



WHAT A WOMAN CAN DO.

I DO believe that my uncle is the most selfish man who ever lived!" exclaimed Bob Curzon. "What has he done now, dear?" inquired Cleely, who was not unaccustomed to hear condemnatory remarks respecting that gentleman. "Why, in the first place, darling, as you are only too well aware," replied Bob, "he refused his consent to our being married on the score of my youth."

escent, I can tell him who I am." "What would be the good of that?" asked Bob. "Why, of course, dear, he would be so grateful that he would at once give his consent to our being married."

Major Mainwaring was what is known as a confirmed bachelor. When Jabez introduced the young nurse, who had come to him on the recommendation of his nephew, his first muttered remark was: "I hope to goodness she won't start tidying things up."

Only one who has been left to the tender mercies of a soldier servant for nearly a week can imagine the difference which a couple of days made, not only in the Major's room, but in the Major, and nobody was more surprised than that gentleman himself when he found how much "the woman's tricks," as he somewhat contemptuously expressed it, added to his comfort.

Cleely had her surprise also, for instead of a worn-out, decrepit old man, such as she had expected to find her lover's uncle, she discovered that he was a handsome man in the prime of life, and though he was evidently suffering intense pain from his fractures and contusions, yet he bore it nearly as uncomplainingly as a woman would have done.

"What has he done, then?" inquired Cleely, endeavoring to conceal the agitation which she felt. "The young vagabond is a medical student at St. George's; but, of course, you are aware of that, as he sent you down here—the only good turn he has even done me in his life, by-the-by—and I have always made him a generous allowance. In addition to this, I have paid his debts twice. And now he writes to say that unless he has a certain sum by to-morrow morning to pay his 'debts of honor,' as he terms them, he will be ruined for life. Now, I have made up my mind not to let him have any more money beyond his income, and I want you to write and tell him that as he has broken his word of honor, when he promised me on the last occasion not to gamble again, I must decline to have anything to do with his debts of honor."

"What have you been thinking about?" demurely asked the pretty nurse. "I have been wondering what or earth I shall do when you leave me and go back to town." "Just what you did before I came, I suppose," replied the young lady, indently regarding the binding of the book she was holding in her lap. "No, I can never do that," said the Major. "When I was a young man, Cleely, I was very fond of a girl; in fact, we were going to be married, but the week before she was to have become my wife she ran away with a friend of mine, a lieutenant in the same regiment as myself. Since then I have had a somewhat bad opinion of women, and you must acknowledge with reason, but you have altered all that, Cleely."

"How—er—in what way, Major Mainwaring?" faltered Cleely, growing rapidly "red as a rose." "Why, I can see that though there are bad women in the world, there are also good ones, and the man who manages to get hold of a good one for his wife, cannot obtain a greater treasure, and I'm going to ask you if you will be my treasure?" "But, Major Mainwaring, I am only a nurse—a hospital nurse—what will your friends say?"

"My dearest girl, you have saved my life, and in my opinion you possess all the graces and virtues that a woman ought to have. If I marry a girl, I do it to consult my own happiness, not that of my friends. I know I am twice your age, but in spite of that, I am a young man still; now say, dear, will you marry me?" "Are you sure you love me?" asked Cleely, in a low voice. "That you are not asking me to be your wife out of gratitude?" "Cleely!" cried the Major. "I cannot take you in my arms, as you well know, or I shall upset this compound fracture, but come here! come here at once, and look in my eyes. Now do you think I love you, and will you be my wife?"

Cleely beheld such a fire of love in those honest brown eyes that she felt compelled to hide her own, but as she endeavored to conceal her blushing face, he heard her whisper something which, in spite of commingled, compound fractures, dislocations, and such other evils as attend a hunting man who "comes a cropper," compelled him to place his arms around her, and raise her head until her sweet red lips were available for kissing purposes.

"My Dear Robert: I was married to your uncle Richard yesterday, and we leave here for the south of France to-morrow. I did not find what you represented; in fact, quite the contrary. When I tell you that I have persuaded your uncle to increase your allowance I feel sure that you will not regret my signing myself your affectionate aunt, "CICELY MAINWARING."

"By Jove!" exclaimed Bob, as he tore the above letter into little pieces, "it's wonderful what a woman can do."—Chicago Tribune.

AMERICA'S NATIONAL GUARD. The Several State Organizations Constitute an Army. The National Guard organizations of the several States of the Union form the nucleus of the fighting force that this nation would put on the field should a war arise. The aggregate strength of these bodies is about 175,000 men, of whom about 110,000 are infantry. Of this whole number, 95 per cent. are prepared to do active service on one day's notice.



Guard and a favor to be admitted to it, and, consequently, the rank and file are selected men, the very flower of the youth of America. No one is enlisted who cannot pass a severe medical examination, or who is not acceptable as a companion and friend to his future comrades; and while a captain has a legal right to enlist any man, subject to the approval of the colonel and surgeon, he seldom exercises this right without unofficially consulting his men.

So great is the conservatism and exclusiveness in some regiments that members are actually selected, precisely as they would be elected by a club, and four or five black balls will exclude a recruit. The term in this country is not "an officer and a gentleman"—as in Europe, but "a soldier and a gentleman"—by the term "gentleman" being meant not a person who is not in trade, but a person with the manners and feelings of a gentleman, and no one who is likely to disgrace the Guard is admitted. If a mistake is made the man is expelled, as from a club, and expulsion is a disgrace keenly felt.

The armories of the Guard are, in many places, very magnificent and costly structures, equipped with all the conveniences of a gymnasium and a club house. In the Greater New York alone, \$8,000,000 have been expended on armories, and the famous Seventh owns a million-dollar structure. In Boston, the new armory of the First corps, Cadets, on Columbus avenue, is one of the finest buildings in that city; and in the West the armories are among the most important structures in large cities.



There was a time not so long ago, when Americans were the poorest shots in the world. A soldier of the civil war period shot away 300 pounds of lead before he shot his man. But during the last ten years there has been a most remarkable revival of interest in rifle practice in the United States. In New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Massachusetts, Wisconsin, and other States nearly every infantry and cavalry officer and man is a marksman, who has won the State decoration at the short ranges. And the sharpshooters and experts who have qualified at the long ranges are numbered by the thousand. When the new rifle, already issued to the army, is also issued to the Guard, the Americans will be almost as formidable antagonists as the Boers, or the Kentucky riflemen who defeated the best troops of Europe at New Orleans.

When that result is attained, they will be brave men, indeed, who can stand before an equal force of Americans.

LIVED ON MILK. Contracted the Concentrated Lye Habit in infancy. Man doth not live by bread only—Deut. viii. 3. That is as true as the gospel from which it is taken.

Man doth not live by bread only—Deut. viii. 3. That is as true as the gospel from which it is taken. Man lives for the most part on whatever he can get hold of, the flesh of bird, beast and insects, the animal and vegetable kingdom are ransacked to tickle his palate, and the clayeyaters of the Carolinas even tackle the mineral kingdom in search of sustenance. But man does not live on bread alone, as on milk alone, and this publicizing brought to the front Mr. W. F. Kitzele of Burlington, Iowa, whose picture accompanies this article, who offers himself as an "awful example" of the nutritive properties of the juice of the cow. Mr. Kitzele has subsisted on milk for the last twenty-five years right along. Mr. Kitzele has not only demonstrated that man can live on milk alone, but he has solved the problem of cheap living. He pays 5 cents a quart for his milk, and as he lives on three quarts a day he can live on 15 cents a day, \$4.50 a week, or \$57.00 a year.



Mr. Kitzele has not always lived on milk. Twenty-five years ago, when he was an irresponsible infant, he drank concentrated lye—not as a steady habit, but just once. In the words of the song, "Once was enough for him." He gave up lye and took to milk as a more soothing if less exciting beverage. Ever since Mr. Kitzele filled up on lye he has been unable to eat solid food. Occasionally he has tried to do so, but with most uncomfortable results. Whenever he has succeeded in swallowing the smallest piece of meat or other solid food he has been unable to take a drink of water until the offending morsel was ejected. He had not experimented for a long time now.

Stopping a Leak in a Boat. In the narrative of his journey to Burmah, Captain Gill, R. E., incidentally gives some scraps of information that may be found practically useful. In one of his stories, says Harper's Round Table, he describes the way in which a leak was stopped in a junk which met with a mishap while sailing up the Yang-tze river.

The minor tactics of the Americans are borrowed from the Indians whom their forefathers fought. The Americans in battle never advance in masses, allowing themselves to become a target for the sake of sentiment; but line after line of skirmishers come creeping towards the enemy, hiding behind trees, rocks, or hillocks, and enveloping the enemy's flanks like a swarm of angry hornets, infuriating him because he cannot reply to unseen sharpshooters whose bullets are decimating his men. Only at the last does the reserve and support come up, and a force in close order reveal itself. This sort of fighting, it will be seen, throws great responsibility upon individual riflemen, and every effort is being made to make every American soldier a sharpshooter.

ARMORY OF FIRST CORPS, CADETS, BOSTON.

Curious Dinner at Jericho. An American traveling in Jerusalem describes an interesting dinner he ate recently at a hotel in Jericho. "We sat on the porch of the hotel at Jericho," he wrote, "after a dinner at which we were served with butter from Norway, cheese from Switzerland, marmalade from London, wine from Jerusalem diluted with water from the well of Bethesda, raisins from Ramoth Gilead, oranges from Jericho (in no respect inferior to those from Jaffa or the Indian river, Florida), smoking Turkish tobacco, which, like the Turkish empire, is inferior to its reputation, and a cup of coffee from—the corner grocery of Jericho."