

HOUSEHOLD.

UTILIZING LEFT OVERS.

Meat Cheese.—Boil meat scraps no matter how many different kinds, until soft enough to mash to a pulp. Add salt, pepper, a dash of nutmeg, powdered sage and onion juice. A pinch of ground cloves may be added, and ground caraway or celery seed, if desired. Mix meat and seasoning together, press into a dish, put a plate on top and then place a heavy weight on this. Let stand till cold. This is nice for sandwiches, or cut in thin slices and served with bread and butter for supper. Ripe or green tomato ketchup makes a nice relish.

Mock Chicken Salad.—Mince cold boiled pork, removing most of the fat; for every cup of meat, add ½ cup minced raw cabbage and ½ cup minced celery, and 1 small minced onion. Mix salt to taste, and pour over any good salad dressing desired. Garnish with the tender leaves of the celery and small cucumber pickles.

Rice and Meat.—Boil 1 cup rice in 2 qts water till tender. Drain off the water and add large pt meat (any kind) finely minced, 1 cup tomato sauce, small onion minced fine, salt and pepper to taste. Add a little gravy or stock, mix all together, turn into a baking-dish and bake half an hour.

Another appetizing dish is prepared as follows:—Cut cold beef in nice even slices, removing all the fat and gristle. Put into a saucepan 1 glass tart red jelly, 1 tablespoon lemon juice or 2 of good vinegar, 2 tablespoons hot water, 1 tablespoon prepared mustard and a little salt. Melt together over the fire, stirring all the while. When it begins to simmer, put in the slices of meat carefully, removing all the fat and gristle. Now lift out the meat, arrange on a platter, pour over the liquid and serve.

Sweet Potatoes with Meat.—Peel cold boiled or baked sweet potatoes and mash them. For every 1 pt potato, add 1 beaten egg, and ½ cup sweet milk, in which has been dissolved 1 heaping teaspoon of cornstarch. Add 1 cup cold milk, 1 minced onion, a little pepper, and a piece of butter (melted). Warm the mixture a little while stirring together, adding a little salt if needed. Drop in spoonfuls on a well greased frying pan; when brown, turn and let brown on the other side.

Fried corn bread is a favorite dish in our households. Cut cold corn bread in the usual manner; split each piece through the center and place in a well buttered frying pan, cut side down. Cover and let fry until well heated through and slightly browned. Serve at once, with syrup or fruit sauce.

Swiss Meat Cakes.—Chop cold meat of any kind quite fine, and for every cup of meat add 1 beaten egg, ½ cup chopped raisins, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, a little grated peel, nutmeg, cloves and cinnamon to taste. Now add a little salt, and 1 tablespoon sugar. Mix all together and let stand until a batter has been prepared, or this, take 2 cups flour, 3 eggs, 1 pt sweet milk, 1 level teaspoon salt and 1 heaping teaspoon baking powder. Have the batter mixed well, then fry the same as griddlecakes in plenty of fat. Two batter cakes must be fried for every meat cake. Fry one and lay it on a plate and set in the oven while the second is being fried. After this one has been turned, spread a spoonful or two of the prepared meat over it, press the other cake lightly over this and let remain a moment longer. When done, place each cake as baked on a separate plate, and keep warm till served. Two spoonfuls of batter for each cake will be right.

PLUCK.

The heart, liver and lights in a pig are called the pluck. In the country this can be bought for a few cents and the various ways of cooking it makes it desirable for home serving.

Where a family does not like the lights, these are chopped and fed to the hens. A palatable dish can be made of the chopped lights by putting it in layers with bread crumbs in a baking dish, and season with salt, pepper and onion. Moisten with water or tomato juice and bake half an hour.

While the most common way of cooking the heart is by frying, to boil it makes it much more tender, and when thus cooked it is fine for sandwiches in the lunch boxes for school or shop. For home, serve it hot with the liquid it was boiled in thickened with rice and turned over it on the platter. Another good way is to stuff and bake it in a double pan. This keeps the steam in, making the heart a dainty relish.

Nearly everyone prefers the liver fried to a turn in deep fat. The salt in butter hardens it. Salt when partly cooked. Lay the liver into the smoking fat and slowly fry until well done. Test it by cutting a piece with the knife. It is very nice boiled or baked half an hour and served with drawn butter.

Liver croquettes is another way of thinking are nice than fishballs. Mix chopped liver and mashed potatoes half and half together, form into balls, dip into eggs, roll in cracker crumbs, and fry brown. Garnish this with lettuce or parsley.

THE CARE OF LAMPS.

As a general thing, as much wit goes to the care of lamps as to the boiling of eggs. In the first place, they should receive due attention every day. Leave their large silk or paper shades in the parlor or living room, except when it is necessary to take them out of doors to use a fine

hair brush for cleaning the dust from their folds or flutings. Carry the lamps to the kitchen and set them down upon double folded newspapers. If they have porcelain shades, wipe these as you take them off, and set aside with the chimneys. Should they need washing, put them into a basin of hot water, which you have softened with a little ammonia or borax. Don't use soap, as it is apt to make them cloudy. This done, turn up the wicks of the lamps and with a bit of stick or a match scrape off the charred edges. Do not cut them unless the wick is very uneven. Remove the rims that surround the burners, and wipe them off with the old flannel or soft cloth you reserve for your lamps.

Now fill the lamps, and do it carefully to avoid an overflow. The best plan is to keep a small funnel with the oil can, and inserting the point of the tube in the opening provided for filling in the side of the lamp, to pour cautiously until the reservoir is full. The lamps that are made with reservoirs which fit into cover jars are decidedly the easiest to fill. Whatever kind you use, wipe the outside of the reservoir after you have filled and closed them, the persistently percolating oil may have no unnecessary encouragement to exude. Be very sure no drops of oil have trickled down upon the outside of the lamps, to make their way to the bottom rim or feet and leave a greasy place on stand or shelf. Give a final rub to the outside of each lamp, replace rim, chimney and shade.

Sometimes it will be necessary to give the lamp a thorough washing in hot water and ammonia. Nothing but a free use of a powerful alkali will remove the clinging grease. When a lamp burner is clogged and gives a poor light, boil it for an hour in water with a lump of washing soda or a little borax.

UMBRELLA MENDING.

When tiny worm spots come to light in a favorite black or dark colored silk umbrella, they can be mended neatly by covering the place with black silk courtplaster. Cut the plaster in little round pieces slightly larger than the holes to be mended, and apply on the inside of the open cover. If the umbrella is saturated in a heavy shower the courtplaster must be applied once more. Incidentally, it is allowing an umbrella to dry while it is closed and lie away in the folds which causes these tiny cracks and holes in the cover.

A still better way to mend these worm places, if one cares to take the extra trouble, is to darken with black ink a glue which you know will defy moisture. Only a small quantity need be darkened. Apply this in a thin coat to some black silk cut out quite a little larger than is necessary for the courtplaster. Apply on the inside of the umbrella with the umbrella open, and set it aside, still open, to dry in this way. You can make an umbrella last much longer than if the holes are neglected.

It certainly proves economical to purchase a good umbrella with a quite natural wood handle, whose appearance is always dainty and refined, for the cover can be renewed for one dollar, a good frame and handle outwearing many covers.

CARE OF WINDOW SHADES.

During the day window shades are usually kept rolled up. Dust accumulates on the top of the roll, and when drawn in the evening light colored shades show a dark streak across the middle. Although dusted frequently, in a short time the streak persistently adheres. Use a fine white scouring soap. Take a clean white cloth, rub on the dry soap and then on the shade, a small part at a time, always using a clean place in the cloth as soon as a sign of soil makes its appearance. Use no moisture.

NO OPEN POLAR SEA.

Both Peary and Baldwin, who recently returned with their expeditions from the arctic regions, have remarked to interviewers that, in their opinion, there is no open polar sea. It seems certain that the north pole of the earth is situated in the midst of an ocean, which, although not eternally frozen, is practically always covered with ice. Neither of these explorers think it an impossibility that the pole should be reached. Peary believes it can be reached on sledges by an adequately equipped expedition starting from winter quarters in 83 degrees north latitude.

BILLION AND TRILLION.

There are two systems of numeration in use at the present day, commonly called the English and the French systems. In the former the billion is a million of millions; a trillion a million of billions, and each denomination is a million times the one preceding. In the latter the billion is a thousand millions, and each denomination is a thousand times the preceding. Therefore, according to the English notation, a trillion is the product of a million involved to the third power, or the number represented by a unit with 18 ciphers annexed; according to the French notation the number expressed by a unit with 12 ciphers attached. A billion according to the French method is the number represented by a unit with 9 ciphers, and according to the English method with 12 ciphers annexed.

PROVIDING FOR THE CATS.

The old Parisian lady who left £12 a year for the maintenance of her cat is not the only maid in recent years who has made testamentary provision for her feline pets. Much more elaborate provisions were contained in the will of an old lady, Miss Charlotte Rose Raine, who died some eight years ago. She gave her "dear old white puss Titians" and three other cats to a lady friend, and directed her executors to pay this lady £12 a

year for the maintenance of each cat so long as it should live. Having given several other cats to other persons on similar terms, she instructed the remainder of her pusses to the lady to whom "dear old Titians" had been given, and directed her executors to pay this guardian of her pets £150 a year for their maintenance so long as any of them should live; "but this," added the careful testatrix, "is not to extend to kittens afterwards born."

Paid For It.

A kind hearted Washington woman paid a visit to New Orleans while the shipping season on the river was at its height, and as the loading or unloading of a big river boat is one of the most interesting things imaginable to watch she went one day to the levee where a steamboat, one of the largest afloat, was discharging its cargo. The mate of the vessel stood at the gangplank and directed the operations of the negro roustabouts. He was loud voiced, as a mate should be, and he belted and roared and swore and now and then whacked some unusually slow or stupid negro with a spar. One negro received so many blows that the Washington woman's sympathies were aroused. When she could endure the mate's brutality toward him no longer, she walked over to where the negro stood and spoke to him. "Why do you allow that man to strike you and curse you as he does?" she asked. The negro looked at her in surprise and then showed all his teeth in a grin. "Law, miss," said he, chuckling, "I don't mind him. He's paid for doin' that, same as I've paid for doin' this."

The Use of English.

Ruskin has said somewhere in the "Fors Clavigera" that extreme nicety in pronunciation and the use of words is vulgarity. There can be no doubt of it. At any rate, to prefer a fine word to a plain one or common one and to say what you have to say in a so-called fine style rather than in a natural style is a sure sign of small culture and of no taste at all. If a speaker or a writer is up to his work, he will trust for his effects to his clearness of thought, strength of argument, force of imagination and power to use the English language easily, directly and with common sense correctness. Grammar, diction and style are the three things which make the difference between good writing and bad. The grammar of the language must of course be adhered to, but adhered to not in the way in which a servant obeys orders by doing simply as he is told, but as a man who knows in himself what he has to do.

Care of Puppies.

Puppies after weaning will keep strong and healthy and will grow fast if fed only on fresh buttermilk and corn bread, with soup instead of the buttermilk twice a week, till they are five or six months old. Do not feed them sweet milk. Keep the puppies where they can get plenty of exercise. Do not crowd them. Arrange their kennels so that they can go in and out of their sleeping quarters. If fed in the same vessels, some dogs get more than their fair share of food and lose their manners also. Fasten a number of chains where they eat at such distances that no one can reach the other; then feed in individual pans. Give the medicine and plenty of exercise, and you will then have strong, healthy dogs. An hour's run every day in the year in the fields and woods, weather permitting, is essential to good health.—Outing.

Suffering Souls the Temper.

"In all my experience as a physician," said Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, the nerve specialist, in a lecture, "I have not seen more than a dozen men or women who have been improved morally by long continued suffering. Acute illness and illness which brings the patient close to death often has a beneficial effect upon the disposition, but I cannot agree with the assertion which we frequently hear made in the pulpit that suffering is usually the means of refining. I have seen a few isolated cases in which this was so, but it is not the rule by any means. The chronic invalid is almost invariably selfish and peevish, and it is a hard task to find a nurse who can stand the strain of such a service."

Mrs. Winkler—"Did you ever see how all the necessities of life have gone up?" Winkler—"No, they haven't all gone up." "Well, I should like to have you mention one thing that hasn't gone up." "Certainly. My salary."

Mr. Blank—"I was rather amused to hear the children gossiping about their little playmates." Mrs. Blank—"The little dears! If they only keep on, how they will shine in polite society when they grow up!"

"To what do you attribute the curative properties of your springs?" asked a visitor at a health resort. "Well," answered the proprietor, thoughtfully, "I guess the advertising I've done has had something to do with it."

A man who recently died in Bedford, England, boasted that he had spent no fewer than 101 consecutive Christmases in gaol. He had a record of 51 convictions in 50 years.

The Millionaire—"Is your friend very rich?" Doctor—"Not so very; just comfortably rich, you know." The Millionaire (with a sigh)—"Comfortably rich, eh? Well, I wish I was that rich."

Suspicious Tailor—"There, stand in that position, please, and look straight at that notice while I take your measure." Customer reads the notice: "Terms cash."

Boulter's Guests

"Boulter! Boulter! you've proved yourself a man at last. Why, I declare it's the best idea you've had in that head of yours for years. You cannot imagine the enormous possibilities which chance has thrown in our way by your suggestion."

"Yes, I can," muttered Boulter, laconically.

"But, my dear, think of it! Here you are now, James Henry Boulter, provision merchant and agent for imported eggs, at the age of forty-five, worth thousands and thousands of pounds, with a daughter as nice looking as her—"

"Go on, stow it, miss," said Boulter, irritably. "You don't want to dwell so much on her father's good looks; it's no fault of mine."

"No, dear, it ain't," replied the better half, good-naturedly; "but, you see, when you comes out with that big idea of yours about advertising them Coronation seats, me heart gives a sort of flutter like, and I says, 'Howed if Boulter ain't a genius; he ought to be a millionaire!'"

"Not so much of it, Martha. Let's work the thing through again, seeing as how for once you've given way to my superior wisdom," and Boulter stuck his fat, bejeweled hands into his waistcoat pockets, from which dangled a massive gold chain adorned with an enormous seal large enough to grace a company's charter, and put on a look that would have turned Solomon green with envy.

"As you say, my dear," he went on, "here am I, James Henry Boulter, with a large city business, a good banking account, a marriageable daughter, a well-established household, and a large place standing slap-bang on the Coronation route. Wouldn't it be folly to throw away such a chance? Why, this splendid view which we command would be of little value were it not for the grand thought of James Henry, and it is simply this. We stick a notice in all the big society and other papers to the effect, 'that James Henry Boulter, Esq., will 'ave great pleasure in placing at the command of a few select gentlemen of society seats at his residence for viewing the Coronation procession.' They'll come like a flock of bees, Martha, mark me if they don't, when they see they 'aven't got to stump down five guineas; and then who knows but what after that yer daughter might wear a coronet?"

"Oh, Lor! Boulter, didn't I say as 'ow you always was a genius?" exclaimed Mrs. B., rapturously.

"Of course I am, or 'ow do yer think I could 'ave got together a fine place like this, as his eyes traveled rapidly round the sumptuously-appointed room.

"You see, Martha, that ad. will bring a lot of poor young lords and such like with their friends down here for the Coronation procession, and we'd be poor hands at fixing matters up if we couldn't make some arrangement between a young aristocrat and our Bessie. Don't you grasp it?" and he prodded her affectionately in the side as he spoke.

"Yes, Boulter, that I do; but it nearly took my breath away only to think about it. Imagine our Bessie the wife of a real live duke! Oh, Boulter, you're a marvel! At which eulogistic remark the well-to-do provision merchant felt highly complimented, and went to the front of his house in a high state of satisfaction to superintend the decorations.

It was a great, a worthy, a noble idea, thought Boulter, and he determined to make his appearance, to dazzle him by a display of his worldly possessions, fondly dreaming that this would largely assist in the acquisition of a handle to his daughter's name. Accordingly, a few days later, the agree-upon notice was inserted in the papers, and many said rude things, yet Boulter was happy, especially as the daring announcement had, through its attraction, largely increased the demand for bacon, sugar, and eggs.

For some time Boulter anxiously awaited the result of his plan, fully expecting to be inundated by applications for the free seats from many of the "upper ten," but as day succeeded day and no news of an earl's or a duke's acceptance came, the disappointed look settled on the provision merchant's face, and it really seemed as if the fifty or more pounds which he had expended in having his house decorated had been spent in vain.

But at last, one morning, to Boulter's unbounded joy and delight, he espied among his voluminous correspondence the distinguishing mark of a scion of some noble house. With trembling hand he picked up the envelope, glanced rapidly at the coronet on the flap, and hastily reached for the key of a knife, but, unfortunately, only succeeded in upsetting over his trousers a cup of steaming coffee.

"Well," put in Mrs. Boulter, "is that what you think you ought to do when you get letters from aristocrats?"

Boulter took no notice, but went on with his unparliamentary ejaculations till he started again to attack the all-important missive; while Miss Bessie and Mrs. B. looked on with undisguised happiness.

"Oh! ma, won't it be glorious?" Fanny, my having that on my carriage," as she pointed dramatically to the emblazoned paper.

"Yes, it's only fancy at present," growled Boulter, without looking up. After some moments of breathless silence, during which mother and daughter eyed each other with glances of mingled apprehension and fear, Boulter calmly folded the paper, put it back in its envelope, and

forcing himself to a steady ignorance of the matter, authoritatively called for more coffee.

"What is the news?" inquired Mrs. Boulter.

"My dear," replied Boulter, fixing her with his eye, and inserting his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat, "the Earl of Dartmoor will be here on Friday, so see that everything is in readiness for his coming. He is bringing two friends, and his letter seems to indicate that they too are men of position, but—confound it, why don't you give me some more coffee?" And having delivered himself thus Boulter fell into a rapturous silence, from which no amount of feminine interrogation could draw him. He had already conjured up visions of the gaudy carriages and chests and put in earl's paying attention to his daughter; he even went so far as to select in his mind what amount he should bestow on her as a wedding gift.

A stony silence ensued during the remainder of the meal, after which Boulter pompously sallied forth to rearrange the portraits in oils that hung in the hall, for he had a large house and peevish in doing things in style. Without exception these had all been under the auctioneer's hammer, but it was Boulter's idea to hang them in chronological order, and give to each some little bit of family history, of which the following is a sample.

"Now you," he said, addressing the portrait of a fine, aristocratic-looking man dressed in the fashion of the Elizabethan period, "you are the first baronet, Sir Thomas Boulter, raised to that dignity by Queen Elizabeth." Poor Boulter had let his education slip so far as to forget that baronets were first created in the reign of James I., but that he would of course regard as a mere detail. So on along the line he went until "the baronetcy became extinct"—a fine phrase that, he thought—but he did not endeavor to show in what relation he himself stood to his mural ancestors.

In the other departments of the Boulter establishment things progressed on a proportionate scale; the "family plate," for which Boulter had paid between two and three hundred pounds, was brought down from boxes and chests and put in such a condition as would best fit its meeting with an earl.

The eventful day drew quickly near, and Boulter's spirits rose accordingly, even to such a degree that in one particular case, when a traveler called upon him, he produced his clear case and asked the traveler in question to have a smoke. Now, that was a thing Boulter had never been known to do before.

It had occurred to the schemer that perhaps one day would hardly be sufficient to enable the noble earl to make proper advances to his daughter—by-the-by, the thought had never struck him that the titled dignitary might be a married man—so he had determined, provided the visitor fulfilled his expectations, to persuade him to prolong his visit, so with that end in view he had commanded that every preparation be made to ensure the comfort of the distinguished company.

A sumptuous dinner was in progress. The table literally groined under the weight of the viands, and blazed with the magnificence of the costly plate and other valuable appointments of the least. The earl and his two friends had proved most charming, and affable companions, the former regaling the delighted Boulter with glowing descriptions of the ancestral domain, displaying at the same time the most familiar knowledge of his fellow-aristocrats and their doings. But all thoughts unconsciously gave way to the great potentate they had that day witnessed—the Coronation procession.

"Magnificent!" muttered Boulter, vigorously setting to work on the contents of his plate.

"Ahem! decidedly grand, Boulter, old fellow."

They were quite on familiar terms already, "as they should be," Boulter thought.

And so events progressed; the procession was discussed and suggestions made, and all agreed for the hundredth time that it was the finest thing of its kind they had ever seen, until Mrs. Boulter displayed a decided inclination to lapse into the arms of Morpheus, when an announcement was made, Miss Bessie shortly afterwards being engaged in playing the accompaniment to a song which the earl had been pressed to sing. The invitation to stay a day or so, despite strict laws of etiquette, had been warmly received, and ere the day of the Coronation procession closed his lordship and his friends retired to rest hugely pleased with the turn events had taken.

The full glory of a two o'clock moon was stealing through the blinds, casting beams of radiant light across the drawing-room when a silent figure entered, bag in hand. A second later he was joined by another.

"Is that you, Charlie?" inquired the first.

"Yes, my boy. It is I, the Earl of Dartmoor."

"You'll soon be there if you two don't shut up your confounded row," muttered a third, as he stole into the room with his boots in his hands.

"Well," chuckled the earl, softly, "if this isn't the biggest bit of luck I've ever had in my natural, I don't know what is. Here that howling ass of a Boulter swallows my yarn about the earldom, treats us as if we were lords, and then places this opportunity in our way of helping ourselves to his valuables. As if my Johnny couldn't get the die of a coronet made and have a few quires of his note paper stamped with it! Oh! this is sport, and 'my lord' buried his face in his hands, while his sides shook with suppressed laughter.

"Come on, Charlie, it's entirely your suggestion that we should take away a little of that silver, so I suppose we had better begin collecting it, eh?"

"Of course—of course; I, for one,

never thought the acceptance of Boulter's invitation would result in more than three free seats for viewing the procession, but since I've been obliged to give up bank clerk-ing it would be very silly if I wasted a chance of raising myself in the social scale by the acquisition of this world's goods."

Evidently this logic met with unanimous approval, for within the hour quite a nice lot of property had been stowed away in three innocent-looking Gladstones, and three equally innocent-looking gentlemen were ready to start from Boulter's.

"I think we'd better wait a bit longer, Charlie; it might look a bit odd if three of us were seen leaving before it's fairly light. The back door leads out into an alley running in to Seymour street. Let's can go by that, you and I by the front; I've got the key."

In the dull light of an October morning the noble earl and his companion left themselves out at Boulter's front door.

"Charlie!" said one, "have you enjoyed yourself, because I have."

"I believe I have too," the other replied, thoughtfully, a moment, he looked up and said, "I wonder why Boulter made such a fuss of me?"

"I don't know, perhaps he would do so again if you went back in a month's time," came the answer.

"I have no wish to go back to my ancestral domain again," as he shook his head and smiled. "I'm sorry for that bit of his, though. She is a bit of a snorter, she is, and no mistake. But let us be off. There is no room in the burglar's business for sentiment nowadays."

—London Tit-Bits.

BRITISH NAVY REFORMS

TO BE YOUNGER COMMANDING OFFICERS.

Training in Engineering and Additional Qualification of Officers.

For some weeks past there have been rumors and reports of sensational changes imminent in the British navy. It has hitherto been the practice for officers up to commanders' rank to be promoted entirely by selection, while only a certain number of commanders have been promoted to captain's rank in that way. But from the rank of captain to that of admiral officers have hitherto moved up by seniority, and by seniority alone. It has been impossible to promote any captain however able to flag rank before his turn came.

The first and most important of the new changes will be a certain proportion of promotions by selection from captain's rank to flag rank (admirals). This will give the British navy younger commanding officers, a point in which it has of late years fallen much behind Germany.

The second reform, which is of little less importance concerns the engineering branch of the service. Hitherto there have been two distinct classes of officers—executives and engineers. Henceforth there will, if the Admiralty adopts the proposals of its committee, be only one class, and all executive officers will have to undergo a thorough training in engineering.

OFFICERS TO SPECIALIZE.

If the scheme is adopted in the British navy there will be lieutenant commanders, and then lieutenants, lieutenants (torpedo), selected officers will specialize and receive special pay for so doing. All officers, whether for the engineering or executive side of the work, will pass through the same naval school. There will be a great gain in simplicity, as the result of the advantages of the engineers will vanish automatically. Presumably, the existing engineers will before long be given executive rank, as were the old navigating officers of twenty years ago.

It is also possible that the organization of the Royal Marines will be remodelled. In the old days the Marines were required to hold down the mutinous seamen, and for that reason were studiously kept apart from the rest of the crew.

In our modern navy, with the class of seamen the nation now obtains, such a force is unnecessary. Small-arm men and landing parties can be supplied as well by the seamen as by the marines. The Marine officer has practically nothing to do on board ship, and thus his energy is wasted. In large battleships and cruisers there are two or sometimes even three Marine officers, thus cooling their heels and fretting in inactivity. In the future, either the Marine force will be relegated to land duty or it will be incorporated with the rest of the personnel of the navy. This change may, however, be postponed till the others have been tried.

Mrs. Peachbloss Vase—"How long has your bill been running?" Tradesman—"Two months, ma'am, and I hope—"

Mrs. Peachbloss Vase—"Only two months? Take it away. I never look at anything that is not old. I am a collector of antiques."

"Is he a young man of brains?" inquired an old gentleman respecting a swell youth. "Well, really," replied his daughter, "I have had no opportunity of judging. I never saw him anywhere except in society."

Foreman of the Locked-in Jury (impatiently)—"The rest of us are agreed, and you would see the case as we do if you had an ounce of brains. Observe the juror (red-facedly)—"But that's just the trouble. I've got more than an ounce."

Little Sammy had been so naughty that he was put in the cellar for punishment. There was silence for a short while, and then came a loud kicking at the door and a little voice shouted: "Papa, you needn't open the door, but I've turned the beer barrel top on."

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