

IN BEHALF OF THE BIRDS

IF ENCOURAGED, THE FEATHERED SONGSTERS DO NOT FEAR MAN.

They Soon Discover Their Friends and Show Confidence—Birds in England—In Crowded Cities.

Maurice Thompson, who writes so delightfully concerning everything outdoors, has recently advanced some plausible theories to account for the "vanishing" of the birds, without implicating too deeply the wandering sportsman or the wayward small boy. He acknowledges both to be guilty to a trifling extent, but so small are their depredations they are hardly worth mentioning; in a like manner he passes lightly over the much-abused women of fashion who insist on wearing feathers like Indians, and fall upon the unsuspecting farmer who is (innocently, we presume) destroying both song and game birds. The author then proceeds with ingenious arguments and finely wrought theories to convict the honest tiller of the soil. With a certain amount of candor he admits that the villain (by word) "who collects skins and feathers, who supplies museums milliner shops, etc., etc., is a bad fellow; he kills for money. Still, his slaughterings, numerous as they certainly are, seem insignificant compared with the enormous decrease in bird life."

SHOULD PROTECT BIRDS.

Under proper conditions bird life should increase rather than diminish with the advance of culture; even where home planned on the prairies of the West should be another post of defense, a place of refuge rather than a menace to the feathered inhabitants, and when we as a people come to have a proper appreciation of their value, both in a practical and aesthetic sense, such will be the case. If the farmer who complains of the ravages of the woodpecker on his cherries would plant more in odd corners remote from his dwelling, and where they would in no way interfere with his interests, he would not only be doing a good turn for his truest friends, but would save his fruit, add to the beauty and value of his estate, and, best of all, enjoy the rich nightingale, sweetest and shyest of all the winged musicians, still holds its own and the skylark continues to soar in triumph, recklessly scattering its silvery notes to the winds to charm every true son of Britain.

A LITTLE THIEFPASSER.

We read of a saucy wren, who, quite regardless of the rights of the proprietor, seized upon the kitchen pump, building therein his curious nest, using the spout for a thoroughfare; strange to relate, the bold intruder and his mate were allowed to rear their brood in peace, for, rather than disturb the usurpers, the good man loosened a board in the platform and drew the water by means of rope and pulley. Many such instances might be cited, but one is sufficient to show how the song birds are encouraged and protected by all classes in England; in fact, love and reverence for the feathered tribe is characteristic of the rural residents of the British isles. Leaving the villages and the isolated cottages, we find the hedges and broken walls teeming with bird life. Conspicuous alike for its beauty and erratic flight is the red start, flashing in and out of the hedges rows that add so much to the beauty of the English landscape.

BRIDS IN THE CITY.

It may be interesting and possibly surprising to some to learn how many varieties of song and other birds tarry for a season in our city. Although the writer's observations have been desultory and limited to a very small field, in fact, just one-half of a city square and this within six blocks of the monument, he has noted the following members of this vivacious family: The robin, blue bird, sapsucker (rare), white-throated nuthatch, woodpecker (the common red head), blue jay, sparrow (American), Baltimore oriole, wren, brown thrasher, blue jay, goldfinch (one), goldfinch, flicker, catbird, phoebe or pewee, humming bird (ruby throat), American cuckoo or rain crow and the screech owl. The last named should receive more encouragement for its good work in destroying the English sparrow. For three successive seasons a pair of orioles swung their nest in the same tree; we imagined they were members of the same family, who returned each season to the old home, but on this we had no conclusive evidence.

NO SCARCITY OF SONGSTERS.

Similar conditions, I am told, exist in France, Germany and the Netherlands, where are found not only songsters, but all such as delight the heart of the hunter, and which are slaughtered by the thousands in season (never out, remember), for in the markets of London there is no lack of native game birds. So great, indeed, is the demand for the pheasant, or fallow chat, that one pair of hunters is credited with a catch exceeding a hundred birds in two days' trapping; yet, withal, there seems no scarcity of birds in the United Kingdom; therefore, we are driven to the conclusion that some other cause than the ever increasing area of cultivated land must be found to satisfactorily account for the constantly decreasing number of birds in this country. So I fear through I dread the consequence of the impachment that the dear ladies who still insist on imitating the savages in the matter of headgear must take their fair share of the blame for the condition which Mr. Thompson so deprecates; but fair woman is not the only enemy we have to contend with, and I fully agree with Mr. Thompson that the number annually saved and freed to satisfy female vanity, added to the thousands slaughtered for the table, to say nothing of those gathered up by the collectors, will not account for the decrease of the feathered inhabitants of America. I think the main cause will be found in the indifference of the masses. As a people we do not love birds, giving them little or no thought. The boy goes forth with air gun or cheap bowling piece, shooting everything that comes in his way; older hunters destroy both animals and birds in season and out, and by their reckless shooting at all times

A GREAT LEADER OF MEN

SAMUEL H. CHURCH DISCUSSES THE CHARACTER OF CROMWELL.

Summary of the Protector's Claims to Genuine Greatness—A Graphic Account of His Death.

In the April number of the Atlantic Monthly Samuel Hardin Church contributes a sketch of the character and achievements of Oliver Cromwell, apropos of the approaching centenary of that great Englishman's birth. These extracts are made: Under Cromwell England for the first time felt the power of a strong navy, and a great nation. It is that Queen Elizabeth, with her fleet, and destroyed the Spanish fleet; but she assembled her ships only to resist invasion, and her important maneuvers were on the defensive. Cromwell built the first fleet that England had yet seen created for the purpose of crushing her enemies and striking down the oppressor. When the Spanish armada, which had been received her first staggering blow when Cromwell, daring to throw away the traditional policy which England had hugged for four centuries, allied himself with France and made war on Spain. His enemies said then, and for long afterward, that he destroyed the balance of power in Europe. But Cromwell cared nothing for political maxims when they stood in the pathway of that human liberty of which he was the champion.

THE ROUGH RIDERS AT SEA.

The Story Told in Graphic Phrase by an Ex-Rough Rider.

The Rough Riders were a happy, expectant crowd when they reached the wharf at Port Tampa. They had come down from Tampa, nine miles, in open coal cars, which we thought was the lowest we would get in the matter of transportation. When we left Albuquerque, N. M. we went up to Santa Fe in Pullman palace cars. From Santa Fe to San Antonio, Tex., we were quite content with tourist sleepers; from San Antonio to Tampa it seemed very natural and appropriate for us to travel in common day coaches, and then it wasn't much of a drop to rough riders when we reached Tampa. But we were not at the bottom of the scale yet.

COARSENESS WAS THE STYLE.

This coarse detractor was the style of the men of that day, and it was the great deliverer, including Hume, but with some noble and notable exceptions, until 1846, when Carlyle published what one is tempted to call his masterpiece—"Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches, with elucidations and a Connecting Narrative." The research displayed in this book was marvellous, but its great strength lay in the fact that through its pages Oliver discovered himself to the world in his letters and speeches, speaking in varying tones of wisdom, but always with honesty, high self-respect and patriotism, until it left his countrymen as the finest Englishman in history. From that moment the current of the other way Public opinion, almost slow to yield its rooted convictions, relinquished them with reluctance in this case. But as soon as Carlyle's book began to be read and understood the cloud of prejudice, which had so long rested upon Cromwell's fame was dissipated, and the piercing light of truth revealed his character in unspotted integrity and honor.

THE ROUGH RIDERS AT SEA.

We marched out on the wharf and up an inclined plane, which was almost vertical, through the side door of a good-sized iron steamer, the Yucatan, No. 8. Inside, between decks, we found that after the iron banks built up these high walls were between for a medium-sized man to squeeze into. Then, if he wasn't too long, he could stretch out at full length. Colonel Wood stood at the top of the inclined plane, quiet, courteous and kindly as ever, and told us to get into the bunks, two in each, until we were ready to start. As we lay there in these narrow, gray-bunked bunks we began to realize the depths to which we had sunk. Most of us had been accustomed to the wide prairies, and to thus be shut up in such a close, foul-smelling space was Lorraine. We prayed that the expedition would make an early start and a quick passage.

THE ROUGH RIDERS AT SEA.

We lay in the harbor day after day, the vessels describing circles about their anchors each day and upsetting our ideas of direction. Some of the boys had secured fish lines and caught queer looking specimens of salt-water fish. Then we bathed. The doors opening from the lower deck, the basement, were but a few feet above the water, and the men dived into the brine from here, until, as they gradually grew more venturesome, they ascended deck after deck, until they were plunging from the spar deck, twenty odd feet above water. The first porpoises we saw came somersaulting in one day, and some of the bathers thought they were sharks and began to paddle frantically towards home. A panic ensued, and some records in short-distance swimming were broken then and there.

THE ROUGH RIDERS AT SEA.

The cook's galley was the center of interest for the enlisted men. Hungry men hung about all day long trying to make friends with the cook, who at times was very condescendingly so, cup of soup or a piece of bread for 25 or 50 cents. One happy day I was successful in completing a transaction which involved the transfer of a pan of tapioca pudding for and in consideration of \$1. The party of the second part consisted of four hungry soldiers, and the pudding produced a deliciously sweet taste in our four mouths, which lingered with us until dried out and annihilated by Armour & Co.'s prime roast beef. The pudding appeared to be about three inches thick, but, on investigation, it was shown to be but one inch in thickness, with two inches of tin dressing on it. I spoke to the cook about the deceitful appearance of the pudding, and after casting a glance about the galley, he said, "Come in here and unbutton your shirt," leading the way into a narrow passage, where he took a knife into me and wondered why he was unwilling to put his knife through my blue shirt as well as I followed him into the dark, where my eyes fell on a row of carp, brown pieces. He slipped it into my bosom. I retreated to my bunk, where I had a long battle with the devil, but was finally victorious, and summoned my three confederates and divided up.

THE ROUGH RIDERS AT SEA.

There was a little swiveling table on our deck where the seamen ate, and we soldiers swarmed about it at meal times like bees around a clover, getting at such luxuries as boiled fresh beef, vegetables, soft bread, butter, sugar, and even pudding. I know precisely how a dog feels a picnic when he sits in the background watching, watching, studying faces to see if a mate appears, and calculating on the probable capacity of each diner. The soldiers were careful not to catch our eye, but a noble-hearted fellow, would slip a piece of beef or potato behind him, where it would be safe from a rush was made on the table, the mess boys ignored the dog feeling a picnic when he sits in the background watching, watching, studying faces to see if a mate appears, and calculating on the probable capacity of each diner. The soldiers were careful not to catch our eye, but a noble-hearted fellow, would slip a piece of beef or potato behind him, where it would be safe from a rush was made on the table, the mess boys ignored the dog feeling a picnic when he sits in the background watching, watching, studying faces to see if a mate appears, and calculating on the probable capacity of each diner.

A GREAT LEADER OF MEN

SAMUEL H. CHURCH DISCUSSES THE CHARACTER OF CROMWELL.

Summary of the Protector's Claims to Genuine Greatness—A Graphic Account of His Death.

In the April number of the Atlantic Monthly Samuel Hardin Church contributes a sketch of the character and achievements of Oliver Cromwell, apropos of the approaching centenary of that great Englishman's birth. These extracts are made: Under Cromwell England for the first time felt the power of a strong navy, and a great nation. It is that Queen Elizabeth, with her fleet, and destroyed the Spanish fleet; but she assembled her ships only to resist invasion, and her important maneuvers were on the defensive. Cromwell built the first fleet that England had yet seen created for the purpose of crushing her enemies and striking down the oppressor. When the Spanish armada, which had been received her first staggering blow when Cromwell, daring to throw away the traditional policy which England had hugged for four centuries, allied himself with France and made war on Spain. His enemies said then, and for long afterward, that he destroyed the balance of power in Europe. But Cromwell cared nothing for political maxims when they stood in the pathway of that human liberty of which he was the champion.

THE ROUGH RIDERS AT SEA.

The Story Told in Graphic Phrase by an Ex-Rough Rider.

The Rough Riders were a happy, expectant crowd when they reached the wharf at Port Tampa. They had come down from Tampa, nine miles, in open coal cars, which we thought was the lowest we would get in the matter of transportation. When we left Albuquerque, N. M. we went up to Santa Fe in Pullman palace cars. From Santa Fe to San Antonio, Tex., we were quite content with tourist sleepers; from San Antonio to Tampa it seemed very natural and appropriate for us to travel in common day coaches, and then it wasn't much of a drop to rough riders when we reached Tampa. But we were not at the bottom of the scale yet.

COARSENESS WAS THE STYLE.

This coarse detractor was the style of the men of that day, and it was the great deliverer, including Hume, but with some noble and notable exceptions, until 1846, when Carlyle published what one is tempted to call his masterpiece—"Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches, with elucidations and a Connecting Narrative." The research displayed in this book was marvellous, but its great strength lay in the fact that through its pages Oliver discovered himself to the world in his letters and speeches, speaking in varying tones of wisdom, but always with honesty, high self-respect and patriotism, until it left his countrymen as the finest Englishman in history. From that moment the current of the other way Public opinion, almost slow to yield its rooted convictions, relinquished them with reluctance in this case. But as soon as Carlyle's book began to be read and understood the cloud of prejudice, which had so long rested upon Cromwell's fame was dissipated, and the piercing light of truth revealed his character in unspotted integrity and honor.

THE ROUGH RIDERS AT SEA.

We marched out on the wharf and up an inclined plane, which was almost vertical, through the side door of a good-sized iron steamer, the Yucatan, No. 8. Inside, between decks, we found that after the iron banks built up these high walls were between for a medium-sized man to squeeze into. Then, if he wasn't too long, he could stretch out at full length. Colonel Wood stood at the top of the inclined plane, quiet, courteous and kindly as ever, and told us to get into the bunks, two in each, until we were ready to start. As we lay there in these narrow, gray-bunked bunks we began to realize the depths to which we had sunk. Most of us had been accustomed to the wide prairies, and to thus be shut up in such a close, foul-smelling space was Lorraine. We prayed that the expedition would make an early start and a quick passage.

THE ROUGH RIDERS AT SEA.

We lay in the harbor day after day, the vessels describing circles about their anchors each day and upsetting our ideas of direction. Some of the boys had secured fish lines and caught queer looking specimens of salt-water fish. Then we bathed. The doors opening from the lower deck, the basement, were but a few feet above the water, and the men dived into the brine from here, until, as they gradually grew more venturesome, they ascended deck after deck, until they were plunging from the spar deck, twenty odd feet above water. The first porpoises we saw came somersaulting in one day, and some of the bathers thought they were sharks and began to paddle frantically towards home. A panic ensued, and some records in short-distance swimming were broken then and there.

THE ROUGH RIDERS AT SEA.

The cook's galley was the center of interest for the enlisted men. Hungry men hung about all day long trying to make friends with the cook, who at times was very condescendingly so, cup of soup or a piece of bread for 25 or 50 cents. One happy day I was successful in completing a transaction which involved the transfer of a pan of tapioca pudding for and in consideration of \$1. The party of the second part consisted of four hungry soldiers, and the pudding produced a deliciously sweet taste in our four mouths, which lingered with us until dried out and annihilated by Armour & Co.'s prime roast beef. The pudding appeared to be about three inches thick, but, on investigation, it was shown to be but one inch in thickness, with two inches of tin dressing on it. I spoke to the cook about the deceitful appearance of the pudding, and after casting a glance about the galley, he said, "Come in here and unbutton your shirt," leading the way into a narrow passage, where he took a knife into me and wondered why he was unwilling to put his knife through my blue shirt as well as I followed him into the dark, where my eyes fell on a row of carp, brown pieces. He slipped it into my bosom. I retreated to my bunk, where I had a long battle with the devil, but was finally victorious, and summoned my three confederates and divided up.

THE ROUGH RIDERS AT SEA.

There was a little swiveling table on our deck where the seamen ate, and we soldiers swarmed about it at meal times like bees around a clover, getting at such luxuries as boiled fresh beef, vegetables, soft bread, butter, sugar, and even pudding. I know precisely how a dog feels a picnic when he sits in the background watching, watching, studying faces to see if a mate appears, and calculating on the probable capacity of each diner. The soldiers were careful not to catch our eye, but a noble-hearted fellow, would slip a piece of beef or potato behind him, where it would be safe from a rush was made on the table, the mess boys ignored the dog feeling a picnic when he sits in the background watching, watching, studying faces to see if a mate appears, and calculating on the probable capacity of each diner.

A GREAT LEADER OF MEN

SAMUEL H. CHURCH DISCUSSES THE CHARACTER OF CROMWELL.

Summary of the Protector's Claims to Genuine Greatness—A Graphic Account of His Death.

In the April number of the Atlantic Monthly Samuel Hardin Church contributes a sketch of the character and achievements of Oliver Cromwell, apropos of the approaching centenary of that great Englishman's birth. These extracts are made: Under Cromwell England for the first time felt the power of a strong navy, and a great nation. It is that Queen Elizabeth, with her fleet, and destroyed the Spanish fleet; but she assembled her ships only to resist invasion, and her important maneuvers were on the defensive. Cromwell built the first fleet that England had yet seen created for the purpose of crushing her enemies and striking down the oppressor. When the Spanish armada, which had been received her first staggering blow when Cromwell, daring to throw away the traditional policy which England had hugged for four centuries, allied himself with France and made war on Spain. His enemies said then, and for long afterward, that he destroyed the balance of power in Europe. But Cromwell cared nothing for political maxims when they stood in the pathway of that human liberty of which he was the champion.

THE ROUGH RIDERS AT SEA.

The Story Told in Graphic Phrase by an Ex-Rough Rider.

The Rough Riders were a happy, expectant crowd when they reached the wharf at Port Tampa. They had come down from Tampa, nine miles, in open coal cars, which we thought was the lowest we would get in the matter of transportation. When we left Albuquerque, N. M. we went up to Santa Fe in Pullman palace cars. From Santa Fe to San Antonio, Tex., we were quite content with tourist sleepers; from San Antonio to Tampa it seemed very natural and appropriate for us to travel in common day coaches, and then it wasn't much of a drop to rough riders when we reached Tampa. But we were not at the bottom of the scale yet.

COARSENESS WAS THE STYLE.

This coarse detractor was the style of the men of that day, and it was the great deliverer, including Hume, but with some noble and notable exceptions, until 1846, when Carlyle published what one is tempted to call his masterpiece—"Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches, with elucidations and a Connecting Narrative." The research displayed in this book was marvellous, but its great strength lay in the fact that through its pages Oliver discovered himself to the world in his letters and speeches, speaking in varying tones of wisdom, but always with honesty, high self-respect and patriotism, until it left his countrymen as the finest Englishman in history. From that moment the current of the other way Public opinion, almost slow to yield its rooted convictions, relinquished them with reluctance in this case. But as soon as Carlyle's book began to be read and understood the cloud of prejudice, which had so long rested upon Cromwell's fame was dissipated, and the piercing light of truth revealed his character in unspotted integrity and honor.

THE ROUGH RIDERS AT SEA.

We marched out on the wharf and up an inclined plane, which was almost vertical, through the side door of a good-sized iron steamer, the Yucatan, No. 8. Inside, between decks, we found that after the iron banks built up these high walls were between for a medium-sized man to squeeze into. Then, if he wasn't too long, he could stretch out at full length. Colonel Wood stood at the top of the inclined plane, quiet, courteous and kindly as ever, and told us to get into the bunks, two in each, until we were ready to start. As we lay there in these narrow, gray-bunked bunks we began to realize the depths to which we had sunk. Most of us had been accustomed to the wide prairies, and to thus be shut up in such a close, foul-smelling space was Lorraine. We prayed that the expedition would make an early start and a quick passage.

THE ROUGH RIDERS AT SEA.

We lay in the harbor day after day, the vessels describing circles about their anchors each day and upsetting our ideas of direction. Some of the boys had secured fish lines and caught queer looking specimens of salt-water fish. Then we bathed. The doors opening from the lower deck, the basement, were but a few feet above the water, and the men dived into the brine from here, until, as they gradually grew more venturesome, they ascended deck after deck, until they were plunging from the spar deck, twenty odd feet above water. The first porpoises we saw came somersaulting in one day, and some of the bathers thought they were sharks and began to paddle frantically towards home. A panic ensued, and some records in short-distance swimming were broken then and there.

THE ROUGH RIDERS AT SEA.

The cook's galley was the center of interest for the enlisted men. Hungry men hung about all day long trying to make friends with the cook, who at times was very condescendingly so, cup of soup or a piece of bread for 25 or 50 cents. One happy day I was successful in completing a transaction which involved the transfer of a pan of tapioca pudding for and in consideration of \$1. The party of the second part consisted of four hungry soldiers, and the pudding produced a deliciously sweet taste in our four mouths, which lingered with us until dried out and annihilated by Armour & Co.'s prime roast beef. The pudding appeared to be about three inches thick, but, on investigation, it was shown to be but one inch in thickness, with two inches of tin dressing on it. I spoke to the cook about the deceitful appearance of the pudding, and after casting a glance about the galley, he said, "Come in here and unbutton your shirt," leading the way into a narrow passage, where he took a knife into me and wondered why he was unwilling to put his knife through my blue shirt as well as I followed him into the dark, where my eyes fell on a row of carp, brown pieces. He slipped it into my bosom. I retreated to my bunk, where I had a long battle with the devil, but was finally victorious, and summoned my three confederates and divided up.

THE ROUGH RIDERS AT SEA.

There was a little swiveling table on our deck where the seamen ate, and we soldiers swarmed about it at meal times like bees around a clover, getting at such luxuries as boiled fresh beef, vegetables, soft bread, butter, sugar, and even pudding. I know precisely how a dog feels a picnic when he sits in the background watching, watching, studying faces to see if a mate appears, and calculating on the probable capacity of each diner. The soldiers were careful not to catch our eye, but a noble-hearted fellow, would slip a piece of beef or potato behind him, where it would be safe from a rush was made on the table, the mess boys ignored the dog feeling a picnic when he sits in the background watching, watching, studying faces to see if a mate appears, and calculating on the probable capacity of each diner.

A GREAT LEADER OF MEN

SAMUEL H. CHURCH DISCUSSES THE CHARACTER OF CROMWELL.

Summary of the Protector's Claims to Genuine Greatness—A Graphic Account of His Death.

In the April number of the Atlantic Monthly Samuel Hardin Church contributes a sketch of the character and achievements of Oliver Cromwell, apropos of the approaching centenary of that great Englishman's birth. These extracts are made: Under Cromwell England for the first time felt the power of a strong navy, and a great nation. It is that Queen Elizabeth, with her fleet, and destroyed the Spanish fleet; but she assembled her ships only to resist invasion, and her important maneuvers were on the defensive. Cromwell built the first fleet that England had yet seen created for the purpose of crushing her enemies and striking down the oppressor. When the Spanish armada, which had been received her first staggering blow when Cromwell, daring to throw away the traditional policy which England had hugged for four centuries, allied himself with France and made war on Spain. His enemies said then, and for long afterward, that he destroyed the balance of power in Europe. But Cromwell cared nothing for political maxims when they stood in the pathway of that human liberty of which he was the champion.

THE ROUGH RIDERS AT SEA.

The Story Told in Graphic Phrase by an Ex-Rough Rider.

The Rough Riders were a happy, expectant crowd when they reached the wharf at Port Tampa. They had come down from Tampa, nine miles, in open coal cars, which we thought was the lowest we would get in the matter of transportation. When we left Albuquerque, N. M. we went up to Santa Fe in Pullman palace cars. From Santa Fe to San Antonio, Tex., we were quite content with tourist sleepers; from San Antonio to Tampa it seemed very natural and appropriate for us to travel in common day coaches, and then it wasn't much of a drop to rough riders when we reached Tampa. But we were not at the bottom of the scale yet.

COARSENESS WAS THE STYLE.

This coarse detractor was the style of the men of that day, and it was the great deliverer, including Hume, but with some noble and notable exceptions, until 1846, when Carlyle published what one is tempted to call his masterpiece—"Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches, with elucidations and a Connecting Narrative." The research displayed in this book was marvellous, but its great strength lay in the fact that through its pages Oliver discovered himself to the world in his letters and speeches, speaking in varying tones of wisdom, but always with honesty, high self-respect and patriotism, until it left his countrymen as the finest Englishman in history. From that moment the current of the other way Public opinion, almost slow to yield its rooted convictions, relinquished them with reluctance in this case. But as soon as Carlyle's book began to be read and understood the cloud of prejudice, which had so long rested upon Cromwell's fame was dissipated, and the piercing light of truth revealed his character in unspotted integrity and honor.

THE ROUGH RIDERS AT SEA.

We marched out on the wharf and up an inclined plane, which was almost vertical, through the side door of a good-sized iron steamer, the Yucatan, No. 8. Inside, between decks, we found that after the iron banks built up these high walls were between for a medium-sized man to squeeze into. Then, if he wasn't too long, he could stretch out at full length. Colonel Wood stood at the top of the inclined plane, quiet, courteous and kindly as ever, and told us to get into the bunks, two in each, until we were ready to start. As we lay there in these narrow, gray-bunked bunks we began to realize the depths to which we had sunk. Most of us had been accustomed to the wide prairies, and to thus be shut up in such a close, foul-smelling space was Lorraine. We prayed that the expedition would make an early start and a quick passage.

THE ROUGH RIDERS AT SEA.

We lay in the harbor day after day, the vessels describing circles about their anchors each day and upsetting our ideas of direction. Some of the boys had secured fish lines and caught queer looking specimens of salt-water fish. Then we bathed. The doors opening from the lower deck, the basement, were but a few feet above the water, and the men dived into the brine from here, until, as they gradually grew more venturesome, they ascended deck after deck, until they were plunging from the spar deck, twenty odd feet above water. The first porpoises we saw came somersaulting in one day, and some of the bathers thought they were sharks and began to paddle frantically towards home. A panic ensued, and some records in short-distance swimming were broken then and there.

THE ROUGH RIDERS AT SEA.

The cook's galley was the center of interest for the enlisted men. Hungry men hung about all day long trying to make friends with the cook, who at times was very condescendingly so, cup of soup or a piece of bread for 25 or 50 cents. One happy day I was successful in completing a transaction which involved the transfer of a pan of tapioca pudding for and in consideration of \$1. The party of the second part consisted of four hungry soldiers, and the pudding produced a deliciously sweet taste in our four mouths, which lingered with us until dried out and annihilated by Armour & Co.'s prime roast beef. The pudding appeared to be about three inches thick, but, on investigation, it was shown to be but one inch in thickness, with two inches of tin dressing on it. I spoke to the cook about the deceitful appearance of the pudding, and after casting a glance about the galley, he said, "Come in here and unbutton your shirt," leading the way into a narrow passage, where he took a knife into me and wondered why he was unwilling to put his knife through my blue shirt as well as I followed him into the dark, where my eyes fell on a row of carp, brown pieces. He slipped it into my bosom. I retreated to my bunk, where I had a long battle with the devil, but was finally victorious, and summoned my three confederates and divided up.

THE ROUGH RIDERS AT SEA.

There was a little swiveling table on our deck where the seamen ate, and we soldiers swarmed about it at meal times like bees around a clover, getting at such luxuries as boiled fresh beef, vegetables, soft bread, butter, sugar, and even pudding. I know precisely how a dog feels a picnic when he sits in the background watching, watching, studying faces to see if a mate appears, and calculating on the probable capacity of each diner. The soldiers were careful not to catch our eye, but a noble-hearted fellow, would slip a piece of beef or potato behind him, where it would be safe from a rush was made on the table, the mess boys ignored the dog feeling a picnic when he sits in the background watching, watching, studying faces to see if a mate appears, and calculating on the probable capacity of each diner.

65 Swell Styles CHILDREN'S HATS 45c THE Couple 40 Styles NOBBY BIKE CAPS 25c

Such Three Days' Sale

As were accomplished by us last Thursday, Friday and Saturday have rarely been equaled in the history of the clothing business in this city. What did it? The answer is plain. It was lower price for better goods than had ever been offered in Indianapolis before. The first purchasers at our opening sale told their friends, their friends came and told their friends, and the result was a perfect avalanche of trade for the new store. We are spurred on by this success to even greater deeds, therefore we have determined that not any one day but all the time the greatest bargains that it is possible to give will be given by this store. For the coming week we offer the following:

MEN'S TOP COATS \$10.00 MEN'S SPRING SUITS \$12.00 OUR UN-SURPASSED HATS \$1.90 SPECIAL FOR MONDAY ONLY Men's Unlaundered Shirts of fine cotton and pure linen linen bosom; our regular 50-cent shirt, Monday only. 39c Men's Black Hose of the regular 10-cent kind, Monday only. 5c Japonette Handkerchiefs in new designs, the 15c kind, Monday, while they last. 7c

Come here with the expectation of getting fair treatment and honest values and you'll not be disappointed, and remember this is a safe store to trade in, because it's money back here for the asking. L. Strauss & Co., 5 and 7 W. Washington St.



General Arthur Ten-Cent Cigars

Contain ten cents' worth of the best tobacco and ten dollars' worth of satisfaction. Sold by all dealers and smoked by all lovers of a good cigar. LOUIS G. DESCHLER, Distributer.

Not to know a bicycle before buying it is like buying a horse before trying it.

Nearly ever one knows . . . . .

The Waverley Bicycles. Are made, giving you positive evidence of the superb quality of workmanship and material used in their construction from the raw material to the PERFECT BICYCLE. Come in whether you want to buy a bicycle or not, and learn how a really high-grade bicycle is made . . . . .

Our IVANHOE LINE at from \$25 to \$35. Are up-to-date, honest bicycles, not equaled by the output of any other factory at an equal price.

Indiana Bicycle Co., Pennsylvania and Ohio Streets.

The Sunday Journal, by Mail, \$2 Per Annum