

WOMAN'S WARFARE.

BY MARY W. GLEASON.

Say, do women join the army?
Nay! for women are too frail;
In the midst of battle's terrors,
Tender hearts like theirs would fail!
But I say a woman's worth
By day within her home,
To encounter foes by nations,
Who for deadly combat come.

Say, what are a woman's weapons?
Needles, scissors, duster, broom;
Carving-knife, perience, or haply
Some long-handled iron spoon.
But to meet this single-headed,
Mystical foe, in stern array,
Needs a courage all undaunted,
Not less than the bloody fray.

What hath she to lose if vanquished?
What? compared with realms of earth
Household joy and loved ones' safety;
Things of rare and priceless worth;
Health and life and oft-times reason.
Victims fall, before these foes,
Lives are tarnished, souls are saddened,
And there follow countless woes.

Woman! in your daily conflict,
Wield some mightier weapons than
Wield the sword of God's great spirit!
And before it all shall bow
Scripture texts wield them with power!
Own and feel that prayers is might!
And thy true and phantom legions
Shall be quickly put to flight.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Do not worry.
Go slow and go easy.
Keep your digestion good.
Receive, but board not up.
Be courteous to your creditors.
Nothing can cost so much as sin.
Receive in moderation what is given.
Secrecy is the element of all goodness.
Whatever is worth beginning is worth completing.

Follow right doctrine and be kind to all that live.

There can be no friendship where there is no freedom.

Put off the habit of petting yourself as long as you can.

Till one begins to reform, no one can number his sins.

No man has a right to be a curse to his neighbor.

No man can live low who is always looking high.

Love, the child of trust, is in the mother of service.

The less head a man has the less frequently he loses it.

Every incomplete work is a monument to human folly.

Any mind that is capable of real sorrow is capable of good.

People never get the big head because they know too much.

Adversity makes pigmy out of giants and giants out of pigmy.

With no water in sight any man will boast of his skill in fishing.

Beauty, without brains, is nothing more than a gaudy picture.

A lie is one degree worse than the sin which it tries to conceal.

If there is death in your heart there will be death in your life.

What do we live for if not to make life less difficult for each other?

He that loses anything and gets wisdom by it is a gainer by the loss.

Life is a beautiful night in which one star goes down another rises.

Fame is a ladder, a hard thing to climb, but easy enough to descend.

A bright and sunny good-natured old man is like a sunny day in winter.

In everything the middle course is best; all things in excess bring trouble.

Exigencies create the ability necessary to meet and to conquer them.

Gentleness makes children endurable, women lovable and men admirable.

The evil that is the most dangerous is the one that looks most harmless.

Nothing can make us richer except that which makes us more thankful.

A poet is a man who lets other people look at things through his spectacles.

The only joys which live and grow are those which are shared with others.

The superior man wishes to be slow in his words and earnest in his conduct.

Love can't live on beauty, it must have some hash or it will fade and die.

Of the two I prefer those who render vice lovable to those who degrade virtue.

The worth of a state, in the long run, is the worth of the individual composing it.

The earth with its scarred face is the symbol of the past; the air of heaven of futurity.

It is as much murder to kill a man with a pill as it is to do it with a cannon ball.

Full of the masks that people wear and nobody would know his next door neighbor.

The man who continually hopes for the best stands no show alongside the man that grabs for it.

There are some people in this world who wouldn't be satisfied if they were perfectly contented.

When a man talks about himself, he seldom fails to be eloquent, and often reaches the sublime.

When fear takes the place of hope in a man, he needn't expect to be any more miserable in his life.

The first ingredient in conversation is truth, the next sense, the third good humor, and the fourth wit.

When a man tells you he would like to have you criticize his faults, you have found another hypocrite.

God sets the stars in the windows of night to cheer the belated world as it rolls through the darkness.

For every hour of pleasure the average "intimate friend" gives you he makes you two hours of trouble.

If a man is very anxious to cultivate a good opinion of human nature, he must not know too much of it.

The person who is too nice an observer of the business of the crowd, like one who is too curious in observing the labor of the bees, will often be stung for his curiosity.

SOUL AND BODY PARTING.

So we must part, my body, you and I,
Who've spent so many pleasant years to-
gether;
'Tis sorry work to lose your company
Who clove to me so close, whatever the
weather.

From winter unto winter, wet or dry;
And you have reached the limit of your
feather.

And I must journey on my way alone,
And leave you quietly beneath a stone.

They say that you are altogether bad,
(Forgive me, 'tis not my experience),
And think me very wicked to be sad
At leaving you, a clove, a prison, where
To get quite free I should be very glad.

Perhaps I may be so a few days hence;
But now, methinks, 'twere graceless not to
spend
A tear or two on my departing friend.

Now our long partnership is near completed,
I greatly fear I have not always treated
You with the honesty you showed to me,
And I must own that you have oft defeated
Unworthy schemes by your sincerity.
And by a blush or stammering tongue, have
tried
To make me think again I fore I lied.

'Tis true your not so handsome as you were,
But that's not your fault and I partly mine,
You might have lasted longer with more care,
And still looked something like your first de-
sign.

And even now, with all your wear and tear,
'Tis painful to think I must resign
You to the friendly grave, the patient prey
Of all the hungry legions of decay.

But you must stay, dear body, and I go,
And I was once so very proud of you;
You made my mother's eyes overflow
When first she saw you, wonderful and new;
And now, with all your faults, 'twere hard to
find
A slave more willing, or a friend more true.

At even they who say the worst about you
Can scarcely tell what I shall do without you.
Cosmo Moskrouse, in Boston Budget.

THE SCAPEGRACE.

Who who earn our living by hard
work naturally regard with a good deal
of interest those who manage to dodge
this seeming necessity.

What are these mysterious mortals,
we say, who toil not, neither do they
steal, who have no property, nor any
apparent source of income, yet they
wear clothes, eat meals and sleep under
a good roof like the rest of us?

We have a habit of speaking with
contempt of these people, as though
they were beneath us in the social
scale. Are we not really in secret a
little envious of their originality and
courage?

If one should, for example, try the
simple rule of "put yourself in his
place—"

You, now, who make a living by
some occupation, commonplace but
reliable, suppose you were to wake to-
morrow in a strange place, without
money or friends, and with all work
prohibited—what would you do? How
would you arrange about breakfast,
and, subsequently, about dinner, and
supper, and a bed, and then numerous
meals and beds thereafter? Would you
not be frightened? Would you not be
at a loss what to do? Well, that is
where you would show your inferiority
to those of whom we speak.

It must be admitted that they could,
if they wished, earn a plain, honest
living as we do; whereas could we, by
the exercise of our wits exist a week
after their fashion? En effet, there
you have the whole matter.

Before I undertook a study of these
singular beings, I had always thought
of them as a class by themselves, pur-
suing, for the most part, similar
methods. To live without work con-
stituted in my mind a profession—like
law or the ministry. I wronged them,
I did not appreciate their fund origin-
ality. There is no profession that is
common to them all, but each has his
own, complete in itself, unique and
delicate as the miniature carved work
of the Japanese.

To tell of them is to tell of indi-
viduals, not of the class.

There was one who recently came to
live at the very respectable boarding
place of the present writer. He was,
as the naturalists would say, an excel-
lent specimen—rather young, good
looking, well dressed and correctly
mannered. There are some of this
class who have a low habit of making
a pretense of earning a living. They
will maintain an office with "Real
Estate" or "Commission," or something
of that kind on the door. To no such
stupid vulgarly did Mr. Richard Kerth
descend. Not even a suggestion of
work cast a cloud upon his title of
"gentleman."

I had known something of the previ-
ous career of Mr. Kerth, and when he
looked possession of two of the best
rooms in the house I hastened to make
his acquaintance. He treated me with
easy condescension, and soon offered to
borrow money.

I did not loan Mr. Kerth any money.
It was, indeed, for a long time a source
of quiet satisfaction to me that while a
number of others, in plain view on all
sides, were being taxed for the support
of this American peer, I was exempt.
But one day as I was being measured
for an overcoat, my tailor asked me
what I knew about Mr. Richard Kerth,
and told me that he owed fifty dollars
on a suit of clothes.

I answered Shearby that I thought he
had better charge it up to profit and
loss. He immediately proceeded to do
so. The overcoat which I ordered was
more expensive by \$5 than I had ex-
pected, and possibly about nine other
of Shearby's customers suffered a
similar amount of indirect taxation.

As time passed, I gained more and
more of Mr. Kerth's confidence. I
knew just enough about his past per-
formances to make him think that my
silence was a useful commodity, and
he sought to purchase it with frank-
ness. He was, however, loth to be-
tray his secret all at once, but pre-
pared me beforehand by various signifi-
cant hints to appreciate better his mys-
terious nature.

One evening, when he was smoking
one of my cigars before my fire, he
said: "I am getting very hard up;
I must raise some money."
I said: "How will you do it?"
"I have a method of my own," he
answered, "which I apply whenever I
am in need of ready cash."
"What is it like?"
He smiled with the smile of a sphinx
as he replied:

"I call it a system of absence."

On several occasions he made use of
phrases similar to the above.
For example, once he said to me: "I
get a good enough living out of not
being in certain places at certain
times." Further, he would not ex-
plain.

About this time his creditors, on
whom the crop seemed perennial,
began to press him close, and it was
evident that, unless the ready cash
should presently come to his rescue, he
was lost—that is, lost in the same way
that had been lost many times be-
fore. In the nick of time the money
came, however, and he proceeded,
with the skill of a practical debtor, to
make a small stream of cash irrigate
a vast area of credit. This being ac-
complished, he was at ease again; and
one night, over a bottle of wine and
cigars, he told me how he had raised
the money.

"It wasn't much," he said carelessly—
'five or six hundred. I manage
to raise that sum about four times a
year. If you understand how to make
it go—good as twice that, you know.
Now, I'll tell you. I have, back East,
a number of relatives—rich, respected,
and all that. Money comes from
them. Easy enough, you think?
Well, I wonder. I am the black sheep
of the outfit—scapegrace, you know.
And do you imagine they would ever
give up a bean for me, if I did not
come at 'em with something worse
than a gun? Why, sir, the whole
bloody layout is so mean, and they
hate me so, that I give you my word,
if I was roasting in the lowest depth
of sheol, there isn't one of 'em would
loan you a fork to go and see if I was
done. No, sir! That's the kind of
citizens they are. But I notice they
come up pretty regular just the
same."

He flicked the ashes from his high
priced cigar into the fireplace with an
impressive gesture. Then from his
desk he produced several letters and a
book labelled "Journal."

"Here it is," he exclaimed, throwing
the book down on the table in front of
me: "Richard Kerth's Ready Letter
Writer, or the Art of Holding Up Your
Relations." And here are sample re-
turns," he added, dropping the letters
on the table. "But you had better be-
gin at my end of the transaction. Read
in the book first—the last batch of
letters copied there. I always copy
'em so as to keep track of what I'm do-
ing."

I opened the volume at the place
which he indicated and began to read
aloud: "Hiram Griffin, Cleveland, O.:
My dear Uncle—"

"My mother's only brother," inter-
polated the scapegrace—"Presbyterian
elder—hardware merchant—moral citi-
zen." I read on: "I suppose you
will be devil glad to learn that I
have at last decided to turn my face
homeward. I am tired of wandering,
and it's— poor pecking here. I
expect to start in a couple of weeks,
unless I hear from you in the mean-
time. A lot of California stock will
be entered at the fall meetings at
Cleveland, and I think I can fix for
both of us to get let in on the ground
floor, so that we can make a good
thing out of it. How are Bill and Jim-
my?"

"William and James," said the black
sheep, rolling up his eyes; "his sons,
whom he is bringing up in the way
they should go—pious youths of 16
or thereabouts."

"I expect they would enjoy the
races and some of life that I could
show them. I plan to spend a month
in Cleveland, and perhaps may locate
there. Some of the fellows are making
up a party to go to China. If I had
a couple hundred more I would go
with them, but I have only just enough
to take me home. Your affectionate
nephew—Richard."

"Cold chills ran down his back when
he read that letter," said Mr. Kerth.
"Here is his reply. He prays for the
salvation of my soul and encloses
check for two hundred. See? Read
the next one."

It was addressed to "S. Van Doosan
Kerth, The Beauchamp, New York
City," and began: "Dear Uncle—"

"Father's brother," the scapegrace
exclaimed, "old bachelor—great swell.
He never saw me, and has an idea that
I am very wild and woolly, like every-
thing west of the Croton Aqueduct."

I read as follows: "Dear Uncle—
Respected brother of my parent, I take
my pen in hand to let you know that
I mean to drop date I shall take the
train for your city and shall visit you
at the Beauchamp House, where you
are staying. If you should happen to
be out of town, I will wait until you
get back, for I mean to live in your
city hereafter; I hope to get a job
there. I know you will help me, as
your brother's son, to get a job. Per-
haps Mr. Beauchamp would like a man
to carry trucks. I know you will be
glad to see me. If I could get into the
grocery business here I would stay,
and a man I know of will take me in
for \$200. Please look for me at the
depot in the emigrant cars. Your
nephew, Richard."

"Imagine Uncle Van Doosan reading
that at his club, said the scapegrace;
'I wonder, it didn't give him a stroke
of apoplexy. However, it was not the
first of its kind. He always comes up,
I don't have to whistle twice to him.'"
The next was addressed to "Mrs.
Elizabeth Pennington, Germantown,
Philadelphia."

"Van Doosan's sister," said the
scapegrace; "they have quarrelled and
won't compare notes. She is a widow,
with a fine income and an elegant
place. Two lovely marriageable
daughters."

The letter set forth the intended visit
of Mr. Richard Kerth to the East and
his plan to spend some time at Ger-
mantown—at his aunt's residence, if
she wished it so; if not, with some
friends of his there by the name of
Boggs. There were various, gallant
references to Mr. Kerth's cousins and

a delicate insinuation that he would
probably fall in love with one of them
during his visit. There was also a
casual reference to the sum of \$150.

"She was short this time," remarked
the writer of the letter aloud; "only
sent \$100. Strike her dicker next
time."

There were two more letters in the
batch—both to cousins in Chicago.
They were full of mysterious hints
about good times to be enjoyed when
he should visit that city shortly. Each
demanded a plain loan of \$50.

"I send them to their houses," said
he, with a villainous grin; "their wives
read 'em first. Good for fifty any time."
I noticed that the book was written
nearly full, and that Mr. Kerth's "read-
ing list"—if so it might be called—
contained some 10 or 15 names. Each
letter was dated, and underneath was
entered the result achieved. The lat-
ter was generally favorable.

Whenever the machinery gets rusty,
said the scapegrace, "which hap-
pens every four or five years, I take a
trip East and lubricate things. After
that," he added with a wink, "it runs
better."

I do not know whether I have done
wisely in making these facts public.
For there are many people who might
casually sell their absence at a good fig-
ure—if they only understood the art.—
Fred Braham in The Arizonian.

FELLING BIG TREES.

It may well be imagined that it is no
boy's play to cut down a tree from five
to ten feet in diameter. The axmen
work in pairs, and after selecting the
place where they desire the tree to fall
they begin operations. Trees generally
have a swell at the base that is cross-
grained and gnarled, hard to cut, and
not good timber, and as it is not desir-
able to have this in the log it becomes
necessary to cut the tree above this de-
fect. Some trees, especially the fir,
have a great deal of pitch at the base,
and this also renders it desirable to be-
gin cutting some distance from the
ground. Another advantage of getting
above the ground is being out of the
way of brush and fallen timber.

In order to do this the axman chops
a notch in the tree nearly as high as his
head, the notch being about six inches
deep and about the same in length, and
inserts in it the end of a board, known
as a chopping board, upon which he
stands to wield his ax. This board is a
piece of oak or fir from four to six feet
long and about ten inches wide, the in-
serting end being narrower and bound
with steel upon which is a calk like
that on a horseshoe, which holds the
board firmly when the man's weight is
on it. If the first notch is not high
enough he cuts another higher up, and
still another. If necessary, using the
boards as steps, until he is often ten or
twelve feet above the ground before he
finds a suitable place for chopping.

The two axmen, having been gained
a position on opposite sides of the tree,
begin the work of chopping with
their double-bladed axes, working
carefully so as to direct the
fall of the tree to the line selected. Of
late years the improved style of two-
handsaws has been made to do the chief
work. After cutting with the ax a deep
line in the tree on the side to which it
is to be made to fall, the men begin
sawing on the opposite side, wedging
the cut made by the saw as they pro-
gress, thus keeping the saw clear and
gradually inclining the tree in the right
direction. In this way a tree may be
made to fall in the direction exactly
opposite to its natural inclination. When
the tree shows symptoms of falling the
men give a few well-directed strokes
with the ax to guide it in its course, and
then spring lightly to the ground, stand-
ing near the base of the tree, which ex-
perience has proved to be the safest
position. Gradually the forest giant
bows its head, its fibers cracking like
pistol shots, until, at last, it comes
down with a rush, its limbs dragging
down others with it, and the under-
ones being splintered into pieces.—West
Shore.

FROM YOUTHFUL MINDS.

"Mamma—"You naughty girl you've
eaten every cookie there was on the
plate. I told you you might have three."
Little Edith—"Yes, but you didn't tell
me which three. So I had to eat all to
be sure to get the right ones."—Boston
Transcript.

"Full-Grown Gloves.—Tommy Jones
—"Say, mister, I want to get a pair of
'gloves.' Furnisher—"Kid gloves?"
Tommy—"Naw! Naw! What 'a you
givin' us? Gloves for grown persons."—
Binghamton Leader.

"Eddie came walking in one morning
with a very solemn face and a large tear
in his little left shirt, and, sliding up to
his mother, he asked: "Mamma, will
you please glue my dress together?"—
Youth's Companion.

"Mamma resting on the lounge and
reading a novel. Her little son, six
years old, is playing in the room, and
wishes that his mother would talk to
him. But she does not answer him; he
begs too much interested in her book.
Impatiently the little fellow runs to
mamma, pokes his curly head between
her face and the book, and says:
'Please mamma, why don't you read
me?'—The Teacher.

"What He Got.—"Now, children,"
said the Sunday-school teacher, "was
someone tell me what Joseph's father
gave him?" A deep silence reigned
over the class. "Perhaps, Tommy
Bingo," continued the teacher, "you
can tell me what your father gets when
he goes to the tailor?" "Yes, sir," said
Tommy, triumphantly, "he gets truss
ed."—West Shore.

Every day is a leaf in life. When
the day dawns it is a blank. There is
inscribed thereon our thoughts, words
and actions.

One way to drive the boys and girls
to the bed is to shut up the parlor and
leave in the kitchen.

France has a cloying population of
80,000.

SELECTED RECIPES.

BLUEBERRY CAKE.

Here is a rule for blueberry cake
which I am sure will prove welcome at
this season, when the fruit is so abun-
dant: For one sheet of cake use one
generous pint of flour, half a pint of
milk, one gill of sugar, one egg, two
heaping teaspoonsful of baking powder,
half a pint of blueberries and two
tablespoonsful of butter. Mix the
baking powder, sugar and salt with
the flour and rub through a sieve; then
work the butter through the flour.
Beat the egg till light and add the
milk to it. Add this to the dry in-
gredients and beat well. Now add the
berries, stirring as little as possible.
Spread the mixture in a well-buttered,
shallow baking pan, having it about an
inch and a half thick. Bake in a moder-
ately quick oven for about twenty-
five minutes, and serve hot.

CAKE ICING.

Put into a bowl a cupful of powdered
sugar; mash all the lumps; then put
into it two teaspoonsful of milk, stir-
ring until smooth; add enough more
milk, drop by drop, to bring the mass to
about the consistency of cake batter,
being thick enough not to run and thin
enough to spread easily; add a few
drops of flavoring, rose or vanilla, as
the case may be, and the frosting is
made. If chocolate icing is desired,
about an eighth of a cake of Baker's
chocolate, broken in small pieces and
allowed to melt in a tin on the back of
the stove, may be briskly stirred in
while warm.

SALAD DRESSING.

The yolks of ten eggs, one teaspoon-
ful of sugar, two generous teaspoonsful
of salt, two tablespoonsful of dry must-
ard, a pinch of cayenne pepper, the
juice of a large lemon or two small
ones, a generous half-cupful of melted
butter, two-thirds of a cupful of olive
oil, six tablespoonsful of olive oil, and
one pint of rich cream. Use a cake
bowl for mixing it. First beat the
yolks well, then add mustard and sugar,
which have been rubbed smooth with a
little vinegar, next beat in the melted
butter which should be warm, then the
seasoning, oil and vinegar. Beat well
while mixing. If the dressing is to be
used at once, add cream, also, otherwise
it is better to omit this until using it.
The cream should be thick, and should be
slightly sour it will be no objection.
If liked, the cream may be whipped,
which gives a lightness and smoothness
to the dressing. Almost any salad may
be dressed with it. Sliced tomatoes
with salmon and lettuce make a very
attractive picnic salad. The dressing
should, of course, be taken in a bottle
or fruit can, and the salad put together
shortly before it is to be eaten. Cucum-
bers and lettuce, or cucumbers
with sliced tomatoes, are a good sum-
mer salad also.

STUFFED EGGS.

Boil the eggs gently for twenty min-
utes. When cold, mash the yolks and
moisten well with the salad dressing.
When well mixed, add a little finely-
minced chicken, ham or smoked tongue
as is most convenient. Many like a little
celery salt as well. Fill the eggs, place
the halves together and twist confec-
tioner's paper about each one. If one
has no salad dressing, melted butter,
vinegar, and seasoning may be sub-
stituted.

A NICER DISH OF POTATOES.

Cut very thin slices right across very
large potatoes; lay the slices in flat
layers on a plate that will bear the heat
of the oven. Spread butter freely over
the potatoes, then add another layer,
and so on till the potatoes are about
four inches high. Bake until the
potatoes are tender, or about half an
hour, in a quick oven.—Mrs. C. G.
Farbish, in Good Housekeeping.

The Fastest Mile.

MADE ON RAILS, ON ICE, ON RACE TRACK,
ETC.

The following items will prove of in-
terest to young folks:
The fastest mile run by a railroad
train was made in 59 1/2 seconds.
The fastest mile made in rowing in a
single boat took 5 minutes and 1 sec-
ond.
The fastest mile ever made by a run-
ning horse was run 1 minute 35 1/2 sec-
onds.

The fastest mile by a man on a tri-
cycle was made in 2 minutes 49 2-5 sec-
onds.
The fastest time on snow-shoes for a
mile is recorded as 5 minutes 39 3-4
seconds.

The best time for a mile by a man on
a bicycle is recorded as 2 minutes 25-
3-5 seconds.

The fastest mile ever made by a man
swimming was done in 26 minutes 52
seconds.

The fastest mile ever accomplished by
a man walking was made in 6 min-
utes 23 seconds.

In running, the fastest mile made by
a man was accomplished in 4 min-
utes 12 1/2 seconds.—Golden Days.

A Young Woman Obtains an En-
gineer's License in Chicago.

Chicago is a great city, enterprising
to an astonishing degree, and in more
than one respect is unlike any other
city on this continent. She gained the
World Fair site over all her competitors,
and she now has a woman engineer,
who has successfully passed the ordeal
of a rigid examination.

A contemporary says she was not let
off easily either because she was a wo-
man; in fact, the writer says her ex-
amination was, if anything, a little
more severe than usual.

The young woman walked into the
Board of Examiners' room in the City
Hall, presented her application in a
manly way, deposited the official fee
(two dollars), and then made her way
into the line of the applicants to await
her turn.

Among other questions she was asked
was, as to the size of the blow-off re-
quired for a seven horse power engine,
and what she would do if the valve
stuck fast. When the examination was
finished, the examiners wrote at the
end of her paper "accepted," and Miss
De Barr is now a full-fledged licensed
steam engineer.

HORSE NOTES.

—It is proposed to build a kite track
at Dubuque, Ia.

—Huron's absence in the Futurity
stake is to be regretted.

—Faustino, by Sidney, took a 3-year-
old record of 2:18 at Chicago.

—Palo Alto, Electioneer's fastest son
recently trotted a half in 1:00.

—Allerton was separately timed in his
race with Nancy Hanks at Independence
recently in 2