

UNDER THE STARS AND STRIPES.

High on the world did our fathers of old,
Under the Stars and Stripes,
Blazon the name that we now must uphold,
Under the Stars and Stripes,
Vast in the past they have builded an arch,
Over which freedom has lighted her torch—
Follow it! Follow it! Come, let us march
Under the Stars and Stripes.

We in whose bodies the blood of them runs,
Under the Stars and Stripes,
We will acquit us as sons of their sons,
Under the Stars and Stripes,
Ever for justice, our heel upon wrong,
We in the right of our vengeance thrice
strong!

Rally together! Come tramping along
Under the Stars and Stripes.

Out of our strength and a nation's great
need,
Under the Stars and Stripes,
Heroes again as of old we shall breed,
Under the Stars and Stripes,
Broad to the winds be our banner unfurled,
Straight in Spain's battle let defiance be
hurled.

God on our side, we'll battle the world
Under the Stars and Stripes!
—Madison Cawein in Louisville Courier-
Journal.

Lucy's Lesson.

"I think I can trust you, Lucy,"
said Mrs. Evelyn.

"I hope so, ma'am," said Lucy Lee,
coloring and playing nervously with
the string of her apron.

Lucy Lee was the daughter of Mrs.
Evelyn's housekeeper, the girl who as-
pired to the coveted position of "own
maid" to that lady, when the present
incumbent had married the ex-coach-
man—an event in "high life below
stairs" which was soon about to trans-
pire. And Mrs. Evelyn, called sud-
denly away to Boston for a few days,
had decided to leave Lucy in charge
of the house on Madison avenue.

And a proud little lassie Lucy was,
as she fluttered about the house, in
the first days of Mrs. Evelyn's absence.
Mrs. Evelyn had trusted her, and Mrs.
Evelyn should see that she was worthy
of the confidence reposed in her.

But the third evening Norah, the
cook, who took charge of the lower
regions of the house, called to her up
the back stairs:

"Lucy, there's two girls here to see
you!"

"Oh!" said Lucy, "I think likely it's
Maria Hart and Nelly Peabody. Please
ask them up into the sewing-room,
Norah."

Maria Hart was a waitress in a ladies'
restaurant. Nelly Peabody worked in
a hoop-skirt factory; but to judge by
their cheap finery, plumes and jet
chains, one would have imagined them
to be independently well off.

Lucy welcomed them with a smile.
They had all three been at the ward
school together, and in her unsophistic-
ated little heart Lucy thought their
raiment splendid.

"So you're all alone, Lucy?" said
Miss Hart.

"Yes," said Lucy smiling; "all
alone."

"Beau comes to see you often?"
giggled Nelly.

"Oh, I haven't any beau," answered
innocent Lucy.

"Maria has, though," said Nelly
Peabody. "Got engaged last week.
He drives a baker's wagon and wears
the sweetest mustache."

"Is it really true?" said Lucy, look-
ing admiringly at Maria.

"Yes," smiled Maria; it's true.
He's asked me to go to the Seven
Maskers' ball tomorrow night."

"Are you going?" asked Lucy, think-
ing Maria Hart must be the happiest
girl in the world.

"Yes, I'm going," said Miss Hart,
"and that's why I've come here. I
must have a decent dress to wear, and
I've spent my wages, every cent."

"But I can't lend you anything,"
said Lucy Lee in a flurry. "I haven't
a dollar!"

"Oh, pshaw!" said Maria; "I don't
want you to lend me any money, you
poor little chick! Only Helen Ray-
mond wore the sweetest canary-colored
silk, trimmed with real black lace, at
the Antelope ball last month, and she
said that Narcissa Hill got it for her
out of her lady's wardrobe. Narcissa
keeps all the keys, and her mistress
never suspected that the dress was
gone for a night. Wasn't that sharp
of Narcissa?"

"I don't know," said Lucy, some-
what bewildered.

"And I thought," added Maria,
speaking smoothly and plausibly,
"that as Mrs. Evelyn was gone, and
you were left in charge of everything
you wouldn't mind doing me a good
turn at a pinch and getting the loan
of one of her fine evening dresses for
me! It's only for one night, you know,
and I would be very careful of it."

"Oh, I couldn't," said Lucy, color-
ing scarlet.

Maria burst into tears behind a
flimsy lace pocket handkerchief.

"Then, of course, I can't go," said
she. "And he's to be there—and—
and—"

Here her voice died away into a
half-suppressed series of gurgling
sobs.

"Oh, Lucy Lee, I think you might,"
said Nelly Peabody, reproachfully. "I
didn't believe you were so selfish and
cowardly. Only for one night, you
know. No harm done. And dear
Maria made so happy."

"But I don't think it's right," said
Lucy piteously.

"And why not?" demanded Maria,
behind the pocket handkerchief. "If
it was any way wrong, of course, I
wouldn't ask it of you. B—b—but—
—"

And away went the jerky little
sobs again.

And Lucy yielded.

Miss Maria Hart was quite in her
element looking over the contents of
Mrs. Evelyn's mirror-fronted ward-
robes.

ion, though, for that matter, so would
this cream yellow, but pink is the
most dainty. Oh, you dear, sweet
little Lucy, you shall certainly be my
bridesmaid."

"But you'll be very careful of it?"
said Lucy, whose heart was beginning
to sink within her.

"Of course I will," said Maria
Hart.

And they took their leave, and with
them went out poor little Lucy's peace
of mind.

The next day but one a parcel was
left at the door for Mrs. Evelyn by a
disreputable-looking little boy. Norah
carried it up and laid it on Lucy's
bed. The poor girl could hardly wait
to open it until she was alone.

It was the pink silk dress, creased
and crumpled, with a note pinned to
it in Maria Hart's coarse handwriting:

Dear Lucy: I return the Dres. Had the
Misfortune to spill a little lize-creme on the
side-breath, but have took it out with Ben-
zeen, so Noe one would know. I am much
obliged, and Remane
Your affectionate

MARIA.

With a fainting heart Lucy unrolled
the parcel and saw the dress was
ruined; what the oleaginous stream of
ice cream had commenced the daubs
of benzine had finished most effec-
tually.

Lucy burst into tears, and, sinking
down in a chair, hid her face in her
hands.

"I knew it was wrong," she sobbed.
"Oh, why, why did I allow myself to
be over persuaded? I have been false
to my charge. I have proved myself
unworthy to be trusted. I shall be
dismissed without a reference, and
mother's heart will be broken!"

Mrs. Evelyn came back the next
day. Lucy Lee met her with a face
like a ghost.

"Why, child, what is the matter?"
said Mrs. Evelyn kindly.

And Lucy, with a faltering voice,
told the whole truth, exculpating her-
self in no one particular.

"Of course you'll discharge me,
ma'ma," said Lucy, "but if you'll be
so good as to wait I know mother'll
pay the value of the dress in install-
ments out of her wages, and I'll make
it good to her when I get another
place—if ever I do!"

And venturing to glance through
her tears into Mrs. Evelyn's face she
saw that it had not hardened into the
stony anger she had expected to be-
hold. Mrs. Evelyn laid her hand
kindly on the shrinking shoulder.

"Lucy," said she, "you have had a
lesson. See that you profit by it in
the future."

"Then—then you will not discharge
me?" fluttered Lucy, scarcely able to
believe in her own good fortune.

"No," said Mrs. Evelyn, kindly,
"not this time. For your mother's
sake, Lucy—and also for your own—I
will give you another trial."

So poor Lucy Lee kept her place,
after all, and Mrs. Evelyn had no
cause to regret her leniency. For
Lucy needed no more than that one
lesson to teach her that "the way of
the transgressor is hard."

The Popular Fox Terrier.

All terriers are good. They are as
shrewd, game, loyal, small chaps as
ever stood upon canine feet or gazed at
their owner with soulful, loving eyes,
and of them all I prefer the fox ter-
rier, either wire-haired or smooth-
coated. These aristocratic, diminutive
gentlemen unquestionably are today
the most popular dogs in the
wide world, and there are many
excellent reasons why this should be
so. From the palace to the cottage
these dogs have proved their sterling
qualities to the satisfaction of all con-
cerned, and they are especially well
suited to the conditions which govern
in crowded centres.

When the big St. Bernard, mastiff,
Dane or other heavy breed is panting
in the contracted backyard, howling
on chain, pining for exercise and
freedom, the terrier is merely having
fun, busying himself about the house,
warning off doubtful intruders and
generally attending to everything
which appears to require supervision.
Clever, alert and stout-hearted, he
never relaxes his guard and he fears
nothing. His cleverness, as a rule, is
a safeguard against his making mis-
takes regarding the desirability of
visiting strangers. He seems instinc-
tively to recognize persons who are
not wanted about the premises, and
woe to them if their mission be evil
and their desire a stealthy invasion.
He protests promptly and vigorously,
and he will not cease until some one
of his household has appeared and
taken charge of the matter.—Outing.

Queerest Town in England.

The most curious town in England
is Norwich. There is not a straight
street, nor, in fact, a straight house in
the place; every part of it has the ap-
pearance of having suffered from the
visitation of an earthquake. Norwich
is the centre of the salt industry in
Cheshire, England, on nearly all sides
of the town are big salt works, with
their engines pumping hundreds of
thousands of gallons of brine every
week. At a depth of some 200 to 300
feet are immense subterranean lakes
of brine, and as the contents of these
are pumped and pumped away, the
upper crust of earth is correspondingly
weakened and the result is an occa-
sional subsidence. These subsidences
have a "pulling" effect on the nearest
buildings, and they are drawn all ways
and give the town an extremely dis-
sipated appearance.

Fish Wintering in Mud.

The superintendent of the Missouri
State Fish Hatchery was recently
surprised, on draining of a pool con-
taining bass, to find very few fish in it.
At first theft was suspected, but closer
investigation revealed the missing fish
in a condition of hibernation, or win-
ter sleep, in the mud covering the
bottom of the pond.

RATS ENDED THE STRIKE.

A Combination Against Striking Miners
Which They Could Not Resist.

"Not one of the biggest but one of
the most stubborn strikes that ever
occurred in the Pennsylvania coal
region," said a former mining
engineer, "was ended by rats. The
rats that infest coal mines are of
enormous size and as ravenous as they
are big. The miners not only tolerate
them, but stand in awe of them, for
it is a firm belief with the coal miner
that these rats can foretell disaster
and give warning to the miners of
their danger by scurrying out of the
threatened mine in droves in ample
time to enable the miners to make
their escape also. So careful are the
workmen of these great, hungry rats
that it is not an uncommon sight to
see a miner feeding half a dozen or
more from his dinner pail. They some-
times become so tame that they will
climb on a miner's lap as he sits at his
underground meal and crowd around
him to receive such portions of his
meal as he cares to toss to them.

"These rats never leave the mines
so long as work is going on. The
food of the mine mules is kept in
the mines, and on this the rats
largely subsist. They swarm about
when the mules are eating, and some-
times the mules have to fight the rats
to save their meal. Often scores of
dead rats will be found in a mule's
stall in the mines, when they have
been trampled to death in efforts to
secure of portion of the mule's feed.
When a mine lies idle any length of
time, and the mules are taken out, the
rats abandon it and become a great
pest in the mining villages.

"The strike I refer to was caused
by the refusal of a mine boss to rein-
state a miner he had discharged. The
men quit work. The mine owners de-
clared they would let grass grow and
choke the mouth of the slope before
they would give in to the men, and
the men swore that they would cut
the grass and eat it, if necessary, be-
fore they would yield their point. The
mules were taken from the mine and
turned out to pasture. The rats, being
thus deprived of their sustenance,
abandoned the mine and took up their
quarters about the miners' shanties,
where they soon became a terror to
the families. The strike continued,
and the supplies of the men became
exhausted. Miners at neighboring
collieries who were at work responded
to the requests of their striking
brothers for aid and sent two wagon
loads of provisions and supplies of
various kinds. These were taken in
charge by a committee appointed for
the purpose and were stored in a
building, from which they were to be
distributed to the neediest of the
miners. The very first night the sup-
plies were in the building it was raided
by a horde of rats and everything was
devoured or carried away. Four dif-
ferent loads of provisions were con-
tributed by the sympathetic working
miners, but it was impossible to save
more than one-third of them from the
rats. Some of the miners kept cows
at that time, there being plenty of free
pasturage, but soon after the strike
began the cows began to fall short in
their yield of milk. This was a mys-
tery until one morning a miner dis-
covered half a dozen big rats sucking
the milk from his cow as she lay on
the ground complacently chewing her
cud. These combinations against
them at last forced the miners to
weaken, and they were compelled by
and by to resume work on such terms
as they could obtain, absolutely beaten
by the devouring horde of rats."—
New York Sun.

Fortune's Smile.

A pork butcher at Rheims who
bought an old mattress for a trifling
sum at auction found 45,000 francs
(\$9000) inside it when he opened it.
He handed the money back to the man
from whom he bought the mattress,
but his creditors, hearing of the mat-
ter, have taken steps to procure the
money for their benefit.

J. P. Pomeroy of Atchison, Kan.,
invested \$5000 in the Lilly mine a few
years ago, and the Globe says the mine
is actually paying Mr. Pomeroy \$4500
a month.

As T. B. Powell of Webber, in the
Cherokee Strip, was passing through
his horse lot he discovered half a dol-
lar, and on examination found \$41
more in a pot similar to a shaving-mug,
made of common earthenware. There
were twenty-six Spanish dollars dated
1794, 1798, 1779, 1726, and ranging
between these dates, and thirty-three
half dollars, all except two American,
and the dates range from 1812 back to
1705. Several of the dates are 1805.
A few years ago a Mr. Brewer plowed
up a similar pot on the same farm with
\$30 of the same kind of Spanish money.

In addition to the gold recently un-
earthed on the farm of William Hoey,
near Sharon, Penn., Mrs. Albert Mc-
Dowell, a relative, has found a coffee-
pot, hidden in a spring-house, contain-
ing over \$2000 in gold. The farm has
almost been turned over by searching
parties.

Curious Matrimonial Alliances.

Of course alliances between female
domestic servants and men of rank
have been equally numerous, says a
correspondent. The late Lord Bram-
well wedded his cook; another of the
most eminent judges upon the bench
of Great Britain is wedded to his for-
mer chambermaid. Count Eugene
Kinsky married his laundress, who still
survives, while the late Archduke John
of Austria, Czar Peter the Great and
Sir William Evans, who a few years
ago was lord mayor of London, all
wedded hotel servant girls.—New Or-
leans Picayune.

Dining cars have not yet appear-
ed in Russia. Express trains stop abou-
t once in three hours to let passengers
refresh themselves, the stations being
built about seventy-five miles apart.



A Remarkable Queen.

One of the remarkable women of
this century is the venerable ex-queen
of Hanover, now celebrating her 80th
birthday. She is mother of the Duke
of Cumberland and the Princess Fred-
erick of Hanover, Baroness von Pawel-
Rammington. She is an intimate
friend of the royal family.

Successful Woman Station Agent.

Miss Susie M. Lasley of Rowland,
Ky., has been for two years a legally
authorized station agent. She is only
22 years of age, and is said to be the
only woman in her chosen profession.
So clever was she at college that she
graduated with the title of A. B., and
so pleased are the railroad officials
with her that they speak in the high-
est terms of her abilities. The station
agent is an enthusiastic wheelwoman.

Cameos and Corals.

Modern ornaments trace their de-
signs back to olden days, and now the
exquisitely carved "cameos" are com-
ing slowly into favor. The most
valuable are of a very pale pink tint.
Years ago they were considered all
that was chaste and effective, and pre-
sumably they are about to take up
their ancient position. Coral, too, is
again finding its way into popularity,
not that of a harsh red color, but the
delicate rosy hue.

Dainty Frocks for Girls.

The new dainty silk cashmere and
thin cotton frocks for girls from four to
16 years have velvet ribbon edging the
ruffles on the waist and skirt similar
to those prepared for women. These
frocks also have yokes of tacked silk
and velvet ribbon, and ribbon is worn
in profusion on children's dresses.
The belts are made of No. 9 or No. 12
ribbon, with a rosette on each side,
and two ends falling to the lower edge
of the skirt. Since sashes have re-
turned to favor children wear them
tied at the back. Black and fancy
ribbons are preferred to solid colors
for children's frocks. Square yokes
are sometimes finished with a rosette
or donkey ear bow on each side, with
long ends of the former.

Miss Willard's Fame in England.

Probably no woman, save perhaps
her colleague and friend, Lady Henry
Somerset, has been heard in this coun-
try by so many audiences. As a
speaker she was admirable, interest-
ing from beginning to end and "alive"
to any interruption. She had an ac-
cent which betrayed the land of her
birth, but it was not a hindrance to
her appreciation by people here. A
keen sense of humor and a great
knowledge of poetry were additional
aids to her oratory. Her portraits
gave a good idea of the clear cut face,
the firm, lawyer like lips, the bright
eyes behind the gold pincenez, the
determined chin and braided hair.
Her many friends were always so en-
thusiastic about her that there was al-
ways a good deal about Miss Willard
in the newspapers. But she herself
desired notoriety much less than the
accomplishment of good. She wanted
to do working and she has had her
wish.—London Chronicle.

Costumes of Sardinia.

The women of Sardinia are de-
scribed by a visitor to that island as
being of elegant figure and graceful
carriage, with large black eyes, dark
hair and brunette complexion. They
dress in very much the same style as
women in other parts of Europe, ex-
cept that there is not the same ex-
treme haste to adopt the latest fash-
ion. The wives and daughters of the
farmers and tradesmen, by the gor-
geousness of their costumes, amply
compensate for the simplicity of dress
among the upper classes; and at their
religious fetes and other festivals,
when they appear in gala dress, they
present a wonderful spectacle. These
costumes are a sort of family heir-
loom, handed down from mother to
daughter and treasured as highly as
hereditary jewels or ancestral por-
traits. The fashion never changes,
and instead of being ashamed of being
seen in the same dress at two differ-
ent entertainments, they glory in its
antiquity and in the number of occa-
sions it has been worn. The costumes
of the women vary greatly in different
parts of Sardinia. In some districts
a small black jacket, open in the
front, is worn over a very short bodice
of bright colored silk and brocade,
which is loosely laced before and cut
rather low; there are apparently no
corsets. The petticoat is of light
brown cloth, very full, and between it
and the bodice is a sort of neutral
ground of protruding garment, which
by means adds to the general beauty
of the toilet.—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Woman Lawyer.

Under our liberal laws American
and English, German and Canadian,
Scandinavian and Swiss women have
become lawyers, and recently the list
of nationalities was increased by Miss
Alice Serber, a Russian by birth, who
was admitted to the bar in this city.
She is a graduate of the New York
university, and announces her deter-
mination of studying medicine so as to

VISION.

She said, "Oh, that glorious day!
The deep, deep blue of the sky!
The shadows that drooped and lay—
And the little wind's low sigh!"
Said he, "What is that you say?
There were only you and I."

She said, "Oh, that wonderful night!
The lake and the waterfall!
The moon was so high and white,
The alms were so dark by the wall!"
Said he, "Your eyes were so bright,
I saw naught else at all!"
—Post Wheeler, in New York Press.

HUMOROUS.

Gladys—Do you think Charley
means business? May—I can't tell
yet; but I'm afraid he only means
poetry.

Hooplar—Do you know anything
about the origin of the American In-
dian? Highlow—No; I've never taken
any interest in race tracks.

Reporter—Madam Gostwok, the
spiritualist, does an enormous busi-
ness. Publisher—That's because
she's such a good advertising medi-
um.

She—It's funny, but all the time
I've known Mr. Tigg he has never
paid me a compliment. He—That's
not strange. Tigg never pays any-
body.

She—I don't like the preachers who
read their sermons from manuscript.
He—I do. If a man writes his ser-
mons he is more likely to realize their
length.

She—I know I am not the first girl
you ever loved. He—Well—er—at
least you are the first girl I ever
bought more than \$17 worth of pres-
ents for.

All these schemes for taxing bach-
elors with a view to driving them
into matrimony are wrong. More men
get married now than wives can com-
fortably support.

Farmer—I say, John, what do you
call a pineapple—a fruit or a vegeta-
ble? Waiter—A pineapple ain't nei-
ther, gentlemen. A pineapple is al-
ways a hextra.

"I'm something of a mind reader,"
he said, as they sat on opposite sides
of the room. "I think not," she re-
plied, as her eyes ostentatiously mea-
sured the distance between them.

"There! Didn't I tell you Wednes-
day was my lucky day?" "In what
way has fortune favored you?"
"Why, there goes Cholly Softly, and
he has passed us without seeing us."

Jasper—What do you think will be
the last conflict before the millennium
comes? Jumpuppe—It will be the
one in which the contest is settled
what daily paper has the largest cir-
culation.

"Is it not a fact that enlightened
laws have had the effect of increasing
the span of life?" "Hardly. Of
course, murderers live longer, but,
on the other hand, there are the mur-
dered, you see."

"My grandfather," said the shoe
clerk boarder, "once knew an old man
who insisted that the ghosts came and
milked his cows every night." "Sort
of milkin' specters, eh?" commented
the Cheerful Idiot.

Adelbert—I can't say that I'm
feeling nachawal this evening; I got
a beashly cold in my head, douter-
know? Geraldine—Never mind, Addy.
Don't grumble. Even if it's only a
cold, it's something.

Miss Thirtysmith (meaningly)—An
Italian proverb says that "honest men
marry soon," and— Jack Swift (sol-
emly)—I cannot conceal it any longer;
I live in deadly fear of being at
any moment arrested for embezzle-
ment!

She—Our minister will exchange
pulpits next Sunday with the Rev. Mr.
Talkington. He—Yes? An exchange
of pulpits seems to me a great deal
like a horse trade. It is hard to tell
which congregation is going to get the
worst of it.

Outshone—"We've got a man in our
town," said the passenger with the
red clay on his boots, "who has voted
at seventeen presidential elections."
"Ho!" was the scornful reply of the
passenger with the faded red muffler.
"We've got a man our town that's
read all the messages."

"Miss Wigglesworth thinks she's
eligible to the Order of the Crown.
She's sure she can trace her lineage
back to one of the English sover-
eigns." "How far has she got?"
"She told me yesterday she had
struck a bar sinister." "That's right.
Her great-grandfather was a bar-
tender."

How the Humble Cabbage Will Be Glori- fied.

Professor L. H. Bailey of Cornell
university has been asked to go to
Finland to conduct a series of experi-
ments in electrical plant-growing, in
conjunction with Professor Lemstrom
of the University of Helsingfors. The
experiments to be carried on have
nothing to do with the electric light
or the running of electric wires
through the soil for the purpose of
forcing the growth of plants by direct
current stimulation. They are to be
based on some pertinent observations
made by Lemstrom, of the effect of
the aurora borealis on the plant growth
of the North.

It is a well known fact that the
plants of the North arrive at maturity
at a much shorter period of time than
those plants which are grown further
south. It is necessary that these
plants should arrive at maturity very
quickly, inasmuch as the summer
season in the North is very brief, and
it has always been looked upon as a
wise provision of Providence that
plants were enabled to accomplish
their business in life in so short a
space of time. Professor Lemstrom,
however, casting aside the providen-
tial idea states that the rapid growth
of plants in the far North is due
directly to the light of the aurora
borealis.—New York Journal.