

DON'T YOU KNOW?

Now, life is just a little striving,
Don't you know?
Some failure and a lot of thriving,
Don't you know?
The world is built on such a plan
That it is up to every man
To do the very best he can,
Don't you know?

Now, love is just a funny feeling,
Don't you know?
O'er you it gently comes a-stealing,
Don't you know?
It runs its troubled little course,
And then it's marriage—if divorce,
Why, alimony, then, perforce,
Don't you know?

Now, fame is just a fleeting bubble,
Don't you know?
To get it causes lots of trouble,
Don't you know?
Perhaps it lasts a year or two,
And then the world finds some one no
And straightway has no use for you,
Don't you know?

Now, what's the use to fret and worry,
Don't you know?
No need to fly around and hurry,
Don't you know?
You might as well just jog along,
And laugh and love and sing your song
The world goes on or right or wrong,
Don't you know?

Now, what's the use to always grumble,
Don't you know?
And fret because you chance to stumble,
Don't you know?
The world was here before you came,
And when you're gone 'twill be the same,
So win your praise or bear your blame,
Don't you know?
-Chicago Chronicle.



CHAPTER XVII.

Orders came from the War department providing a detail to go and help man the guns of Perry at Put-in I had the honor of leading them on the journey and turning them over to the young captain. I could not bear to be lying idle at the garrison. A thought of those in captivity was with me night and day, but I could do nothing for them. I had had a friendly talk with Gen. Brown. He invited and received my confidence touching the tender solicitude I was unable to cover. I laid before him the plan of an expedition. He smiled, puffing a cigar thoughtfully.

"Reckless folly, Bell," said he, after a moment. "You are young and lucky. If you were flung in the broad water there with a millstone tied to your neck, I should not be surprised to see you turn up again. My young friend, to start off with no destination but Canada is too much even for you. We have no men to waste. rusting saber is better than a hole in the heart. There will be good work for you in a few days, I hope.

And there was—the job of which I have spoken, that came to me through his kind offices. We set sail in a schooner one bright morning—D'r and I and 30 others—bound for Two-Mile Creek. Horses were waiting for us there. We mounted them, and made long journey overland—a ride through wood and swale on a road orn by the wagons of the emigrant who, even then, was pushing west ward to the fertile valleys of Ohio It was hard traveling, but that was the heyday of my youth, and the bird music, and the many voices of a waning summer in field and forest, were some how in harmony with the great song of my heart. In the middle of the afternoon of September 6, we came to the bay, and pulled up at headquarters, a two-story frame building on a high There were wooded islands in shore. the offing, and between them we could see the fleet—nine vessels, big

I turned over the men who were tak ships immediately and put under drill. Surgeon Usher of the Lawrence and a young midshipman rowed me to Gibraltar island, well out into the harbor, where the surgeon presented me to Perry-a tall, shapely with dark hair and eyes, and ears hidden by tufts of heavy beard. He stood on a rocky point high above the water, a glass to his eye, looking seaward. His youth surprised me: he was then 28. I had read much of him and was looking for an older man. He received me kindly: he had a fine dignity and gentle manners. Somewhere e had read of that scrape of mine the last one there among the Avengers. He gave my hand a squeeze and my sword a compliment I have not yet forgotten, assuring me of his pleasure that I was to be with him awhile. The greeting over, we rowed away to the Lawrence. She was chopping laz-She was chopping lazily at anchor in a light breeze, her sails mander as we came under the frown-

"They 're tired of waiting," said he: "they 're looking for business when I come aboard.'

He showed me over the clean decks: was all as clean as a puritan par-

"Captain," said he, "tie yourself to that big bow gun. It 's the modern sling of David, only its pebble is big as a rock. Learn how to handle it, and you may take a fling at the Brit ish some day.'

He put D'ri in my squad, as I requested, leaving me with the gunners. I went to work at once, and knew hortly how to handle the big machine. D'ri and I convinced the captain with no difficulty that we were fit for a fight so soon as it might come.

It came sooner than we expected. The cry of "Sail ho!" woke me early one morning. It was the 10th of September. The enemy was coming. Sails were sticking out of the misty dawn a few miles away. In a moment our decks were black and noisy with the hundred and two that manned the ves-It was every hand to rope and windlass then. Sails went up with a snap all around us, and the creak of of blocks sounded far and near. In 12 minutes we were under way, leading the van to battle. The sun came lighting the great towers of canvas. Every vessel was now feeling for the wind, some with oars and sweeps to aid them. A light breeze came out of the southwest. Perry stood near me, his hat in his hand. He was looking back at the Niagara.

"Run to the leeward of the islands," said he to the sailing-master

"Then you 'll have to fight to the

leeward," said the latter. "Dont' care, so long as we fight," said Perry. "Windward or leeward, we want to fight."

Then came the signal to change our course. The wind shifting to the south-east, we were all able to clear the islands and keep the weather-gauge. A cloud came over the sun; far away the mist thickened. The enemy wallowed topsails, and went out of sight. We had lost the wind. Our sails went limp; flag and pennant hung lifeless. A slight rain drizzled down, breaking the smooth plane of water into bubbles. Perry stood out in the drizzle as we lay waiting. All eyes were turning to the sky and to Perry. He had a look of worry and disgust. He was out for a quarrel, though the surgeon said he was in more need of physic, having the fever of malaria as well as that of war. He stood there, and handsome, in a loose jacket of blue nankeen, with no sign of weakness in him, his eyes flashing as he looked at the sky

D'ri and I stood in the squad at the bow gun. D'ri was wearing an old straw hat; his flannel shirt was open at the collar.

"Ship stan's luk an ol' cow chawin. 'er cud," said he, looking off at the weather. "They 's a win' comin' over It 'll give 'er a slap 'n th' side purty soon, mebbe. Then she 'll switch 'er tail 'n' go on 'bout 'er business.

cheer back amidships. Perry had come



SHAKING BLOODY, TERED FLAG, SHOUTED: WE'LL TEK CARE O' THE OL' BRIG.

up the companionway with his blue battle-flag. He held it before him at arm's-length. I could see a part of its legend, in white letters, "Don't give up the ship.

"My brave lads," he shouted, "shall we hoist it?"

Our "Ay, ay' sir!" could have been heard a mile away, and the flag rose, above tossing hats and howling voices, to the mainroyalmasthead.

sails snap and stiffen as it overhauled the fleet behind us. In a jiffy it bunted "It is no time for jesting." our own hulls and canvas, and again we began to plough the water. It grew into a smart breeze, and scattered the fleet of clouds that hovered over us. The rain passed; sunlight sparkled on the rippling plain of water. We could see the enemy; he had hove to, and was waiting for us in a line. A crowd was waiting for us in a line. A cover was gathering on the high shores we had left to see the battle. We were had left to see the battle. We were had left to see the battle. We were of repair, and lay down with a quick sense of faintness. My wound was no constitution to see, but was of little the roaring furrows of water on each side of the prow. Every man of us held his tongue, mentally trimming ship, as they say, for whatever might come. Three men scuffed by, sanding the decks. D'ri was leaning placidly the decks. D'ri was leaning placidly dressed my thigh. That room was over the big gun. He looked off at the wounded, some lying on the floor, some standing, some stretched white line, squinted knowingly, and spat over the bulwarks. Then he straightened up, tilting his hat to his right ear.

"They're p'intin' their guns," said "Fust they know they'll git spit on," aid D'ri, calmly. creeping and talking under the breath, and here and there an oath as some nervous chap tightened the ropes of his resolution. Then suddenly, as we swung about, a murmur went up and down the deck. We could see with our naked eyes the men who were to give us battle. Perry shouted sternly to some gunners who thought it high time to fire. Then word came: there would be no firing until we got the split and break of heavy timbers; close. Little gusts of music came chasing over the water faint-footed to our a rush of smoke, and the legs of a man decks—a band playing "Rule Britan-nia." I was looking at a brig in the came another crash of timbers on the line of the enemy when a bolt of fire port side. I leaped off the table and leaped out of her and thick belches of ran, limping, to the deck, I do not know

hissing slap, and we turned quickly to my head, anyway, with the rage of

see chunks of the shattered lake surface fly up in nets of spray and fall roaring on our deck. We were all drenched there at the bow gun. I remember some of those water-drops had the sting of hard-flung pebbles, but we only bent our heads, waiting eagerly and mast and bulwark. The air was only bent our heads, waiting eagerly for the word fire.

"We was th' ones 'at got spit on," said a gunner, looking at D'ri. "Wish they'd let us holler back,

said the latter, placidly. "Sick o' holdin We kept fanning down upon the

enemy, now little more than a mile away, signalling the fleet to follow 'My God! see there!" a gunner shouted

The British line had turned into a reeling, whirling ridge of smoke lift. ing over spurts of flame at the bottom. We knew what was coming. Untried in the perils of shot and shell, some of my gunners stooped to cover under the bulwarks.

"Pull 'em out o' there," I called, turn-

ing to D'ri, who stood beside me.

The storm of iron hit us. A heavy ball crashed into the after bulwarks tearing them away and slamming over gun and carriage, that slid a space, grinding the gunners under it. One end of a bowline whipped over us; a jib dropped; a brace fell crawling over my shoulders like a big snake; the fore-mast went into splinters a few feet above the decks, its top falling over, its canvas sagging in great folds. was all the work of a second. That hasty flight of iron, coming out of the air, thick as a flock of pigeons, had gone through hull and rigging in a wink of the eye. And a fine mess it had made. Men lay scattered along the deck, bleeding, yelling, struggling There were two lying near us with blood spurting out of their necks. One rose upon a knee, choking horribly, shaken with the last throes of his flooded heart, and reeled over. Scorpion of our fleet had got her guns in action; the little Ariel was also firing. D'ri leaned over, shouting in my

ear. "Don't like th' way they 're whalin uv us," he said, his cheeks red with anger.

"Nor I," was my answer. "Don't like t' stan' here an' dev nuthin' but git licked," he went on.
"'T ain' no way nat'ral."

Perry came hurrying forward.

"Fire!" he commanded, with a quick gesture, and we began to warm up our big twenty-pounder there in the bow. But the deadly scuds of iron kept flying over and upon our deck, bursting into awful showers of bolt and chain and spike and hammerheads. We saw shortly that our brig was badly out of gear. She began to drift to leeward, and being unable to aim at the enemy, we could make no use of the bow gun. Every brace and bowline cut away, her canvas torn to rags, her hull shot through, and half the men dead or wounded, she was, indeed, a sorry sight. The Niagara went by on the safe side of us, heedless of our plight. Perry stood near, cursing as he looked off at her. Two of my gun-ners had been hurt by bursting canister. D'ri and I picked them up, and nade for the cockpit. D'ri's man kept howling and kicking. As we nurried along over the bloody deck, there came a mighty crash beside us and a barst of old iron that tumbled me to my

the man I bore struggle and then go imp in my arms I felt my knees get ing warm and wet. The smoke rose the tall, herculean back of D'ri just ahead of me. His sleeve had been ripped away from shoulder to elbow and a spray of blood from his upper arm was flying back upon me. His hat crown had been torn off, and there was a big rent in his trousers, but he kept going. I saw my man had been killed in my arms by a piece of chain, buried to its last link in his breast. I was so confused by the shock of it all that I had not the sense to lay him down, but followed D'ri to the cockpit. He stumbled on the stairs, falling heavily with his burden. I dropped my poor gunner and helped The wind came; we could hear the them carry D'ri to a table, where they

"It is no time for jesting," said I, with some dignity.
"My dear fellow," the surgeon an-

swered, "your wound is no jest. You are not fit for duty." I looked down at the big hole in my trousers and the cut in my thigh, of which I had known nothing until then.

consequence, a missile having torn the surface only. I was able to help Surgeon Usher as he caught the severed veins and bathed the bloody strands of muscle in 'D'ri's arm, while another upon cots and tables. Every moment they were crowding down the companionway with others. The cannonading was now so close and heavy that it gave me an ache in the ears, but above its quaking thunder I could hear the shrill cries of men sinking to hasty Well, for two hours it was all death in the grip of pain. The brig reeping and talking under the was in sore distress, her timbers creaking, snapping, quivering, like one being beaten to death, his bones cracking, his muscles pulping under heavy blows cockpit, we could feel her flinch and stagger. On her side there came sud-denly a crushing blow, as if some great I could see splinters flying over me in smoke rushed to her topsails. Then why; I was driven by some quick and something hit the sea near by a great irresistable impulse. I was near out of

battle in me and no chance to fight. Well, suddenly, I found myself stura bling, with drawn saber, over heaps of the hurt and dead there on our recking deck. It was a horrible place: full of smoke, but near me I could see a topsail of the enemy. Balls were now plunging in the water alongside, the spray drenching our deck. Some poor man lying low among the dead caught me by the boot-leg with an appealing gesture. I took hold of his collar, dragging him to the cockpit. The surgeon had just finished with D'ri. His arm was now in sling and bandages. He was lying on his back, the good arm over his face. There was a lull in the cannonading. quickly to his side.

"How are you feeling?" I asked, giv-

ing his hand a good grip.
"Nuthin' t' brag uv," he answered.
"Never see nobody git hell rose with

'em s' quick es we did—never."

Just then we heard the voice of Perry. He stood on the stairs calling

into the cockpit. "Can any wounded man below there pull a rope?" he shouted.
D'ri was on his feet in a jiffy, and

we were both clambering to the deck as another scud of junk went over us. Perry was trying with block and tackle to mount a carronade. A handful of men were helping him. D'ri rushed to the ropes, I following, and we both pulled with a will. A sailor who had been hit in the legs hobbled up, asking for room on the rope. I told him he could be of no use, but he spat an oath, and pointing at my leg, which was now bleeding, swore he was sounder than I, and put up his fists to prove it. I have seen no better show of pluck in all my fighting, nor that ever gave me a greater pride of my own people and my country. is a great evil. I begin to think, but there is nothing finer than the sight of a man who, forgetting himself, rushes into the shadow of death for the sake of something that is better. At every heave on the rope our blood came out of us, until a ball shattered a pulley, and the gun fell. Perry had then a fierce look, but his words were cool, his manner dauntless. He peered through lifting clouds of smoke at our line. He stood near me, and his head was bare. He crossed the littered deck, his battle-flag and broad pennant that an orderly had brought him trailing from his shoulder. He halted by a boat swung at the davits on the port side-the only one that had not gone to splinters. There he called

the bulwarks, shook it over them, cheering loudly. "Give 'em hell!" he shouted. "We

a crew about him, and all got aboard

the boat-seven besides the younger

brother of Captain Perry-and lowered

take command of the sister brig, the

Niagara, which lay a quarter of a mile

or so from where we stood. We all

wished to go, but he would have only

sound men; there were not a dozen on

the ship who had all their blood in

them. As they pulled away, Perry standing in the stern, D'ri lifted a

bloody, tattered flag, and leaning from

Word flew that he was leaving to

'll tek care o' the ol' brig."
[To Be Continued.] HORSE'S HOMING INSTINCT.

Homesick Old Servitor Performed Wonders to Get Back to His Master

The doctor's horse had grown old and the doctor sent him to a farm across the river to pass his last days in ease and plenty. His wide pasture loping gently to the river, contained everything to please a horse: a never failing spring where outbound vess filled their water casks, at which he might drink if he chose, instead of from the river; shady willows in the hollows, and on the knolls apple trees where he might help himself to the apples that fell.

But in spite of all, relates the Christian Endeavor World, he must have grown homesick, for one morning the old horse appeared at the doctor's stable door. His wet coat told the story, he had swam the river.

At his pasture the Penobscot is 700 feet wide, very deep and currents are strong. No animal had ever crossed it there before except a band of circus elephants, too heavy to venture on the toll bridge, and even these had swam across some distance above.

After reaching the opposite bank the horse had to locate the town, and when he got to it made his way the whole length of a city of 20,000 in-

habitants to his home Probably the old horse had never wam a stroke before in his life. How did he know he could get home by water when he had always crossed the river by a bridge before?

His Idea of a Lady.

An English cabman had brought suit against a woman for not paying the legal fare and his constant re mark was, "She ain't a lady." "Do you know a lady when you see one?" asked the judge. "I do. yer honor. Last week a lady gave me a sov'rin instead ov a shillin', and I called out, 'Beg pardon, madam, I've got a sov'rin instead of a shillin',' and she shouts back, 'Well, you old fool, keep the change and get drunk with it!' That's wot I call a lady!"—Chicago Daily

Expert Advice.

"Mrs. Sourly, you have been married for several years, and I am about to take unto myself a husband. What advice would you give me?" "Learn to play solitaire." - Detroit

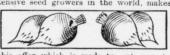
The End.

Upson—Is love a disease? Downs—The worst in the Fickleson nearly died with it.

'What cured him?" "Marriage."-Detroit Free Press. Raseball salaries are to be lower next summer, and some of the crack pitchers will not be too proud to associate with the bankers of the towns they visit.—Du-luth News-Fribune.

Millions of Vegetables.

When the Editor read 10,000 plants for 16c, he could hardly believe it, but upon second reading finds that the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., than whom there are no more reliable and extensive seed growers in the world, makes



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providing you will return this notice, and if you will send them 20c in postage, they will add to the above a package of famous Berliner Cauliflower. [K. L.]

Most of us feel that we could manage to struggle along without the necessities of life if we could only have a few of the luxuries.—Philadelphia Record.

Is Your Strength What It Used to Be? Can you work as energetically, or walk as far, climb the stairs as rapidly as you used to? Are your nerves as steady, and your memory as good as formerly? Pains, Weakness, Nervous Exhaustion, Weak Memory, Rheumatism, Indigestion, Catarrh, Misuse and the various Blood and Nervous troubles cause premature old age, shorten life and destroy happiness. Regain your strength, vigor and health by using Pusheck's-Kuro. It has cured thousands whose case was much worse than yours. Pusheck's-Kuro can be had in most drug stores for \$1.00, or sent for this price from Dr. Pusheck, Chicago. All advice free.

Life gives many a man a handful of trumps who hasn't sense enough to play them.—N. O. Picayune.

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