

OLD FAVORITES

The American Flag.
When Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there;
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud!
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the loudest trumpings loud,
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven—
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blittings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet-tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on;
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-horn glories burn,
And as his springing steps advance
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.

And when the cannon mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall
Like showers of flame on midnight's pall
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And covering foes shall sink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, carving on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the belled sail,
And frightened waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
By angel hands to valor given;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And freedom's banner streaming o'er us?
—Joseph Rodman Drake.

MONEY IN GOAT RAISING.

An Industry in Which There Are No Unsalable Remnants.

"You can sell every part of a goat but his scent," said John Collins in the course of an interview recently on the subject of his Arizona goat farm. "There are thousands of goats on the farm," he said, "but whether there are 10,000, 20,000 or 30,000 I couldn't tell you for the life of me.

"I can tell you, however, something about the way in which our goat industry was started. By the death of a grand-uncle, my uncle, Harry McCormick and I inherited the Griebel St. Anne silver mines, which are two days and a night of steady burro travel south of Tucson. There was silver in the mines, but by the time we got it out and got it to Tucson we were paying for it at about the rate of 16 to 1. But it wasn't a case of free silver, by any means. It was the most expensive money I ever got hold of. Finding the venture a losing one, we took lessons from the 'greasers' and bought from them 150 common goats.

"There is nothing but sagebrush and cactus out there for those animals to feed on, but no man ever saw a dead goat, unless he had come to some violent end. They live and thrive where nearly every other living thing starves to death.

"We started out with 150 goats, deriving our profits from the sale of the hides. In 1892 we decided to mix them with Angora goats. After two years the cross disappears and you get a perfect Angora goat. It is a valuable thing to have. The long hair is sold to the manufacturers of plush for furniture, sleeping cars and such things. The hair next to the skin can be made up into valuable shawls. The meat of the kids is delightful when fresh and is sent in its canned shape to Cuba, the Philippines, other parts of the United States, to China and to many other foreign countries as canned lamb.

"So rich is goat's milk that one teaspoonful of it is equal to three tablespoonfuls of the purest cream. But the best part about the milk is that it is a deadly foe to tubercula, and consumptives who drink it are often cured of the disease. We are planning to condense the milk and sell it for medicinal as well as family use. If there is any other dumb animal with more valuable qualities than the goat, then I don't know it.

"No stables have to be provided for the keeping and six ranchers are sufficient for herding up those we want to sell. Once in a while the greasers and Indians get away with a few, but where you've got some scrappy ranchers they are not likely to repeat the performance often.

"As a rule now, we sell the goats on the hoof," continued Mr. Collins, according to the Washington Star. "In order to do so we have to drive them into Tucson. And a tough job it is. Of course, horses are not much good there, as it is so hard to get provender and water, but there is a species of

broncho which the natives call 'loco poka,' which is as hardy as a goat. The loco poka is the craziest thing between Arizona and the next hottest country. As long as the notion doesn't strike 'em they're all right, but if ever they make up their minds to stop nothing on earth can start 'em. Whenever one goes, the rest go. A stampeding loco poka might go through a town where a score of his kind are hitched, and every blessed one of them would break loose in some way and go galloping after him. They run till they get good and ready to stop. If you happen to hang on that long you can turn your loco poka around and the rest will follow.

"We use the loco pokas for packing the kid meat to Tucson, and, barring this one accomplishment, they are all right."

FLANNEL SHOULD BE WORN.

This Fabric Is Much More Healthful Than Other Woolens.

In England one sees much of the hygienic underwear which is so strongly urged for general adoption, but in this country it is less common. From a sanitary point of view, this is a pity, since physicians regard it as a preventive of many forms of disease. It affords the body the greatest protection against cold, heat and dampness with the least obstruction to the body's exhalation. These conditions are instinctively felt to be better fulfilled by woolen than by linen or cotton fabrics. Hence the very general use of flannel garments by athletes and by members of cricket, boating and other sporting clubs, who are called upon to engage in vigorous physical exercise likely to cause profuse perspiration.

As formerly woven, woolen fabrics were objectionable to many, because they irritated the skin and caused discomfort by preventing the proper escape of its exudations. Moreover, they were as a rule so heavy as to be intolerable for summer wear. These objectionable features have now been removed, and to make woolen clothing truly sanitary and suitable for all seasons the usual process of weaving woolen fabrics has been materially modified by adopting a method which produces a much less closely woven texture than the ordinary flannel.

The feeling is instinctive, too, that woolen clothing is "hot" in warm weather; that if we wear wool in winter to keep us warm we must wear something different in summer to keep us cool, or be inconsistent in theory and practice. But this is a mistake.

It is obvious to all how a non-conductor of heat—a woolen garment, for instance—prevents the escape of the heat of the body to a colder atmosphere, or the ingress of heat to the body from a warmer atmosphere; a familiar illustration of which is found in the practice of wrapping ourselves in blankets to keep us warm and of wrapping ice in a blanket to keep it cold—to keep the heat in in one case, and not in the other. It may not be so easy to understand why we should clothe a warm body in a blanket to cool it off or keep it cool when the temperature of the surrounding air is in or near equilibrium with it.

The explanation lies in the nature and condition of the body, the woolen fabric's two-fold property of non-conductivity to heat and permeability to moisture and the evaporation of the moisture at the fabric's outer surface. This evaporation disperses the heat, thus lowering the temperature. This is the reason the soldier keeps his woolen-covered canteen wet in hot weather. A wet woolen garment disposes of the surplus heat and leaves the body cool. —Hartford Times.

Queer Food Plants.

In the department of agriculture at Washington, hidden away in an obscure corner, is an odd sort of exhibit of queer foods eaten by out of the way people.

There is a loaf of bread made from the roasted leaves of a plant allied to the century plant. Another kind of bread is from dough of juniper berries. These are relished by some tribes of Indians, while others manufacture cakes out of different kinds of bulbs.

The prairie Indians relish a dish of wild turnips, which civilized people would not be likely to enjoy at all. In the great American desert the beans which grow on mesquite bushes are utilized for food.

Soap berries furnish an agreeable diet for some savages in this country, while in California the copper colored aborigines do not disdain the seeds of salt grass.

Also in California the Digger Indians collect pine nuts, sometimes called piñons, by kindling fires against the trees, thus causing the nuts to fall out of the cones. At the same time a sweet gum exudes from the bark, serving the purpose of sugar. The seeds of gourds are consumed by Indians in Arizona.

Light-weight Books.

Many book-buyers, says a writer in the Youth's Companion, must have noticed the remarkable lightness of some of the volumes recently issued, especially from English presses. The paper, although of normal thickness, is singularly lacking in weight. Some American books also begin to show this characteristic. In some cases the relative loss of weight, as compared with older volumes of equal size, amounts to thirty or forty per cent. The cause is the recent adoption for book-work of paper made of esparto-grass fiber. This paper lacks the smooth surface of the older kinds, but the relief afforded by the loss of weight in bulky books is very agreeable.

The world is but a ring on which men cut their eye teeth.

LINCOLN'S COUSIN LIVES IN AN INDIANA VILLAGE

Elijah Lincoln, a first cousin of Abraham Lincoln, lives in the town of Fort Branch, near Evansville, Ind. As a man of broad character and amiable disposition, he is quite similar to his immortal relative.

Mr. Lincoln was born in Muskingum County, Ohio, Sept. 17, 1832. When he was 39 years old, he moved with his parents to Fort Branch, but his father lived but a short time after his arrival there. The family was in poor circumstances and young Elijah was started out at the age of 12 to make his way in the world. He first went to New Orleans, but, as he proudly says: "I was like Abe. I could not stand that infernal slavery."

Leaving New Orleans, Elijah went to Robinson, Ill., where his mother and brothers had moved during his absence in the South. It was here that he learned he had a cousin practicing law in Springfield, Ill., the first time the family had heard of Abe since he left his Indiana home at Lincoln City. Mr. Lincoln had started to visit his cousin at Springfield, but met a party going to Colorado, and being informed there were riches in gold and silver, decided to join the party. They made the trip on horseback, and when they reached Colorado several in the party were sick. They had not been there long when they heard the Southern States had left the Union, and that Indiana would probably be a battle-ground in the coming struggle. Lincoln started back to Indiana, and when he arrived at Princeton, decided to enlist in the Union army. He joined the Fifty-eighth Indiana Regiment. His comrades say there never was a harder fighter than Elijah Lincoln. He served in the army three years.

He served in the army three years. The latest sensation in the cycling world is the dare-devil flight of Cyclist Schreyer, who, after a swift run down a lattice-work chute, disengages himself from the machine and, like a bolt, shoots into space and dives into a tank of three feet of water a terrible distance below. The turn of an inch, or the fraction of one, and he would be dashed to pieces. Yet he asserts that the attempt is made under the most pleasant of conditions and that he remains perfectly cool-headed. It is said the performance has never been

DARING CYCLIST RISKS DEATH TO AMUSE CROWD

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THE CYCLIST'S DARING LEAP.

equaled, and Schreyer, to prove his title to the distinction, has a standing offer of \$1,000 to the wheelman who will successfully duplicate it.

When the trip is to be made the wheelman mounts his bicycle at the top of the incline. Once started, he shoots through space at a terrific speed, and when the end of the chute is reached the man is going at the breath-taking pace of two miles a minute. It is at this time that the driver must do rapid calculation, for in less than a half-second he will have reached the chute's end. To control his wheel; to be alert; to jump at the moment the brink is opening beneath him—these are the requirements. So far he has not failed to render them.

Planting Seeds by Cannon.

Nasmyth, a landscape painter of repute, was held in great esteem as a landscape gardener, and in this capacity helped to compose some of the finest park and forest scenery. The estate of the then duke of Athol was disgraced by an unsightly crag, the rocks of which were inaccessible to climbers. By a happy thought Nasmyth determined to make a bold bid for success with a cannon, which was at hand. By his advice tin canisters were prepared, and loaded with tree seeds. Fired from the cannon's mouth, these novel shells burst against the face of the crag, and scattered their fruitful contents among the rocky crevices. Nature carried on the work so cleverly begun, and in the course of years those barren heights were clothed and crowned with trees of luxuriant growth. Nasmyth's son, James, the Scottish astronomer, is said to have repeated the experiment with equal success.

Women Are Forbidden.

By order of the city authorities the practice of employing women to sift refuse at the corporation's depot, Letts Wharf, Lambeth, London, is to be gradually discontinued.

The fool shows his folly and knows it not, but the wise guy knows his folly and shows it not.

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

Great Number of Divorcees.

A STATISTICAL paragraph in a paper which is careful with its figures offers the rather remarkable information that there are now 51,538 divorced people in the United States, of whom over two-thirds are women. This naturally rouses interest in the fate of the men who were divorced, as originally there must have been an equal number with the women. Did the husbands fade and die under the blight of divorce? Are they more sensitive than the wives and unable to thrive when the clinging vines are forcibly torn away by the county court? Or did the majority rush off and marry again, thus taking themselves out of the lists of the divorced? But does marriage really take one out of such list? When a man is divorced is he not always divorced, though he marry again? If not, and a second marriage wipes the early matrimonial record quite off the slate, why is it that women do not seek the same way of escape? Why do more of them not marry and cease to be divorcees? Why—what profits it to ask questions at random? The problem is a fascinating one and worthy of serious investigation by statistical experts. Why, oh, why, out of 51,000 divorced persons are 34,000 of them women? Where are the missing ex-husbands of 17,000 of these sisters? The mystery deepens the more it is considered.—Indianapolis Journal.

The Get-Rich-Quick Victims.

NO community is immune from the blandishments of the "get-rich-quick" swindlers. All that is required to make a victim is, indeed, a willingness to believe that men having an unusually good thing are in a fever to give it away, and a little of the blind boldness which leads certain people to try such a hazard and see what comes of it.

The truth cannot be too often stated that when a man discovers a sure way of getting rich quick, the last thing he does with it is to tell strangers about it. He wants all there is in it for himself—and possibly for his close friends. He communicates the discovery in a whisper; and never, never seeks partners in the old corners of the country.

But sometimes people are caught by the plausible though cheap pretense that he needs money to carry through his idea—that he has the scheme but has not the money, and so is seeking the contributions of small capitalists everywhere. If he cannot get capital from the men who are looking for money-making opportunities, it is because they do not believe there is anything in his little plan; and they are men of shrewdness and experience who are infinitely better judges of any such plan than the average outsider can possibly be. When they shy at it, it is time for all other people to take to cover.

A good rule for the average man is to button his pocket up tight when the insinuating stranger comes to him with the story that, if he will only let the said stranger hold his money for a little while, he will get it back doubled or quadrupled. And it is just as good a rule when the insinuating stranger approaches one through the postoffice as on the street—Montreal Star.

The Bacillus of Suicide.

THE prevalence of suicidal mania in Washington is accounted for by a hitherto unknown scientist, who has studied the subject deeply and trailed the microbe of suicide to its native lair, in the unseasonable strawberry. Clifford Howard is the name of the discoverer of the bacillus of self-destruction. He is an assistant secretary to the District Commissioners.

Mr. Howard's methods of scientific investigation are no less unique than his conclusions, and his process of reasoning is admirably simple. Suicides are most frequent in the spring. Strawberries are out of season in the latitude of Washington in early spring. Unseasonable strawberries are eaten in Washington. Strawberries eaten out of season invariably produce mental depression. (Proof of fact not given.) Mental depression causes suicidal thoughts. Therefore the bacillus of suicide is tracked to his lair in the strawberry.

Most remarkable, however, is Scientist Clifford Howard's discovery that the deadly microbe enters or develops in the strawberry only when the fruit is transported from its proper habitat to a higher latitude. The April strawberry is innocuous in Georgia, but may not be eaten in

Parent and Child Before the Law.

A very interesting paper on the above topic was given in a number of Harper's Bazaar, which sets forth some little known points of law, relating to the obligations of father and mother to a child.

The father of an infant is bound to provide him with necessities, including food, clothing and medical attendance. If he does not provide such necessities, a stranger who furnishes them can hold the father liable. The obligation on the part of the parent to maintain the child continues until the latter is in a condition to provide for his own maintenance—generally speaking, as long as he remains a minor. But by the statute law of the country this obligation only ends with death in the case of children who are blind, lame or physically or morally incapable of providing their own support. . . . It is the purpose of the law not to compel a father to maintain idle and lazy children in ease and indolence, but to provide the young and inexperienced with the nurture and sustenance to which they are properly entitled from those who brought them into the world; this to continue until they have gained strength and ability to care for themselves.

It is doubtful to what extent a mother is bound to support her child. In general, she would not be bound to do so during the life of its father. Under some statutes an adult son is compelled to support his mother. A father cannot avoid his responsibility for the support of his child, even though he may agree with the mother to do so; and although a wife, by her own fault may forfeit her own claim to support she cannot forfeit that of the children.

A stepfather is not bound to support his stepchild unless he practically adopts him by taking the child into his family and providing for him.

Washington on pain of inevitable mental depression and probably suicide. When the Washington strawberry ripens, however, any old strawberry may be eaten by Washingtonians with entire safety.

Scientist Howard's advice to those who would abstain from suicide is that they refrain from eating strawberries until the fruit is ripe at home. Wonderful are the discoveries of the amateur man of science.—Philadelphia North American.

Breach of Promise.

THE story of one action for breach of promise of marriage is the story of all. Acquaintance ripens into friendship and friendship into an engagement. The engagement comes to an end, whether from the fault of one of the parties, or of the other, or of both. If, however, the final breach is not clearly the fault of the lady she can if so disposed sue her late lover and obtain money damages, the amount of which depends on many circumstances, apart from the wrong she has suffered. The other side of the picture is far different. The man may be treated ever so heartlessly, he has not the same remedy. Any claim he might prefer would be laughed out of court. The man who asked publicly for golden silve for injuries done to his heart would never survive the world's contempt.

The question arises whether now that women are claiming equality in so many respects they ought not to submit to equality in this. It may, of course, be urged that the custom of proposal involves an important distinction between the sexes, and that is undeniably so. The woman who has been jilted cannot revenge herself by instantly offering her hand to the false one's friend. But, on the other hand, it must not be forgotten the breach of promise action is the resort not of those who really suffer, but of those who, by the very fact of exposing their broken hearts for the gawky of nations, often suggest doubts as to whether their sentiments are sincere.—London Daily News.

A Self-Made Man.

THERE are many men who are proud of being self-made men. They carry their heads high and claim that they have made their own success by their own unaided efforts. They claim that no one can say that they were helped with loans of money, or that they were ever boosted into positions by the strength of others, yet this is all a mistake. No person ever made a success in life without being assisted by others. Think of the assistance given by the mother when the self-made man was a helpless babe; think of the helpful advice of the father, mother, brothers and sisters, when the self-made man was immature; think of the inheritance from father, mother, grandfather and ancestors back for a thousand years, all of whom have bequeathed to this so-called self-made man peculiarities which have aided him on the road to success. These ancestors have bequeathed health and vigor of body, strength of mind, common sense and the inclination to virtue, but further than this, the self-made man has been assisted by those who have labored for him. What manufacturer, farmer, nurseryman, editor, physician, lawyer or minister has not been aided by others almost daily throughout his life? No, we may do much to improve our conditions in life, but we are never entirely independent of the helpfulness of others.—Green's Fruit Grower.

Useless Polar Expeditions.

THE promised submarine expedition to the North Pole is surprisingly unscientific for its German source. Sir Clements Markham has already laid down the reasonable and accurate attitude on this matter. The tale of three centuries' effort is, as he says, complete. We already know all that is to be known about the Arctic regions. No one is more vigorous than Sir Clements in denouncing those who question the utility of Polar exploration. Since his voyage half a century ago he has steadily supported the work and aided it by the soundness of his theoretical advice. Now he declares that further expeditions are useless. Any attempt to reach the pole is now a foolhardy enterprise which is the personal affair of the explorer, and no more entitled to our support than the crossing of the Atlantic in an open boat or the feats of a "fasting man."—London Chronicle.

continuation of mental labor and worry into the small hours of the next morning, until sheer inability to go on compels a reluctant halt for sleep, are evil modern phenomena that occur too often. And the hurried midday lunch is not worse for the digestion than it is for the mind, which is thus cheated of its due pause for rest.

This is certainly not the way to get most work done in the long run. The men who have put most work into their lives and been able to keep on longest at it have been men, like Mr. Gladstone, who knew the full value of absolutely banishing work from their minds for some time every day. In the height of political excitement Mr. Gladstone could always contrive to shut out politics and official business for an hour or two while he read Greek or a novel.

One man may seek his relaxation with a tennis racket or a bicycle, another with a book, another in talk (not about business); but complete relaxation in some form every man should have every day. And an entire and absolute holiday, long enough to count, is no less indispensable every year. The meaning of "rest" varies with the individual; to one it is rest to climb Alps or cycle fifty miles a day, to another to lie under a tree or on the beach. But in some form the rest is inevitable, unless the breakdown is to come. The hours from which business is entirely excluded every day, the weeks from which it is entirely exclud-pastures near them. The houses are by the man who means to last.

His Chance.
Father—Wouldn't it be funny if I should become a little boy again?
Bobbie—Maybe it wouldn't be so funny for you, pa. If you wuz to be littler 'n me I think I'd square up a few things.—Philadelphia Press.

The Exception.
The Englishman—I understand you Americans elect all your rulers by ballot.
The American—Yes all but our wives.