

HATS OFF!

Hats off!
 Along the street there comes
 A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
 A flash of color beneath the sky;
 Hats off!
 The flag is passing by!

Blue and crimson and white it shines,
 Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.
 Hats off!
 The colors before us fly;
 But more than the flag is passing by.

Sea fights and land fights, grim and great,
 Fought to make and to save the state;
 Weary marches, and sinking ships;
 Cheers of victory on dying lips;

Days of plenty and days of peace;
 March of a strong land's swift increase;
 Equal justice, right and law,
 Stately honor and revered awe;

Sign of a nation, great and strong
 To ward her people from foreign wrong;
 Pride and glory and honor, all
 Live in the colors to stand or fall.

Hats off!
 Along the street there comes
 A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
 And loyal hearts are beating high;
 Hats off!
 The flag is passing by!
 —Youth's Companion.

AN ARTISTIC ENDING.

THE sun shone under her hat and made her shade her eyes with her hand, as she looked up at me, standing by the edge of the river.

"Now, Mr. Conway," she said, "are you quite sure you can manage a canoe?"

"I'll promise you a new frock, Miss Della, if I upset you," said I, gallantly.

"Don't be rash," she laughed; "perhaps I'll think a new frock well worth a wetting."

"I said—if I upset you," I replied; "if you upset yourself, I cry off the bargain."

"I'm sure you'll never be so mean as to argue the cause of the damage," said Della; "anyway, I'll risk it."

"I feel a little afraid," she said, as I gave her my hand to help her aboard.

I am inclined to think, however, that her hesitation was not altogether due to nervousness, but was a little influenced by the fact that she has the prettiest little feet in the world and was wearing the very daintiest of brown shoes, which showed to the best advantage, as she stood in timid uncertainty, one foot on shore and one poised over the canoe. I confess the attitude was unutterably foolish, as I caught the painter of the canoe and rescued the floating paddle, "I'll never forgive myself for this; I wish you were a man and could swear at me."

"What an awful fright I must look," said poor Della, putting back her hair from her face.

I murmured of "Venus rising from the sea," but indistinctly, suddenly doubting the propriety of the allusion.

"Don't forget your bargain, Mr. Conway," said she, shaking the water from her bedraggled skirt; "will you order the frock or shall I and send you in the bill?"

I know it was not a very suitable occasion to do anything so serious as make an offer of marriage; also, that it was a very prosaic way of putting it, but, upon my word, I couldn't help it.

"I wish you would give me the right to pay your bills," I said.

Della blushed and then she laughed.

"I don't think I mind if I do," she said.

We were both very wet and both very muddy, but I looked into those aforementioned brown eyes, and this time she didn't turn away, for I discovered the more artistic ending—I put my arm round her waist and kissed her.—Madame.

MUCH-COVETED SPOT.

Clipperton Island, in the Pacific, Has Many Claimants.

Few persons even know of the existence of Clipperton Island, and probably not one in a hundred could point out its position on a map. Yet it is one of the most coveted portions of this earth's surface, and its ownership is disputed by Mexico, France, the United States and England. Clipperton Island itself is a mere speck in the Pacific Ocean, about four miles in circumference, and with but two palm trees on its barren surface. It is a coral island, or atoll, very difficult of access, lying about 800 miles west of the Mexican coast.

If this has been all the existence of Clipperton Island would, in all probability, have remained unknown. But it is the home of millions of seabirds and tens of thousands of tons of guano are to be found on its surface. The various claims to its possession have been dormant for a long time and have not disturbed the harmony of nations.

But now this is all changed. An English guano company appeared on the scene and commenced operations. From all quarters at once claims to the rightful possession of Clipperton began to come in and the company found itself in a somewhat embarrassing position. It was willing and anxious to pay a royalty on the guano removed, but the question was to whom should it be paid. Mexico appeared to have the greatest right, but this was disputed by the United States. No sooner were the claims of Uncle Sam disproved than another claimant put in an appearance. France protests against the action of Mexico and insists that the island rightly belongs to her.

Probably the best solution of this international tangle would be for the present handful of inhabitants to solemnly declare their independence and establish a republic which would rival in minuteness those of Andora and San Marino. This would avert the possibility of the addition of a furthest eastern problem to the troubles of a world which is already burdened with an eastern and a far eastern question.—London News.

"What is?" I inquired.

"Why, that the course of true love never runs smooth."

"O, but it does sometimes, really," I asserted.

I suppose the love isn't really true, then," said she. "Nowadays, books and plays nearly always end unhappily."

"O, well," said I, philosophically, "there are two sorts of love; there is a passionate love, full of presentiment, which makes a man morbid and melancholy, and forces him a thousand times to curse the fate that brings it to him, but this sort of love is too lofty for a workaday world, and the only artistic ending is a tragic one."

I am afraid I bored Della now and again by holding forth in this way, but she only gave the politest possible yawn, as she said, "And what about the other?"

"The other," I went on, taking care to watch the course of the canoe, "is a tender pastoral love, which makes a man cheerful and take rosy views of life, causing him to thank heaven every day that such a love has fallen to his lot, and the artistic ending is wedding bells and domestic happiness."

"Dear me, Mr. Conway," said Della, smiling, "you seem to know a great deal about it."

Della has the sweetest gray brown eyes, and it is an extraordinary pleasure to look into them longer than is actually necessary while listening to, or making, a remark; only, speaking of artistic endings made me feel quite certain there was a more artistic ending to such a look than mutually to drop our eyes.

I was just thinking about this, and how very graceful some girls look in a canoe, when, like a fool, I let my paddle catch in a weed. I endeavored as gently as possible to extricate it, but the weed proved obstinate. Della grew nervous and sat up in the canoe.

"O, please be careful, Mr. Conway," she cried.

I pulled a trifle harder, but to no purpose. Then I lost patience. I gave the paddle a sharp jerk, the weed gave way all too suddenly. Della gave a little scream, and I clutched wildly at the side of the canoe in a vain attempt to keep my balance. . . . It was all over in a moment, and when I say all I include Della, myself, and the canoe. Fortunately, we were close to the bank and the water was shallow. I scrambled ashore and helped Della on to dry land as best I could.

"Really, Miss Della," I said, feeling unutterably foolish, as I caught the painter of the canoe and rescued the floating paddle, "I'll never forgive myself for this; I wish you were a man and could swear at me."

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CHARITY.

THE STOKER A HERO.

On Men-of-War There Is No Position More Trying Than His.

Stripped to the waist, perspiring in the terrible heat of the furnaces, the stoker never knows how the battle is going, whether his ship will be blown into the air or sent to the bottom, as he throws the coal into the fiery maw of the furnace.

Among the heroes on a battleship none have so onerous a position and none more dangerous than the men who tend the furnaces and pass the coal. However the conflict above him may range, the stoker hears only its distant murmur and feels only the shock as the shells impact themselves against the steel sides and the great guns recoil from the thousand pounds of steel and powder hurled at the enemy. Perhaps a chance shot may pierce the 10 inches of armor that guard the engines and boilers and the rushing water may drown him as he vainly seeks to escape. Perhaps the 50 tons of explosives in the magazines may be reached by a projectile from the enemy's guns and he may be blown to pieces in the steel cell where he is at work.

At any time the crisis may come, and small chance is there for him to catch on the floating spar or wreckage. In such cases the stoke-hole always proves the coffin of the men who feed the furnaces and lend the initial assistance towards making the war vessel a thing of life.

The stoke-hole in a battleship is situated far below the water line at a point almost amidships. A long, grimy room it is, hemmed in by steel walls

and coal bunkers, with a score of fiery furnace doors that send out gleaming rays of light into the apartment, the only light that the room ever receives. It has no windows and no doors. In the ceiling above great ventilators pierce the steel. Currents of cool air take the place of that sucked in by the furnaces. The room is filled with a sickening heat that only the experienced stoker can stand.

In this room the stoker works, and works hard. The duties are so severe that he is rarely required to work a shift of more than four hours. A line of coal passers constantly moves, each man trundling a barrow of coal into the stoke-hole, and as it is dumped on the floor the stoker, armed with a long shovel, jerks the chain that opens the door, seizes a shovelful of fuel and dashes it into the great bed of glowing, roaring flame, where it is licked up almost before the stoker, with half-shielded face, can close the door.

Each stoker has an allotted number of furnace doors to take care of, according to the size of the ship and the capacity of its boilers. He has scarcely a moment's rest during his shift and when he is not throwing coal into the glowing ovens of flame he wields a rake in the burning fuel, and ninety of experience keeps the great furnace at an even heat. The steam gauge over his head is watched and every fluctuation noted. The assistant engineer, who superintends the work of stoker, is constantly on the alert. The life of a battleship may often depend on a proper handling by the engineer. If one of the furnaces is disabled by a chance shot, no harm may result, but if more are disabled the ship may be at the enemy's mercy.

In spite of their hard duties the stokers



STOKERS AT WORK.

ers are healthy, strong and vigorous men. The intense heat in which they work tans their skin a dark brown. They are fairly well paid and have many liberties. They are idle more or less when the vessel is in port and little steam is kept up.

When the battle begins the men in the stoke-hole are able to tell only that the ship has gone into action. They hear the roar of the batteries as they are fired and feel the shock of the shell as it bursts on the armored sides; but the terrible anxiety of a half day's conflict is greater to them than to the men who work the guns or direct the ship's movements.

As the battle goes on there are many who win praise for bravery in action, but to the stoker there is only to toll on in the furious heat, each one doing his small share. He helps to win by keeping his integral part of the engine of war in working order, at the direction of the commander.

The Use of the Great Toe.

The negroes of the West Indies use the great toe constantly in climbing. Several years ago, while spending some time at one of the famous resorts in Jamaica, I had an opportunity to observe the skill with which the black women, who do a great part of the manual labor, carried stone, mortar and other building materials on their heads to the top of the five-story tower in a part of the hotel not then finished.

Much of the unerring accuracy with which they (women and girls) chased each other up and down the long ladders, with heavy loads skillfully poised on their woolly pates, was due to the firmness with which they grasped each rung of the ladders with the great toe. They did not place the ball or the hollow of the foot on the rung, but the groove at the juncture of the great toe with the body of the foot, and they held fast by making the back of the other toes afford the other gripping surface. In much the same way the Abyssinian native cavalry grasp the stirrup. And I have seen a one-armed Santo Domingan black, astride the lead mule with a rein held between his great and second toes, while his only arm was devoted to cracking his teamster's whip.—Overland Monthly.

"No Repentance in the Grave."

A Scotch divine entered the churchyard one day while the sexton was busily employed, neck deep in a grave, throwing up soil and bones to make room for a dead parishioner.

"Well, Saunders," said the minister, "that is a work well calculated to make an old man like you thoughtful. I wonder you do not repent of your evil ways and make resolves while so seriously occupied about another's grave to live a better life and prepare for your own." The old man, resting himself upon the edge of his spade, calmly replied, "I thought, sir, ye kent that there is no repentance in the grave."

On Dangerous Ground.

Dick—I am convinced now that the funny men are right when they say a woman can't understand a joke.

Tom—Why, what's happened?

Dick—I called on Mrs. Dartleigh—that sprightly little widow, you know—last night and just in a joking way proposed to her.

Tom—Yes?

Dick—Well, it looks now as if I will have to furnish a very elaborate diagram to get her to see through it.—Cleveland Leader.

Horse Brains.

An East Hebron (Maine) horse proves his wit in this wise: Two nights in succession the nag slipped his headstall off and pushed an inner door of the stable open and slid the outer railroad door with his teeth and went into the field and helped himself to grass. He was detected by the prints of his teeth on the cross-bars of the door.

Sufficient Provocation.

Alkali Ike—Wot's the matter, podner? Why did you hang that 'ere chap?

Cactus Cal—He got his guitar out last night and begin playin' the Spanish fandango.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

Accustomed to It.

Ella—Jack, dear, do you think you can stand up in the battle's brunt?

Jack—Oh, yes; I have become quite accustomed to face powder.—New York Evening World.

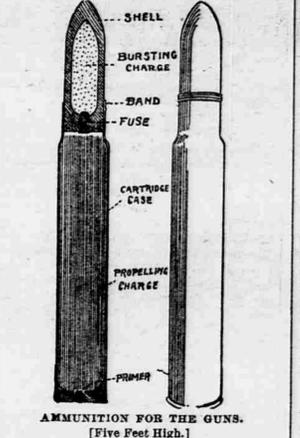
GREAT GUNS GALORE.

Nearly Half a Hundred Latest Rapid-Fire Machine Guns.

The Cunard liner Etruria, just before war was declared, brought over a cargo of fifty-five cases of rapid-fire rifles and machine guns and a large quantity of smokeless powder, consigned from Armstrong, Whitworth & Co., of Newcastle-on-Tyne, to Baring Brothers & Co., of New York City. With the guns were their carriages and fittings. This shipment was for the War Department. The guns were all purchased from the Armstrongs. Twelve of them were manufactured for the Brazilian Government, which released the Armstrongs from their contract that our Government might have them. In all forty-six were purchased. The total weight of all the guns purchased is something over 900,000 pounds.

The guns are unlike anything made in this country. For that reason the ammunition for them was bought on the other side, since it would take altogether too long and would cost too much money to change the machinery in the ordnance plants in this country in order to supply the projectiles for the guns. The rapid-fire guns are all Maxim and Nordenfeldt rifles, about five-inch bore, and are to be used for coast defense. The machine guns, it is said, are to be mounted in some of the ships of the navy.

Admiral Ito's squadron in the recent Chinese-Japanese war was well equipped with rapid-fire guns, while the Chinese had none. The battle of the Yalu demonstrated the value of rapid-fire guns. Ship after ship of the Chinese fleet opened fire at long range with the heavy guns, but the Japanese ships stood straight on until within 3,000 yards of the enemy, when they turned in succession eight points to port, and, opening with broadsides from their six-



inch and 7.7-inch rapid-fire guns, they poured in a hail of steel, riddling the upper parts of the superstructures of the Chinese ships. The water was lashed to foam by shells, which, ricocheting, inflicted most of the hits. The Japanese fired three or four times as fast as the Chinese, cutting down all who were on deck. Officers were killed at their posts by the deadly rapid-fires, and none of them could be forced on deck, even at the muzzle of the pistol.

Clergyman's Experiment.

A laudable attempt on the part of Notting Hill clergyman to practically illustrate to the working class portion of his flock the combined benefits of religion and a tankard of beer has, we regret to hear, proved unsuccessful. The Rev. Prebendary Denison started, for the social pleasure of his congregation, a club, where the reverend gentleman or his curate went, after dispensing theological pabulum in the church, and served the members with beer and other corporeal refreshments. The idea was to keep them away from public houses and to afford them honest recreation with a reasonable amount of tipple. By the rules no man could be served with liquor more than three times in the course of a night. But the clergyman was unaware of the degree of original sin at least of bibulous ingenuity among the rougher classes of Notting Hill. They evaded the rule by clubbing together their twopences and treating each other, so that in the course of the evening a member was able to obtain half a dozen, or even more, drinks, instead of three. The result was sometimes unpleasant, and the Prebendary has therefore reluctantly determined to give up the experiment.—London Telegraph.

Spread of the English Language.

Mr. Gladstone lately expressed himself as believing that English is to be the language of the future. Mr. Gladstone's reasons are based on what has happened within his own lifetime. When Mr. Gladstone was born English was spoken by 30,000,000 of people. It is now spoken by 120,000,000. The number of people in the earth who speak English is doubled every forty years. This forms the basis of a very simple calculation as to when the entire population of the earth shall speak English. The two great English-speaking countries are Great Britain and the United States. Wherever Great Britain goes she carries the English language, and whoever comes to the United States learns it.

President Faure a Worker.

President Faure is a tremendous worker. Following the custom of his earlier life, he arises before dawn, and has accomplished much long before fashionable Paris is awake. He gives his personal attention to countless matters which are ordinarily looked after by secretaries, and he conducts the manifold affairs of the government on strict business principles. All letters are answered the same day they are received.

Bills of Fare in Fashionable Restaurants.

The question has been mooted over and over again whether French and German dishes upon the bills of fare is or is not an improvement. Many pretend that before their introduction cooking was coarse. No bill of fare presents attractions to the dyspeptic, but even they can be cured by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters.

Women of Paris Are Very Beautiful.

"I like the way the French take their amusements," writes Miss Lillian Bell in a letter from Paris to the Ladies' Home Journal. "At the theater they laugh and applaud the wit of the hero and hiss the villain. They shout their approval of a duel and weep aloud over the death of the aged mother. When they drive in the Bois they smile and have an air of enjoyment quite at variance with the bored expression of English and Americans who have enough money to own carriages. We drove in Hyde Park in London the day before we came to Paris, and nearly wept with sympathy for the unfortunate rich who were at such pains to enjoy themselves. I never saw such beautiful women as I see in Paris. French men are insignificant as a rule, and English women are beefy and dress like rag-bags."

At the Card in a Sandwich.

One Sunday evening a party of poker experts were seated in a prominent uptown hotel lobby discussing incidents relating to the science of Schenck, and some good stories were the outcome. One of the veterans at thumping the pasteboards related an incident in his own career where he had been dealt six cards.

"It was at a critical stage of the game," said the old sport "and when I looked at the cards they were of the most needful variety."

"What did you do with the sixth card?" queried an attentive listener.

"I ordered a ham sandwich," was the reply, "and, concealing the card between the bread and the meat, ate the whole outfit."

Well and Strong

Nervous Spells and That Tired Feeling Cured by Hood's.

"My health was very poor. I had nervous spells and did not sleep well at night. When I arose in the morning I was tired and exhausted and did not feel any more rested than when I retired at night. I knew I needed a medicine to build me up, and I concluded to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. After the first bottle had been taken I felt so much better that I procured five more. I am now taking the last one, and I have not felt as well and strong for years." H. P. JONES, 223 E. Mulberry St., Kokomo, Indiana.

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