

**Camping Song.**  
Has your dinner lost its savor?  
Has your greeting lost its cheer?  
Is your daily stunt a burden?  
Is your laughter half a sneer?  
There's a medicine to cure you,  
There's a way to lift your load,  
With a horse and a saddle and a  
mile of open road.

Is your eyeball growing bilious?  
Is your temper getting short?  
Is this life a blind delusion,  
Or a grim, unlovely sport?  
There's a world of health and beauty,  
There's a help that cannot fail,  
In a day behind the burros,  
On a dusty mountain trail.

Come out, old man, we're going  
To a land that's free and large,  
Where the rainless skies are resting  
On a snowy mountain range.  
When we camp in God's own country,  
You will find yourself again,  
With a fire and a blanket and the  
stars upon the plain!—Bliss  
Carman in the Reader.

## The Last Watch on the "Empress"

Strained, tempest-buffed, leaking at a dozen seams, her foretopmast gone, her yards splintered, her sails in rags, and with four feet of water in her lower hold, the old bark Empress, three weeks overdue with a cargo of rice from Calcutta, came lurching heavily into the lower harbor through the fog of the May afternoon.

At her wheel stood the captain, and amidships two wearied Swedes were pumping desperately. Brushing aside pilot boats, tugs and quarantine steamer, heedless of the hoarse warnings screeched from a half-dozen metal throats, she made straight for the crescent of Hospital Bank, and there ran hard and fast aground.

As she settled she made a bed for herself in the soft mud, so that when the tide left, her side stood nearly upright.

During the next week her rat-riddled cargo was lightened out. Then her owners weighed its fate in council and their verdict was, "Strip and burn." For five days more the swarming riggers worked havoc with knife and hatchet and marlin-spike, until, on Friday afternoon, the decks were littered with food for the junk shop and the oakum factory, and the three masts rose bare of their feathered tracery of rope and spar.

At three o'clock on that very Friday, Emerson Hardy, just turned twenty-two, licensed engineer of the gasoline launch belonging to Smith & Cutcliffe, the firm that owned the bark, had finished cleaning up his boat, after a short trip, and had moored it securely off the foot of the landing stairs. The machinery needed some repairs, so for two or three days his craft would be out of commission.

He had not the slightest objection, therefore, when his employers asked him to act as watchman for a single night in place of the colored steward, who had for the past ten days stood grand over the vessel, but who had that morning sailed on a fruit ship bound for Jamaica. Smith & Cutcliffe knew well that the bark was safe from harbor thieves so long as the engineer had charge of it.

It was already dark, and a dense fog blanketed the day, when the tug Orion, on its way out to watch all night for incoming vessels, steamed up close to the Empress to set Hardy on board. He scrambled up the low side, and was on deck in a moment.

"Don't let the rats eat you up, Emerson!" called out the pilot, as the tug swung away. "I'll give you a call in the morning on the way in, to see if you are all there."

Hardy flung back a jest in reply. The first things he did after the Orion had vanished in the mist and its distant puffing died down to an asthmatic whisper, were to light his lantern and load his revolver. Then he straightened up and looked about him.

The bark was entirely dismantled. Her ragged sails were bunched up, the cordage lay along the deck in coils and lines, extending from the cabin top forward. In short, the vessel had been stripped of everything of value in preparation for the final trips of the lighter. The only spot above decks not covered with debris was the roof of the forecastle.

With the advance of night the fog grew thicker. Back and forth paced the engineer. He consulted his watch; it was eight o'clock. He came to a stop near the end of the cabin, where the ship's bell hung tongueless.

The fancy came to him to strike the hours upon it, as if he were keeping watch during an ocean voyage; it would break the monotony of his light. With a rusty iron marlin-spike, picked up from the deck, he beat out eight clear, silvery notes from the sea-mellowed brass.

The night wore on. Every thirty minutes Hardy paused near the binnacle, and the bell pealed out its warning beneath his vigorous arm—one stroke at half past eight, two at nine, and so on.

But the hours moved slowly. He was just on the edge of the channel, and up to midnight there was plenty of passing—passenger-boats, freighters, tugs towing lines of barges; he could hear and tell them all, although the fog hid them from view. Toward

twelve o'clock they thinned out, and it would have been lonely enough on the deserted hulk but for the rats. They were present in scores, great, gray, leaping bewiskered fellows, scurrying about decks and quarrelling with one another, no half-tame inoffensive house animals, but savage, impudent brutes, born and bred on shipboard.

For want of anything better to do, Hardy watched them. Finally he grew tired, and at midnight, after eight strokes on the bell, went down into the cabin. In the middle of the floor stood a huge rat. The watchman shouted at it. The beast lifted its head inquiringly without a sign of fear, and then trotted leisurely into the captain's stateroom.

Hardy stretched himself out in a dilapidated haircloth armchair, the sole remaining article of furniture, set his lantern down near by and tried to fancy himself in command of the bark on a foreign voyage. He lost consciousness for a time, but was suddenly roused by a sharp pain in the right hand. Springing up, he flung from him with a shudder of disgust a rat which, emboldened by his silence, had leaped into his lap and bitten the knuckle of his middle finger.

He looked at his watch. It was nearly two o'clock, the time when man's life forces are said to be at their lowest ebb. Over the decks above, Hardy could hear numberless feet pattering and racing, while the air was rent by shrill, continuous squeals. In the cabin itself were fully a dozen rats, darting in and out of the open staterooms. Taking his lantern, Hardy went up the companionway.

The tide, which was almost high, gurgled steadily into the hold through the open seams, driving all the rats upward. Until a few days before, the animals had had enough to eat from the cargo to keep them from being hungry, but now lack of food had made them savage. The decks were literally alive with them, running squealing, fighting.

Hardy had no sense of fear, but the incessant squabbling wearied him, and he longed for the approach of morning. He almost wished that the harbor thieves would put in an appearance. They could easily be frightened off by a show of his revolver; and almost any human interruption would be welcome to vary this ceaseless squealing.

The turmoil on the decks increased. The watchman started forward, and trod on the tail of one of the rats. The animal turned upon him and sank its teeth into his ankle with a shriek. There was something about that note different than the others. As its sound a dead silence suddenly fell upon the bark, and Hardy was aware that every rat turned toward him. Another shrill, vicious call from his assailant, and in an instant the engineer found himself the object of attack by scores of foes.

Against the binnacle leaned a wooden capstanbar. Hardy seized this with his right hand, and with the lantern in his left, vaulted upon the cabin roof, which rose about four feet above the deck.

He gained thereby a momentary respite, but soon his enemies discovered his whereabouts. Up they swarmed, clambering over the festoons of rigging along the edge of the cabin top. The watchman set down his lantern, grasped the capstanbar tightly with both hands, and began to lay about him with long, sweeping blows that sent rat after rat flying over the rail into the sea.

At first the engineer despised his assailants. It seemed absurd to think that his safety could be seriously endangered by such contemptible animals. They assailed him from behind and he wheeled to meet them, raining his blows in every direction, and striving to shake himself free from their attack. But they pressed him hard, with an ominous, deadly earnestness, and it did not take him long to realize that he was fighting for his very life.

Hardy's wiriness now stood him in good stead. A bigger, clumsier man could not have handled himself so quickly. Up and down, right and left, swept the capstanbar like a fall. He grew sick of the massacre. He could see nothing outside the little mist-walled circle illumined by the lantern. Slay as many as he might, their numbers seemed unthinned, and their assault continued with undiminished vigor. His arms were wearied with wielding the bar, but he had to fight on.

Had Hardy cared, he would have jumped overboard; but he was only a very ordinary swimmer, the water was cold, and the shore nearly a mile away.

But something must be done at once. His breath was coming short. He stumbled and almost fell. Once down! He shuddered at the thought and wielded his bar desperately.

An incautious sweep caught the lantern, and whirled it over the rail with a jingling crash of glass.

The watchman's face was now turned toward the bow. As he shot a glance forward through the mist, he caught a glimpse of the forecastle, rising above the littered decks. Once on its top he would be safe. Could he gain it? One jump took him off the cabin to the break; another planted his feet on the main deck amidships. His enemies pursued him.

The black square of the open hatch yawned before him. Round it he darted, threading his way among the rope coils. Once or twice he was almost thrown headlong.

Close before him rose the forecastle. It was six feet high. Could

he reach its summit? He must. Up he leaped and flung his hands over the edge. Beneath him the rats bit at his feet and lunged at the bottoms of his trousers. With a mighty effort he threw his left leg up over the side of the roof, caught his heel, and a moment later lay there in safety, half-fainting.

There Hardy spent the remainder of the night. With the coming of dawn a fresh landbreeze dispersed the fog, and as the tide fell the rats disappeared into the hold to search for scattered rice grains. When the Orion took the watchman off at six o'clock the decks showed no signs of life.

Late that evening, as the lighter drew away toward the city with its last load, a match touched to a ball of rags soaked in kerosene lighted up a beacon visible afar over sea and land, the funeral pyre of the Empress. The flames danced along her bulwarks and streamed up her masts, until she stood in lurid outline against the surrounding gloom.

But before the conflagration touched them the rats leaped overboard, and soon the fretful surface was alive with swimming forms. Few reached the shore, however, for the sea was rough through the long mile they had to traverse. Meanwhile the old bark burned far into the night, until her upper works were consumed; and it was well toward morning when the rising tide put out the flames.—Youth's Companion.

### HENRY SLADE DEAD.

The Noted Spiritualistic Medium Dies in a Michigan Sanatorium, Aged 80.

Henry Slade, the noted spiritualistic medium, who died recently in the Belding, Michigan, Sanatorium with nobody to claim his remains, as stated by a despatch from there to supposed relatives at Lockport, N. Y., was a Niagara county man. He was one of the most noted slate writers in the world and created a great sensation years ago. He exhibited his weird and so-called occult powers before some of the crowned heads of Europe. Most of his performances, it is said, baffled the close investigation of scientists.

Henry Slade was about 80 years old at the time of his death. He was the son of Mr. and Mrs. William Slade of Johnson's Creek, and was born in that little hamlet in the town of Hartford, Niagara county, when most of the county was a wilderness. The Slades were among the first settlers. Henry attended the district school and later went to a local seminary.

One of Henry's schoolboy friends was Abe Taylor, the patriarch of Johnson's Creek, he is now over 80. Mr. Taylor relates that Slade, when a mere youth, used to exhibit his strange powers in a manner that made their blood creep. He could make a table with a lighted lamp lean toward him by a mere motion of the hands. The table, which he did not touch, would incline to an angle of 45 degrees, and the lighted lamp would maintain its equilibrium and never upset. He could place his hand on top of a piano when 21 years of age and lift both piano legs off the floor.

Over animals he presented a marvelous influence. He was known as a great colt breaker and bull tamer. He used to entertain his young friends by slate writing and many of them held him in absolute awe.

Slade left Lockport when about 21 and began his tours later. In New York he turned away great crowds. He went to Europe and Kings and Queens and their courts gave him audiences. Emperor Napoleon III. gave him a three carat diamond. It is said he was at one time worth a million.—New York Sun.

### A Tragedy of Foolhardiness.

As a result of the foolhardy practice of inexperienced persons entering the cages of wild beasts, a terrible tragedy was yesterday found to have taken place at Blackpool. When, during the day, a butcher went to the stockyard of the Blackpool Tower Company at South Shore, where sick and reserve animals for the menagerie are kept, he was terrified to find the three lions roaring at will about the yard. He obtained assistance, and drove them back to the cage, where the mangled and half-eaten body of a man was then discovered. On the remains being recovered, they were found to be those of a carter named Livesey, who was in the employ of the Tower Company. He had been heard to express his intention of going into the cage where the lions were kept, and late on Saturday night he was seen to enter the stockyard with another man. Cries of fear were afterward heard, coming from within, and shortly afterward a man was seen running away from the stockyard. The manager of the Tower Company states that Livesey had no right to go into the cage.—London Pall Mall Gazette.

### "Yankee Doodle" an Irish Jig.

Mr. W. H. Gratton Flood writes: Will you allow me to point out to you that the tune of "Yankee Doodle" is an old Irish jig of the early eighteenth century, well known in Ireland still as "All the Way to Galway?" Your statement that it was composed by Dr. Schuckburgh is a slip. You probably meant that he wrote the doggerel words, which is generally admitted, but he merely adapted his verses to the Irish jig, which was printed as "Yankee Doodle" in 1782, and was subsequently introduced by Arnold into his "Two to One."—London Truth.



### LIVE UP TO HIGH IDEALS.

Good living is an art. They are few who get the best out of life. It takes genius to do that. In this case genius is sanity. One may have money and still lack the real refinements of life, where education is only a panacea to a more perverted taste. Nor can poverty always attain the real object and ends of life. Therefore, it must depend largely on the character and the conscience of the individual. Such a condition is not attained by any one class of individuals as a whole, but by the individual temperament, and is special in the sense that it influences and controls all society as the real standard of living.

Good living does not consist in a large variety of dishes poorly cooked, but a few wholesome dishes well cooked. It does not mean a large house poorly kept, but a small house well kept; or plenty of clothes, gorgeous and out of date, but a few clothes modern and kept in order. The same rules will apply to books collected under various circumstances to a library reflecting one's habits and tastes. These things, with a few friends of like habits and tastes, to while away a social hour, go far toward realizing in ourselves the comfort and joy of living and in shaping the individual character.

But these are only the physical and external. There is the ethical, which must be considered. It is the ideals which speak more for the higher life than anything else. It is the real happiness that underlies all of man's social and moral qualities. Without them our complex system of living is chaos. With them there is peace, happiness and contentment, otherwise we would become a machine—a mere drudge, only living to survive the physical.

Such a condition obtains too much in the modern home, where the real truth of living is overlooked for the mere sham and detail of society, whose delights, if it has any, are only transitory and fleeting, bringing with it humiliation of the worst kind. It is out of this condition that society is continually trying to recuperate and establish a new standard of living. This marriage seeks to do, but, being misunderstood by the majority, only maintains in part what it should attain as a whole. It is for lack of these qualities to be found in the home that moral disintegration takes place, and the problem of physical degeneracy grows apace. It is the desire for too much on the part of the individual and the lack of power to maintain it which is the cause of our great social unrest. It is not large families, with the inability to support them, so much as small families with too large desires that is destroying our social fabric.—Indianapolis News.

### AFFECTATIONS.

A young man writes that he is very much in love with a girl and he to marry her, says the Philadelphia Bulletin.

"But," he adds, "she has one very serious drawback, and that is her affection, which causes me much annoyance and embarrassment."

Here is a girl who, apparently charming in every other respect, spoils it all by her stilted mannerisms.

If she only knew it she would be ten times more attractive by simply being her natural self.

Men usually see through affectation of any kind and dislike it extremely.

An affected man is as rare as he is unpleasant.

Faults men may have in plenty, but affectation is not one of them.

Try and bear in mind, girls, that a simple, natural manner is much more to be admired than an affected one.

As a rule the affected woman—the one who is not quite sure of herself.

She is nervous and feels she may make mistakes in etiquette, etc., and in order to reassure herself she adopts a would-be grand manner that deceives no one but herself.

The truly well-bred woman has no qualms as to whether she is doing the right thing or not.

She does it naturally and without thought as to what impression it makes on others.

A friend who has lately returned from Italy had the pleasure while there of meeting the Dowager Queen Margherita.

"She is," said this person, "one of the most charmingly natural, unaffected women I ever met, and while talking to her I forgot she was a queen and thought of her simply as a very delightful woman. She laughed and chatted in her pretty foreign way, a queenly woman, as well as a womanly queen."

Don't try to give people the idea that you are a very grand person.

Be content with letting them see that you are just a natural, sweet-mannered girl.

Believe me, they will much prefer you to be the latter.

Be yourself; don't keep wondering what sort of an impression you are making.

You can tell perfectly when you are laughing or talking affectedly and pretending to be what you are not.—Manchester Union.

### NEW YORK FASHIONS

The color note is particularly strong in the newest gowns. The new blues will continue popular, and the gamut of pink ranges from tender mauve to deep American Beauty tints. The wood browns are to be used for tailored gowns, wraps and hats. This wealth of color is matched in the splendor of the materials now fashionable.

With reference to the lines of the new fashions, breadth of shoulder, a rounded bust, a tapering waist line and a rippling skirt that fits the upper part of the body like a glove, are the principal features. Failure to meet these requirements will ruin the effect of the richest gown. The most notable change in line is seen in the transition from directoire to empire styles. This change is chiefly evident in wraps, in tea and house gowns, and in the fascinating coats and bridge coats that are rapidly coming into vogue. Many of these smart coats are of lace, black over white, and white over white, or over a bright color. The empire lines will be followed in wraps intended for winter wear, the necessary warmth being supplied by a fur lining. The coming furrier.

The new hats are increasing in size, and while they show the sharp tilting recently introduced, the crowns are higher and decidedly stiffer. Plumes will be worn, of course, drooping over the brims, and aigrettes will be in great demand. Lace veils will be seen on the smart hats, draped, and also hanging over the face.

Among the distinctly new autumn fabrics is satine souple, a wonderfully lustrous goods, resembling a light weave of cloth. Another of the recent importations is le Chantilly, a soft all-wool fabric showing a mingling of black and white. In the whole list of fabrics there is none so beautiful as velvet and none more serviceable than corduroy.—Helen Berkeley-Loyd, in the Delineator.

### NOW FOR LARJE HATS.

The revolt against the bizarre little hat has come and more big hats than small now accompany the elaborate toilettes, though some pretty heads belonging to fashion leaders, and the great crowd still cling to the extreme type of small hat which came in with the spring modes.

One must admit that some of the large hats are as extreme in their own way as the small ones, for they are often turned up sharply on one side and set upon the head at an angle that makes demands upon the coiffure quite as great as those by the tiny hat eccentrically perched. Still, even at its worst, the large hat is hardly as deplorable a caricature in connection with the average face as is the jaunty little millinery freak of the earlier season, and in rational form, it is generally becoming and picturesque.

For the garden party and other out-of-door fetes the large hat is preeminently the thing, though the little hat may often lend itself more satisfactorily to the tailored costume, the morning frock, the indoor occasion; and it was at the out-of-door reunions during the Paris season that the big hat came into its own.

The black picture hat was not so much in evidence as of old, although it was worn and in many instances set off a toilette as no other hat could.

### A WATCH POCKET.

The difficulty that a woman has in finding a suitable way to wear her watch is proverbial. Neither a watch nor a fob is entirely safe, while if the watch is worn on a chain there is no convenient place to put it. A clever New York girl has devised the daintiest pocket imaginable by sewing together around the edges two little circular appliques of embroidery. These may be in butterfly or leaf design if preferred or in any of the hundreds of motifs which may be found in any of the shops. Lace may also be used, but it should, of course be of the strong heavy sort.

The little pocket, or bag, can be instantly fastened to the left side of the shirt waist front by two of the tiny fancy cuff pins, or shirt waist pins, as they are now usually called. It will lie flat against the blouse, and the watch can then be slipped into it, where it will be perfectly safe and convenient. The effect of the gold or enameled watch case through the open work is charming.

### FASHION NOTES.

Charming little frocks are made of old-fashioned delaine.

The daintiest little Wallfau fans are round and scallopy like a shell when open.

**King of the Penguins.**  
The "emperor" penguin, one of the discoveries of Capt. Scott's recent antarctic expedition, was the subject of an interesting illustrated lecture by Dr. Wilson before the recent ornithological congress in London. The bird stands about four feet high, weighs eighty pounds or more, and with its black coat and erect posture has, when seen at a distance, a truly startling resemblance to a dwarf man. These "emperors" of the penguin world live upon the great grids of pack ice which surrounds the antarctic continent, and seem to depend daily for their food on crustaceans caught in the crevices of the ice. The female lays a solitary egg, which is caught on the great web feet, so that it never touches the ice, and is held there covered with the mother's body until hatching occurs.

**Advancing the Farmers' Interests.**  
Traveling agents and salesmen are now sent from the home offices of the Chicago packers into all South American and Asiatic countries. They are going into every land, no matter what language may be spoken or what money be used. They will exchange their goods for cowries or elephant tusks—anything to sell the product and get something in return convertible into money. It may seem odd to some folks, but traveling men, carrying cases with samples of American meat products, can be seen in the desert of Sahara, the sands of Zanzibar or in Brazil, "where the nuts come from." Great is the enterprise of the Yankee merchant. The greater the market, the greater the price and stability of the price of the product and all that goes to make it in its various stages.

### BABY ONE SOLID SORE

Could Not Shut Her Eyes to Sleep—Forty Boils on Head—Spent \$100 on Doctors—Baby Grew Worse—Cured by Cuticura For \$5.

"A scab formed on my baby's face, spreading until it completely covered her from head to foot, followed by boils, having forty on her head at one time, and more on her body. Then her skin started to dry up and it became so bad she could not shut her eyes to sleep. One month's treatment with Cuticura Soap and Ointment made a complete cure. Doctors and medicines had cost over \$100, with baby growing worse. Then we spent less than \$5 for Cuticura and cured her. (Signed) Mrs. G. H. Tucker, Jr., 335 Greenfield Ave., Milwaukee, Wis."

The income of Oxford University is slightly under \$350,000 a year.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. Saxe, Olean, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1901.

About 90,000 tons of butter are made yearly in Great Britain.

FITs—permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$2.50 a bottle and treatment free. Dr. B. H. Kline, Ltd., 261 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

A Londoner suggests that church bells be abolished.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

The population of France increased only 3,701,000 in forty years.

**Avoid Yellow Fever.**  
Use the great antiseptic preventative, Sloan's Lintiment. Six drops of Sloan's Lintiment on a teaspoonful of sugar will kill yellow fever and malaria germs.

An inventor has patented a process for improving the flavor of raw coffee.

Taylor's Cherokee Remedy of Sweet Gum and Mullen is Nature's great remedy—Cures Coughs, Colds, Croup and Consumption, and all throat and lung troubles. At drug-gists, 25c, 50c, and \$1.00 per bottle.

Following close upon the Virginia rub that \$20 is the proper penalty for stealing a kiss, comes a Missouri decision in which \$300 is named as the correct figure.

**THE BEST**  
**Antiseptic Remedy**  
For Family and Farm  
**SLOAN'S LINIMENT**  
**KILLS PAIN.**  
Dr. EARL S. SLOAN,  
615 Albany Street, Boston, Mass.

**On the Trail with a Fish Brand Pomme Slicker**  
I followed the trail from Texas to Montana with a FISH BRAND Slicker, and for an overcoat when cold, a wind coat and for a cover at night if we got to bed, and I will say that I have gotten more comfort out of your slicker than any other one article that I ever owned.  
(The name and address of the writer of this testimonial may be had on application.)  
Wet Weather Garments for Riding, Walking, Working or Sporting.  
**HIGHEST AWARD WORLD'S FAIR, 1904.**  
A. J. TOWER CO., BOSTON, U.S.A.  
TOWER CANADIAN CO., Limited, TORONTO, CANADA