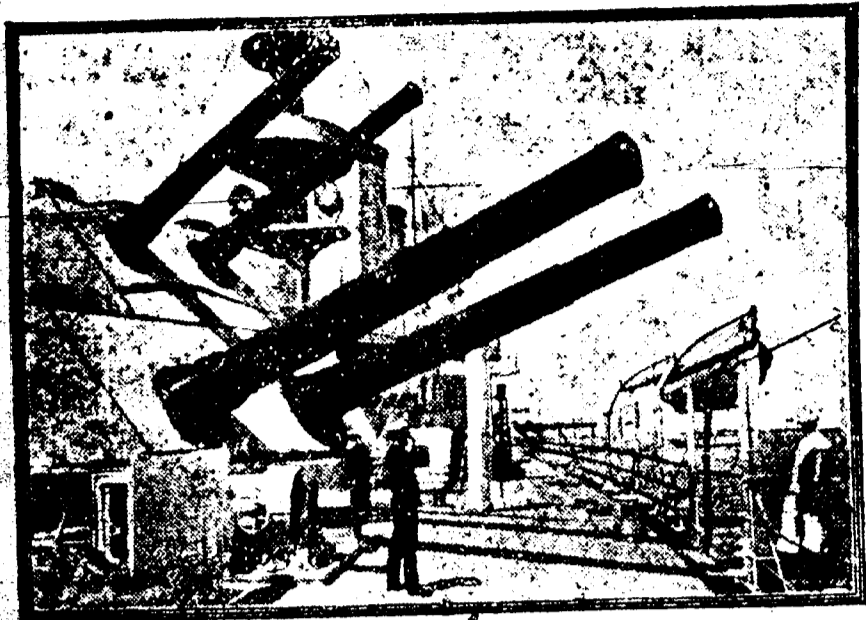


America's Great Guns.



The "New Jersey," which was put into commission in November 1904, is remarkable for her double turrets fore and aft. In each of these she mounts two 8-inch and two 12-inch guns. She is of 15,320 tons. Her complement is 703, her length 435 feet, her beam 76 feet 10 inches. She carries in all sixty-four guns. Her h. p. is 19,000, and her speed 19 knots.

PATHOS IN GIRL'S NOTE

PIGEON BORE MESSAGE TO NEGLECTFUL LOVER.

Feathered Carrier Killed by Hawk Conveyed Plea—That Surely Should Have Touched the Heart of Recrudescent Youth.

Lawton, Okla.—The text of a unique little romance has just been revealed by the discovery of a dead carrier pigeon by a prospector in the Big Pasture. To the pigeon's neck was attached a lock of hair about the size of a silver dollar, and inside the lock were two pictures, a little note and slips of paper containing names presumed to be those of whom the pictures were made.

The name and address beneath the picture of the girl is Grace Dooliver, No. 1657 Clark street, Chicago, while the name beneath the picture of the young man is Clarence Peckham. The note read as follows: "Dear Clarence—Think not I may never reach you, who are so far away in the south, but you have neglected me so long I am heartbroken, and fear that my days on earth are few. God knows, Clarence, I love you, and all during these long dreary weeks since you went away I have wondered why you never wrote. If by any means this note should reach you, I hope that it will remind you of the little girl you professed to love, and whose life you have blighted."

MAINE'S ABANDONED FARMS.

Move to Educate People in Possibilities of Fruit-Raising.

The buying of abandoned farms in Augusta, Me., by city people, who convert them into summer places, has assumed such proportions that it has been called to the attention of the state agricultural department. Commissioner Gilman, who has investigated the subject, says that in his opinion the movement, if continued, would materially reduce the total agricultural output of the state.

In recent years hundreds of rich New York and Massachusetts people have bought up farms and occupied them during the summer only, cultivating only such land as they wished for the raising of flowers and garden vegetables. This policy is not in line with that advocated by the agricultural department. Vigorous efforts have been made, aided by the authorities of the University of Maine, to interest rural communities in the possibilities of farming and fruit raising. Trains have been sent throughout the country bearing lecturers, who gave talks to the farmers on scientific agriculture. The movement met with a cordial reception and was supported by the national agricultural department at Washington.—New York Post.

Predicts End of New York.

York, Pa.—A seer, who is making this city his headquarters at present and who claims to have foretold Queen Victoria's death and the San Francisco earthquake, declares that within the next two years New York will meet a fate like that of the coast city. He also predicts a number of other calamities in a list of things he says will happen within that time.

THEN THEY PASSED ON.

Lurid Pun Marked End of Conversation Between Poets.

"My son," asked the aged Virgil, as they paused to rest in a sunshiny spot in order to avoid meeting so many shades, "my son, looking back over what you have beheld since coming to this place, which do you consider is the worst Canto you have seen?"

"Number nine and a half, series B. Dat's de sausage," answered Dante without hesitation.

"The sausage?" inquired Virgil.

"I mean de wurst," hastily corrected the poet.

"And why, my son?" further noised his guide.

"Well, dat's where de ghost of Bill de barkeep wouldn't stand me off for a couple o' drinks. He said me face was dead, an' I can't owe dat house anythin'! But wot's dat place over dere, where dey make so much noise? Reminds me of de bolier shops back o' Lafferty's catty."

"That," explained Virgil, "is called the three L resort."

"De wot?" gasped Dante in short meter.

"The three L's; it stands for the Lurid Liars Lair. All liars are put to work here for a season," said Virg.

"Wot dey doin'?"

"Forging lies," answered Virgil, and then after wondering whether poetic license would be likely to be found at the three L's, they passed the raise.—Toledo Blade.

JUDGE KNEW THE VOICE.

Political Speaker Neatly Turned Laugh on Interrupter.

The last big rally of Bay state Republicans is generally held in Lynn, Mass., the day before the election. Senator Lodge is always looked for that night and never fails to appear.

The Lynn theater was packed to overflowing, and when the witty judge got up to introduce the speaker, he was cheered to the echo.

But the gathering was not without some Democratic enthusiasts, who had come there to make their preference known, and in the middle of one of the judge's most eloquent periods one of them called for three cheers for the Democrats.

The judge looked inquiringly in the direction of the interrupter, and in the attitude of a man who suddenly recalls something said:

"I have heard that voice before, but I didn't know his time was up."

The spontaneous roar and applause of the vast audience was evidence enough of appreciation of the joke, and the voice of the interrupter was hushed.

Didn't Like His Tombstone.

W. W. Maves of near Thompson, who is in his eighty-eighth year, has sued his daughter, Mrs. Eliza Givens, for \$7.50, which he claims he loaned her, to be returned when he requested it, says the Columbia Herald.

Mrs. Givens acknowledges that the money was paid to her to purchase a tombstone and to meet her father's funeral expenses at his death. The money was given to Mrs. Givens years ago, and it was in gold. Recently Mrs. Givens bought a monument for her father for use when he should die, paying \$50 for it, and her father saw it and approved of the bargain. But lately he changed his mind about the matter, and the action was recently taken into court. The jury awarded plaintiff judgment in the amount of \$50, defendant to pay the costs.

Logical Education.

The old man hobbled into the office of a life insurance agent.

"I want to get my life insured," he said.

"Sorry, sir," replied the agent, "but I can't insure you."

"What's the reason you can't?" demanded the applicant.

"Because of your age," explained the other. "By the way, how old are you?"

"Ninety-three."

"Nothing doing at that age."

"But you insure men of 50."

"Oh, yes; but that's quite different."

"But the difference is in my favor," protested the old man. "I can prove by your own figures that fewer men die at the age of 93 than at 50."

A Tribute to Temperance.

The grave digger of a little town in Scotland was induced to give up his habit of hard drinking and sign the pledge.

In a public meeting he gave his "experience." "I never thought to tell ye," he said, "that for a whole month I haven't touched a drop of anything. I've saved enough to buy me a brass coffin 'n' brass handles and brass nails—and I'll be a teetotaler for another month I shall be wantin' it!"

Too Much Prosperity.

"There walks one of the successful men of New York," said an old resident to a stranger, nodding to a well-groomed man of happy demeanor striding along Broadway. "But," he added, sotto voce, "he hasn't the slightest knowledge of the world."

"How's that?" the visitor asked. "Because he has always been successful, and doesn't know the meaning of adversity. He who always prospers sees the world but on one side."

Hel! Hel!

"Yes, young Westpoint expected to get a commission in a cavalry regiment, but they put him in the marine corps."

"Is that what he's mad about?"

"No, sir," and after a pause Mrs. Mitchellson said, "we thought too much of them for that."

BIRTH OF A "GASSER."

Noise Made by a Blowing Well Drowned All Other Sounds.

In the Broadway Magazine is a story by Rupert Hughes concerning the oil wells of Texas. He tells of the birth of a "gasser."

"It screamed like the death cry of a thousand panthers." He says: "The long steel cable has been sent flying like a twine string; a great length of pipe has been hurled against a tree and wrapped around it. The derrick was almost hidden in a white haze; a geyser of fine sand was streaming upward and eating away the lofty crown-block."

"Seth knew what it was. He found Tom, and they gesticulated at each other; they made faces, but no audible sound. Their voices were vain as candles in the full sunlight. Each was trying to yell the same thing."

"She's a gasser, blowing her head off."

"Men gathered from everywhere, and acted like crazy folk, working their jaws and delivering no message. They were soaked, drowned, obliterated in a sea of intolerable noise."

"A mile away at the railroad station the passengers were equally dumb by the uproar. If a man wanted a ticket, he had to write out the name of the station. An engine rolled in with a bell that rocked without sound and a whistle emitting puffs of white steam that no one heard."

"The animals of the region were greatly disturbed: There was much breaking of harness on the part of horses, and one or two galloped about under empty saddles, their riders were doubtless stuck in the mud somewhere head first."

"A few pigs, wandering here and there, had sniffed at the noise and returned to their luxurious wallows in the oily muck."

TRUE TO CODE OF HONOR.

Havana Schoolboys Preferred Death to Betrayal of Comrades.

In the Colon cemetery, near Havana, there stands a beautiful and costly marble shaft, known as the Students' monument. Gov. Macdon and other American officials attended a memorial service, annually held at the foot of this shaft, in honor of a group of young men who would not "sneak" on their companions.

The bishop of Havana officiated. The incident thus commemorated occurred 27 years ago, but the large attendance, year after year, at the memorial service shows that it is still held in lively remembrance.

In a foolish, boyish prank a group of students from the University of Havana vented their hatred and their detestation of a Spanish official by desecrating his tomb in Espada cemetery. The unworthiness of the act is, of course, beyond denial. The authorities sought the offenders with a view to their punishment, but the school stood together in refusing information.

Baffled in his attempts to discover the actual culprits, the governor general issued a decree that every tenth boy in the school should suffer death. On November 27, 1880, these boys were lined up in front of a building which then stood between the presidio and the little fortress at the foot of the Prado, and were executed by a detachment of Spanish soldiers.

For 37 years the Cubans have remembered and have honored that little group of boys who would not "sneak," but who chose an ignominious death rather than violate a standard of honor which is as clearly recognized at Eton and Rugby, at West Point and Annapolis, as it was in the University of Havana.

Estimating the Damage.

That spirit of thrift popularly supposed to pervade New England is amusingly illustrated by the observation of a Connecticut farmer.

The good man had been seriously ill in midsummer, but by reason of his strong constitution he quickly rallied. On being asked in the autumn how he was feeling he replied in a cheerful tone:

"Pretty fair, now, thanks. Anyway, it don't make much difference, seein' that the farm's fixed up. I'd died in hay or harvestin' time, I calculate it'd been \$50 damage to me."

"Then, after a pause, he added: "Come to think of it, that's too low a figure—\$65 would be nearer!"

Few Words Revealed Much.

Hilary K. Adair, the detective, replied to the toast "Detection" at a dinner in Omaha.

"Speeches pregnant with meaning often help the detective in his delicate work," said Mr. Adair. "Often a speech of eight or ten words will reveal volumes."

"Thus I once knew how things stood in a Milwaukee house when I heard a Milwaukee woman say to her husband: 'Jim, do you know you talk in your sleep?' and the man replied: 'Well, do you begrudge me those few words?'"

Incompatible.

Towne—Well, well, the idea of his marrying Miss Goldie. Why, he's a dyspeptic.

Brown—What has that got to do with it? She's got plenty of money and so—

Towne—That's just it. She'll never agree with him; she's too rich.

Ill-Managed Applause.

"The applause in this theater doesn't seem to be as loud and spontaneous as it used to," said the theatrical star. "Is the audience cold?"

"No," answered the manager; "we have had to employ some new and inexperienced ushers."

NO OVERCOATS IN ALASKA.

Army Officer Says It is Not Safe to Wear Them There.

"You do not find anyone wearing overcoats in Alaska, even in the winter," said Maj. F. M. M. Beall, recently returned from that territory.

"The principal thing to be careful about is keeping the head, hands and feet warm. In that part of Alaska where I have been the only land transportation is by dog sleds and to follow them one has to drop into a dog trot beside the sled.

"An ordinary suit is plenty thick enough to keep you warm and an overcoat is dangerous in that temperature. Trotting alongside a sled wearing an overcoat would make you perspire and the bitter cold would freeze the perspiration.

"The men there wear a fur cap that covers every part of the head and face except the eyes and there is only a little peep-hole for them. Wool-lined mitts are worn on the hands and moccasins with woolen stockings on the feet."

Maj. Beall has been three years in Alaska, commanding Fort Gibbon, the garrison consisting of two companies of the Third United States Infantry. He is now on leave of absence.

"Fort Gibbon is 900 miles up the Yukon river and 75 miles south of the arctic circle," he said, "and the river is frozen up most of the year. In that time dog sleds are used, but when the river opens steamers come up frequently. Sometimes the rough character traveling around the country make possession of a river steamer and it's part of our work to restore order and recapture the steamer."

"The chief work of the soldiers at Fort Gibbon is to keep the telegraph lines going."

NO EVIDENCE OF AUTHORITY.

Officer's Voice Lacked Quality That Imposed Obedience.

The late General Shafter was accustomed to tell of a neat retort made by a volunteer soldier to an officer during the Cuban campaign.

Near Siboney, one night after a march, it chanced a few of the "boys" of a Tennessee company had pitched their tents in close proximity to the tent of an officer of another company. The "boys" were somewhat noisy, as taps had not been sounded.

"Shut up, out there!" shouted the officer, angrily.

"Who are you?" asked one of the "boys."

"I'll soon show you if I come out there!" was the response.

The "boys," however, continued their racket to such an extent that the irritated officer soon appeared upon the scene and read them a terrible lecture, winding up with the threat to report the men to their colonel.

"Don't you men know enough to obey a superior officer?" demanded he, testily.

"Yes, sir," respectfully answered one of the men. "We should have obeyed you at once if you'd had shoulder straps on your voice."

Spices and Indigestion.

Although the use of spices for the purpose of heightening the flavor of food is almost universal, it is generally recognized that their influence on digestion is detrimental. Some experiments recently carried out tend to prove that while spices stimulate the motor functions of the stomach, they progressively impair the secretory functions, and in the long run inhibit the production of hydrochloric acid. On the whole, therefore, the ingestion of spices hinders rather than accelerates digestion, though an exception may be made in respect of persons in whom slowness of digestion is due to a deficiency of the stomach, and also possibly of the victims of hyperacidity.

Deacon Paid the Bill.

A story is told about two old-timers of Barnet, Vt., one, Sol Stevens, the village saddler and harness maker; the other Dea. James Gibrath, a Scotchman who lived on a farm back among the hills.

The deacon had brought his saddle to Sol to have it repaired, and upon going to get it found that the charges for putting it in shape amounted to four dollars. The deacon was surprised at the amount, and after considering the matter a few minutes he said:

"Well, Sol, ye may keep the saddle for two dollars, and I'll gae hame and bring ye two bushel o' wheat for the ither two."

Pulsations of a Watch.

The lifetime of a good watch is 50 years. In its daily duties the balance vibrates 18,000 times every hour, 432,000 times in a day, or 157,680,000 times a year, says Amateur Work.

The hairspring makes a similar number of vibrations, and an equal number of ticks from the escapement. If it is a really good watch multiply 657,680,000 by 50, which gives 7,880,000,000 pulsations for 50 years. The chances are that the watch may even then be in servicable condition.

Running Upstairs.

English women have taken up as pastime running up and down stairs—the object being principally to see who can get up the most rapidly and make the most noise! In view of the fact that running upstairs has hitherto been considered as bad for the heart, it is rather a revolution to society, although, no doubt, the violent exercise is good for the liver.

The question is: What next? Will sliding down the banister be advocated as a new method of utilizing the parallel bars?

WHEN WAGES WERE LOW.

Salaries of Long Ago Really Larger Than They Seemed.

"Columbus" said an antiquary of Chicago, "got a salary of \$50 a year, less than a dollar a day. His captains got \$180 a year apiece. His crew got \$2.25 a month. To equip the expedition that discovered America cost \$2,800. The total cost of discovering America was \$7,200.

"Lawyers nowadays, especially corporation lawyers, think nothing of earning a million a year. In the reign of Edward IV, a baronet entered in his diurnal, or diary,

"Paid to Roger Flypott, learned in the law, for his counsel, three shillings, with four pence for his dinner."

"Ministers often make to-day \$20,000 or \$30,000 a year. The late Dr. Tallmadge made \$60,000, or \$4 a week, only got \$250 a year, or \$4 a week, and that was a dollar more a week than Scottish judges got."

"Small salaries, those," concluded the antiquary, "but we must remember that in that epoch there were no trusts to inflate prices, and a dollar went a long way. In fact, a Christmas dinner for a family of six would have cost, in John Knox's time—for the turkey, 10 cents; cranberry sauce, 2 cents; potatoes, 1 cent; turnips, 1 cent; celery, 1 cent; plum pudding, 2 cents; total, 17 cents, or less than 3 cents a head."

MOUNT GUARD IN BASKET.

Korean Soldiers Take Things Easy While on Duty.

"The Korean Tommy Atkins mounts guard curled up in a basket filled with rags and cotton wool," says an explorer of that queer country. Even at the royal palace one sees this curious sight. The Korean warrior is not a giant; on the contrary, he is diminutive, only a little over five feet in height, or even less, so that the round basket which contains him is made only about four feet in diameter, and three and a half feet deep.

In the inner enclosure of the royal palace two soldiers are placed on guard at a time, and the baskets are larger accordingly. The two warriors contained in them squat or curl up together like two birds in a nest. Their guns are generally left standing somewhere close by, but when the position to be guarded is a very responsible one, they are nursed in the basket with their owners."

Too Rapid Growth.

The minister's six-year-old son is of a very critical, literal turn of mind, and his father's sermons sometimes puzzle him sorely. He regards his father as the embodiment of truth and wisdom, but he has difficulty in harmonizing the doctrine's pulpiter utterances with the world as it really is. His parents encourage him to express his opinions, and bear up his doubts as much as possible. So one Sunday at dinner, after a long period of thought, they were not surprised when he said gravely: "Papa, you said one thing in your sermon today that I don't think is so at all."

"Well, what's that, my boy?" asked the clergyman.

"Why, you said the boy of to-day is the man of to-morrow. That's too soon!"

It Happens Every Night.

At the end of one of the sessions of the world's convention of the Women's Christian Temperance Union in Boston, Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens condemned the habit that so many men have of going out between the acts at the theater.

"I am in hearty sympathy," said Mrs. Stevens, "with a woman whose husband said to her, at the end of an interesting drama,

"'Jove! what a play. I don't believe there was a dry eye in the house when the curtain went down on the third act.'"

"No," said the woman, "but there seemed to be the usual number of dry throats."

Fever From Apes to Man.

Sir Patrick, in his recent lectures on tropical diseases, although accepting the theory that the only mode of transmission of malarial, fever, is through the bite of the Anopheles mosquito, adds the statement, which will probably be new to most readers, that the mosquitoes are capable of becoming infected by absorbing the blood not merely of human patients, but also of anthropoid apes, and perhaps even of various other mammals, which, in an evolutionary sense, are related to man.—Youth's Companion.

Truthful Johnson.

Johnson was burned out of his hall bedroom last week.

"What did you lose?" asked a friend next day.

"Everything but the clothes I had on," answered Johnson.

"Everything?" That's hard!"

"Yep," said Johnson, "a pair of socks and an undershirt."

And the neighbors have named him "Truthful Johnson."

Honest.

Guest—Waiter, what do you mean by this? You bring me the fish first and the soup after.

Waiter (confidentially)—To tell you the truth, sir, the fish would not keep any longer.—Translated from Transatlantic Tales from Fliegende Blatter.

As to Breakdowns.

She—Would you rather walk or ride there?

He—Well, I've been out in the motor car so much lately that I think I'd rather ride for a change.—Puck.