effort. "I suppose you will require a receipt for these provisions," said the soldier to the commissary.

"Yes, your commanding officer must receipt for it."

"Can't I sign it?"

"O, no, it must be signed by a commissioned officer."

"Very well; I'm a brigadier-general. My name is Garfield."—*Baltimore American.*

THE FAMILY PHYSICIAN.

Hot Water for Sprains.

Hot water is the best thing that can be used to heal a sprain or bruise. The wounded part should be placed in water as hot as can be borne for fifteen or twenty minutes, and in all ordinary cases the pain will generally disappear. Hot water applied by means of cloths is a sovereign remedy for neuralgia or pleuritic pains. For bruises or wounds apply cloths well saturated with cool alum water, keeping the injured part covered from the air.

Signs of the Tongue.

The tongue is the index of the system. A white coat I assume indicates febrile disturbance; a brown, moist tongue indicates sluggish digestion; a brown, dry tongue, an indicator depressed vitality, as in typhoid conditions and blood poisoning; a red, moist tongue, inflammatory; a red, dry tongue indicates paralysis, or any inflammatory lesion; "strawberry" tongue, with prominent papillæ, indicates fever or rheumatism; a pale tongue indicates debility, with want of assimilative power of the blood; a trembling tongue indicates debility in the nervous system; a tremulous tongue is generally the forerunner of the Evil; protrusion at one side indicates paralysis of the muscles on that side.—*Health's Home.*

Temporary Numbness.

Some disorders are organic, others functional only. In the first case, the organs affected we look upon as lost, however we may treat the symptoms; and they may be more violent than in the former case, the organs would show not the slightest trace of disorganization.

Paralysis is generally due to some organic disorder of the brain or spinal cord. But there is often an apparent paralysis produced by a cramped position, which, however, is the result of only a temporary disturbance. There are numbers of trifling ailments which appear very serious, and concern both sometimes both upper and lower extremities, and in some instances one side of the body. It is [illegible] to know, but it is true, [illegible] think. It is [illegible] that a person [illegible] in a cramped position [illegible] for a few minutes, [illegible] the limbs [illegible] numbness.

Dr. Odier [illegible] a person who was [illegible] in a cramped position [illegible] the same [illegible] numbness [illegible] the limbs [illegible] numbness. [illegible] the hands [illegible] and the [illegible] numbness. [illegible] may suffer for a few hours [illegible] numbness [illegible] numbness.

Dr. Samuel [illegible] on this subject [illegible] as purely functional [illegible] the [illegible] of the [illegible] the [illegible] the [illegible]