

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 aspired to the coveted position of "own maid" to that lady, when the present incumbent had married the ex-coachman—an event in "high life below stairs" which was soon about to transpire. And Mrs. Evelyn, called suddenly 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 unsophisticated 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, looking admiringly at Maria.

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

"Are you going?" asked Lucy, thinking 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 Raymond 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, somewhat 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, coloring 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 wardrobes.

"I guess I'll wear this," said she, selecting at last a superb lace silk of the softest sunset shade of pink. "It'll be becoming to my brunette complexion,

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 Benzene, 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 benzene had finished most effectually.

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 herself 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 installments 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 behold. 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 terrier, 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 concerned, 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 mistakes regarding the desirability of visiting strangers. He seems instinctively 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 appearance 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 occasional subsidence. These subsidences have a "pulling" effect on the nearest buildings, and they are drawn all ways and give the town an extremely dissipated appearance.

Fish Wintering in Mud.

The superintendent of the Missouri State Fish Hatchery was recently surprised, on draining of a pool containing 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 winter 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 sometimes 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 sometimes 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 reinstate a miner he had discharged. The men quit work. The mine owners declared 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, before 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 supplies were in the building it was raided by a horde of rats and everything was devoured or carried away. Four different loads of provisions were contributed 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 mystery until one morning a miner discovered 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 matter, 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 dollar, 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 unearthed on the farm of William Hoey, near Sharon, Penn., Mrs. Albert McDowell, a relative, has found a coffee-pot, hidden in a spring-house, containing 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 Bramwell wedded his cook; another of the most eminent judges upon the bench of Great Britain is wedded to his former 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 Orleans Picayune.

Dining cars have not yet appeared in Russia. Express trains stop about 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 Frederick 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 highest terms of her abilities. The station agent is an enthusiastic wheelwoman.

Cameos and Corals.
Modern ornaments trace their designs back to olden days, and now the exquisitely carved "cameos" are coming 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 presumably 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 tuck 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 returned 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 country by so many audiences. As a speaker she was admirable, interesting from beginning to end and "alive" to any interruption. She had an accent 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 enthusiastic about her that there was always 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 described 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, except that there is not the same extreme haste to adopt the latest fashion. The wives and daughters of the farmers and tradesmen, by the gorgeousness 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 heirloom, handed down from mother to daughter and treasured as highly as hereditary jewels or ancestral portraits. The fashion never changes, and instead of being ashamed of being seen in the same dress at two different entertainments, they glory in its antiquity and in the number of occasions 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 determination 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 Indian? Highlow—No; I've never taken any interest in race tracks.

Reporter—Madam Gostwok, the spiritualist, does an enormous business. Publisher—That's because she's such a good advertising medium.

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 anybody.

She—I don't like the preachers who read their sermons from manuscript. He—I do. If a man writes his sermons 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 presents for.

All these schemes for taxing bachelors with a view to driving them into matrimony are wrong. More men get married now than wives can comfortably support.

Farmer—I say, John, what do you call a pineapple—a fruit or a vegetable? Waiter—A pineapple ain't neither, gentlemen. A pineapple is always a hextra.

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

"There! Didn't I tell you Wednesday 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 circulation.

"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 murdered, 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 (solemnly)—I cannot conceal it any longer; I live in deadly fear of being at any moment arrested for embezzlement!

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 sovereigns." "How far has she got?" "She told me yesterday she had struck a bar sinister." "That's right. Her great-grandfather was a bartender."

How the Humble Cabbage Will Be Glorified.

Professor L. H. Bailey of Cornell university has been asked to go to Finland to conduct a series of experiments 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 providential 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.