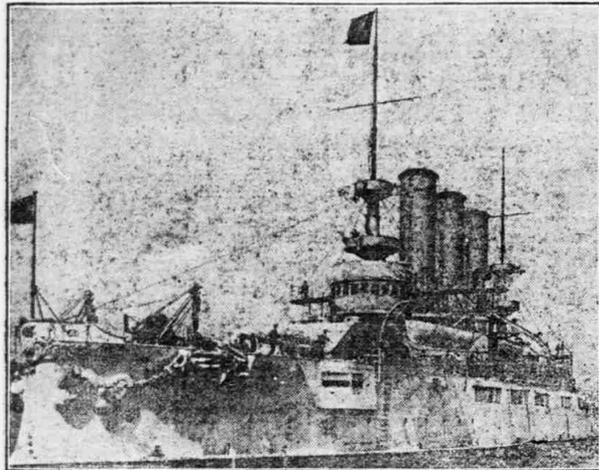


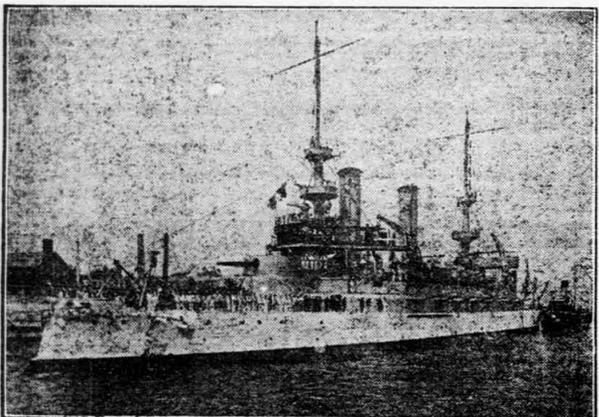
# OUR NEW PACIFIC FLEET

Ships Recently Ordered to the Pacific Coast under Admiral Evans.

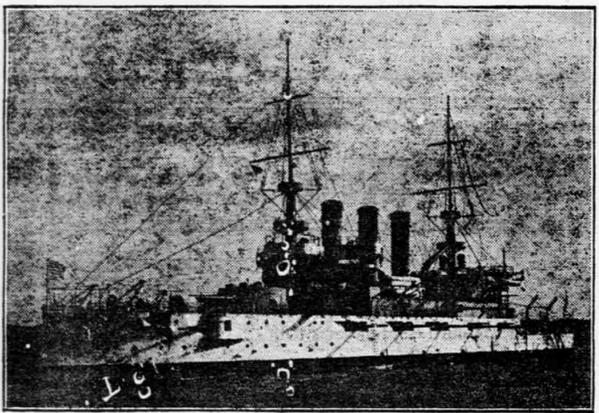
[This department to be continued until the entire fleet of sixteen vessels has been shown.]



U. S. BATTLESHIP, "MAINE."  
Capt. Nathan E. Miles; tonnage, 12,500; guns, 20; speed, 18 knots.



U. S. BATTLESHIP, "KENTUCKY."  
Capt. Edward B. Barry; tonnage, 11,525; guns, 22; speed, 16 knots.



U. S. BATTLESHIP, "OHIO."  
Capt. Lewis C. Hellner; tonnage, 12,500; guns, 20; speed, 18 knots.

## TWO CHEERFUL LIARS.

A Queer Cherry Tree and a Back Action Cannon Ball.

Mr. Finlayson, town clerk of Stirling in the latter part of the seventeenth century, was noted for the marvelous in conversation. He was on a visit to the Earl of Monteth and Airth in his castle of Taha, on the loch of Monteth, and was about taking leave when he was asked by the earl whether he had seen the sailing cherry tree.

"No," said Finlayson. "What sort of a thing is it?"  
"It is," replied the earl, "a tree that has grown out of a goose's mouth from a stone the bird had swallowed and which she bears about with her in voyages round the loch. It is just at present in full fruit of the most exquisite flavor. Now, Finlayson," he added, "can you, with all your powers of memory and fancy, match the story of the cherry tree?"

"Perhaps I can," said Finlayson, clearing his throat, adding, "When Oliver Cromwell was at Aith one of the cannon sent a ball to Stirling and lodged it in the mouth of a trumpet which one of the troops in the castle was in the act of sounding."

"Was the trumpeter killed?" said the earl.  
"No, my lord," said Finlayson. "He blew the ball back and killed the artilleryman who had fired it!"—Pearson's Weekly.

## STAMMERING.

Caused More Often by Habit Than by Defective Vocal Organs.

"Stammering is often more the result of habit than from any defect of the vocal organs," says an authority. "It is generally, if not always, caused by a spasm of the larynx, resulting from nervous contraction of the organs, thus refusing to permit a proper flow of the air current producing tone. People rarely or never stammer when singing, for then the attention is di-

vided between words and music; the nervousness is momentarily forgotten and the passage of the air current through the larynx is continuous and unobstructed.

"Stammering very often is the result of imitation, sometimes intentional, sometimes unconscious, and the affliction is much more general than might be supposed. In one comparatively small section of the city there are thirty-five stammerers, and every one of them is able to demonstrate to his own satisfaction not only that he does not stammer very badly, but that some other person he knows stammers a great deal worse than himself. Every stammerer is intensely sensitive about his infirmity, rarely forgives and never does forget any allusion to it which in his mind savors of ridicule."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## A Pretty Fast Clock.

He was standing in front of the circular elevator indicator in one of the office buildings, watch in hand. It was the morning after, and I suppose that he had forgotten to concern himself with the frivolous detail of winding his timepiece the previous evening. His equilibrium was far from stable, and his eyes, unsteadily following the indicator hand, blinked with efforts at comprehension as he tried to set his watch.

"D'iculous clock (hic)—very 'musing (hic)—very fast pace we live (hic) these days (hic)—pretty fast fer my ole timer (hic)—d'iculous—can't seem t' catch it (hic)—whoa!—there you are—gone again (hic). Pshaw!—d'iculous clock."  
I left him still trying to get his watch into conformity with the speeding indicator.—Boston Traveler.

## Careful.

"I'm going to put a fender on the front of my runabout."  
"So you won't run over some one?"  
"Nope. So it won't hurt the radiator when I do."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## SPEECH OF PARROTS.

Do These Birds Understand What They Talk About?

Those of us who possess talking parrots are often asked the question, "Do you think they really understand what they say?" Sometimes I have been inclined to say "Yes," so striking has been the fitness of the birds' remarks; at other times, "No." When a bird has been carefully taught or has learned from his own observation a considerable number of set phrases and sentences, there are certain to arise occasions when one or another of his exclamations fits in happily with the conversation or circumstances of the moment. Some few instances of such coincidences (for every one of which I can vouch) may interest your circle of readers. Some years we were presented with a young green parrot. The bird must have been only a few months old, as she gave no sign of her red tail. This, however, quickly appeared, and Polly soon gave evidences that she was listening to sounds and learning to reproduce them. We now began to give her talking lessons by continually repeating over and over again set words or phrases and were soon repaid for our pains. Polly began to talk and quickly mastered a good many of her lessons. She added a good many self-acquired accomplishments, such as cab calls, milkmen's and paper boys' cries and the cawing of rooks. Her piercing whistle would often cause the milkman to stop and look around, thinking the call was for him. Polly also learned to imitate the song of the canary. She would look up at her little yellow mate in her cage above and call her "Sweet, sweet, pretty little Dick; pretty little Dick."

On one occasion the dressmaker was ushered into the dining room and was startled by the bird exclaiming: "Hello! What's your name? What do you want?" She surprised a lady visitor on one occasion with the rather unusual inquiry, "Are you nice?" About this time I was suffering from a very painful complaint, and it would almost seem as if my suffering drew out the bird's sympathy, for on one occasion she said to me: "Hello! What's the matter with you? Are you quite well?" I replied, "No, not quite well, Polly," whereupon she replied, "Not quite well." She was once in the room where a member of the family was practicing singing and presently made the remark, emphasizing the last word, "What's the matter with you?" When signs of going out for a walk are apparent we are invariably and repeatedly bidden "Goodby, goodby," with the accompaniment of many kisses. Upon our return Polly inquires, "Where have you been?" and upon being informed usually replies, "Glad to see you back."

During last winter my wife was one morning putting up an old stove for Polly's benefit near her cage. On the half landing the bird watched her with great interest and presently said, "Do you feel cold?" "Count your blessings" was a phrase Polly found great difficulty in mastering, "Count your bless" being all she succeeded in uttering and soon dropping this as too troublesome. However, after a time we tried her again. Now she drops out the "bless" and solemnly exhorts us to "Count your, count your—sins." A few weeks ago a servant was engaged in polishing brasswork near Polly's cage, and the bird immediately started talking to her. "Hello, Polly! What do you want? What's the matter with you? Are you quite well? Do you feel cold? Where have you been?" and much more. Eliciting no reply, she shouted out, "Why don't you talk?" and drew the retort from the woman, "Because I am too busy, Polly." Polly replied, "How shocking!"—H. Dann in London Spectator.

## The Gray Horse.

You may change a farmer's religion or politics, make him think he is rich and handsome or sell him a dog, but you will never make him think a gray horse is not a jewel. I read somewhere recently that gray horses were not up to the standard, or words to that effect. I never was so astonished in my life. I have always thought, and do now, that gray or white horses were the handsomest, toughest breed on the planet.

The celebrated Arabian horses are white or dapple gray. Famous generals in all wars have ridden white or iron gray chargers. Circus men select gray horses to draw the band wagons in street parades. A great packing company always selects Percheron horses, not so much for the color, but because their feet will stand traveling on the pavement better than any draft breed. It is said that Joan of Arc rode a milk white horse, and St. John the revelator saw a white horse in heaven (Revelation vi, 2). Half of the draft horses in Aroostook are white or gray, and another decade will see 90 per cent of them of that color.

## Value of a Cheap Acid.

In a vessel of platinum lined with gold some sulphuric acid blessed. "The vessel is costly, but the contents are hardly worth 2 cents a quart," said the chemist. "Yet you have no idea what a public benefactor sulphuric acid is. Without it, for instance, we could have none of the finer sorts of Fourth of July fireworks, and neither could we have any more war, for gun cotton, nitroglycerin, lyddite, dynamite—in fact, all the high explosives—could not be made without sulphuric acid. Without it we could have no coal tar dyes. It is this acid that releases the lovely colors locked in coal tar's black slime. Without it the farmers would have none of the wonderful superphosphate fertilizers. It is sulphuric acid that, poured on worthless old bones, turns them into a marvelous soil stimulant. Yes, this, the cheapest of all acids, is admitted to be the most valuable of all acids as well."—Exchange.

## WONDERFUL MAY SUTTON.

American Girl Who Won English Tennis Championship.

Miss May Sutton of California is one of the most remarkable women athletes of her time, and her skill and endurance in playing tennis are the marvel of all who witness her performances. Englishwomen are proverbially strong and athletic owing to the popularity of outdoor sports and diversions in England from time immemorial. That an American woman should take the honors in tennis away from Englishwomen is considered a high compliment to the healthfulness and



MISS MAY SUTTON.

physical power of the fair sex in America. Miss Sutton has now won the women's tennis championship of all England twice, and she announced after her recent success in the tournament at Wimbledon that she was going to try a third time. She has been the American champion, and if she beats Miss Sears, who now holds that title, in the August tournament to determine who is the best woman player in this country she will then be woman's champion of the world in tennis.

Miss Sutton first won the all England championship two years ago. Last year she lost it to Miss D. K. Douglass of England, now Mrs. R. L. Chambers. This year she beat Mrs. Chambers and won back the title. On the conclusion of the championship round she received a remarkable ovation from the crowds in the stands, who were forced to admire her pluck despite the fact that many regretted seeing an American girl win the English championship. The band struck up "See the Conqueror Hero Comes," and the committee presented Miss Sutton with a bouquet of flowers. She is only twenty years old. She has several sisters, and all have won fame at tennis. Their home is in Pasadena, Cal., and the local tennis championship has long been a family possession, as there has seldom been a year when one or another of the sisters has not held it.

## INDIANA'S BEAUTY QUEEN.

Miss Ura Shoaf, a Crawfordsville High School Graduate.

The award of the title of beauty queen of Indiana to Miss Ura Shoaf of Wallace has been generally indorsed by those who have seen her picture. Miss Shoaf graduated recently from the Crawfordsville High school, and when the Indianapolis Star conducted its quest for the prettiest girl in the



MISS URA SHOAF.

Hoosier State she had the honor of winning the first prize. She was then chosen to represent Indiana in the national contest to determine what member of the fair sex is entitled to the distinction of being voted the most beautiful woman in the United States. The photograph of Miss Shoaf, which is by Nicholson of Crawfordsville, is published by courtesy of the Indianapolis Star.

## THE CYCLOPE.

How This Wonderful and Destructive Air Fury Is Formed.

To get an idea of a cyclone's formation imagine a large circular pan or tub with quite a large hole in the middle of the bottom. With this hole plugged, fill the vessel with water, then draw out the plug and watch. There is first a rush of water from all directions toward the hole and a turbulent effort to get through; then the water surface above begins to sink and swirl, the particles gradually circling around and around and rushing, ever faster, toward the center. At last there is actually a hollow space through the center, around which all the water in the tub is whirling sluggishly near the rim, but with more and more violent rapidity toward the middle until it rushes downward through the bottom. Now, if that water were air you would be watching a little cyclone turned upside down, for the air rushes upward instead of downward.

In the cradle of cyclones during the summer months, when the land and the water grow hotter and hotter because of the longer days than nights, a layer of air, hot, light and full of vapor, is for a time held down by denser air above it. Restless, expanding, tumultuous, it moves about like a beast at bay until a thinner place in the air above is found; then up it madly rushes, and into the vacuum left behind the lower atmosphere hastens from all directions, pushing and twisting and pouring upward until it has fallen into a regular spinning around a common center.

The cyclone, once formed, rushes away from the tropics toward the pole and begins its career of destruction, bruising, wrecking and sinking the luckless ships which happen to be in its path. More and more of the surrounding atmosphere is drawn into the whirl until the storm often covers an area nearly 1,000 miles in diameter. Sometimes it flings itself upon our Atlantic coast and tears fiercely through forests, fields and cities. Then, again, it sweeps away across the broad ocean and dashes itself upon the coasts of Europe. Once in awhile it so adroitly avoids the land that we never know it has passed until ships come in torn and broken.—St. Nicholas.

## HIS ODD AD.

The Collar That Gave Plumley a Second Start in Business.

"Nothing succeeds like perseverance," said Mark Twain at a dinner. "When the luck seems most against us, then we should work and hope hardest of all. In moments of discouragement let us remember my old friend Henry Plumley of Virginia City. 'Henry Plumley ran a collar factory. Times were reported to be hard with him. When his factory, which was very heavily insured, burned down, there was every indication that he had set the place on fire himself in order to get the insurance money. Virginia City was the soul of honor in those days. Shocked beyond words, it rose en masse, seized Henry Plumley, put a halter round his neck and lynched him."

"But he did not die. The sheriff arrived and cut him down in time. He was tried and found guilty, and he served a term in jail.  
"On his release you wouldn't have thought that he'd return to Virginia City again, eh? He did, though. He came back, reopened his collar factory and prospered."

"What gave him his start was the odd advertisement with which he announced his return to business among us. Preceded by a brass band, Henry, in a great gilt chariot, burst upon our streets. He sat on a kind of golden throne, and he held on a crimson cushion in his lap an old, old collar. Above the collar on a crimson banner waved this inscription in huge letters of gold: 'This is the collar we wore when we were lynched. It saved our life. Be wise in time and use no other. At all retailers, 10 cents apiece, three for a quarter.'"—Indianapolis Star.

## Old Glory Humiliated.

One instance is known in which Old Glory's shame is the crown of a family's prestige. At the battle of Bladensburg the American troops were defeated by the British under the command of an Irish officer named Ross. In recognition of his services in winning this victory his sovereign granted him the title of Ross of Bladensburg, and to his crest was added an American flag, reversed, with the shaft broken. The title is hereditary. In our generation the possessor is a colonel of the Irish fusiliers. And this Ross of Bladensburg uses as his crest today our stars and stripes turned upside down and with the shaft broken in two.—Chicago Record-Herald.

## Metallic Metaphors.

"It is most amazing," said a metallurgist, "how the world relies on metals for its metaphors and similes. Thus, an orator is silver-tongued or golden-mouthed. An explorer is bronzed by African suns. A resolute chap has an iron will. A sluggish moves with leaden feet. An ostrich has a copper-lined stomach. A millionaire has tin. A swindler is as slippery as quicksilver. A borrower has brass."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## The Same or Another?

"And you saw Muriel?"  
"I did."  
"Tell me, is she married?"  
"Yes."  
"One question more. Again or yet?"  
—Washington Herald.

If you leap into a well, Providence is not bound to help you out.—German Proverb.



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