

HYMN BEFORE ACTION.

The earth is full of anger,
The sons are dark with wrath;
The nations in their harness
Go up against our path!
Ere yet we loose the legions—
Ere yet we draw the blade,
Jehovah of the Thunders,
Lord God of Battles aid!

From panic, pride and terror,
Revenge that knows no rein—
Light haste and lawless error,
Protect us yet again,
Cloak thou our undeserving,
Make firm the shuddering breath,
In silence and deserving
To taste thy lesser death!

E'en now their vanguard gathers,
E'en now we face the fray,
As thou didst help our fathers,
Help thou our host today!
Fulfilled of signs and wonders,
In life, in death made clear—
Jehovah of the Thunders,
Lord God of Battles hear!
—Rudyard Kipling.

Itzig: "A Reporter's Boy."

Some of the best reporters cannot write a sentence correctly. They are not expected to do so. It is their business to collect facts, which they relate to others who put them in form as a "news story."

Something is lost, of course, by this method of second-hand telling, for the writer cannot reproduce a scene from imagination so well as he could if he had seen it, but the assistants, or "reporter's boys," as they are called, are not sent out alone on any incident that promises much importance. Their work is the small news of the day, which is intended only for short paragraphs. That their results are often interesting enough for long accounts is due, in part, to accident; in part, however, to the industry and the understanding developed by long training of native intelligence.

Isaac Hofstein, or Itzig, as he was called for short, was such an assistant. He was a child of the East Side tenements, and his work, at police headquarters, was chiefly among the Jews of the New York Ghetto. Shrewd and accurate, he was always to be trusted to fetch all the facts and to state them correctly. None of the other boys could "beat" him, and none was so accurate as Itzig, who never failed to get names and addresses, and never got them wrong.

This devotion to completeness and accuracy made his accounts sometimes a bore, for he brought in details that were of no use, but it was an invaluable trait, of course, and very rare, except among first-rate men of all sorts. His work was libel-proof, and no other paper could go over his investigation and add new particulars to his story. When he came back he was done; and he would sit down with his notes and tell all about the fire, accident or crime, with swift ease and unhesitating assurance.

One day, however, there was an exception. He had been to a fire. To cover so commonplace an incident was child's play for him, and something he liked, because he rejoiced in description and the heroic. It was a never-failing pleasure to him to discover and celebrate a bold rescue by a policeman, a fireman or a neighbor.

"Say, it was great!" he used to say, when he came to tell about such a deed. "William J. McGlory, number four truck, twenty-eight years old, No. 17 Cannon street, he—" then, laying down his notes, Itzig would reproduce with gestures, grimaces and language, often slangy, a vivid picture. The picturesque details were always as complete as the names, initials, addresses, etc.

But on this day, while several reporters were waiting for his fire story, he was shuffling and hesitating over a fire. His sense of "the great" was evidently struggling with some other feeling or observation, and it was impossible to make out what was the matter.

"It wasn't much, only a two-alarm fire, and it didn't do no damage to speak of," he said. "It wasn't in a good neighborhood, either—just a tenement house, No. 16 Essex street, five-story, red brick, full of families with kids, kids by the hundreds, eighty-seven. But you see there was a panic and a—somebody had to—you know how it is when 'the geese'—the East Side Jews—get a scare run into 'em! Just describe top-floor families out by way of the roof to the next house, third and fourth cooped up in halls, some of 'em rushing to the fire-escapes, others too askeered to move, just shriekin' and 'rending their garments,' as the Bible says.

"Across the street," he hurried on, "the other 'Motzes'—another slang word for East Side Jews—got out on fire-escapes, with their hands and faces raised to the sky, crying, 'Ei wei, ei wei!' You know how it is. You can describe it an' I'll give you the names. But the firemen were late, on account of no one knowing how to ring in an alarm. Samuel Bernstein, forty-two years old, No. 16 Essex, next door to the fire, tried it first, then—"

"Oh, come to the point!" I interrupted. "What about it?"

"Well, there was a fire rescue. It wasn't very hard, either. You see—"

"Give us the name of the rescuer, while you're about it."

"Oh, it was just a fellow passing by ran in and saved some people, mostly children."

"Didn't you get his name?"

"I got the names of them he saved, which was the most important."

"Well, go on."

"The fire," resumed Itzig, "started in the basement, shoemaker shop, Abram Koswinsky, thirty-six years old, married, three kids, oldest four—so you want names and ages?"

"If they died or suffered anything."

"No, they got out easy by the rear window, through the area to No. 22 back. But the flames were just climb-

ing up the stairways. Escape by the front door was cut off when I got there. I—I happened to be over that way on a suicide and heard the wails, you know. Somebody had to help, or we'd had a big story with a dozen roasted to death. Put in, 'Scared, white faced looked out of the windows each second, then disappearing back in the smoke.' It was tough, I tell you. There was a way to get to the third story by the next house. You could climb from one fire-escape to the other and get in the window. Inside, the flames was cutting the floor in half. A man and woman and two children in the front room were passed out by the way the man came. Their names were—"

"Keep them till afterwards."
"The thing to do was get to the rear rooms, where there was more of 'em. The man—the fellow that had come up to save the whole crew—had to get down and crawl along the floor under the flames, and they licked his back hair off and set his coat on fire. But he got there. And he found two men, three women and five kids huddled in one corner, one woman and two babies unconscious from smoke. The others were getting air by breathing low down on the floor."

"The men had to be made to go down the rear fire-escape with the women and jump. This took time, and the flames burst out of the rear, cutting off that way out. So there was the five kids. I—I think the man said that he grabbed two and was going to throw them out to the old people, but they had run away. So he had to go front."

"He started to run for it; but he was set fire to and had to lie down and roll the flames out and crawl again. The firemen had come, and they caught the kids all right. The firemen who caught 'em was Jerry Sullivan, Truck Eleven, the first there, and—"

"Give us that later."
"The fellow inside sneaked back the same way and got two more. The firemen had a ladder up to take the children. One was left. As he went back for that he seen the game was up. He had to shake his coat, which was burned, so he whacked it against a wall till it was out, and wrapped the last kid in it."

"Then came the fun. The flames covered the back of the house and coming in the window. House full of smoke, floors hot, hallways ablaze, solid, you know, hemmed in by fire, babe in arms—that's the feature of the story! The stairways fell, the hall floor curved, the whole building shook. The fellow thought of a lot of things, but they didn't have anything to do with getting out of that hole. There was an awful crash, and he just sank in a heap."

Itzig wiped his face. The perspiration that had started to it dampened his handkerchief.

"The next thing that man knew, he was in a drug-store, No. 28 Essex, and the fire was out."

"But did he escape?" asked one of the reporters. "Didn't he go down with the walls when the crash came?"

"No, that part of the house didn't fall, and you see, the firemen knew him. When he didn't show up they crossed the air-well from next door, got through a window and battered down the door to the room where he was."

"They found him asleep and—a feature of the story is they couldn't get the kid out of his arms to save the two separately. They had to carry them out together."

The reporters laughed at Itzig.

"What's the hero's name?" asked one.

"Oh, he wasn't a hero. He wouldn't have done it if he hadn't started to, being there first. Besides, he didn't save the last child, you see, but had to be rescued himself."

"Did you interview him?" queried Chapman, who was writing the story.

"No, not much; he wasn't able to talk."

"Not even to tell his name?"

"He didn't want to," said Itzig.

"But the firemen, you said, knew him."

"Yes—not very well—only his first name."

"What was that?"

"I—well, I didn't think to ask."

"Didn't think to ask! Didn't think to get the most important point in the whole story! Are you losing your mind?" cried Chapman, in amazement.

But one of the other men was of quicker perception. "Was his name Isaac?" he asked.

Itzig flushed.

"Itzig," said a reporter who had gone behind him, "your hair is all burned off and your neck is blistered."

"Yes, and you've got on your Sunday coat," cried another.

"Oh, get out!" said Itzig. "It's so disgusting when you reporters go sticking your noses into other people's affairs!"

Sensation of Hanging.

A captain who was rescued from the gibbet at the intercession of Viscount Turenne, after being partially hanged, related that, having lost all pain in an instant, by being rescued he had been snatched from a glorious light, the charms of which defied all description. All victims of partial hanging agree that the uneasiness is quite momentary; that a pleasant feeling succeeds, and that various colors start before the sight. The mind, averted from reality, is engaged in scenes most remote from that which fills the eye of the spectator—the hideous gallows and the struggling form.

Sheep and Moles.

It is a noteworthy fact that sheep thrive best in a pasture infested with moles. This is because of the better drainage of the land.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

The polar currents are said to contain less salt than those from the equator.

Experiments in England have proved that fine coal is an excellent material for sewage filtration.

Glaciers are formed by the accumulation of snow on mountains or elevated table lands. The snow is compressed into ice by its own weight.

Lord Kelvin puts the age of the sun at 100,000,000 years. At its present rate of combustion the sun will last from 7,000,000 to 15,000,000 of years before burning itself out.

Certain butterflies have very transparent wings and these are thought by Haase to be even more effectual for protection than conspicuous "warning" stripes or other markings.

Bacteria are found everywhere in the air and in our homes, they are so minute that 250,000,000 could be accommodated on a penny postage stamp, and they multiply with incredible rapidity.

Twelve thousand mail cars of the German railroads are now lighted by electricity, storage batteries being employed. The light has given full satisfaction and is also said to be cheaper than the gas light used hitherto.

Experiments made in compressing flour show that the bulk may be reduced two-thirds without injury to the quality. It is molded by hydraulic pressure into bricks, which are sweet, wholesome and proof against damp.

A musket ball may be fired through a pane of glass, making a hole the size of the ball without cracking the glass, if the glass be suspended by a thread. It will make no difference, and the thread will not even vibrate.

Sunstroke generally occurs to persons laboring in the open air and sunshine, but it would be better named heat-stroke, for it can occur even in winter in a close, darkened room where the temperature is for a long time above the normal.

Astronomers generally now admit that the more recent studies of the planets Mercury and Venus tend to confirm Schiaparelli's opinion, advanced some years ago, that both of them turn on their axes once while revolving about the sun.

A new life belt is made of sheet rubber, which passes round the neck, across the chest and round the waist, and can be inflated in one minute by the mouth; its weight is about one pound, and it is alike flexible, light, and easily placed in position.

It is estimated that a human being takes in by respiration 30,000 germs each day, or 100 millions a year. Not only are most of them harmless, but they give flavor to butter, cheese, game, etc., and they are the scavengers of nature. They are absolutely necessary for the "round of life."

Carving as an Art.

Only persistent practice and definite knowledge make carving a pleasure and a success. Neither illustration nor diagrams are of much assistance in learning this art. As a distinguished authority on carving says in his monograph on the subject: "Illustrations cannot prove hopeful because the actual thing before us bears faint resemblance to pictures, these being able to give us only surface with no hints of what may be inside."

By right of precedence, the carver's chair belongs to the head of the house, either father or mother, but weariness, preoccupation, or, more often, a parent's pleasure in contemplating the increasing deftness of a clever son or daughter in presiding over and properly distributing a joint, fowl or fish, leads the elders to resign in favor of the youth when guests are not present.

Carving at the table, it is said, is now considered not only a useful art, but a social accomplishment as well. A practical knowledge of its process should be a part of the education of all young people.

Children should know how to carve by the time they are fifteen years old. In France a boy is required to take his turn in cutting and serving meats at the table as soon as he is strong enough to handle the knife and tall enough to readily reach the joint or fowl. Sometime he stands upon a broad stool made for the purpose, and he is proud when he is successful, and ashamed when found imperfect.—Philadelphia Times.

Fin Motors for Propelling Boats.

A curious device for propelling boats automatically against the waves is the fin motor of H. Linden of Naples, which has given to the little wooden boats of a Berlin maker the name of "autonauts." The motor imitates the tail fins of dolphins, etc. Each fin consists of a steel bar, from which flat blades, tapering in thickness, project backward like the teeth of a comb, and each end of the boat is fitted with one of these fins, placed horizontally so as to rest on the surface of the water at right angles to the keel. The waves bend the steel blades, which, reacting, press the water backward, and thus move the boat forward against the waves. The fins have been successfully tried on boats up to eighteen feet in length, a boat fourteen feet long having been found to require a total active fin surface of ten square feet, and a speed of about three miles an hour has been obtained in a sea stirred up by a strong wind. The one use thus far found for the "autonauts" is that of distributing oil to calm the water to windward of fishing smacks. The little boats are readily steered by changing the position of the fins, and are made to move backward by reversing both fins so that they point forward, or made stationary by pointing the fins toward each other.

THE REALM OF FASHION.

Graceful Morning Gown.
Blue and white striped percale made this pretty and graceful morning gown, embroidered edging and insertion decorating the collar and wrists. The



LADIES' MORNING GOWN.

stylish adjustment is made over fitted lining fronts that reach to the waist line only. The full-fronts are gathered at the neck edges at each side of the centre-front and arranged over the lining fronts. The closing is effected

just above the cuffs with single button and buttonhole, turn up link cuffs completing the natty shirt sleeves. Shirt waists in this style can be made of silk, wool, linen or cotton fabrics, the infinite variety now shown making a selection of material a comparatively easy matter.

To cut this waist for a lady of medium size three and one-quarter yards of material thirty-six inches wide will be required.

First Women's Club in Paris.

Paris will have its first women's club. Modelled in some respects along the same lines as the London Club, it will have unique features of its own as well. Not only will the proposed charges make membership in this club an expensive luxury, but the membership itself will be limited by other methods. It is reported that applying candidates are to be subjected to tests which only the most aristocratic women in France will be able to stand.

Trimming For Pique Gowns.

White pique gowns are braided with black, trimmed with bands of dark blue, or they may have three bias folds of the material for trimming around the skirt, to be an inch or an inch and a half wide with as much or more space between.

The Latest in Hatpins.

Hatpins headed with pretty enamelled flowers and leaves, insects of various kinds, and tiny birds with outspread wings add to the variety in this useful little necessity of dress. Irregular pearls set around with diamonds are also very fashionable.

The Slightly Bloused Waist Popular.

In spite of all prediction the slightly bloused waist continues to hold its



LADIES' SHIRT WAIST WITH REMOVABLE COLLAR AND STOCK BAND.

at the centre with buttons and buttonholes and the fulness at the waist is held to position by a girde of blue taffeta ribbon that is inserted at the under-arm seams and carried forward to the centre, finishing with stylish bow and long ends. Under-arm gores give to the gown a smooth effect over the hips, the back being fitted with curved side and centre-back seams. The wattleau is closely gathered at the neck and below this point, falls in graceful fulness to the lower edge of the skirt, all seams being sprung below the waist to give the required fulness. A neat rolling collar completes the neck.

The one-seamed sleeves are but moderately full and are gathered at the top and again at the wrists where they are confined by a band of insertion finished with a frill of embroidery. The mode is adapted to cotton or wash fabrics or to soft woolen, flannel, challies, etc.

To make this gown for a lady in the medium size will require nine yards of forty-four-inch material.

An Attractive Shirt Waist.

Roman striped foulard makes the attractive May Manton shirt waist shown in the large engraving, the fronts of which are cut bias and arranged so as to meet in V shape under the straight, narrow box plait in the center. The yoke presented the ever-popular double points in back, reaching further forward on the shoulders, a feature that marks the '98 styles. The fronts are gathered at the top onto the straight yoke edges, the gathers at the waist being arranged to give a modified pouch effect. The under or lining portion of the yoke is cut with a straight back edge, onto which the gathers are arranged, the pointed yoke being then laid over and stitched firmly down on its edges, thus holding the gathers in position and giving a neat and firm finish. Over the standing linen collar is worn a bias stook of material, a narrow string tie finishing the neck. The use of this stook is optional as the linen collar may be worn alone, but the pattern provides for both. The up-to-date shirt sleeves that differ materially from those of a season ago are shaped by inside seams and gathered slightly at upper and lower edges. The usual slashes at the back are finished by under and over laps that are closed

place and is chic in the extreme. The model given is singularly well adapted both to silk and light weight wools, but as shown is in the popular black and white, the foundation material being checked taffeta, the trimming black velvet ribbon combined with white satin. With it is worn a sailor hat with a scarf of Liberty silk and quilts.

The foundation for the waist is a fitted lining which includes the usual pieces and seams and closes at the centre front. But the blouse is fitted by shoulder and under-arm seams only, the closing being invisible beneath the frills which edge the fronts below the revers. Above the closing each front is extended to form a big pointed rever which is faced with satin and banded with ribbon, a frill of the ribbon finishing the edge. As illustrated the slight opening is concealed by the big chiffon scarf, but a full plastron of white Liberty is arranged upon the lining to the necessary depth. At the neck is a high flaring collar of the white banded with black. The sleeves are snug fitting



LADIES' BLOUSE WAIST.

finished with puffs at the shoulders and frills that fall over the hands.

To cut this waist for a lady of medium size three and one-half yards of material twenty-two inches wide will be required.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or \$1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

The sturgeon from the Canadian sturgeon fisheries is exported to Europe to be made into caviare.

Five Cents.

Everybody knows that Robbins' Electric Soap is the best in the world, and for 33 years it has sold at the highest price. Its price is now 5 cents, same as common brown soap. Bars full size and quality. Order of grocer. Adv

The desert of Sahara is as large as all that portion of the United States lying west of the Mississippi.

To Cure A Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 50c.

The entire collection of coins and medals in the British Museum consists of nearly 250,000 specimens.

Conductor E. D. Loomis, Detroit, Mich., says: "The effect of Hall's Catarrh Cure is wonderful. Write him about it. Sold by Druggists, 75c."

The exports of gold from British Guiana have risen from 250 ounces in 1884 to 127,000 ounces in 1897.

No-To-Bac For Fifty Cents.

Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c. All druggists.

In 1890 the United States had only sixteen cement factories, while there are now thirty.

"I'm So Tired!"

As tired in the morning as when I go to bed! Why is it? Simply because your blood is in such a poor, thin, sluggish condition it does not keep up your strength and you do not get the benefit of your sleep. To feel strong and keep strong just try the tonic and purifying effects of Hood's Sarsaparilla. Our word for it, 't will do you good.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25 cents.

The Bombardment of Atlanta.

When Sherman bombarded Atlanta for forty days and fired hundreds of shells into the city, comparatively few citizens were killed. The fortifications of the city were common earthworks of red clay, and it is said they were about as good after the siege as they were before the first gun was fired. The shot and shell poured into these banks of dirt seemed to make them bigger and more indestructible. The first shell fell in Atlanta July 20, 1864, and killed a little child. During the first few days the shells terrified the people, but after a week or so even the women became accustomed to them. A number of casualties followed, one shell exploding in a funeral procession, scattering four coffins and dispersing the mourners; another burst in the market-house, but did not injure any of the thirty people present. During the bombardment hundreds of stores kept open all the time, the newspapers came out as usual, and the streets were crowded with people; yet in the entire six weeks there were less than one hundred persons killed in the city.—San Francisco Argonaut.

THEY WANT TO TELL

These Grateful Women Who Have Been Helped by Mrs. Pinkham.

Women who have suffered severely and been relieved of their ills by Mrs. Pinkham's advice and medicine are constantly urging publication of their statements for the benefit of other women. Here are two such letters:

Mrs. LIZZIE BEVERLY, 253 Merrimac St., Lowell, Mass., writes:

"It affords me great pleasure to tell all suffering women of the benefit I have received from taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I can hardly find words to express my gratitude for what she has done for me. My trouble was ulceration of the womb. I was under the doctor's care. Upon examination he found fifteen very large ulcers, but he failed to do me good. I took several bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, also used the Sanative Wash, and am cured. Mrs. Pinkham's medicine saved my life, and I would recommend it to all suffering women."

Mrs. ANOS TROMBLEAY, Ellenburgh Ctr., N. Y., writes:

"I took cold at the time my baby was born, causing me to have milk legs, and was sick in bed for eight weeks. Doctors did me no good. I surely thought I would die. I was also troubled with falling of the womb. I could not eat, had faint spells as often as ten times a day. One day a lady came to see me and told me of the benefit she had derived from taking Lydia E. Pinkham's medicine, and advised me to try it. I did so, and had taken only half a bottle before I was able to sit in a chair. After taking three bottles I could do my own work I am now in perfect health."

PILES

"I suffered the tortures of the damned with protruding piles brought on by constipation with which I was afflicted for twenty years. I ran across your CASCARETS in the town of Newell, Ia., and never found anything to equal them. To-day I am entirely free from piles and feel like a new man."

C. H. KEITZ, 1411 Jones St., Sioux City, Ia.



Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Good Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripes. 10c. 50c. \$1. CURE CONSTIPATION. Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. No-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all drug stores to CURE TOBACCO HABIT.