



SARAH SAVED THE DAY.

JACKSON SMITH had a hobby. He would stand at the foot of his table, carving knife in hand, while he enlarged upon the "soulless democratic times," emphasizing his sentences by brandishing the carver in air. His next aversion to a Democrat was an old maid. Indeed, the old maid was even more odious to him. The Democrat he could forgive as being a fool, but the old maid was beyond pardon on any grounds. And yet, as in very mockery of his pet antipathy, his only child, Sarah, had developed into the hated object, right in his own household.

Sarah was tall and angular, like her father, but her face was pleasing, and her disposition mild and amiable. She had never revolted against anything in her life—not even against the injustice of spending her youth in making preserves, apple butter or piecing quilts, while other girls were making merry. Sometimes Sarah wondered where her youth had gone, but, while she was 32, she could not recall having been young.

One day Jackson Smith received a hurt, and when Dr. Brown was called in he told Jackson his days were numbered. Then it was that his hatred for old maids proved itself.

"I'll never leave this place to a woman that can't get a husband," he said fiercely.

"But, father, Sarah's never had no chance—we've always kept her down," remonstrated his weeping wife.

He waved his hand to silence her. "Woman, no old maid shall inherit my place. I've sent by the doctor for Lawyer Clarke, and he'll come to-morrow. There's money enough in bank for you, but I'll fix it so that at your death it will go with the farm. Jackson Goggan, my namesake, shall get it all."

Tearfully Mrs. Smith imparted the facts to Sarah.

"Mother, would he turn you out of the old place just because he hates me?" And Sarah looked incredulous.

The elder woman nodded; then Sarah kissed the round, sunburnt face and said: "Mother, I never have revolted against father, but I'm going to save the place for you—I wouldn't mind so much, but you shall never leave your home. I'm going out now to think it over." And putting on her pink sunbonnet she went out the back door.

When some distance from the house she sat down in the shade of a tree, and, while her heart beat loudly over her father's contemplated injustice, she resolved to outwit him.

"There's Josh Mullin; he might—but I can't bear Josh; he chews tobacco, and his mouth always looks dirty. Henry Hodge is home, but he drinks so that there's no dependence to be put in him." She cast her eyes over the landscape, and on the next farm she saw the figure of a man in the field. Yes, there's John Howard, but—

"I hate somehow to ask it of him." Then the tear-stained face of her mother passed before her mental vision, and giving a jerk to her sunbonnet she started down the path across the meadow.

John Howard was hoeing corn. When he saw Sarah approaching he stopped and leaned on his hoe, a look of concern in his face.

"Is the old man worse, Sarah?" he asked.

"Yes, Dr. Brown says he can't live more'n two or three days, and—Oh, John, it's awful the way he is."

"Yes, but you have been a good, sacrificing daughter, Sarah, and you can't blame yourself for anything, you—"

"Oh, you don't understand, John; he's going to leave everything to that Jackson Goggan, and mother'll have to leave the place," she half sobbed.

"You can't mean it, Sarah? Why—why, that would be outrageous. What makes him talk of such a thing?"

"Because—because—I am an old maid; he hates old maids." And her face grew pinker than the sunbonnet.

John Howard shifted the hoe to the other arm and looked down.

"John, I've come to ask you—Oh, John, don't think me brazen; it's for mother's sake. I can't stand to see her turned out, and for my fault, and if you will only help me and—come up to the house and pretend that we are to be married—just until after the will is made—it wouldn't be so very wrong. John—not so bad as letting mother be put out of her home—" She caught her breath in short gasps, but when John was silent her pink face suddenly paled. "I reckon it's asking a heap too much of you, John, but don't hold it against me; I couldn't see any other way. Good-by, John." She was turning away.

"Don't go yet, Sarah. I—I think your idea is good, but it might not work. Jackson Smith is sharp; he'd see right through it, but—if if you would be willing to make drive over to Squire Hall's this afternoon and get married, I wouldn't trouble you any, Sarah—we could go on just the same, and I'll never want to marry any one else, and if you should you could get a divorce, you know."

"Oh, you're sure it makes no difference—You don't mind, John?" Her tone was eager.

"No, I don't mind; I'd help you any way I could, Sarah. It's high noon now. I'll drive over for you in the buggy right after dinner."

"I'll be ready, and—I wouldn't have asked you, John, only—you un-



"HER FACE GREW PINKER THAN THE SUNBONNET."

cause I am on my deathbed that you can do as you please, but I'll show you. It's just like a rascally Democrat to shoot a neighbor's helper just because she jumped into your wheat. I don't expect anything better of you—the whole party is made up of thieves and cutthroats—but I'll leave it in my will, Jackson Goggan shall law and law until—" He sank back exhausted from his outburst.

"If you get that angry over the bridle heifer, Uncle Jackson, I don't know what you will say when I tell you that I have not touched the heifer, but I have married Sarah."

"Married—Sarah?" And Jackson Smith's eyes dilated. "Married Sarah?" he said under his breath. "John, give me your hand. I knew Sarah was a Smith. Why, there never was an old maid in the Smith family, but it did seem she meant to take after the Walkers—her mother was a Walker. Sarah—married! I can go in peace, John, now that you have lifted the disgrace from the Smith family. You needn't mind what I said about the Democrats—I reckon you don't know better. Call Sarah; I want to give her the bridle heifer."

When the lawyer came the next day he wrote a will bequeathing all, save a life interest to Mrs. Smith, to his beloved daughter Sarah, who had gladdened the last hours of his life.

A few days later, with all due ceremony, Jackson Smith was laid away by the side of other Smiths. John Howard went home with his wife and her mother. At the porch he halted awkwardly, seeing which Sarah turned.

"Will you come in, John?" she asked.

"I'm afraid I ought only to go home, but I hate to leave you—you women folks alone, and you'll be kind of lonesome now."

"You might stay. We would fix up father's room real comfortable if you would just as soon," said Sarah, beginning to realize the awkwardness of their position.

"I'd like to, Sarah. I could tend the crop just as well, but I'd feel as if I was living off you women, and—and you might get to hate me if I hung around."

"You needn't be afraid of that, John," said Sarah, tapping her foot nervously on the porch floor. "It would be the easiest way out of our—our dilemma; but if you'd rather not stay we could explain to folks how it was that you just married me to save the farm."

"But, Sarah, if we told that it would be a lie. I took advantage of your trouble to get you married to me, and you didn't suspect me, but now I feel mean, and as if you will not respect me when I tell you the truth." Sarah gazed at him in wonder. What could he mean, she thought, but no sound came from her lips, and he continued: "I've been trying for ten years to ask you to marry me, but I never could do it, and when you came to me in your trouble I jumped at the chance, Sarah, because I wanted you—I've always loved you, but now I feel I can't stay unless—unless you can take me for your husband in earnest." His eyes did not lift to her face.

"John!" Her eyes were open in wide amazement, and the face so lately tear-stained became radiant with unexpected joy. "You love me?" she questioned in glad disbelief. "Why, I have loved you all this time, too," she whispered. "Chloroform Record."

STATISTICS ABOUT THE SEA.

Curious Figures About Its Weight, Depth and Volume.

I intend to take my revenge on the sea for the past indignities suffered from him and to deal deliberately in personalities about him. Inviting to my side his many victims who have suffered the like indignities, I propose that we weigh, measure and gauge him, battle him, play games with him and show him up generally—for, like most bullies, he is a bit of a humbug. For our attack on the sea we shall want a few facts to start from, and here they are:

We take the statements of four good men of science, a geographer, an astronomer, a physicist, a statistician, add the statements, divide by four, and arrive at the result that the surface of the sea is 139½ millions of square miles, his weight 1,332,000,000,000,000,000 tons and his volume 322,000,000 cubic miles. A like process will tell us that

the average depth of the sea is 12,000 feet (more than two and one-quarter miles), and we know that one cubic foot of him weighs over sixty-four pounds avoirdupois, i. e., about four and one-half stone, or as much as a small child 8 or 10 years of age. From these figures Mr. Schooling deduces that the sea is simply nowhere when we compare it with the land of this planet as regards the solid quantities of weight, depth and volume:

"Only in the superficial quality of surface does the sea beat the land. As to beauty, there is infinitely more of it and in much greater variety, on the land than on the sea. To further emphasize the magnificence of the sea we will now pour it into a jelly mold—one of those thin, ornamental, tin shapes you see in the kitchen dresser. For this experiment I have dug out all the inside of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, from its surface all the way down to the center of the earth (3,960 miles), and have thus made the largest jelly mold known—or rather two of them, for Ireland forms a shape by itself, although, at bottom, it is firmly joined to England, Wales and Scotland. Now, this jelly mold would be large enough to hold just one-half of all the sea of this planet, so that a pair of these tin shapes would dispose of the whole sea!"—*Person's Magazine.*

When a young man comes more than a hundred miles to see a young lady, that settles it so far as her neighbors and friends are concerned, and they commence to worry about what they will get her for a wedding present.

Every woman's letter contains an apology for not writing sooner, though her friends, who have to answer, think she should apologize for writing so soon.

There are a few things that money cannot buy, but the trouble is that not many people want them.

AGRICULTURAL NEWS.

THINGS PERTAINING TO THE FARM AND HOME.

Some Excellent Rules for the Patrons of Creameries—Hints to Blackberry Growers—How to Make an Effective Scarecrow—General Farm Mention.

Some Excellent Dairy Rules.

The Iowa Agricultural College Creamery has promulgated the following rules, which should be observed by all patrons of creameries:

1. Nothing but tin pails should be used in the milk yard, as it is impossible to keep wooden pails sweet.
2. The cows' udders should be carefully washed before any milk is drawn.
3. Milk should be aired immediately by pouring or dipping from pail to pail before cooling, and then be cooled as quickly as possible to at least 60 degrees.
4. Milk should be kept where the surrounding air is pure and free from stable odors or taint of any kind.
5. Morning's milk should be cooled before mixing with the evening's milk.
6. Cows should have access to salt daily, as milk keeps sweet longer when cows are salted down often and regularly.
7. Cows should not be permitted to drink stagnant or impure water, but should have abundance of good water.
8. Cows should be driven quietly to and from pasture.
9. Cans and pails should be washed carefully with warm water, but not hot, and care should be taken to clean the seams of the receptacles; then they should be scalded thoroughly with hot water and be aired.
10. The milkers' hands and clothing should be free from dust and clean, and also the hands and clothing of persons who handle the milk in any manner when uncovered. There is objection to rule two. It says the cows' udders should be washed or brushed before any milk is drawn. Washing the udder just before milking is not advisable, for if the teats are damp more or less filth will roll up and drop into the pail.

Hints About Blackberries.

An experienced grower of blackberries prefers not to set a new plantation from suckers. They have too few roots and what they have will run too far and produce more suckers instead of strong bearing wood. Mark a few of the most vigorous and most productive plants while in fruit. In the fall dig up these plants with all the large roots attached. Select those roots that are about the size of a lead pencil and cut them up into three-inch lengths and pack them in boxes of clean sand in a cold cellar that will not quite freeze. If neither too warm nor too cold callosities will form from which abundant root growth will start in spring when planted out, as they should be when the soil is in good condition. Plant two or three inches apart in nursery rows and not over two inches deep. Water or mulch if necessary in dry weather. In the fall take the plants all up, and after shortening the roots to about eight inches pack in sand as in the winter before. The ends of the roots, being again callosities, will throw out a mass of new feeding roots, which will draw on the soil near by, instead of weakening the plant by straying a long way off.

Keeping Crows from Corn Field.

Make a dummy crow with battling and a piece of black sateen, or any black shining stuff for the body, sew on the wings of a black chicken; cut from the wings a few feathers for a tail; dip it in ink for a bill; two black beads or shoe buttons will do for eyes; put two strips of the body stuff about four or five inches long for legs. Sew the wings so they will be spreading, and don't make the body too big. Stick the pole with the make-believe crow hanging from it in the corn field. If it is a large field put three or four, and they will let alone.—*Practical Farmer.*

Plant Heavy Seed.

Experiments tried by the United States Department of Agriculture, to test the comparative results of using large or heavy seed, and small or light seed, resulted very much in favor of the heavy seed, and that the difference was greater as the plants approached maturity. Thus, peas from the larger seed began to blossom four days earlier than those from small seed, produced marketable peas four days earlier, and the main crop five to six days earlier. Vetches grew ranker, pods were much larger, and there were peas in the proportion of 8.2 from larger seed to 5.2 on smaller. Beans showed a similar result, both as to size and earliness, and in several other crops tested the growth of plant was much better from the larger seed, exceeding the small about as three to two. The seed was all from the same stock and grown in the same place, and planted in sand in the greenhouse under identical conditions as far as could be given.

The Judge and His Wheat.

Maud Miller, in the summer's heat, Raked the meadow thick with wheat.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane, Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

"With wheat at a dollar per," said he, "This maid is about the size for me."

Then he smiled at her and she blushed at him, And over the meadow fence he climbed.

"Will you marry me, sweet maid?" he said, And she told him "Yes," and they were wed.

Alas for Maiden, Alas for Judge.

For old designer and wheat-field drudge.

Lord pity them both and pity us all, For Maud didn't own the wheat at all.

And the Judge remarked when he learned the cheat:

"Don't talk to me about dollar wheat!"—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

Growing of Nut Trees.

The Michigan station has given special attention to the growing of nut trees. It finds very few of any commercial value. Several kinds can be grown, however, in a small way, as an interesting study, or as an amusement. The soft-shell almond has proved hardly there. Of it they say that while it has borne nuts of pleasant flavor, they are not equal to those offered in market. The Paragon is the only chestnut that

has fruited, and its tendency is to over bear. Filberts and hazelnuts are, of course, hardy, but have not yet fruited. Pecans grown from Iowa seed are hardy, but the fruit is of little value. The soft-shell trees, grown from Texas seed, will not stand the winter without protection. Japan walnuts, some of which our butternuts, do well, and the Persian or English walnut endures the climate, but has made slow growth.

Muskrat a Milk Thief.

Farmer Youngs, of Harmony, Pa., has noticed that his cows have come up at night with the appearance of having been milked. He got tired of it and sent his hired man to the pasture to catch the thief. He spent the day near enough to the cows to watch them he thought, but at night it was still evident that the cows had been milked again. He was disappointed and sent back with them the next day. At about 11 o'clock, he says, a cow went into some brush near a small lake. He crept through the grass and caught the thief in the act, and he proved to be a large muskrat. The muskrat was hanging on to the cow's udder and seemed to be enjoying his dinner immensely. When the rat disappeared into the swamp the cow was angry and was driven back into the pasture with great difficulty.—*New York Press.*

Terrors of a Dry Summer.

In the pastures the principal drinking places should be carefully examined; first, to protect the source of supply if it be liable to treading by the stock; second, to remove the accumulations of mud, if by so doing the capacity of the pond can be thereby increased; and, thirdly, to protect the whole supply, as far as possible, from that fouling which is bound to go or if the cattle can obtain free access to the water, and which is never felt more than when the water is scanty. It will be understood by the thoughtful reader that the terrors of a dry summer and a deficiency of water may be alleviated to a certain extent by careful management, but no time should be lost in taking steps to remedy any defects which might exist, or other pressing works will shelve the matter over for all—*Farm and Home (England).*

Grass-Fattened Beef.

So economical of grain were the farmers of olden times that it was reckoned quite an advantage to fatten cattle on pasture. The idea evidently was that grass was the product of nature, costing nothing, and if not used must be wasted. Grain of all kinds cost labor to grow and harvest it, and if not fed it could be turned into money. So far as economy goes, we believe the practice of grass feeding for beef is best. But the old grass-fed beef was always tender, while grain-fed beef was not, especially if the grain was fed in winter with dry hay. The feeding of a very small amount of grain to fattening cattle at pasture makes them fatten much faster, improving the quality of the beef, as well as making its production more economical.

Cut Worms on Timothy Sod.

Wherever a two or three year old timothy sod has been plowed it is very apt to be infested with white grub, which will do great damage to corn, cabbage and strawberry plants. The parent beetle selects timothy sod to deposit her eggs, as at the junction of the stem and root there is a bulb that makes an excellent first feed for the young larva when first hatched. The white grubs come to the surface at night and eat off the stems of cabbage or corn just above the ground. They may be poisoned by mixing paris green with wheat bran and placing it around the hills. The white grub is very greedy for bran, and will get enough of the poison to kill itself.

Wheat Beaten Down by Rains.

Severe storms often beat down the straw of wheat and other grains before the crop has matured enough to harvest. In most cases a better result will be had if such pieces are cut as soon as possible after the storm. The material in the stalk will go into the grain, and if the stalk is much bent little more sap will come from the root. In fact, the grain beaten down is almost sure to be attacked by rust, which will destroy most of the juices in the stalk and prevent the grain from filling as it should. When grain is cut early its stalk gradually dries up, leaving no chance for the rust fungus to get a lodgment in it.

Watering Cabbage.

The broad leaves of cabbage evaporate water very fast, and like other leaves, they probably take carbonic acid gas from the air and store it in the cabbage head. They require a great deal of water, and it is a great help to their growth in a dry time if soil is dug away from their roots, and water in which some fermented stable manure has been dissolved is poured in the hole. Then replace the soil that has been taken out. This will leave a dry surface and prevent evaporation. The cabbage will also grow faster than if the manure water is poured on the surface soil around the plant.

Cows in Orchards.

After apples set cows ought not to be allowed to run in orchards. More or less of the fruit is sure to fall, and though it is green and bitter, cows will eat it greedily. Whenever a violent storm comes, the ground will be covered with apples, and cows will eat many times too much for them. There is nothing better calculated to dry off a cow than allowing her to eat freely of green apples.

Fear Fear.

It is known that pear scab differs from apple scab in some particulars. Some claim that these differences are so small as not to denote that the fungi are distinct. If they are proved to be, it follows that pear scab cannot spread to the apple, nor apple scab to the pear. Whether or not the fungi are distinct species is what the scientists are trying hard to determine.

Hot Water for Borers.

When borers have made their way into trees, some hot water, as hot as can well be borne by the hand, injected into the holes they have made, will destroy them, and will not injure the tree. With a syringe and flexible rubber tube with a small nozzle, enough water should be forced up to make sure that the borer is killed. All insects can be killed by applying water to them at a temperature not high enough to be injurious to vegetation.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Jokelets that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born—Sayings and Doings that Are Odd, Curious and Laughable—The Week's Humor.

Satisfactory.

Her father—Young man, I fear you are making a mistake. My daughter will not get a cent from me until after my death.

Her father—Oh, that doesn't worry me in the least. I have saved enough to keep us for a couple of years.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

He Was No Fisherman.

Bobber—It's too bad that George Washington never knew the serene contentment that can come only to the man who manipulates rod and line.

Angleson—How do you know he never did?

Bobber—He never told a lie.

He Had Proof.

Her father—No, I can't consent to let you have my daughter.

Sutor—May I ask why? Is it anything you have against me personally?

Her father—No, I like you all right, as far as that's concerned, but you don't really love each other.

Sutor—I assure you—

Her father—No, I'm not mistaken. My gas bills have been nearly twice as high during the past three months as they were while she was engaged to young Worthey.

Faithless Tommy Atkins.

Sarah—Just fancy the corporal a-givin' up Mary for that old cook; she's old enough to be his mother.

Tommy—Yes, my dear, but look at the wages! Why, Mary didn't earn enough to keep 'im in smoke!—*Ally Sloper.*

Lacked Originality.

He—And am I really and truly the first man you ever kissed?

She—Why, of course, you are, stupid.

He—Stupid! Why do you call me that?

She—Because you are not original. At least a dozen men have asked me the very same question.

A Matter of Words.

"What a pushing fellow that young Migley is! Six years ago he was a waiter in a cheap restaurant. To-day he has a government job that pays him \$7,000 a year."

"Pushing, did you say? You've got the wrong word. Pulling is what you mean."

Rising to an Occasion.

Mrs. Younglove—John, do you know that you haven't kissed me for a week?

Mr. Younglove—Yes, darling, I was just waiting to see how long it would take you to notice it.

John, it will be observed, had his presence of mind with him.—*Cleveland Leader.*

He Was Too Hasty.

"Why is it," he asked, "that beautiful women are always the most stupid?"

"Sir," she replied, "any I understand that you desire to cast reflections upon my mental capacity?"

"Oh, no," he hurriedly returned; "I have always said that you were one of the brightest girls I ever—"

But he didn't finish. Before he could do so he realized that he had said the wrong thing and could never make it right.

As to His Health.

"You may as well understand, young man," said the old gentleman, "that my daughter will not get a cent until after my death."

"Oh, that's all right," replied the young man cheerfully. "I have already consulted your family physician."

A Sure Sign.

Smith—Brown is evidently financially embarrassed.

Jones—Why do you think so?

Smith—He is beginning to live extravagantly and dresses better than formerly.

Thoughtful.

"No, dearest, it would not be at all right to take dolls to church."

"But, mamma, dear, it would not matter if I only took the one who shuts her eyes, would it?"—*New York News.*

The Fall in Temperature.

"Ah!" he cried, "yesterday you welcomed me warmly. To-day you receive me coldly. What is the cause of this sudden change?"

"Don't you read the papers?" she calmly replied. "My father has just inherited a cool million."

They Can't Help It.

The Spaniards have made one declaration regarding the war that they are going to fulfill.

"What's that?"

"They have said all along that they would fight to the bitter end, and it's bound to be that way now, no matter when it comes."

So They Say.

"I have read somewhere that Admiral Cervera and his men hadn't any clothes on to speak of when they surrendered."

"Yes; that's so. In addition to knocking the spots off them, Schley's men scared them out of their breeches."

By Proxy.

"Marmaduke! Marmaduke! what are you doing?"

"Away, frail woman! I am going to shoot myself!"—*Ally Sloper.*

Concrete Meanness.

Mr. Spinkum—Ah, this reminds me of the pie my dear mother used to make.

Mrs. Spinkum—Oh, Alfred, you don't know how glad I am to hear you say that!

Mr. Spinkum—It's so different, you know, dear.

Plenty of Ability.

Anxious mother—How is it that you have so much trouble with your house-keeping? You told me your wife could cook.

Adult son—She can.

"Then what is the matter?"

"She won't."—*New York Weekly.*

And There Are Others.

Jack—Supposing I were to place my arm around your waist and steal a kiss, would you be very angry?

Maud—Indeed I would—that is, if it went no further than a case of supposition.

Must Be a President.

"Do you know when old Gotrox first came here he was too poor to buy a ticket and had to walk."

"Yes, and now he's too rich to buy a ticket and has to ride on a pass."—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

Running a Kith.

Fuddy—Kwiterful, they say, is married again. This is his fourth wife.

Duddy—Kwiterful, better be careful. He'll get caught some day.

Fuddy—Get caught?

Duddy—Yes; he'll marry a woman who will live.—*Boston Transcript.*

Making Use of Them.

Bookkeeper—Here's another bill from your tailor, sir.

De Broke—Ah, yes. Save them until you have a hundred, and I'll have them bound.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Distance Lends Safety.

Farmer Scroggs—It's too bad that there is war in Cuba.

Farmer Hayrick—Gosh! Would you want it here?

Farmer Scroggs—Wal, if it was here we'd be able to catch them sooner before they get to our whoppers they'll tell when their war's over.—*New York Evening Journal.*

An Unterrified Lovely Girl.

A lovely girl was caught by her aunt while indulging in a surreptitious cigarette.

"My dear," said the horrified aunt, "do you know that every time you smoke one of those beastly things you drive a nail in your coffin?"

"No, auntie, dear," said the lovely girl, "you are wrong. A woman can't drive a nail."—*What to Eat.*

The Patriotic Retort.

Herbert—I say, old man, don't you remember that you borrowed \$20 from me several months ago?

Samsby—Forget that, my boy. Remember the Malméi—Philadelphia North American.

Willing to Compromise.

Quick Drop Dan—Sorry, ma'am, but the boys has lynched your husband by mistake. However, they're all willing to do the fair thing by you.

Widow—Well, one of them will have to marry me.

Quick Drop Dan (after a pause)—Say! 'Sposin' you lynch one 'nd calls it squar.—*New York Evening Journal.*

Russia's Military Strength.

Following the visit of their president to Russia the French papers have been instructing their readers on the forces possessed by that country. The Army and Navy Gazette of London extracts from one of the most widely read of these some interesting particulars. The Russian army, founded by a ukase of 1870 on universal liability to service, can draw upon annual recruiting lists of something like 750,000 in Europe and 140,000 in Asia, but in time of peace many cases of exemption are admitted, and only about a quarter of the above numbers, or some 220,000 in all, are called out. The liability is for twenty years' service, commencing at the age of 21. Of this period five years have to be passed with the colors, but this may be reduced to four for men of better education than the average, and even to three and two for young men joining direct from the secondary and superior schools.

How a man whose collar wits in fifteen minutes, hates a man who always looks cool.

Cigarettes get blamed for lots of ills that are due to love affairs.



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An Unterrified Lovely Girl.

A lovely girl was caught by her aunt while indulging in a surreptitious cigarette.

"My dear," said the horrified aunt, "do you know that every time you smoke one of those beastly things you drive a nail in your coffin?"

"No, auntie, dear," said the lovely girl, "you are wrong. A woman can't drive a nail."—*What to Eat.*

The Patriotic Retort.

Herbert—I say, old man, don't you remember that you borrowed \$20 from me several months ago?

Samsby—Forget that, my boy. Remember the Malméi—Philadelphia North American.

Willing to Compromise.

Quick Drop Dan—Sorry, ma'am, but the boys has lynched your husband by mistake. However, they're all willing to do the fair thing by you.

Widow—Well, one of them will have to marry me.

Quick Drop Dan (after a pause)—Say! 'Sposin' you lynch one 'nd calls it squar.—*New York Evening Journal.*

Russia's Military Strength.

Following the visit of their president to Russia the French papers have been instructing their readers on the forces possessed by that country. The Army and Navy Gazette of London extracts from one of the most widely read of these some interesting particulars. The Russian army, founded by a ukase of 1870 on universal liability to service, can draw upon annual recruiting lists of something like 750,000 in Europe and 140,000 in Asia, but in time of peace many cases of exemption are admitted, and only about a quarter of the above numbers, or some 220,000 in all, are called out. The liability is for twenty years' service, commencing at the age of 21. Of this period five years have to be passed with the colors, but this may be reduced to four for men of better education than the average, and even to three and two for young men joining direct from the secondary and superior schools.

How a man whose collar wits in fifteen minutes, hates a man who always looks cool.

Cigarettes get blamed for lots of ills that are due to love affairs.

They Can't Help It.

The Spaniards have made one declaration regarding the war that they are going to fulfill.

"What's that?"

"They have said all along that they would fight to the bitter end, and it's bound to be that way now, no matter when