A MARRYING MAN.

The first girl I married was plain **Bessie** Brown,
A sunny and silly sweet thing,
Who simpered and sighed at being a bride,
And wearing a wedding ring.

The next was a widow, a Mrs. Malone,
With seven small boys in her brood.
I married this widow for money alone.
I needed the money for food.

The next one I wedded was Alice Adair,
A beauty of fortune and worth.
She lived but a year—too gentle, too dear,
Altogether too fragile for earth.

I married a German then—Gretchen von Schmidt,
Two hundred and forty she weighed.
Oh, she was a cook! Not much on the look,
But a wife who was stolid and staid.

I married another. A negress was she,
Her mother a broken-down slave.
She was tidy and neat, some distance from sweet,
But she was a wife who could save.

I then married Mollie, a sister of mine,
As a wife she was queen of them all.
She had lots of children and troubles and joys,
And her home was a paradise hall.

I married my mother, a widow, and then
I wedded my brother, a man.
I married Smith's daughters then—six I believe—
And I'll marry six more if I can.

A bigamist? Well, what do you think?
I married these people for gold,
For I am a minister humble and meek,
And they are all lambs of my fold.
—Joe Kerr, in N. Y. Journal.

HIS BROTHER'S KEEPER.

When a man who is yet young arrives at the conclusion that life holds nothing more for him and that he can only devote himself to the good of others, there is still plenty of keen wretchedness in store for him. If he gets up after a bad blow and is actively miserable and somewhat hateful and resentful, he can yet be happy. But self-immolation is not natural, and anything unnatural brings its own punishment. Another person and other people can not be the center of the universe for very long. There may come a jar that will put you out of plumb for a bit, but you swing back to your normal position.

The jar that came to Osborne was a hard one. The girl to who mhe was engaged told him that her parents were forcing her to marry a certain rich man. Now parents, in these days, do not force one to marry anybody; but Osborne would have believed whatever the girl had chosen to tell him. He believed this, and thought she was a beautiful, suffering martyr, and there was a tragic scene, which she did cleverly, and a parting. After that Osborne lost even ambition, which had been a ruling passion almost above his love. The girl was mean enough, too, to keep his misery alive by writing to him, now and then, bewailing her gilded captivity.

Life, he told himself, was henceforth a vain thing, only fit to be used in the service of others. It is not easy to serve others picturesquely in the army. There are no needy and no fallen ones—because when they fail they cease to be in the army. So Osborne bethought him of his brother Alexander.

Alexander lived on a ranch—as Osborne had done. He was 17 years old. At 16 Osborne had been the support of a widowed mother and two children. He had had no boyhood in particular. It had all been work, making the ranch pay. Only those who have tried it know what that means. Alexander was not afflicted after this fashion. He lived on his new stepfather, and was envious of his brother.

Now when Osborne brought Alexander on to San Antonio, the first evening of his arrival he spoke to him thus: "There's a first-class school right in the town, Alex." Silence. "I want you to study hard, youngster, to make up for the time you've lost up there in the wilderness."

Alex braced his feet against the porch railing and tipped back his chair. "It strikes me I've lost more fun than about anything else. It ain't fair, Herbert. You've been having a picnic for the last eight years, while I've been slaving in the fields; and I don't see it in the light of settling down right away to digging at books. I want a swing."

If a nature is ambitious, it can not be altered. The ambition may transfer its object from self to some one else, but it will not die. Osborne's had transferred itself to his brother. So his heart sank. But he had learned toleration. "Well, I'll give you three months. But you must study to make up for it."

"Three months nothing! What's the matter with six?"

"A good deal is the matter. You'll be nearly 18 in six months, and you don't know as much as the average boy of fourteen. Of course I'm not blaming you for that. You haven't had a fair chance." Osborne forgot that, at 18, he himself had passed the competitive examination.

"I guess I haven't—at that or anything else."

Young Osborne had gone barefoot all his life, and had never had a whole new suit of clothes to his back, nor a dime to call his own. Osborne gave him dancing pumps and various seemly suits and a reasonable allowance.

But he thought the allowance small. "Say, Herbert, I can't make out with that measly ten. Make it fifteen, will you?" he complained.

"No," said Osborne.

Osborne's "no's" were always definite, but Alexander persisted. "Why not? You've a lot more than you need."

"I know best about that. Ten dollars is enough, and it's all I can give you. I've your education to pay for, recollect. You've no expenses outside of an occasional theater ticket and tennis ball—or you shouldn't have."

"You always did catch all the plums," said Alexander.

Then the mail orderly gave Osborne a letter from the girl. Osborne locked himself in his work-room, and read it and believed every word of it. And living—even for others—seemed a hard thing for the next few days.

Alexander felt his oats promptly. He excelled at base-ball, he learned tennis and dancing by magic, and he rode well. Osborne had never been so popular. He had served the Mammon of Ambition exclusively until he had transferred his allegiance to the God of Love. Since then he had been a martyr—and martyrs are more pleasing in stained glass than in life. And now he returned to the first cult, and Ambition filled him. He rejoiced in his brother's beauty, which was of the Bertie Cecil type, in his magnificent stature, in his agility and his athletics. He mounted him on the finest horse to be had in that part of the country—and wore a shabby uniform himself all winter. He read with him for two hours daily, and was well pleased when the boy remembered just enough to give his conversation a peculiarly brilliant turn. He argued great things from this when Alexander should go to school. But when he went to school, Osborne saw the truth.

"Alex, the account of you is very bad. You've barely scratched through on two things, and you've failed on mathematics altogether. I've told you that mathematics is the test at the Point," Osborne admonished.

"Oh, come, I say; let up, Herbert. I'm trying to learn this piece." He picked on with beautiful absorption at the guitar the lieutenant had given him.

"Put up that thing and listen to me."

Alexander obeyed, as all men did when Osborne willed.

"I am going to get you into West Point at 20. When I say I am going to do it, you know how it is going to be done. Don't you? None of it depends on you except the study. I can't make you drink, but I'll take you to water and keep you there until you find it will be easier to drink. You can go back to the ranch if you like, but I'm not afraid you'll like. I don't want to treat you as a small boy unless you act the part of one. You can learn, and you must learn, or the theaters will stop, and the hops will stop, and the guitar will stop—also the tennis. You have been cutting time, but henceforth you will study four hours a day, and I will sit with you to help you and see that it is done."

So four hours out of every twenty-four Osborne put to the use of teaching one who did not wish to learn. Density can be bored through with patience. It is the india rubber of indifferent cleverness that resists. After some of the struggles, Osborne would lie awake for the rest of the night from sheer nervousness. The boy slept with unruffled brain. The lieutenant almost came to forget the girl. But never quite. A letter would come when Alexander was most inert, and Osborne would stare straight in front of him and grit his teeth, and wonder that a man could live with both sides of his nature thwarted and cut back.

But he had his reward. Alexander went into the Academy at 20. He was the handsomest and most popular cadet in his class—and he failed in the first year.

Just how such things are done no one is ever quite sure; but in Osborne's case it must have been sheer force of determination. Alexander was reappointed, and he himself was made instructor at the Point.

He stood over the cadet with the stinging lash of his ambition; and Alexander was graduated fifteen. Osborne unwisely took some credit to himself.

"Nonsense," said Alexander, "I'd have done it alone. The first miss was only bad luck; don't think it's your circus."

"It doesn't make any great difference to me whose circus it is, so that you come out all right. I'm only glad you're getting some ambition."

"Ambition be hanged! It's the one word in your lexicon. I'm sick of the sound of it. It is the sin by which the angels fell. Look out you don't fall, angel brother."

"I'm not likely to fall, but I shouldn't mind it, if it put you on a mountain height."

"No heights for me. I can't breathe rare air," answered the younger.

Now, in the course of army events it came to pass that a strange fate made Alexander Osborne second lieutenant in the troop of which his brother was first lieutenant. And the first lieutenant continued his ambitious goading. Alexander was independent at present, and resisted to some purpose. He would not spend his nights in study and his days in wire-pulling. The War Department did not reward that sort of thing, he said; it was action it approved. Wait until his time for action came—then he would satisfy his brother.

And the time for action did come. But the action was disappointing. They marched two hundred miles, and then marched back again. Alexander complained loudly that he had had no occasion to display his prowess in battle.

He should have been quite safe in this, for that evening they would be once more in Grant. But the Indian host is not to be reckoned with. At sunset—within ten miles of the post—the Apaches caught the battalion in a ravine, and kept it there until well into the night.

The moon came up and showed to the bucks hiding behind the cedars and scrub-oaks on the rise, the soldiers penned in the gully below them. It was merely, for the latter, a question of holding out and having a few men killed. The danger was not great unless the Apaches should be re-enforced or the couriers should not reach the fort. So the men took shelter behind bushes and rocks, and fired at the flashes of light in the darkness above them. The officers walked about in the deep shadows, firing, too, and giving orders.

First Lieutenant Osborne was with his sergeant and another lieutenant when he came upon Second Lieutenant Osborne crouched down between two rocks, his arms clasped over his bent head and his carbine dropped on the ground beside him.

There was no mistake to be made. The other lieutenant hesitated, the sergeant drew back. But Osborne went up and touched his brother with his foot.

"Lieutenant Osborne," he said to the junior, "go and report to the officer in command, Captain Clarke. I shall have preceded you and have reported you for cowardice."

He went in search of the Captain, and made his report, and Second Lieutenant Osborne was sent under arrest back to the dismounted horses in the rear. Then the first lieutenant threw open his blouse and covered his breast with a wide, white silk handkerchief that gleamed even in the shadow, and walked out into the full moonlight.

It was matter of only a moment before the hidden Apaches saw him with the white target on his bosom. And two of them, at least, took aim at the target and hit it full in the center—and First Lieutenant Osborne pitched forward on the stones.—Gwendolen Overton, in San Francisco Argonaut.

Exterminating the Mosquito.

The most famous resident of New Jersey is the mosquito, but that he is without honor in his own country is proved by the fact that the State is about to take official steps to exterminate him. The State geologist, by the authority of the legislature, has considered the situation, and consulted with an engineer. As a result, he recommends that the Hackensack and Newark meadows, which are the great breeding-places of the mosquito, be reclaimed from the salt water which now covers them at each high tide. This can be done by means of dikes and tide-sluices, at an estimated cost of a million and a half dollars, which is little enough to pay for permanent relief from the little pests, as the persecuted Jerseymen will agree.

But it is not only from the humanitarian point of view that this proposition is interesting. It seems to indicate another direction in which the sphere of government is likely to be extended. Not very long ago the expenditure of such a sum to get rid of a swarm of mosquitoes would have been considered ridiculous in the extreme, and wholly beyond the proper field of the State government.

But the State and the city have for several years steadily assumed greater and greater responsibilities. They have encroached on private enterprise wherever it seemed to be for the convenience or the benefit of the people that they should do so. We have become used to thinking of the post office as a legitimate branch of the national government, but it was once privately managed. And we are fast becoming accustomed to the idea of municipal control of the water supply, the lighting of the city, and its lines of transportation.

From legislating for the convenience of the people, it is only a step to legislating for their comfort. This step the New Jersey Legislature seems to have taken. It will be interesting to see how much farther in this direction national, State or city governments will push their jurisdiction.—Youth's Companion.

Knew His Wants.

The cross-examiner had had the witness on the stand for some time, and the latter was naturally getting a little weary.

"If you would only answer my questions properly," said the cross-examiner, who was called by courtesy a lawyer, "we would have no trouble."

The witness, who was a good witness, simply looked askance and let it go at that.

"If I could only get you to understand," continued the lawyer, "that all I want to know is what you know, we——"

"It would take you a lifetime to acquire that," interrupted the witness.

The lawyer recovered shortly after, being accustomed to knockout blows, and tried to explain himself.

"What I mean is that I merely want to learn what you know about this affair," he said. "I don't care anything about your abstract knowledge of law or your information in regard to theosophy, but what you know about this case."

"Oh, that isn't what you want," returned the witness in an off-hand way. "I've been trying to give you that for some time, and——"

Of course the lawyer got in his deadly work in the line of objections at this point and the witness had to stop.

"If I don't want to know what you know about this particular case and nothing else," inquired the lawyer later, "what do you think I do want to know?"

That seemed so easy to the witness that he almost laughed, and he showed a willingness to speak that made the lawyer prepare to object before a word was said.

"It isn't what I know that you want to know; it's what you think I know that you're after, and you're trying to make me know it or prove me a liar."

Then it was that every one in the courtroom knew that he had been on the witness stand before.—Chicago Post.

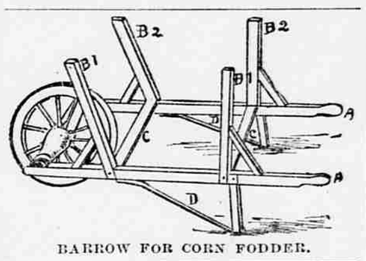
Curious Fact.

During the war of the Spanish succession the English army in Spain was commanded by a Frenchman and the French army by an Englishman.

Corn Fodder Barrow.

The National Stockman describes how to make a barrow for hauling cornfodder.

The two side pieces A are 6 feet long and 1½ inches by 3 inches. The uprights B are 2 feet long and 2 inches by 1½ inches. The crosspieces C are 2 feet long and 2 feet apart and 3 inches wide by 1½ inches. The straps D are pieces of old carriage tire bent as shown. The legs are fastened on with a single bolt and the uprights by a log screw. The braces for the uprights are notched in and nailed. When it is desired to use the barrow for grass, put in a floor of half inch white pine, also nail half inch boards from B 1 to B 2 and fit in sideboards from B 2 to B 2



BARROW FOR CORN FODDER.

and from B 1 to B 1. White pine or cypress will be strong enough for the dimensions given. If heavier wood is used, use smaller size.

The Care of Milk.

The following is a compilation of directions given by some of the Western cheese factories in connection with the care of milk.

Place cans in cold water immediately after milking.

Place the milk in cool water soon after milking is done.

Place cans in cold water at once. Cool quickly.

Practice cleanliness with a big C.

Milk pails, strainers, and coolers should be washed and scalded at each milking.

Rinse cans in warm water, scald with hot water, and air as much as possible.

Have cans washed and scalded thoroughly and well aired.

Stir the milk at least two or three times while cooling.

When the milk is cooling, cover the cans with cheese-cloth.

Do not put covers on the cans over night, but use a thin cloth.

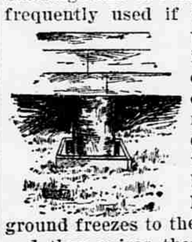
Always leave covers off the milk until the animal heat has disappeared.

Never mix morning's milk with night's milk until both are thoroughly cold.

If warm milk is added to cold, it produces a taint at once.

Posts as Foundations.

Cedar posts are often used to support buildings and doubtless would be more frequently used if the frost did not work upon buildings thus supported lifting them out of position and racking them. It does this when the posts extend below the frost line since the ground freezes to the sides of the posts and thus raises them. Put a square box about the posts as shown in the cut. The frost will then lift the box, but cannot disturb the posts.—Orange Judd Farmer.



Ripening Tomatoes Under Cover.

It is the habit of many tomato growers as the danger of frost becomes imminent to pull up a number of tomato vines with a little earth attached, and throw them with their unripe fruit into some building where the unripe tomatoes will gradually turn, and the smaller ones will increase in size and finally ripen also. In this way it is possible to have tomatoes fresh from the vine until near the Christmas holidays. Tomatoes fully grown will color if picked and laid on the shelf. But they are not nearly as good as fruit that is ripened on the vine, which apparently continues to perfect the fruit even after its roots have been pulled from the ground.

Chickens in Hot Weather.

The sudden dying of young chicks in hot weather is almost always caused by lice. Look around the head and neck, and a few big fellows may be seen which torment the chicken so that it cannot be thrifty. Rub some grease of any kind about the head and neck and under the wings. This is sure death to the pests and does the chicks no harm. It is well to use it as a preventive, for if lice get on the chicks in hot weather, many chicks will die before the remedy can be applied.

Threshing Damp Grain.

It is never good economy to thresh grain while the straw is damp. So long as grain is in its chaff, that protects it from heating either in mow or stack. So long as threshing was done by hand there was no temptation to thresh it until frost had dried it out. Now that steam power for threshing has replaced the horse power, it does not seem so much waste to thresh damp grain. Yet many straw stacks will be green with grain wasted because even the steam threshing machine cannot get it out. Besides, after threshing, the damp grain is much more liable to injury by heating than it was before.

Chestnut Trees Profitable.

Those who have a chestnut grove and keep it free from depredators may find it a source of profit. We know one or two such groves which yield returns with no labor except for gathering the nuts better than could be got for usual farm crops. But to secure profitable returns the public must be excluded. Men and boys who club the trees while the nuts are green to bring them down will disfigure and injure the trees, so that after a few years the trees will yield little or nothing. Chestnut trees, if the fruit is of good quality are valuable property, and their fruit should be protected. There are several improved varieties of chestnut, some of which will begin bearing when three years old. These should be chosen if new plantations of chestnuts are to be made, or scions of the new varieties should be grafted into native stock.—American Cultivator.

Value of Grain Chaff.

When threshing grain framers should appreciate the necessity of separating the grain chaff from the straw for winter feeding. If the straw is to be sold for bedding or used for bedding at home it will go farther if free from chaff. The latter is much the best part of the straw to feed. When nature makes the grain, all the valuable nutrition is concentrated in or near the head. Some of this remains in the chaff. There are besides some light grains that are usually blown out with the chaff in cleaning.

Rain vs. Irrigation.

It is sometimes said that the farmer who depends wholly on irrigation is really better off than those who farm where rainfall is usually sufficient. The man who irrigates has the control of moisture supply in his own hands. But this does not wholly apply to fruit growing. In arid climates air, as well as soil, must be kept moist to develop the best fruit. For many years California fruit was dry and poor in quality, though fine looking. Now California air in the dry season is less arid than it used to be, and its fruit is better.

Burning Weeds.

It is far better to rot the weeds by burying them under the soil while green than to rely on burning them after they have ripened their seeds. It is commonly supposed that when a weed is burned, its seed also perishes. Only if piled on brush, which will make coals of fire at the bottom of the heap, is this the case. The weed seed drops as the pod which encloses it shrivels with heat, and as carbonic acid gas settles to the bottom of the heap, the noxious seed is preserved from burning.

Grasses.

The best kind of grasses to sow upon a marsh subject to overflow, according to some of the best authorities, are four pounds red top, two of fowl meadow grass, four of timothy and one or two of alsike clover per acre. In many cases low lands can be easily drained or partially freed of water by the digging of one or two ditches. If this can be done, it surely should be practiced, for low lands are the richest and best for grasses.

Corn on Outside Rows.

In cutting corn we always used to notice that the outside rows where the horse turned in cultivation had generally larger and better filled ears than did the corn farther in the field. This indicates that corn is usually planted too closely and does not get sunlight enough. The outside row is not generally richer than the soil fartner in the field, and certainly the trampling of the ground by the horses' feet is no advantage to the crop.

Farms Under Glass.

It is prophesied that the farmer of the future will grow his crops under glass. Hot-house fruits and vegetables may then be raised for the poor and needy on a very cheap scale. Vast sections of land may be roofed over ith glass, and a perpetual summer climate will make the plants and trees and vines flourish as in the tropics.

Boiled Oil.

A gallon of boiled oil well soaked in will furnish a protecting cover for all the farm wagons, plow handles, horse rakes, etc., on the farm, keeping the weather from them and thus saving the cost a dozen times. It should be put on hot.

Quince Hedges.

In the English colonies of Africa hedges are commonly made of quince-trees. The branches, being planted and interwoven by hand, form an impenetrable barrier to cattle, and they annually bear an immense crop of large fruit.

Objections to Late Haying.

The late cut hay, even if secured without rain, has lost much of its nutritive value. It has also impaired the vigor of the root, so that next year's hay crop will be lighter than if the grass this year had been cut early.

Making Them Familiar.

Heifers that are to be in milk by and by ought to be kept with the milking herd that they may get accustomed to the sounds and excitement of domestication. Their product will vary less by and by at the pail.

In Cold Weather.

A swinging door for the entrance for swine in winter they soon learn to operate, and it keeps out snow and much cold. It is hung from the top and rubs on both sides as it swings in and out.

According to a recent government report there are, in the United States, 122,000 male teachers and 260,000 female teachers.

Renovating Fabrics.

Prints, if rinsed in salt water, look brighter.

Silk handkerchiefs and ribbons should be washed in salt and water and ironed wet to look well.

Yellow spots on the linen or cotton produced by the iron may be removed by setting them in the broiling sun.

Velvets should be held over the steam of boiling water, and kept well stretched until the moisture has evaporated.

When ammonia is used to remove stains on colored fabrics, if the color is dulled, a little weak oxalic acid will restore it.

Wash black stockings in weak suds, to which is added a tablespoonful of ox gall. Rinse until no color runs. Iron on the wrong side.

An excellent starch for dark clothes, blue calicoes, etc., is made by using cold coffee left from breakfast, instead of pure water. Make the starch as usual.

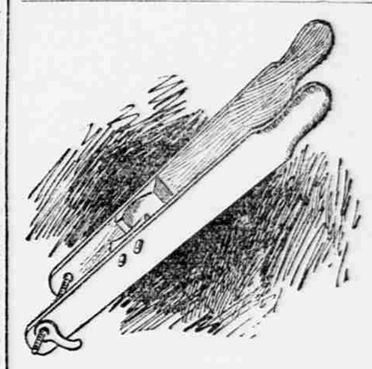
Colored muslins should be washed in a lather of cold water. If the muslin be green add a little vinegar to the water, if lilac a little ammonia, if black a little salt.

A heaped-up teaspoonful of chloride of lime mixed with one quart of water will remove mildew. Rinse the cloth in clear water as soon as all the spots have disappeared.

Black serge or cashmere dresses are improved and cleansed by being sponged with this mixture: A tablespoonful of ammonia and another of spirits of wine to three of boiling water.

For Making Jelly.

Rural New Yorker not long ago illustrated an aid to the housewife when making jelly. It is both hard and uncomfortable work to extract the juice from a jelly bag filled with hot, cooked fruit by hand power. The contrivance, which is home-made, extracts the juice from the jelly bag without touching it with the hands. Hang up the bag and insert it between the curved faces of the blocks, and the handles will apply sufficient strength. As the bag grows thinner turn up the nut to bring the handles nearer together.



HOME MADE JELLY SQUEEZER.

Culinary Ideas.

When the white and not the yolk of an egg is required for use it is a puzzle how to preserve the yolk indefinitely. It is very simple. Make a small hole in the shell, let the white run out and stand the egg in an egg cup, which should be set in a cool place. The yolk will keep its color and its freshness for some days.

In buying fish be sure that the eyes are clear and rather sunken, flesh firm, gills red and moist, the skin tight and the scales, if any, shiny. If you do this your fish course at dinner cannot fail to be a success unless your cook is at fault.

The method for making labels sticks on tin cans on covers is simple. First, the part of the tin which is to be labeled must be scrubbed with strong soda water. Then make a paste with good starch and water in which some carpenter's glue should be dissolved. Labels applied in this manner will not come off.

Here is a patent process for restoring to cracked earthenware its water-tight properties. Make a paste with finely sifted wood ash and emery powder, moistening it with the white of egg; rub this over the crack on the outside and let it dry in the open air.

Lemons can be kept from becoming moldy if they are strung singly on a coarse thread and hung up on different nails with a few inches of space intervening.

Stuffed Potatoes.

Bake six nice smooth, medium-sized potatoes in a moderate oven about one hour. Cut in two lengthwise, carefully remove the inside, keeping the shells in good shape. Now mash the potato, adding butter the size of an egg, about half a cup of hot milk, a level teaspoonful of salt and some white pepper. Beat until light, add carefully the well-beaten whites of two eggs. Return to the shells, heaping slightly, touch lightly here and there with the yolk of an egg (using a brush for the purpose), and place it in a rather quick oven for about fifteen minutes, or until a nice delicate brown. Serve immediately.

Tapioca Souffle.

Put one-half cupful of pearl tapioca over the fire with one pint of milk; cook until the tapioca is clear; add one cupful of sugar and the yolks of four eggs well beaten, stir one minute, then remove from the fire, and when almost cold flavor with a teaspoonful of vanilla; add the well-whisked whites of eggs, pour half the mixture into a souffle pan, scatter one ounce of candied cherries over it, when add the other half and bake for twenty minutes. Serve at once.