

"His name will live as long as the heroes of the world are remembered. That is what Schley says about Hobson. And in Biblical phrase, "the people say Amen!"

England's colonies are nearly one hundred and forty times as large as her home possessions; France's twelve, and Germany's nearly eight times, while this territorial acquisition would be less than one-fiftieth the size of the United States.

Recent official action in Milwaukee, Wis., has excluded married women as teachers in the public schools. In Chicago no objection is made to their serving unless they have children under two years of age, although a woman member of the board of education, herself married, says she thinks preference should be given, other things being equal, to unmarried women who have to support themselves.

The pronunciation by the American actress, Miss Annie Russell, of the word "medicine," in three syllables, is condemned by the London Truth as an error. The Encyclopedic Dictionary says that the first "i" is silent, making the pronunciation "med-sin." Stormonth's Dictionary again gives "med-i-cine," and says that "med-sin" is familiar, or, in other words, vulgar. Both these authorities are English, so that Miss Russell will be not so altogether wrong as Truth intimates.

According to statistics obtained by Mr. W. H. Hornaday from sportsmen and naturalists in all parts of the United States, there has been a decrease of no less than forty-six per cent. in the number of native birds during the last fifteen years. Among the alleged causes are killing by gunners, plume-hunting, egg-stealing, fire, and the spread of the quarrelsome English sparrows. Game and edible birds are becoming scarce, and in their stead song-birds are used for food.

The New York Times says: The decision of the postoffice department that publications printed in such good imitation of writing that it is difficult to distinguish them from written matter must pay letter postage, seems at the first glance to be a hard decision, and on the face of it unjust. But a moment's reflection will lead one to the conclusion that perhaps the department is not so far out of the way after all. The purpose of sending out circulars, et cetera, in a close imitation of writing is to flatter the recipient by making him believe that he has received a personal letter from the sender. If any advantage is to be gained by such mild deception, the advertiser ought to be willing to pay for it.

For some time past the efforts of argument, science, humanity and religion have been largely directed to dissuading lovely woman from encouraging the slaughter of birds for her personal decoration. The pulpit and the press have joined forces with the Audubon society and other humane associations in setting forth the cruelty of the fashion and the wrong done by the extermination of bird life to deck the female head with feathers. And what is the result, questions the New York World. The hat of the season is a fabric of feathers. Where one or two modest feathers sufficed last year, the hat is now an efflorescence of plumage. Where the birds were once killed by thousands there are now killed by millions. This is indeed instructive. It is convincing. Solomon, the wisest of men, declared that there were four things past finding out; the fifth is the way of woman in the matter of millinery.

Spain has long had her hands full with the Philippines, although it has been her asylum for the reception of officials with empty pockets, remarks McClure's Magazine. The wilder tribes of the interior have never recognized the rule of any one, and not thirty miles from the moats of Old Manila are races of dwarfs who care not or know not of Spain's existence. For years the Spanish troops have tried to battle the tribes on Mindanao Island into submission but without success. Peaceful natives have been taxed, and if taxes have not been paid they have been drafted into service for the campaign in that great fever-stricken graveyard to the south. The prisons of Manila have emptied their inmates into troopships, and the ships have discharged their human cargoes on to that disputed soil. If the convicts were killed in assaulting the rude forts of the wild men, well and good; if the untrained boys who were drafted into service were cut to pieces, it was not of great import. If the native troops were touched, it began to look serious; but if the Spaniards began to waver, it was thus to

#### A LETTER FROM CAMP.

Dear girl: We're waiting at the front (I much prefer your side). Prepared to bear the battle's brunt Whatever may betide. No casualties to date, altho' I've not recovered yet. From wounds received at home—you know what I mean. Don't forget!

While it is true a soldier's "fair" is fit for any king. The "face" we have down here I swear, is quite another thing. And many matters must annoy; But still, when war's alarms are over, may I not enjoy, At times, a call to arms?

I've learned to read the bugle's note From morn to dewy eve; So, home again, I'll teach each note To you, Nell, by your leave. And one command, especially, Formed "taps"—so sweet and clear— It makes me think of you and me— It says, "Lights out!" my dear.

You see, a military vein Runs through the lines above. It all refers to a campaign Whose counter-sign is "Love." Heigh-ho!—slouch hat and service suit Have little to enthuse. This circle, dear, is a salute. Good night! Your boy in "blues." —Edwin L. Sabin, in Puck.

### NUGGETS'S FORTUNE.

A PIONEER'S STORY.

How the spruce-looking stranger got into the little, old dilapidated town up in the Sierras none of its inhabitants appeared to know, but most of them were extremely anxious to ascertain. Seldom it was that any one went to the town. Apparently there was no particular reason why any one should. The surrounding scenery was grand, it is true, but the town could make no claim to being an essential part of the grandeur. Its one street straggled up the mountain-side for a short distance and lost its way in the forest. A long, ramshackle "hotel," several despondent-looking stores and a number of saloons made up what it was pleased to call the business portion of the town. On all sides and as far as the eye could see, however, were the imperishable evidences of what this little town once had been—the centre of a natural wealth almost inconceivable. Vast areas of white and yellow and reddish clay, mountains seamed and gashed and cut in twain, miles of rusty and disjointed gigantic iron pipes—told of the days when the miners with hydraulic guns "held up" Nature and forced it to deliver its treasure.

But all that was long ago, and it is only a pleasant memory with the little town now, and to the stranger's not unnatural inquiry as to how the people supported themselves came the cheerful and cannibalistic reply that they "lived on one another."

The stranger sat on a box outside one of the stores, beside one of the citizens, and soon found himself listening to a monologue offered for his entertainment. It would have been a dialogue between them, but the entertainer would not have it that way. An old man, with grizzled beard and weather-beaten face, was he. The stranger noticed, with some surprise, that, although stained and rusty, his long frock coat and the trousers stuck into his boots were of good broadcloth. A very conspicuous watch chain, a huge diamond pin in a setting of tobacco-stained shirt front, and the entire absence of a collar made up a somewhat incongruous appearance.

"Yes, you're right," began the entertainer, starting the monologue with considerable energy. "This town ain't worth a whoop today, but you oughter seen it once. Ain't a forty-niner myself, and you got to make a good deal of allowance for what some of these old has-beens tell you, but they all do say it was a hummer before they stopped hydraulic. You oughter get old Nuggets to tell you something 'bout it. Ain't ye met Nuggets yet? Well, you should, for he's about the only sight we got in town—only thing th' town brags about and p'ints out to strangers. Nuggets was here—er somers about here—before they ever did any hydraulic—when everything was placer and sluice-mining. He'll tell you his story—'ll tell it without bein' ast. I've heard it so often that I know it myself. He likes to hear himself talk. He was one o' the first to come across the plains—leastways that's what he says—and when he got here he just ncherally stayed. He kem around by the old emigrant trail back o' Lake Tahoe and into Hangtown. Hangtown—ye know, that's what they called Placerville in them days—was a great place then. Meals was three dollars and so was beds; whisky was four bits and two bits a drink, accordin' as how you wanted it—and flour was ten dollars for a small sack. Course, ye know, most all supplies kem around the Horn to Frisco, was boated up to Sacramento and teamed out to the mines from there. Business was good in California in them days. Most everyone had money, and it twarn't no trick to get it. The creeks and river bottoms was full o' gold, and anyone could take a shovel, pick and rocker and wash out as much as he liked. Course, that sort o' thing spoilt the Argonauts, as they call 'em, or a good many o' 'em anyhow—would 'a' spoilt most anyone. Kinder seemed to them that the supply would last forever, and they didn't worry much and wasn't perticular about savin' it. They was all about alike, and after a fellow had worked pretty hard for awhile and cleaned up a little pile he'd get to thinkin' he needed relaxation, and down he'd go to Frisco and blow in his pile. Then he'd strike the trail for the goldfields for another stack of blue chips.

"Course everyone had a partner in them days, and this here Nuggets had one by the name o' Wilkins. One day they kem into this town with a nugget that was a corker. Was as big as your hat—red cinnamon, with chunks o' pure gold stickin' out of it all around. The jeweler offered 'em \$1500 for it, but they wouldn't sell it. Nuggets said there was worse off where it kem from, but no one believed him. Everybody thought that Nuggets and Wilkins had found a small pocket, and that was all there was to it; but some o' these pockets are good enough for a

"That night there was an awful windstorm, and two days afterwards Nuggets was found comin' out o' Battlesnake Canon over there plum crazy. They brought him into town, and all they could get out of 'em was a string of the foolishest words ye ever heard of. He didn't say much else for a good many years afterwards—yoster sit around the town here and get it off to himself. Went somethin' like this: "Changed all the trees in the Rattlesnake—moved 'em and mixed 'em all up. Might 'a' been a dream, but I don't think so. Ask Bill—he knows. Put a shot in her. Seen rock in my time, but no rock like that. Bill, old fool, gets scared, and we kivered her up to come back to. Didn't blaze no tree, but my old knife's stickin' on the moss side o' that tree. Might 'a' been a dream. Ask Bill."

"Course you can bet your life that old Nuggets was prospected pretty well after that, but nothin' was found. The specimen was sold and the money divided between Bill Wilkins and Nuggets's daughter, who had to take care o' him. Wilkins went over into Calaveras soon after that and fell down a shaft about 500 feet deep.

"Well, time went by, and the law stopped hydraulic, and purty much everyone left the town that could git out of it, and it ain't been worth a blame sence. Nuggets's daughter she married Bob Hittel, who was a teamster and didn't have much of it to do neither. They was pore, but they managed to make a living and keep old Nuggets besides. Course ye know the old man couldn't do nothin' but sit around and talk those words I told ye of. Everyone was kind to him, except, perhaps, Jake Openheimer, who kept the principal store then. He yoster rile him a good deal and josh him and ask him when he was goin' to open her up, but I reckon he didn't mean a great deal o' harm.

"Every now and then Nuggets 'ud wander over into Rattlesnake Canon and spend nigh onto a day there. When he'd come back he'd be worse tuk than ever and go moonin' around and sayin' those words: 'Changed all the trees in the Rattlesnake—moved 'em and mixed 'em all up. Might 'a' been a dream, but I don't think so."

"'Bout this time his little gran'son was growin' up, and Nuggets began to take him along with him in his trips to the canon. Mrs. Hittel she objected at first, but when she seen the boy liked to go and her father was dead set on havin' him with him, she didn't make no more objections. The boy yoused to say that while they was in the canon Nuggets spilt most of his time huntin' for something he couldn't find.

"One evening in the summer time, 'bout ten years ago—I was here then myself—Nuggets and the boy kem into town and gave it a surprise that it ain't got over sence. You can believe it or not as you want to, but he'd got back his mind all right and talked as sensibly as I'm talkin' now. Don't believe he ever was crazy myself—just think he'd got his mind set on one thing and couldn't get it off. But he was purty near crazy with happiness. He'd an old rusty knife in his hand, and he kept sayin' to us all the time: 'Twarn't no dream after all—twarn't no dream.' Seems when they was in the canon the boy got to playin' around and crawled under a big tree that 'ad been blown down and found the knife stickin' in it underneath. Course ye know what that meant.

"Well, Nuggets is all right now. So was his claim. He sold it for a purty nice sum to a couple of big mining men down below. See those smokestacks in the trees over in the canon. Well, there's a fourteen-stamp mill on the spot where the knife was found.

"Bob Hittel runs this store we're a-sittin' in front of, and Bob's wife owns her own home. Nuggets has a mortgage on about everything Jake Openheimer's got left, and the boy—the gran'son, ye know—he's down below in business for himself.

"That's about the story old Nuggets 'll tell ye when ye meet him. Some of it's true I know myself for a fact, and I reckon, mebbe, some of it's—well, ye know, Nuggets is a Mis-sourian and a purty good liar himself."

The stranger arose, stretched himself and striding up the street encountered the one-legged druggist standing in the doorway of his store.

"Great story I just heard," said the stranger.

"Been talking to the old pioneer?"

"Pioneer? Why, he's not a forty-niner."

"No, but he's a forty-eighter."

"Who is he, anyhow?"

"Him? Oh, that's Nuggets."—Argonaut.

The atmosphere is so clear in Zululand that it is said objects can be seen by starlight at a distance of seven miles.

#### PRAYER BROKE THE DROUGHT.

The Supplication Was for a Gully Washer, a Trash Mover and Pine Knot Floater.

"It was awfully dry in Georgia once," remarked Mr. George Dallas, "There had been no rain for weeks, and the corn and the cotton were burning up in the fields. The creeks had begun to dry up and even springs that had never been known to fail gave signs that their supply of the aqueous fluid was running low. It began to look as though relief could never come from the heavens. Day after day a blazing sun shone down from a cloudless sky, blistering and withering all vegetation and oppressing the hard-working sons and daughters of the land with a fear that distress would soon be their portion—distress that might take on starvation's form.

"About this time the religious people of the county began to hold prayer meetings to invoke assistance of the Deity. In every community the good old farmers and their families assembled to pray for rain. This was at an epoch when the scientific ideas about producing rain from explosives had not gained a foothold, and no fakirs went about, as they lately have done in Kansas and other parts of the west, offering to bring showers at so much per shower.

"No, indeed; these were the times of simple faith and belief in the efficacy of supplication to the Omnipotent. In one neighborhood in the county of Coweta, where the drought was particularly severe, a prayer meeting had been called for a certain day, and at the time appointed a congregation of several hundred sufferers met to beg that the drought be broken. It chanced that a new preacher, who had but lately come to that section, and who was, as I remember, an exponent of the 'hard-shell' Baptist creed, was called upon to make the principal petition.

"He prayed fervently and with all the fervor of an agonized spirit. 'O Lord,' said he, 'Thou knowest our distress. We beseech Thee, come to our rescue. Lord, we don't want any of your drizzle-drozzles, but send us instead a gully washer, a trash mover and a pine knot floater. Amen.'

"I hope I may never gain pardon for my faults in the next world if there didn't come within the next thirty-six hours after the delivery of that prayer the biggest rain that had ever descended on Coweta county. The oldest inhabitant couldn't remember such another deluge. It rained about three days without stopping; washed two-thirds of the fences through a big region into the Chattahoochee river; swept away every bridge and played havoc generally. And the worst of it was that those miserable countrymen who had incited the preacher to pray his best wanted to drum him out of the country because of the emphatic response to his entreaty for rain."—Washington Post.

#### QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

A single banyan tree has been known to shelter 7000 men at one time, a caterpillar in the course of a month will devour 600 times its own weight in food.

Little Chute is a Holland village in Wisconsin. Its chief manufacture is wooden shoes.

The goldfish is a great coward, and a tiny fish with the courage to attack it can frighten it almost to death.

A Spanish inventor produces from grasshoppers a fatty substance, which is declared to make the finest soap yet manufactured.

A calf recently born on the farm of Royal Mills of Leon, New York, has wool an inch long, with head and horns like a sheep.

A Kansas man is the owner of a floral freak in the shape of a geranium plant that is more than twelve feet high. It grew nine feet in one season.

The largest mass of pure rock salt in the world lies under the province of Galicia, Hungary. It is known to be 500 miles long, 20 broad and 250 feet in thickness.

The tolling of church bells on the occasion of a burial is based on the old pagan custom of banging gongs when a body was to be interred, in order to scare away the bad spirit.

A man who lives on the Sabatis road, near Lewiston, Me., sells small fish for bait from a well in the doorway. When a customer comes along a pail is lowered into the well and a large number of little shiners are brought up.

The oldest twins in the world, as far as known, and undoubtedly the oldest in the United States, are Mrs. J. A. Mighell and Mrs. E. A. Givens of Elano, Ill. They were born at Sharon, Schoharie county, New York, August 21, 1814.

#### Fruits to Eat and Those to Avoid.

Fruits as foods, are, then, peaches, apricots, nectarines; ripe, mellow apples; dates, figs, fresh and dried; prunes without skins; persimmons, papaws; very ripe or cooked bananas; guavas without seeds—fresh or canned without sugar; pineapples, grated or finely picked, never cut; mangoes, grapes; sweet plums without skins, sugar cherries, and an occasional cooked pear. Bartlett's are excellent when canned without sugar.

The fruits which must be used sparingly are lemons, oranges, shadocks, currants, barberries, cranberries and strawberries. This applies most emphatically to those persons who are inclined to uric acid conditions. The rheumatic and gouty should also most rigidly abstain. The tender lining of a child's stomach cannot, certainly, bear such fruits any length of time; serious results must follow. The ripe, mellow peach is really the child's fruit.—Ladies' Home Journal.

## THE REALM OF FASHION.

#### The Latest Headgear.

Sunbonnets have taken on a new aspect this season, writes May Manton, and are the latest headgear for the maidens who play golf and tennis, or indulge in any other form of outdoor



A FETCHING GOLF BONNET.

recreation. Quite fanciful and dainty they look made of sheer fabrics, such as organdie, silk, muslin, dimity or fine lawn, with lace-edged frills and ruchings of the same material. The front is made over a stiff lining of canvas, which holds it in shape away from the face and protects the complexion from freckles and tan. Picturesque bonnets in this style are made to match the gown, and are worn for morning and afternoon walks in the country, for boating and picnic parties. For more practical purposes, such as working in the garden, gingham may be used.

The pattern comprises four portions—front, crown, curtain and tiering.



WOMAN'S GUIMPE.

the ruching, hemmed or lace-edged, and from two to three inches wide, being laid in double box pleats and stitched on in centre.

While quite as protective as the old-fashioned sunbonnet, this style has the advantage of lighter weight and coolness, the thin crown rising up from the head and the flaring front standing well out from the face.

To make this bonnet will require one and one-half yards of material thirty-six inches wide.

#### Yoke Effects on the Increase.

Guimpe and yoke effects are on the increase, and many new gowns are made low-cut and sleeveless, several styles of guimpes being provided to wear with them, and thus give charming variety to the toilet. Two styles are shown in the large engraving. No. 1, of white silk mousseline, made over a lining of pink taffeta, is designed to be worn with a gown of ash gray veiling. The lining is fitted with double bust darts, under-arm gores and a centre-back seam, that may end just below the bust or at the waistline, as shown. The closing is effected invisibly in centre-front by hooks and eyes. The lining is fitted, the shoulders seamed and the standing collar joined to the neck before the shirred material is applied. The mousseline is arranged in graduated puffs by gathers at funnel-shaped spacings, front and back, indicated on the pattern by perforated lines. This is applied to the lining at corresponding perforations on the collar, bust and back, as illustrated. Rows of shirring to match extend the whole length of the sleeves, that are arranged over two-seamed linings. No. 2 shows the lining cut off below the bust, the guimpe and sleeves being made of all blue Liberty silk, decorated in the sun-ray style, with narrow ruchings of the same material that radiate from the neck. A stock of the same, with ruche-finished ends, covers the standing collar and closes in centre-back. While sheer materials are chosen for midsummer wear, guimpes in this style will be made from silk, velvet, brocade and guipure lace, over satin, as the season advances. Insertion, gimp, ruchings of net or ribbon, or rows of frilled ribbon and braid, can be used to decorate in lattice or diamond outlines.

To make No. 1 for a woman of medium size will require three and one-quarter yards of material thirty-six inches wide. To make No. 2 will require two yards of the same with material.

#### The Japanese Straw Hats.

The prettiest things in hats of straw are the Japanese. The most inexpensive ones are of coarse material, perfectly round, with no perceptible crown, but shaped like the top of a clothes hamper, and nearly as large. Others of an olive shade and firmer weave, with a black band of the straw at the crown, are shaped more like hats. There are two varieties, both with crowns. One shape is round and the other is like a big poke. With a shirring of silk or mull on the inside it is charming. If they are not used for "headwear" these hats are extremely pretty for workbaskets, and can be decorated with indefinite variations.

#### Japanese Newspaper Woman.

Mase Takahashi, a Japanese woman, is the business manager of the leading and oldest Japanese newspaper, the "Hawaii Shinpo." This is the only Japanese daily in Hawaii, and is circulated in the Japanese colonies throughout the world. Mase Takahashi is the wife of the proprietor. She speaks English and Hawaiian and always carries her notebook when gathering news.

#### For a Pretty Waist.

Very pretty waists classed with shirt waists are made of linen batiste with bands of lace insertion between groups of tucks down the front and back where the waist fastens. The collar is simply a transparent band of lace with cords long enough to tie in a bow.

#### A Stylish Waist.

Hydrangea blue silk, woven with bayader stripes of white, that form a double cord, is here delightfully combined with a square yoke plastron of finely tucked mousseline de soie inset



WOMAN'S WAIST.

by the mode, which lends itself to all qualities and kinds of material and any style of trimming. To make this waist for a woman of medium size two yards of material forty-four inches wide will be required.