The Hickman Courier.

GEORGE WARREN, Publisher.

HICKMAN. : : KENTUCKY.

NAN'S WHITE WORLD.

At our window on the hill,
Sometimes talking, sometimes still,
Sat my little girl and I,
Looking on the wintry sky:
While the breath of frosty air
Swung the maples brown and bare,
And across the valley rolled
All the moonlight's wealth of gold
Touching with a wondrous glow
Hill and valley clad in snow.
Winters two and summers three,
Wise a baby could not be.
So she whispered there that night:
What makes all the world so white?
Of the moonlights and the cold
And the snowy world I told:
Now the world seems white to you,
Little Nan with heart so true.
And the rays of wonder throw
Only glory on the snow.
Yet, beyond those mountains tall
Long black shadows casts and fall,
When my darling lies asleep
O'er the world these shadows creep.
Soon enough the gold is lost
In the shadow and the frost.
But your father's arms divide
Warmth within from cold outside.
Long we can not linger still
At our window on the hill;
For your baby footsteps go
Soon enough across the snow.
By what trouble, at what cost,
Shall your own white world be lost?
Trouble comes—oh, come it will—
In some valley deep and chill;
By what mountain, in what spot
It shall meet you, know I not;
By what shadows overcast
Shall the glory go at last.
When the shadows eastward fall:—
"Father, father," you may call;
When the bitter tears shall rain
You may call and call in vain.
In your trouble, if I hear,
I shall come and help you, dear;
Though my lips be silent—though
Underneath the cruel snow;
Though in vain you call to me
Where your straying feet may be;
Yet your Father watches still
At His window, on His hill;
Warmth within from cold outside
Shall His love indeed provide.

N. Y. Observer.

AUNT NORA'S BIRTHDAY.

A Story Taken From the Journal of Miss Hazel Dudley.

JANUARY 15, WEDNESDAY.—This is Aunt Nora's birthday. Aunt Nora isn't my aunt except as she is everybody's—especially if they happen to be cousins by marriage three removed, which is, I believe, my exact relationship.

Aunt Nora and her brother (who was no uncle, but only Mr. Fairfield to me) were left alone in the world when she was a school girl, and he was quite old—I should think, from what I have heard, nearly thirty. He was of a metaphysical turn, but papa says that his wealth led him to make only a pastime of study. So he lived at the homestead, and played at farming and writing. What he did in earnest was to bring up his unhappy little sister. He had theories to which she was adapted. He held views as to the action of the female mind that she was expected to illustrate.

But she illustrated instead the action of the female heart, for she fell in love with a stray science lecturer whom Mr. Fairfield had for the moment taken up. This fascinator had, mamma says, a tremendous forehead and long hair, and used long words and wore green spectacles, but Nora—I may call her that when she was younger than I am now—Nora had been trained to adore mind, and she thought all that cranium meant very much mind indeed. Just as Mr. Fairfield discovered that Herr Professor was a humbug, he also discovered that Nora had run away and married him.

Mamma says that his wrath was terrible. He had lost not only his sister, but *his subject*. He seemed to turn to stone, and he made a will, giving everything except a few thousands (his father had left the estate to his son) to a cousin, Mr. Alfred Fairfield. He is Charlie's father. Charlie used to claim consinship with me—about the sixteenth, I should say it was. I *used* to like Charlie, but I will never, never like the son of such a father, and when he upholds him in it, too!

But I'm getting my story all higgledy-piggledy. This that I have written about *all* happened ages ago, when Aunt Nora was young, and to-day she is sixty.

She was married just a year when the Professor blew himself up with his chemicals, and she came back to the homestead a poor little disinherited widow of eighteen. Her brother kind of forgave her, and took her in; but it was years, mamma says, before he would quite trust her. At last he did—no piece of petrifaction could forever resist Aunt Nora's sweetness. There they lived together ever since till last year, when he died.

People thought that of course he had changed his will, but it seems that he didn't, so Mr. Alfred Fairfield is to have all Aunt Nora's property. I don't so much mind the money—all money is alike—but the *Homestead*—there never was and never will be another such delightful old place, such a rambling, gabled house, such lawns and groves and barns and orchards. O, it is cruel, wicked, preposterous. To think of her being evicted by that Washington descendee, just as though he were an unpaid landlord. People have respected him—rather stood in awe of him as a superior being—but I always thought it very unnatural for him to leave Charlie here to go to school, and now to set himself up in law just as though he belonged to no one. Still, people say they are very fond of each other. Of course he *ought* to give the whole thing up, but the year for settling the estate is over, and he evidently means to keep it. O, I should think Charlie would die of shame—he would if he were the splendid fellow I used to think him.

Mr. Fairfield made a great show of searching for a later will, but people say now it was only to ease off the first indignation. Every one is indignant, for rich and poor dote on Aunt Nora. She bears it like a saint—her brother's word was always law and gospel to her. What a strange, beautiful life they lived together—he half buried in his books, she divided between him and the little world she drew around her. Mamma says she has had dozens of beaux, but she had had enough of marriage, and atoned for deceiving her brother once by her life's devotion. And this is his return for it. It is so like her dear, unselfish self to have her young folks' birthday party to-night, when her mourning is so fresh and last things are so sad. She says it mesn't be a sad gathering, only one more added to the pleasant memories of the old place. There won't be dancing and the usual frolic—only music and talk and games. The Flower Game is to be the event of the evening. Mr. and Miss Howe and Charlie have the charge of that. I begged Aunt Nora not even to invite Charlie, but she is so forgiving, and she is so fond of Charlie. How can she be—now? ....

When Aunt Nora moves into the little cottage from which she can see the old trees (I dare say Mr. Fairfield will cut them down) I should like to go and live with her, if it were not for dear papa and mamma. She says I am her dearest niece, and she is my dearest aunt. To be sure I have no real aunt, but it would be the same if I had forty.

I was so impatient to get off, that I dressed early. I have on my crimson merino, mamma said it was nicer than my blue silk for going sleigh-riding into the country, and there I am to spend the night. Just to pass the time I came to my journal to write about Aunt Nora. It will be a "story without an end," I guess, for after this party there will be nothing more pleasant to tell.

Hark! there are the sleigh-bells, and mother is calling me.

AT THE HOMESTEAD—MIDNIGHT.—Aunt Nora told me to go to bed and to sleep, but I can't. My head is too full of the evening, and I feel haunted by ghosts of Aunt Nora's past, but still more of her future. When I got here this afternoon I had a chat with Aunt Nora, and told her how I was fretting, and she said with a sad, sweet smile: "The future isn't such a bugbear at sixty as it is at nineteen, my dear." But good gracious, she may live to be ninety—her grandfather did. Think of thirty or even twenty years' exile from the only home she ever knew, with the exception of that dreadful year with the sham Professor. I feel like a caged thing—beating against the bars of wrong that I can't right, but only hurt my wings. I *will* think of other things, and may be I'll get sleepy.

Ah, this dear west room—it is called "Hazel's room" because I am so fond of it—and to think that I shall never go to it after those *usurpers* take possession.

I'd like to photograph it—the high four-posted bedstead, its curtains gay with impossible birds and flowers and beasts of the dragon family. The window and dressing-table have the same hangings. One has to look into the mirror through a hole of drapery—it is like spying one's self in a deep pool surrounded with shrubbery. For my part I'd like more looking-glass and less upholstery, especially after what Charlie Fairfield said about my color this evening. Well I might have color, feeling so mad—to say nothing of my sleigh-ride.

And there are the droll pictures hung half way up to the moon—paintings on satin by Fairfield dames of a century ago, and that spooky picture of a cemetery in hair—that I hid with the screen. Best of all is Aunt Nora's portrait as a child. She wears a huge Marlborough hat, and the shy blue eyes look out from under a thatch of yellow hair. To-night she looked like this picture, just as childlike and innocent, only the gold is turned to silver. That is the way things grow cheap with time.

This evening before the company came Charlie would talk to me, though I showed him plainly enough that I did'nt wish it. He, too, remarked that Aunt Nora looked like her old portrait.

"Yes," I said, turning hot and wrathful, "she looks as though she didn't know that wrong *could* be done her."

He smiled so provokingly and said: "Don't judge the dead, Hazel—a will may yet be found."

"It isn't the dead I judge, but the living," I said sharply.

"If it is my father you are judging, please don't even in thought associate wrong with his name." His eyes flashed, and he drew himself up till he looked eight instead of six feet tall. But I only tossed my head. It is all very well to be so high and mighty, but facts are facts.

There, I have been crying, and blotted my journal. At this rate I shall *never* get sleepy.

Everybody came to-night, and the parlor did look charming. They all had a lovely time—all but me—things went awry with me. Nothing could be prettier than that Flower Game. On the center-table were quantities of natural flowers, all tied with little nosegays, each kind of flower by itself. Mr. Howe read from his paper quotations from poems, each one naming some flower or plant, and the company were to tell the name of the author. Miss Howe and Charlie were umpires to decide who spoke first, and Charlie handed the flower named as a prize to the winner.

It was very amusing to see how the most familiar lines puzzled us, and to hear the right answer when one least expected. I was so surprised to hear bashful Lucy Brown pipe up "Hamlet" to "Pansies, that's for thoughts." I was glad she got the bunch to reward her courage.

Seneca Evarts guessed so many—and was quite provoking, and he was invited to join the umpire committee to save the spoils.

Gussie Flint outdid herself in beaming upon Charlie. The girls said she had been cramming poetry for a week, and she got several nosegays. How she simpered when Charlie gave her the pinks for Barry's "And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my love for you."

"For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without a peer."

She may have her peers—but her match I hope there is not.

To make variety some of us girls had painted a few flowers not in season on cards or simple plaques, like "flower-de-luce," that was Longfellow's, and "Honeysuckle" out of the "May Queen."

It was very nice for poor lame Herbert to get the branch of coral for his cabinet. No one but he seemed to know Moore's

"crimson blossom of the coral tree
In the warm isles of India's sunny sea."

Three things were cut and dried beforehand, everyone being in the secret except Aunt Nora.

Mr. Howe read very quietly "Consider the lilies." No one spoke, and at last Aunt Nora said: "There is no harm, children, that I can see, in using the Maker's commendation of His work. Those are our Lord's words in Matthew 6: 28, I believe."

Thereupon a beautiful Wedgewood urn was brought out in which grew an annunciation lily full of blossoms and buds. It was a birthday gift, and how pleased and touched Auntie was!

After awhile she was trapped by another long pause, and came to the rescue of her beloved Wordsworth, on the lines "My heart with pleasure," etc. That time she received a china plaque with exquisitely painted daffodils.

She said, half laughing and half crying, that she wouldn't open her mouth again—but she did.

Mr. Howe read the whole of "Mistress Mary," ending with "pretty maids all in a row."

"Shame on you all!" exclaimed Aunt Nora, at last—"have you forgotten your old Mother Goose?"

How we shouted and clapped, as she was presented with a framed photograph, a group of the twenty poor little girls she has come to her house Saturdays to learn needle-work, a branch of education so neglected, she laments, in schools nowadays.

All the time, as far as the game went, I seemed tongue-tied, again and again coming to the point just too late, when I knew the poem like a, b, c. I did manage to speak up when they gave

"That which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet."

Several said "Shakespeare," but I said "Juliette," and so I won. As Charlie handed me a bunch of delicious blushing roses, he said in an undertone—quite ignoring our passage at arms—"This is hardly fair, Hazel—roses where there are enough already!" and he looked at me so that I felt my cheeks turn from pink to purple.

"Enough is enough then!" I said, hatefully, and waved the flowers away. "This deep pink quarrels with my red dress," I said to my next neighbor by way of explanation.

Charlie coolly laid the roses aside, and before I came up stairs, I went into the parlor and got them—and now they fill the room with the smell of summer.

Charlie staid after the others went away, and I left him talking with Aunt Nora in the sitting-room. That's why I missed my usual "after the ball" gossip with her. I didn't even say good-night to Charlie.

I am vexed that I seemed so stupid in the game. Papa thought I'd outshine them all. I did manage to get this bit of aspen that hangs limp and forlorn from my buttonhole. I could not easily miss on Tennyson's "Farewell:"

"And here thine aspens shiver.
And here by these shall hum the bee
Forever and forever."

All the time Charlie was handing the sprig to me he was complimenting Gussie Flint on her lap-full of trophies.

Some one said that poem was too sad to choose from, but Miss Howe said a bit of aspen was too rare to be neglected. Then Charlie said they might have taken the aspen in

"Uncertain, coy, and hard to please."

I knew he meant it for me. One didn't need to be very hard to please to dislike seeing him so lordly this evening.

George Howe said it was a pity there wasn't something about witch-hazel; and somebody said the *witch* was all out of Hazel to-night, and that snip of a Frank Simmons said: "But not the witchery." What did I care for their nonsense!

"No more by thee my steps shall be,
Forever and forever."

LATER.—Rather I may say earlier, for it is almost morning; still I will write another page—if I can.

Just as I stopped writing there came the lightest tap at my door, and when I opened it there stood Aunt Nora. She had on her palm leaf dressing gown, and her nightcap edged by a row of little curl-papers, but she looked a beauty all the same.

"You naughty child," she said, "to be up till this time o' night. I was sure I heard you stirring."

"I am glad you are come," I said, "you will cheer me up a bit."

"I am sure of it," she said, brightly, "but first let us mend the fire."

When a fresh log was blazing, and I had been wrapped in my fur cloak, she said:

"Charlie staid behind the others because he had a letter to give me from his father. I made him stop till I read it, and then it was so late and cold that I kept him for the night. I put him in his uncle's room." (Charlie has always called them aunt and uncle, though they are really second cousins), "because that room was warm, as I was there to-day beginning the packing. Charlie is almost the only one I could willingly see occupying my brother's rooms."

I thought she meant to give me a lesson in forgiveness, and remained mute.

"I wish you would read that aloud," she said presently, handing me the letter she had held in her hand all the time. This is what the letter said:

WASHINGTON, January 14.

MRS. NORA FAIRFIELD ROSENCRANS:

DEAR COUSIN—The year allowed for the settlement of your brother's estate has expired, and as yet the will, of whose existence I still do not despair, is not found. It therefore wish to inform you that I have decided to join the homestead and all the property that forty-two years ago your brother impulsively willed to me. I have debated action, hoping that the discovery of a later will would confirm you in possession of what is yours in law and equity, and I still hope to bequest. However that may be, my own course is clear and unalterable.

Allow me here to thank you for your kindness to my boy. Since his mother's death left me homeless, I have found distraction in public life. But I have always objected to my son's contesting it, and have at a personal sacrifice encouraged his sticking to the old town, the old friends, and adopting my old profession. I hope yet to return to end my days amid the scenes of my youth, and shall expect you to welcome me back as a neighbor. Believe me yours sincerely,

ALFRED FAIRFIELD.

As I finished as best I could, Aunt Nora unfolded a document that she said was the deed.

I just threw my arms about her neck and cried like a baby, and she cried too.

I think the first coherent thing I said was, "Char—Char—Charlie will never forgive me."

"Yes, he will," she said, decidedly.

"How do you know?—did he say so?"

"He said as much—he said a great deal about you."

"What?" I gasped.

"O, that he liked you all the better for treating him so abominably—because you thought this place would become his wrongfully."

"As though his having the place could possibly make me treat him well!" I exclaimed.

"He says it has made some of the girls treat him too well by half," Aunt Nora said, dryly.

"Ah, I know who one of them is—the minxes!" I cried. "But, Auntie, did he really say that he liked me?"

"N—o, not exactly" (how my heart sank), "he said that he loved you."

"Aunt Nora!"

"Yes, he did—and now, deary, can't you part with that aspen? The life seems to be pretty well shaken out of it."

I tossed the poor thing into the fire, and snatched my roses from the vase. Pretty soon Aunt Nora said good-night and left me to my dreams—waking dreams, I hope I sha'n't awake and find it is a dream.

THURSDAY NIGHT.—AT HOME: I didn't find it a dream—at least the dream goes on.

It was ten o'clock this morning when Aunt Nora and I sat down to breakfast, to the consternation of Phebe, who had never been subjected to such irregularity before. We were just beginning our coffee when Charlie appeared. I declare I thought I should sink through the floor, and wished I might. But he kissed Aunt Nora and shook hands with me, and said good-morning as coolly as you please.

After Phebe left the room, Charlie said: "Last night, late as it was, I took down one of my uncle's volumes of Shakespeare to recall the exact connection of the 'rose with any other name.'" He didn't look at me, but all the same I grew hot and red as fire.

"Did my uncle use any of those volumes just before he had the stroke?" asked Charlie.

"I think he may have done so," said Aunt Nora. "A number of books lay about the room, and if I remember, some of those volumes were among them. Why?"

Charlie drew a paper from his breast pocket and rose to give it to her, saying: "I found this between the pages of 'Romeo and Juliette.'"

"Read it for me—I left my glasses upstairs," said Aunt Nora. Besides, she was troubled from head to foot.

Charlie read: "Feeling strangely unwell to-night, I wish to put into writing—as I have so foolishly neglected doing—my will, bequeathing to my beloved sister Nora all of our father's property, thus annulling all previous wills made by me. The final disposing of the property I leave to my sister's sensible and charitable mind, a duty for which she, far better than I, is fitted. I hope to-morrow to put this into suitable form."

The last lines were hardly legible. "The date shows," Charlie said gently, "that it was written the very night upon which he was taken ill. I am very glad; my father will be very glad."

"Dear brother," murmured Aunt Nora, weeping with bowed head. "How thankful I am that I never even thought of going to law about the will. This is worth the property a thousand times over—this, and cousin Alfred's noble generosity."

We sat long silent. At last Aunt Nora said: "It truly seems more like fiction than sober reality—an estate given away, a will found and a will made in a single night."

"A will made?" said Charlie.

"Yes; before I lay down to rest I made my will, my dear. I named a few personal bequests and charities that I can mature later, but you, Charlie, are my sole heir. Hush!"—with upraised finger—"there are conditions. I stipulate that—if you can stand so much of an old woman's society, you begin at once to make this your home—you can easily drive to and from the office. And another thing—don't speak yet—if you should ever happen to marry, I should like to have your wife come, too—that is, if I approved your choice."

"Will you come, Hazel?" Charlie said, and stretched out his hand towards me.

I slipped mine into Aunt Nora's, and said: "If Aunt Nora wants me."

Then Charlie walked around the table and kissed me, and that is how we were engaged. We have been engaged all day, and it seems ages of happiness. Charlie says I accepted Aunt Nora, and I say of course, because it was she who made the avowal. But if our love-making wasn't orthodox our love is. I *know* that Charlie is the most splendid fellow in the world, and I am so glad that his father takes after him.

When the June roses bloom, I am to go to the homestead to live with—Aunt Nora.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

COUNTRY HOMES.

Some Suggestions Relative to Frame Buildings in the Country.

There has been a great change for the better in farm houses and country homes in some parts of the country during the past quarter of a century, but there is still need enough of change for the better in many directions in farm houses remote from cities and large towns. There is no reason why the farm house should not enjoy the comforts, if not some of the luxuries of the age. We would not advise extravagance in farm buildings, but we think every one should make his home as attractive as possible. It does not follow that a house should be of high cost to be attractive, for many a modest cottage is a more pleasant home than some palaces.

The home should be the most attractive and happiest place on earth. If it be made so, its influence will be felt by every member of the family, and by none more than by the children. In planning to build, one should select a suitable location on good high, dry soil, where the cellar will be free from dampness; away from swamps and stagnant water, where the drainage will be good; and, if possible, where there will be a good outlook, and yet not too fully exposed to the cold winds of winter; not too remote from the highway and in a good neighborhood. Having made such a selection, a plan for a house should be obtained that will provide for comfort and yet present an attractive appearance.

The house should be so placed, if possible, as to have the sun in the living rooms. It should not be over two and a half stories high, so that there will not be much running up and down stairs, and all planned for the greatest convenience of those who do the housework. It should be well built, back plastered and covered with sheathing paper on the outside before the walls are shingled or clapboarded, and thus made warm for winter and cool for summer. The roof should be shingled, and painted or not according to the taste of the owner. The rooms should be large enough for comfort, and all the sleeping rooms up-stairs. It is better to have a bathroom and furnace, hot and cold water, and, when possible, running water in the house. The cellar should be eight to nine feet deep and, if a furnace is put in, brick partitions should be built so as to provide a cool milk and vegetable room.

The house should not be painted white, but of some neutral tint more in harmony with nature. After the house is built, the grounds should be so graded as to secure a lawn, large or small, with suitable driveways and walks with trees, shrubs and flowers. All this being done, we naturally look inside the house, and here we invade the domain of woman, with her innate love for the beautiful. Though we will not even suggest what shall be placed inside the house, except possibly a good supply of plants, we feel sure it will be made more attractive than the outside. With such a home, which need not be a very expensive one, any intelligent person who loves the country ought to be happy. If children go away from such a home they will always look back upon it as the one dear, delightful spot on earth, and their desire will be to return to it or secure one like it for themselves. We think farmers often make a great mistake in not making their homes more comfortable and attractive, when it could be done at comparatively little expense.

We do not expect that the farmer in Red River Valley or in sparsely settled regions can have all we have spoken of, but are there not many thousands in the older portions of our country who might? The work of improvement has been begun: Let it go on until our rural homes shall be made so attractive that the children will be glad to remain at home and all be made contented and happy.—*Congregationalist.*

THE BRITISH ARMY.

Its Strength and Stations—Disposition of 182,000 Men.

The following interesting details showing in what portions of the globe British troops are now stationed, with their approximate force in garrison and on active service, have just been prepared from official sources. The last returns showed, it is understood, an effective strength of about 182,000 of all arms—viz: thirty-one regiments of cavalry, twenty-four batteries of royal horse artillery, seventy-six batteries of field artillery, ninety-six batteries of garrison artillery, seventy-two regiments of infantry (or 148 battalions), two divisions, one troop, and forty companies of engineers, besides commissariat and transports, medical staff corps, etc. Dealing first with the home commands, it appears that the northern command, the largest in the Kingdom, which includes nearly 75,000 volunteers, besides yeomanry and militia, has two regiments of regular cavalry, two divisions of the coast brigade, and six batteries of field artillery, besides depots, and five battalions of infantry. The eastern command (Major General White, C. B.) with headquarters at Colchester, has one cavalry regiment and two depots of that arm, three batteries and a depot of artillery, a section of the commissariat and transport corps, and three infantry battalions. The western command (Major-General Sayer, C. B.) has in proportion to others a large force of artillery—two batteries of horse, three of field, seven of garrison—besides a di[illegible] the coast brigade and depots [illegible] pany of the commissariat and [illegible] corps, and four battalions of infantry. The southern command has altogether one division and twelve batteries of artillery, two companies and a section of engineers, a section of commissariat and transport corps, and six battalions of infantry. The force of the Chatham district consists of eleven companies of engineers, a division and five batteries of artillery, one company of the commissariat and transport corps, and two battalions of infantry. In the southeastern command there are two regiments of cavalry and nine depots (Canterbury,) one division and seven batteries of artillery, a company each of engineers and of the commissariat and transport corps, and four battalions of the line. The home-district command has three regiments of household cavalry and one of cavalry of the line, a battery of royal horse, and a division of coast brigade artillery, one company each of engineers and of the commissariat and transport corps, and six battalions of the guards. At Woolwich the force is made up of a large body of artillery, two batteries of horse, besides depots and the riding establishments, and seven batteries of field and garrison. The Aldershot command, which completes those of England and Wales, has three regiments of cavalry, eight batteries of artillery, a division, troop, and depot of royal engineers, three companies and two depots of the commissariat and transport corps, and seven line battalions.

Taken altogether, there are thus in the nine military districts of England and Wales twelve regiments of cavalry, sixty-five batteries and seven divisions of artillery, a division, troop, and fourteen companies of engineers, about a dozen companies of the commissariat and transport corps, and thirty-eight battalions of infantry, or about sixty thousand of all ranks.

The average strength of the army in Scotland was last year only a little over three thousand, and there is reason to believe that Major General Macdonald's North British command does not now even come up to that number, the force being represented by one cavalry regiment, one battery, and a division of artillery, and two infantry battalions.

In the three military districts of Ireland, commanded respectively by Major General Knight, Major General Lord Clarina, and Major General Young, the force shows a decrease in strength compared with last year, when the average was about twenty-four thousand. The force now distributed over the island comprises six regiments of cavalry, thirteen batteries and two divisions of artillery, two companies of engineers, four of commissariat and transport corps, and twenty-six infantry battalions, or four battalions less than last year.

The channel islands possess three batteries of artillery and two battalions of infantry, about two thousand officers and men. India absorbs a very large portion of the British army, nearly sixty-nine thousand of all arms—viz., Bengal, seven regiments of cavalry, forty-two batteries of artillery, a company of engineers, and thirty-one battalions of infantry; Madras, two cavalry corps, sixteen batteries of artillery, a company of engineers and nine battalions of infantry; Bombay, one cavalry corps, nineteen batteries of artillery, a company of engineers, and nine battalions of infantry; total cavalry, ten corps; artillery, seventy-seven batteries; engineers, three companies; infantry, forty-nine battalions.

In the West Indies England has a couple of batteries of garrison artillery, and, besides a line battalion, some colonial corps. Canada has three batteries, a company and section of engineers, and a line battalion; and Bermuda two batteries, five engineer companies, and a battalion of infantry.

Malta has seven batteries of British artillery, two companies of engineers, four line battalions and the fencible artillery; and Gibraltar, seven batteries, four engineer companies and four line battalions; while Cyprus is garrisoned by the headquarters of the First West Kent and a company of engineers.

Irrespective of the force of irregulars organized in England for special service in Bechuanaland there are at the cape and Natal two cavalry corps (the Sixth dragoons and the Thirtieth hussars), four batteries of artillery, two companies and a section of engineers, nearly five battalions of infantry and some detachments of the commissariat and transport corps. At St. Helena there are a battery of artillery and some engineers' infantry.

The West African settlements and the Gold Coast colony are garrisoned by colonial corps, but in the Mauritius there are a battery of artillery, some engineers and three companies of line regiment. Ceylon takes two batteries of artillery, a detachment of engineers and a battalion of infantry; and Hong Kong and the Straits, settlements three batteries of artillery, a detachment of engineers and two line battalions.—*London Times.*

The Fat in the Fire.

Mrs. Miller is a very stout woman. At a distance she looks like a water-tank at a railroad station. She is the biggest woman in Waco. She is very sensitive about her corpulence. At a social gathering she mentioned incidentally that she had been suffering from rheumatism, but, thanks to the skill of Dr. Blister, she was entirely cured of it.

"Dr. Blister is a very popular doctor," remarked Frank Cooper.

"I don't think he has a large practice," said Mrs. Miller.

"If you are his patient he is bound to have a tremendous practice," said Frank.

When Mrs. Miller gives her next social gathering, it is safe to bet that Frank will shine by his absence. He will be the most absent man in the whole town. Mrs. Miller is so mad about it that she is falling off at the rate of twenty pounds a day.—*Texas Siftings.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—There never was a time when "trifles" played so important a part in the matter of making the house beautiful as now.—*N. Y. Mail.*

—There is but one way to keep large flocks of fowls, whether young or old, and that is to separate them into small lots, each lot to occupy a place by themselves.—*Troy Times.*

—Give the poultry cabbage for green food. Give them warm water every morning. Feed them liberally all sorts of food. Keep the house clean and warm—then you will get eggs.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Orange Pudding: Two cups of bread crumbs, one cup of chopped suet, three eggs, juice of three oranges, one cup of milk; pour into cups greased with butter, boil in a deep pan and serve with sauce.—*The Household.*

—The fact that our droughts occur much oftener late in the season than early favors the raising of the early varieties of corn. They are certainly desirable when it is intended to follow corn with wheat.

—A spicy writer in the *American Rural Home* insists that even hogs would rather be clean than dirty, and that they would make much less unhealthy food if kept in clean, sunny pens.

—Do not waste the corn-cobs. Use them as fuel and save the ashes, as corn-cobs contain a very large proportion of potash, and are valuable for that substance alone. In addition, they also make economical fuel, burning freely and easy, and can be collected with but little labor.—*Toledo Blade.*

—Apple Tarts: Pare, quarter and [illegible] water to [illegible] soft; sweet until smooth; add three [illegible] eggs, one grated lemon, half a cup of butter, one and one-half cups of sugar; beat all together; line pattypans with a puff paste and fill; bake in a hot oven five minutes.—*Household.*

—This is a delicate substitute for macaroni and may be eaten even by people with sensitive stomachs: Soak slices of bread in milk until they will absorb no more. Butter a baking dish and place a layer of the soaked bread with a dust of salt; then a thin layer of grated cheese; then other layers of bread and of cheese until the dish is filled. The top layer must be cheese. Bake in a moderate oven for half an hour and serve hot. Care must be taken that the bread is perfectly soaked.—*Boston Budget.*

—To make Baltimore apple bread, prepare a dough exactly as if for rusks. When it is very light, roll it about half an inch thick. Spread stewed apples over half of the dough and fold over the remaining half. Put in a pan to raise. Then bake in a moderate oven. Have some thinly sliced apples stewed, and when the bread is baked lay them all over the top. Sprinkle with sugar, small bits of butter and cinnamon. Put back into the oven long enough for the sugar to form a coating.—*Rural Home.*

A GUARDIAN CROP.

Clover Will Bring Good Luck, Even If It Is Not Four-Leaved.

One of the leading objections to a light soil is its inability to retain soluble fertilizers, especially when applied in quantities sufficient for the production of a cereal crop. Nitrate of soda, for example, leaches through the loose earth, and finding its way into the natural or artificial drainage channels, is soon carried out of the soil, and away from the crop sorely in need of this plant food. It is upon these light, leachy soils that clover plays its most important role. This plant has a vast root system, and sufficient area of foliage to manufacture all the crude materials gathered from the soil into a form to contribute to growth. Any manure of the most soluble kind, is quickly caught up and changed into a comparatively insoluble form. The clover plant becomes a guardian to any fertilizing material that may be intrusted to a loose soil. Another fortunate characteristic of this plant is its continuous growth throughout the whole season. It is a well-established fact that the exceedingly valuable and soluble compounds of nitrogen are most abundantly formed in the soil during the hot months of midsummer and early autumn. At this time the cereal crops are harvested, with the exception of corn. If the field is bare, there is no doubt that much fertility is lost whenever a rain comes to wash the soil of its richness. On the other hand, clover flourishes at this season, and guards the soil from this loss from nitrification and leakage. A large part of the fertility is stored up in the leaves and stems, and goes into the hay-barn, but an equal portion has remained in and on the soil as roots and stubble, and will become plant food for the next crop, through the slow processes of decay. In other words, the clover plant has transformed a large quantity of fertility from a very soluble condition, into a stable state, readily held by the leachy soil. The compounds of nitrogen, potash, and phosphoric acid, that have been removed in the hay, should find their way back to the soil in the barn-yard manure. The long continued experiments at Rothamsted, to which farmers can not be too frequently referred, show that a clover crop requires three times as much nitrogen for its growth as does a crop of wheat. In the face of this, the same experiments also teach that clover is especially beneficial as a crop to immediately precede one of wheat. In explanation of this apparent contradiction, we need to remember that clover not only husbands the fertility of the soil, but gets it into a place and condition to specially favor the growth of the wheat plant. The field grains have only a few weeks to perfect their growth, and no time to waste after food not close at hand. They have the advantage of growing in the midsummer and early autumn, when, through soil-fermentation, the earth has its largest ready supply of plant food. We see good reasons for a firm adherence to the old belief, that clover seed is the best manure that can be applied to a loose soil. Let us grow more clover. Even if it is not four-leaved it will bring "good luck."—*American Agriculturist.*

Lightning in the Tropics.

In the plains of India, at the commencement of the monsoon, storms occur in which the lightning runs like snakes all over the sky at the rate of three or four flashes in a second, and the thunder roars without a break for frequently one or two hours at a time. During twelve years' residence in India I heard of only two human beings, and, I think, three buildings, being struck, although in parts of Lower Bengal the population amounts to more than 600 to the square mile. I always attributed the scarcity of accidents to the great depth of the stratum of heated air next the ground, keeping the clouds at such a height that most of the flashes pass from cloud to cloud and very few reach the earth. This idea is supported by the fact that in the Himalayas, at 6,000 feet or more above the sea, buildings and trees are frequently struck. I have seen more than a dozen pine trees which had been injured by lightning on the top of one mountain between 8,000 and 9,000 feet high. In the British Islands thunder storms are said to be more dangerous in winter than in summer, and such a fact, if true, can be explained by the very thin stratum of the air then intervening between the clouds and the earth.—*Nature.*

Modern Egyptian Houses.

The towns on the Egyptian shore of the Red Sea stand along the borders of the khors which come from the mountains back of them, and find their way through many shallow channels to the sea. These channels, which are dry three-fourths of the year, are the passage ways or streets of the villages. The houses stand on the slightly higher ground between the channels; they are scattered about in perfectly irregular manner. The better class of houses are thus constructed: First a frame-work is made of boughs and branches of the acacia trees. Then a wattling of straw is woven closely amongst the boughs of roof and sides, so as to make a waterproof covering for the interior. Around the houses of the chief men inclosures of similar construction are made to keep prying eyes from peering into the sacred precincts of the harem within. The huts of the poorer people are mere tent-shaped structures lightly covered with skins of animals, or with coarse matting.—*Exchange.*

Why Lamps Are Popular.

Mrs. Dobbs—"No indeed, the new craze for lamps has not affected me, and it won't, either. I would not have a lamp in the parlor for the world."

Mrs. Hobbs—"How can you talk so? The lamps they make now are perfect works of art and everybody buys them."

"I know it; but I can't see what advantage they are."

"If you had a grown-up daughter, as I have, you would see the advantage quick enough."

"Dear me! What difference would that make?"

"You know a kerosene lamp can't be turned down real low without smoking."

"Yes."

"Well, when I smell smoke I know its time to saunter into the parlor."—*Philadelphia Call.*

—A modern scientist has discovered that mental activity enhances physical beauty, thus controverting an old theory. He says: "A handsome man, or woman, either, who does nothing, but lives well or self-indulgently, grows flabby, and all the fine lines of the features are lost; but the hard thinker has an admirable sculptor always at work keeping his fine lines in repair, and constantly going over his face to improve the original design."

—Wanted—A man. Handsome or ugly; old or young; rich or poor; preacher or layman; sparkling with jewels, or wrapped up in patches and rags—only let him be a man who can do one single act that is purely unselfish. Where is he? Who knows him? Reader, can you fill the bill? Try, yourself, for a week, and let us know.—*Richmond (Va.) Religious Herald.*

—A tramp stopped at a house in the suburbs of Houston and said to the lady of the house, "Please give a poor man who is traveling and who is far away from home, a trifle to help pay his expenses." "If you haven't got money to pay your expenses why do you travel?" she asked, in astonishment.—*Texas Siftings.*

—Raisin-Making was first attempted in California nineteen years ago. The following year about 1,500 boxes were made, and the industry has rapidly progressed. Ten years ago the crop amounted to about 40,000 boxes. This year the crop is estimated at 200,000 boxes.

—On opening a big cabbage grown at Sodus, N. Y., it was found that within an outside covering of large, thick leaves were tightly embedded thirty-five small and almost perfectly round cabbages. Another one contained twenty-seven small cabbages.—*N. Y. Sun.*

MISS FLORENCE ABBOTT, 935 Massachusetts Ave., Washington, D. C., writes: "I have suffered long from an asthmatic cough and painful paroxysms. The Red Star Cough Cure gave me wonderful relief. I have not been troubled with paroxysms since."

A WICKED milk-dealer shudders whenever his wife asks him if he would like to have some pumpkin pie.

A New Way to Pay Old Debts.

Shakespeare tells how this can be accomplished in one of his immortal plays; but debts to nature must be paid on demand unless days of grace be obtained through the use of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." It is not a "cure-all," but invaluable for sore throat, bronchitis, asthma, catarrh, consumption, and all diseases of the pulmonary and other organs, caused by scrofula or "bad blood." Scrofulous ulcers, swellings and tumors are cured by its wonderful alterative action. By druggists.

WHEN clothes-pins are only a cent a dozen there is no excuse for snoring in church.—*N. Y. Journal.*

Don't Wear Cumbersome Trusses

when our new method without use of knife is guaranteed to permanently cure the worst case of rupture. Send two letter stamps for references and pamphlet. World's Dispensary Medical Ass'n, Buffalo, N. Y.

"SLEEP on a pillow-sham is not apt to be real," observes a philosopher. No, not if your wife catches you at it.

DR. PIERCE'S Compound Extract of Smart-Weed combines French Brandy, Jamaica Ginger, Smart-Weed and Camphor Water, the best possible agents for the cure of diarrhœa, cholera morbus, dysentery or bloody flux and colic, or to break up colds, fevers and inflammatory attacks.

A BOY in a rural spelling school sat down on a word of one syllable. It was probably patch.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

SUDDEN CHANGES OF WEATHER are productive of Throat Diseases, Coughs, Colds, etc. Effectual relief is found in the use of BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.

AN exchequer—a retired baggage-master.—*Puck.*

STEADY WORK.—Walking on a tigh rope.

WHEN a teacher advertises that he has vacancies for two *pupils*, is one to infer that he is blind in both eyes?—*Golden Days.*

ITEMS of interest—coupons.—*Life.*

A GUN and a bank cashier are alike in one respect at least. There is always danger of their going off prematurely.

WHERE ignorance is bliss, etc.: A fact. Party (who has brought back the "music" stool in disgust)—"Look 'ere, Mister Auctioneer, this plaguey thing ain't no manner of use at all. I've twisted it round, and my old woman 'av' twisted it round, but sorra a bit of toon we can get out of it."

A "STUCK" up affair—a candy pull.—*The Judge.*

A WESTERN editor has spent six years writing a book entitled "How to Test Wine." An easy subject to stick to.

ONE man in Germany has made and sold three million thermometers. That's what you might call making money by degrees.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

ALGERNON—"What a queer name for a lamp!" Eulalie—"What name?" Algernon—"In the window we just passed is a new kind of lamp called 'The Sweetheart.' I can't imagine why it should have such a name." "Perhaps, dear, it can be turned very low."—*N. Y. Independent.*

NO MATTER whether bonnets have little birds on them or not, the amount of bill is always the same.—*N. Y. Herald.*

PROF. PEPPER (to the