

THE BOWSER TROUBLES.

Mr. Bowser Makes an Early Spring Tonic to Tone Up the Family.

"Well, a package came up for you this afternoon," said Mrs. Bowser, after dinner the other evening—"I suppose it's another fad of some sort?" "When did you ever know of my running after fads?" demanded Mr. Bowser, as he turned on her. "A hundred times. I'll wager it's something for your liver or kidneys, or lungs—something you bought of an Indian doctor on the street."

"Mrs. Bowser," said he, after a turn about the room, "you are probably aware of the fact that this is early spring?"

"Yes—very early."

"And that after the cold weather, heavy food, overheated rooms, etc., the human system requires toning up?"

"And you have something to tone?"

"I have. I have a feeling of lassitude. So have you. If allowed to run any length of time. Bilious fever would be the result—bilious fever, and perhaps death. The impending calamity must be averted. It can easily be done, and in this package is the means to do it. In three days we will feel like new human beings. I am going to prepare a family tonic."

"But I don't want any of it," she firmly replied.

"Then you needn't take any. If you want to look like a walking saffron bag by the time the first birds come I have no objections. As for me, I propose to take care of my health. I have here a lot of roots which I bought direct from a farmer. Roots make root beer, Mrs. Bowser, and root beer is the greatest tonic on earth. Every doctor—"

"But what do you know about roots?" interrupted Mrs. Bowser.

"Roots! You just show me a root I can't tell you the name of! I may not be much of a farmer, but when it comes down to roots I'm right on deck with any of 'em. That's what we want, Mrs. Bowser—a barrel of root beer—creamy, fizzy, delicious spring and summer tonic. That's what made Methusalem live to be 874 years old, and that's what'll keep us dancing from morn' till night."

"I can't make it and I know you can't, and I wish you'd give it up. There's a risk of being poisoned."

"But I can make root beer, and if you are afraid of it, don't touch it!" he vigorously replied. "I need a tonic, and propose to have one. As this is the cook's night, out I'll slip into the kitchen and begin operations. Have we a large kettle around?"

"I presume so," she said, as she looked over the contents of the package. "You seem to have several sorts of roots here?"

"Certainly. Root beer can't be made of one root, can it?"

"I don't think I ever saw any roots like these before. That looks like the root of a Canada thistle, and this one—"

"Mrs. Bowser, I am running this root beer business!" he interrupted as he stood her aside. "I get the roots make the beer, and take all the chances of being poisoned. If you have any more sarcasm, go out and talk to the jump-post."

It was a fixed idea in Mr. Bowser's mind that root beer was made from roots, but he wasn't quite sure of the next step. After getting down to the kitchen and thinking it over for a while, he decided that the roots ought to be boiled, and he at once felt happier for it. There was a big kettle under the sink which the cook used occasionally on scrub days, and that was the very thing for the roots. He went to work to clean it out, and after labouring for five minutes he decided that what little rust was left wouldn't do any particular hurt. In fact, it would probably give the beer the right sort of twang and help it to slip down the easier. He dumped the roots into the tub and roused them with cold water, but was careful not to get them too clean. When all was ready he put them into the kettle, poured in four pails of water, and started up the fire. The spring tonic was at last under way. He wanted to ask Mrs. Bowser how long it ought to boil, but as she had taken up a book and seemed to have no interest in his proceedings he determined to go it alone. After half an hour, however, and just as his stew had begun to boil, she came into the kitchen to see:

"What are you going to put into the beer to make it work?"

"How work?"

"Why, it's got to ferment or it won't have any life to it. I believe they use He suddenly remembered to have heard about yeast in connection with root beer, but vexed at his own stupidity, he wouldn't give in.

"People who want yeast in their root beer can have it," he said, as he stirred up the fire anew. "I am making a root beer to please myself."

He had a dim idea that an hour's boiling ought to extract all the virtue from the roots, but not being sure of it he kept the fire going for two, and every time he poured in more water. At length he decided that the tub to cook, but the work wasn't half finished when Mr. Bowser made up his mind that it wasn't fit for a pig to drink. He wasn't going to admit it to Mrs. Bowser, however, and he was sitting around and wondering how he could get out of it without loss of prestige when she re-appeared and asked:

"Is the beer all right?"

"How could it be otherwise?" he replied.

"Well, I'm glad of it. I think you

really need a spring tonic. When are you going to begin drinking it?"

"Right off now," he said, as he rose up and entered the house for a cup, and walked out to the tub.

The first swallow of the stuff almost lifted Mr. Bowser off the ground, but he knew that Mrs. Bowser was closely watching him, and he made no sign. The second made his hair curl, but bracing his feet and trying hard to look pleased, he exclaimed:

"Ah! that goes right to the spot! That's the genuine stuff I've been aching for!"

"Good, is it?" queried Mrs. Bowser.

"Next thing to nectar! I've tasted forty different kinds of root beer, but this—"

"What is it?" she asked, as he humped himself up like a calf in a snowstorm and bulged out his eyes.

"But this beats 'em all!" he finished with a great effort and sat down beside her. "In the morning I'll barrel it up and have my own nectar on tap."

Mr. Bowser lied about that. He meant to upset the tub and spill every drop before he went to bed and lay it to the cats, but he didn't propose to go back on his own root beer with Mrs. Bowser watching him; but then a sudden spasm seized him, and he grew white and granded:

"Say! I believe I've been poisoned by that infernal stuff!"

"No! Why, you said it was nectar!"

"Nectar be—hanged! I'm doubling up with pains in my stomach! Gee whizz! What shall I do?"

"Mr. Bowser, root beer never hurts anybody," she said with her hand on his back. "Didn't you fall from a tree while out in the woods?"

"Fall! Tree! Woman, am I a fool? I tell you I'm a dead man! I must have steeped up some poisonous root with that confounded swill! There it comes again. Great Scott!"

Mrs. Bowser got him into the sitting-room and on the lounge. A mustard plaster was laid across him; the camphor bottle was held to his nose, and she rubbed his feet and hands alternately, and dosed him with brandy. She insisted that he must have had a sunstroke or tumbled off the fence or over a log, and twice she offered to go out and bring him a quart of nectar if he felt thirsty. He simply groaned in reply, and now and then fetched a shiver which made his toes crack. It was midnight before the pain disappeared, and he fell asleep, and Mrs. Bowser roused him up and got him to bed. Next morning he seemed to be all right, and as they sat down to breakfast she foolishly said:

"When I went out to look at your root beer this morning I found four dead cats lying around. Don't you think you made some mistake somewhere?"

"I do, madam!" he promptly replied. "You were opposed to my making it. You wanted to see me fail. When my back was turned you threw arsenic or strychnine or something into the kettle, and I just escaped death! This is the limit, Mrs. Bowser—the dead line. I will telephone to my lawyer to come over and arrange things, and to-morrow you can start for your mother's—for your mother's on the afternoon train!"

He was so angry that he didn't know what to do, and he was so afraid of Mrs. Bowser that he didn't know where to go. He was so nervous that he didn't know what to say, and he was so tired that he didn't know what to do. He was so confused that he didn't know what to think, and he was so worried that he didn't know what to feel. He was so distressed that he didn't know what to do, and he was so miserable that he didn't know what to say.

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About the House.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

Apples at this time of year have lost much of their flavor and freshness. If when making a pie a teaspoonful of tartaric acid is sprinkled over the apples it will give the pie more of the flavor of fresh green apples. When baking the apples remove the core and fill the space with sugar, in which has been mixed a little of the tartaric acid powder.

A troublesome throat irritation or cough, the result of a winter cold, is most annoying, but a home remedy will relieve and oftentimes cure it without the aid of other medicines. The following formula was given by a physician many years ago, and has been found to be of great value: Take one-quarter of a pound of the best gum arabic and pour over it a half a pint of hot water; cover and leave it until the gum is dissolved; then add one-quarter of a pound of pure white sugar and a generous half-gill of strained lemon juice. Place these ingredients over the fire and let them simmer about ten minutes; then pour the mixture into a bottle and cork. When taking this syrup a little water may be added.

Let all young housekeepers bear in mind that rule, order and system in all things are indispensable in the management of a well-regulated household.

Among the spring blossoms daffodils and tulips are superseding all others for the decoration of fashionable dinner and luncheon tables. Silver flower holders are filled with growing tulips. The flowers will keep fresh for many days.

At a tulip luncheon the ice cream and biscuit cups were served in natural flowers for cups. Two blossoms fastened together with ribbons, the leaf and stem attached, were laid upon a plate and served to each guest.

A beautiful table decoration consists of very natural-looking tulips made of a transparent material, with a green stem five or six inches long fastened to a vase of the same color. A tiny light fits into each flower. When arranged around a table in a hedge of smilax and ferns or other delicate greens which hide the standards, it is very attractive and unique decoration. These tulips are made in pink, yellow, and variegated red and yellow, and are an excellent imitation of the flower.

Many housekeepers prefer to make macaroni or those one can buy. The macaroni are easily made. Take two eggs and add a teaspoonful of rich clear stock and a saltspoonful of salt; stir in as much sifted flour as the liquid will take up, making it a stiff dough. Knead this dough upon the board until it is elastic and soft; the longer the better; then roll it out in a thin sheet. Rub the sheet very lightly with flour, and let it remain a few moments to dry slightly before turning it over into a long, close roll. With a thin sharp knife cut the roll into strips a quarter of an inch in width. Leave the pieces upon the board for a couple of hours to dry; then they are ready to cook and serve as macaroni. When preparing macaroni to use in soup only, the roll is cut into very narrow shreds. Noodles may be kept any length of time.

A beefsteak that is inclined to be at all tough may be much improved if it is well rubbed over on both sides with a mixture of olive oil and vinegar. After the steak has been covered with this preparation allow it to remain in a cool place two or three hours before broiling.

SOME GOOD RECIPES.

Honey Jumbles.—One tablespoonful of butter; half a cup each of sugar and thick strained honey; one tablespoonful of cream; one egg; one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder and sufficient flour to make a rather stiff dough. Do not roll, but form into rings with the fingers and bake a light brown. Eat while fresh.

Little Honey Cakes.—Cream together a quarter of a pound each of butter and sugar; add three-quarters of a pound of strained honey; a teaspoonful of ginger, a quarter of a nutmeg; half a teaspoonful of soda and one and three-quarters pounds of flour. Roll thin, cut with a cookie cutter and bake quickly. These will keep a long time.

Honey Pudding.—Beat one cup of strained honey with the yolks of three small eggs. Add the juice of half a lemon, the beaten whites of the eggs two cups of flour and one small teaspoonful of soda dissolved in boiling water. Spread half an inch thick in two shallow pans and bake. Beat up an egg with two tablespoonfuls of flour, one of sugar and three of honey, and add it to two cups of hot milk. Boil till it thickens and when cool put between the layers. Frost with an icing made as follows: Boil together two-thirds of a cup of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of water, and a teaspoonful of lemon juice until it will harden when dropped into cold water. Take from the fire and add two dessert spoonfuls of honey; set in a dish of cold water and stir constantly till it is like thick cream; then pour quickly on top of the cake. These recipes for cooking with honey are taken from the Country Gentleman.

Cucumber Pickles.—Lay the cucumbers in good brine for twenty-four hours then take them out and scald them in equal parts of vinegar and water, a brass kettle is best, in alternate layers of pickles and grapevine leaves, then vinegar and water over them. Let them stand over night; then take the vinegar and water and pour over again; put them in a jar, and pour the hot repeat this operation frequently for three days successively, at the end of that time pour off the old vinegar, and cover the pickles with fresh vinegar, and add small red peppers to taste.

Macaroni Eggs.—First make a thick white sauce with half a pint of milk, a tablespoonful each of butter and flour, season with pepper, salt and a few drops of tarragon vinegar, stir while it

boils. Cook some large macaroni in salted water, drain very dry, and mix with half the white sauce and a teaspoonful of chopped parsley. Have ready some grated ham or tongue. Butter a pie-dish, and in it place a layer of macaroni and sauce, then a layer of the tongue or ham. Now, slip carefully on to this as many raw eggs as your dish will hold, and season with salt and pepper. Over the eggs place another layer of grated tongue and fill up with macaroni, round and between the eggs, which be careful not to break. Cover the whole with the remainder of the white sauce, dust a few breadcrumbs over all, bake till the eggs are set, which will be in about five minutes, and serve in the pie-dish. This dish may be varied by grated cheese being substituted for the chopped ham.

KITCHEN APRONS.

Mr. Lincoln advises making your kitchen aprons with a ruffle on the bottom. This will stand out a little fuller than your dress skirt, and will catch whatever you may drop, or spill, thus protecting the dress skirt. The front hem of a dress is often soiled because the apron does not quite cover it, or is drawn tightly across it; but this ruffle will remedy the matter; so effectually that you will wonder you did not think of it before.

HOLDERS ALWAYS.

Holders always come handy and any housekeeper will be glad of a set. For the parlor or sitting-room they may be covered with crazy work or silk or velvet patchwork. For the tea or coffee pot they should be crocheted from bright zephyr or colored cotton. For the ironing table, they should be made of leather tops of shoes and covered with woollen patchwork. For the kitchen, cover with denims, bed-ticking or other equally strong material that will wash.

THE OPIUM PIPE.

How the Japs Regulate Smoking of the Drug.

The Japanese, unlike their Chinese neighbors have a horror of opium smoking. In Japan it is a crime, punishable by a heavy fine and a long imprisonment. It is a crime to sell opium or smoking apparatus, and the only places where the drug can be purchased, or where a person may smoke, are on the foreign reservations, under the protection of a foreign flag. The opium dens in Yokohama, Kobe, Nagasaki and other cities are all found in the German, French and English concessions, where the Japanese have no jurisdiction. When the Japanese took possession of Formosa, which was ceded by China to Japan as a part of the price of peace, they found a serious problem among the natives and Chinese residents, who are numerous. The Government has finally adopted a rather novel policy to repress and regulate the vice. It requires every opium smoker to purchase a license from the Government by the payment of a fee, and permits the indulgence in the vice within certain limits of the city, which will result in the colonization of opium smokers. Physicians and druggists alone are permitted to buy and sell the drug, and they are required to take out licenses and pay heavy fees for the privilege. Any violation of this law is punishable by imprisonment with hard labor for a term not exceeding 15 years or a fine not exceeding 5,000 yen. In the districts set apart for indulgence in the vice, the accommodation of strangers or persons who do not care to smoke on their own premises. These houses are subject to strict regulations, and every time they harbor a customer who does not have a permit to smoke opium the proprietor is liable to a fine of 3,000 yen and imprisonment for 11 years.

FUNNIGRAMS.

Prison Inspector—"That man over there seems positively to enjoy the treadmill." "Narder—"Yes, sir. "E's used to the huction. "E was a bicycle thief.

In the Restaurant. Brown—"Was that beef a la mode you asked for? Smith—"It was a la mode when I asked for it. The fashions may have changed since.

Come to think of it "dollars to doughnuts" is not so unequal a wager as it at first appears. There are times when the doughnuts are heavier than the dollars.

A Western rural paper, giving a list of the presents received by the newly married couple, states that "from Aunt Jane" was received a card-board and crevel motto, "Fight on, fight ever."

Visitor—"I am grieved to hear of your mistress's illness. Nothing serious—no great cause for alarm, I trust?" The New French Maid—"No, monsieur, nozzing beeg, nozzing grande. Something—wunt you call leetle, petite. What zey call ze leetle—small—smallpox."

Mistress (reprovingly)—Bridget breakfast is very late this morning. I noticed last night that you had company in the kitchen, and it was nearly twelve o'clock when you went to bed. Bridget—"Yis, mum; I knowed you was awake, fur I heard ye movin' around; an' I said to meself ye'd made sleep this mornin', an' I wouldn't disturbe ye wid an early breakfast, mum."

Merchant Tailor—Good morning, Mr. Truepay. What can I do for you this morning? Mr. Truepay—"I want a suit of clothes. Yes, sir. John, the tape and book, please. I want a ready made suit. Eh? Ready made. Yes—a cheap one. Certainly—certainly. Right this way, please, I hadn't heard of your marriage."

"Maggie, I've made a mistake. I'm not an author; I'm a born chemist." "Why do you think that?" "Why, every book I write becomes a drug on the market."

An artist was showing his neighbor a nursery garden around his studio. "How do you like this picture of Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden?" "Very much; but—" "Well, what?" "You have placed in Eve's hand a variety of apple that has been produced only during the last 20 years."

THE WARRING COUNTRIES.

COMPARISON OF STRENGTH OF TURKEY AND GREECE.

The Sultan's Naval and Land Forces Much Stronger Numerically Than King George's.

Greece, which invited the war now on with Turkey, has about one-third the army numerically and about one-half the navy in fighting efficiency of the Sultan.

The Greek navy consists chiefly of unarmored cruisers and half-ironclad sloops of war and gunboats, a flotilla of sixteen torpedo-boats, only eleven of which are in commission, three first-class steel battleships, all launched within the last seven years; one coast-defense ship and one armored cruiser. The battleships are: The Spetsai, the Psara and the Hydra.

The armament of each is as follows: Three 10 1/2-inch guns, five 6-inch Cannets, seven 6-pound and rapid-fire, sixteen machine guns, three torpedo tubes. These battleships are of 4,885 tons burden, and their speed is seventeen knots. Each is protected by an armor belt of 11 3/4 inches, deck plate 2 inches, battery plate 13 3/4 inches.

The coast defense ship, the Basileus Georgios, registers 1,774 tons, has two 8-inch 10-ton Krupp guns, two machine guns, four 1-pounders.

The Olga, a wooden armored ship of 2,060 tons, has four 6 1/2-inch 5 1/2-ton Krupp guns, two 6 1/2-inch 3 1/2-ton Krupp guns, four machine guns, four 1-pounders.

There are four partly armored sloops of war ranging from 1,000 to 1,800 tons. According to the latest register published by M. Canaris, inspector of Marine, the strength of gun metal of the Greek Navy is as follows: Cannon guns, nine 10 1/2-inch, fifteen 6-inch and twenty-one 6-pound rapid-fire.

Krupp guns, four 10 1/2-inch, twelve 8-inch, ten 6 1/2-inch, twenty-four 6-inch and fifty of smaller calibre. Machine guns, principally of Nordenfeldt and Gatling pattern, 210.

TURKEY'S NAVY.

The navy of Turkey is a very formidable one. Turkey has to-day a fleet consisting of fifteen armored ships, carrying 108 heavy guns and a secondary battery of 116 guns; light unarmored cruisers, mounting 80 heavy guns, and 60 smaller ones; also three gunboats, mounted with 32 heavy guns and 11 small machine guns; twenty unarmored gunboats carrying 36 guns, both heavy and machine guns; twenty-seven despatch vessels, mounting 80 guns, and a flotilla of forty-two torpedo-boats of the first and second classes.

The total number of guns the navy of Turkey mounts is 588.

The Turkish warships are manned by 309 officers, 21,256 seamen, 92 marine officers and 1,200 marine soldiers. The total number of naval men on the active list is 22,857. Besides these the Government of Turkey can call out 36,000 members of the naval reserve to man the ships and to act as coast defenders.

Speaking about the Turkish army, Gen. von der Goltz Pasha, the German officer who reorganized the Sultan's army, said:

"The Sultan's troops are no longer a force subject to antiquated methods and notions. These modern Turks are hard workers, and in their military duties, which they hold as sacred, they neither hesitate nor falter. Turkish officers and generals have had a bad name, not because they lacked in aggressiveness or courage, but because they had little else to recommend them. This state of things has totally changed. The Turk is a most enduring creature, hardy and capable of withstanding great bodily inflictions. His courage has never been doubted. Such a soldier needs only capable officers to be almost invincible."

The Turkish army in time of peace is estimated at 202,127 men, 50,000 horses and 612 guns. It is thought the Turks can mobilize about three times that number if necessary.

The army of Greece is calculated to have a war strength of 215,770, while the nominal peace strength of the Greek army is set down at 30,000 men. Some years ago the peace strength was reduced to 27,000 from motives of economy.

The permanent force is divided into twenty-seven infantry and nine Jager battalions, three cavalry regiments and four squadrons each, eight field, eight mountain and four garrison batteries, and three engineer battalions.

CAVALRY AND ARTILLERY.

Throughout the Russian Cavalry the men are armed with a curved sword, 34 1/2 inches long, and rifle and bayonet. In the Cossacks the front rank carry a lance. In artillery the Russians are particularly strong, and their armament and projectiles are of the latest and most approved patterns. The active army and field reserve troops alone contain upward of five hundred batteries, manning over four thousand guns. General staff officers from a closed corps, and are recruited from those who pass the General Staff Academy. The duties of the general staff broadly speaking, include the movements and operations of the army, intelligence of the enemy, and reconnaissance of the theatre of war.

It is laid down that on marches, when at a distance from the enemy, it is of the first importance to study the comfort and convenience of the troops by separating parties and bakers to be in billeting parties and bakers to provide for the wants of the troops beforehand. When near the enemy however, and on a march that may lead to an encounter the troops advance closed up as much as possible, in columns, and aim mainly at swiftness and secrecy.

WILLING TO BE ROBBED HERSELF.

She—There is a class of kleptomaniacs I can forgive.

He—You surprise me.

She—Cousin Dorothy has a beau who always steals a few kisses from her.