

ALONG THE WAY.  
My path is lost, I lost to sight,  
My way is gone;  
Grant me, O God, strength yet to fight—  
To struggle on.

Although no more I see the light  
That guided long,  
For its own sake to do the right—  
To hate the wrong!  
—Leslie's Monthly Magazine.

### WHAT HAPPENS IN BOOKS.

"I'm sorry it's over," she said. "It's been such fun." She laughed softly. "Such fun! Oh, you don't know."  
He glanced at her a little uneasily in the gloom. They were standing under the trees, and there was no one near. He slipped his arm round her and kissed her.  
"Are you really sorry, darling?" he said.  
She laughed again.  
"Yes, dreadfully. To-morrow, it'll all be cleared up."  
"Cleared up?"  
She put her hand on his arm and drew him further under the trees.  
"Yes, come. I'll tell you all about it."  
"Who's that?"  
He peered at two figures in light dresses, vanishing in front of him.  
"Miss Vining and somebody I don't know. They're gone now."  
She laughed again.  
"Miss Vining! . . . Oh, it's too lovely!"  
He glanced at her suspiciously once more.  
"Too lovely—what's too lovely? I thought Miss Vining was a great friend of yours."  
"So she is. Don't you think it's very nice for me to have a friend like Miss Vining—such a rich friend—to take me about and do nice things?"  
"I suppose so," he said, without enthusiasm. "She's very rich—of course."  
"Immense! Money's nothing to her. She's a dear, too—a real dear," she added, after a moment.  
He did not answer. The subject seemed to embarrass him.  
"At least," she amended, "she is, you know, only—I'm getting mixed. But I must tell you to-night, somehow."  
"What?"  
She patted his arm softly with her fingers.  
"I should have liked to have kept it a secret until the last moment," she said, "until I had to give you a wedding present, you know." He winced under the light touch of her fingers.  
"Why are you squirming about like that, Dick? I shall have to give you a wedding present. It's quite the proper thing. Bride to bridegroom—a—"  
"She broke off with a little triumphant smile. "I'm not sure I can tell you—it's so delicious to think you don't know."  
He was silent for a minute. She was really very puzzling—and distracting—pretty. He bent and kissed her again.  
She looked up suddenly.  
"You do care—don't you, Dick?" she said. "You do really care?"  
"I care more than anything in the world," he said earnestly. ". . . After all, there was time to break it."  
"Break it?"  
"Yes, I know you're going to tell you, so we are good friends always, and one of us was rich, and one of us was poor, and the one that was rich decided to come to England, and take the one that was poor with her."  
"Yes?" he said, incomprehensibly, as she paused.  
"Well, you know, in books, when there are two girls like that, they play a trick . . . At least, they did in a book we were reading just then."  
"What trick?" he said, with growing uneasiness.  
"They change places. The rich girl takes the poor girl's place, and—"  
His quick movement started her.  
"She looked up, but it was too dark to see his face clearly. "What trick?"  
"Nothing," he said, in an odd voice. "Go on."  
"And I said, 'Oh, do let us do that,' and she didn't mind—she said it would be rather fun. So we did."  
"Did what?" he asked, desperately.  
"Changed places—what a dear old stupid you are! Changed names, I'm Mamie Vining."  
There was a dead silence. The man's face wore an indescribable expression. "She could have seen it."  
"Do you mind my having such a lot of money?" she said. "I know you don't think much of money—you're said so more than once. Don't you remember what you said about people who marry for money? Well, you sort of marry me for mine, at any rate."  
There was a light step behind. They turned to find the girl who was not Mamie Vining standing beside them.  
"Her friend held out her hand to her. 'Oh, Helen, I want to tell you—I want you to be the first to know,' she said. 'I'm engaged to Dick. Will you congratulate us, please?'"  
Helen stood still and looked at them. There was a great pity in her eyes.  
"No," she said, slowly; "I don't think I will."  
Mamie Vining stared.  
"Why not?"  
"Her friend put an arm around her, and drew her away from the man, who stood motionless under the shadow of the trees."  
"Because Mr. Vance proposed to me this afternoon," she said, "and I was fool enough to—accept him. Forgive me, Mamie—I didn't know. You needn't mind it—it was the money he wanted—not me."  
"You did that?" she said. "Oh, Dick—you did that? You were playing with me; and all the time you didn't mean anything?"  
"I loved you," he said, desperately.  
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". . . She put out her hands with a sudden gesture of dismissal, of farewell. "Please go," she said. "It's all you can do—please go."  
"It was my fault," she said to Helen, when he had gone. "It was a trick, after all—it wasn't fair. But in a book—"  
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### POPE PIUS IN THE VATICAN GARDENS.



POPE PIUS is more fond of exercise than is revealed of any of his predecessors. While he is bound in the nature of his office to go no further from Rome than is possible in traversing the Vatican gardens, he penetrates to the remotest parts of these grounds and spends a great deal of time in the open air. He is generally accompanied in his walks by Cardinal Merry del Val, with whom he is on the most intimate terms. The Pope recently announced his intention of procuring an automobile, as with this means of transportation it will be possible for him to visit any part of the spacious grounds without undue exertion.

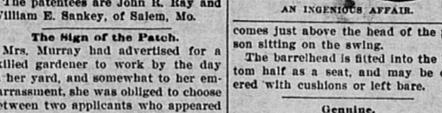
feeding serving their route in order to feed their horses. This is also the case on Sundays with all drivers of teams. Automatic time stock feeders are not new to the trades, by any means, but few are as simple as the one shown in the illustration. This is so constructed that the feed may be automatically released at a predetermined



THE BARREL SWING.

This picture will show you how to make a barrel swing. They are novel and comfortable, and look very quaint hanging from the porch of a country house.

All you have to do is to saw away a part of the barrel, as the picture shows, and screw four stout screws into the four sides of the barrel. To these are fastened ropes, which meet above on an iron ring which



AN INGENIOUS AFFAIR.

comes just above the head of the person sitting on the swing.

The barrelhead is fitted into the bottom half as a seat, and may be covered with cushions or left bare.

### PREPARING FOR IT.

(Cincinnati Post.)



"Political Spellbinders in the Rural Districts Are Warming Up for the Campaign."—News Item

### WHAT THE BUGLES TELL IN THE ARMY AND NAVY



Those who know anything of the daily routine of army posts and on board our ships of war it is hardly necessary to say that the note of the bugle is the most familiar sound of a soldier's or sailor's life. There is scarcely an hour of the day that the bugle does not sound, heralding some drill, formation or inspection, and to the soldier and sailor alike, sleeping or waking, it becomes an ever-present accompaniment. If not regarded as the clock-work of a day, as such, then, there must be some interest attached to the meaning of the signals which it conveys, how they can be understood and distinguished apart. As a military adjunct the bugle is doubtless of extreme antiquity. Trumpets were carried by the Persians among the hosts of Xerxes, and in its many varieties the bugle was a favorite with ancient warriors. It even seems to antedate all other musical instruments, as it appeared on the Egyptian hieroglyphs at Thebes, on the stone reliefs in the Druid's in the British Museum, in the pictures of Grecian mythology and in the legends of the fall of Troy. A horn or perforated

shell was the most primitive and common form of this prehistoric trumpet, which, in its evolution, has produced this present bugle. Its earliest recorded use was the long-stemmed bugle of the Greeks, which was distributed to Gabriel and angel orchestras, and by successive gradations its pedigree can be easily traced down to the shining, metallic and beautifully finished cornet of to-day. But as it is the desire of the writer to make the military use of this instrument more familiar to the many who know of it only in a general way, it is with that end in view that he selects the bugle or trumpet as his theme.

The words "bugle" and "bugler" are frequently used indiscriminately, although in a technical sense the former is the instrument especially belonging to the cavalry or mounted troops, while the latter is the one most often used in the infantry. The two instruments differ but slightly from one another.

The bugle calls in use in the army and navy are not, as many might suppose, rude and unmeaning blasts, without rhyme or reason, and sounded simply at random, but each has a special

and peculiar significance, which is soon learned and, to those accustomed to the sound of the bugle, as readily understood as any spoken language.

In the "skirmish" or extended order drills on shore or on command by word of mouth are necessary, but the trumpet, or "field music," accompanying the officer who designates the desired maneuver, voices the warning for its execution on his bugle. The last note is the signal of execution, at which the movement indicated is promptly performed. "Attention, forward," "rise," "halt," "lie down," "rally by squad," "deploy," "commence firing," "cease firing," "to the rear," and many like movements are all perfectly intelligible to the soldier or the well-trained "blue jacket," and require no word of command to interpret their meaning.

At our military posts the frequently recurring routine calls serve to indicate the hour of the day for the officers and their families who regulate their clocks by them and who rarely need to consult their timepieces when without in sound of the bugle. They regulate their engagements to a nicety by these

calls, "all hands to muster," "turn out," "clear the decks," "clean bright quarters for mess," "church," "retreat," "color evolutions," "fire," "exercises, boat calls," "abandon ship," "cutting out," "books on boats," "assembly for drill and ceremonies," "hammocks," and "tattoo" (9 o'clock), have been usurped by the busy bugle.

At the United States Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md., all the study, recreation and recreation calls for the cadets are sounded by it, and, together with its military companion, the drum, it plays an important role in the routine life of these embryo officers, thus accustoming them to its constant use when they go out into the service at the end of their four years' course.

This assumption of the essentially military instrument by the navy is but one of the many proofs that this branch of our service is growing military as well as scientific, and reluctant as are some old barnacles to confess it, the day is not far distant when every ship of war will be a floating fortress, garrisoned by soldiers, governed by nearly the same regulations as are practiced on shore and officered by skilled artillerymen, to whom the traditions of the sea, except in the use of the extant, will be a thing of the past.

The sailor, or "man-of-war'sman," as he was once known, indeed, except in dress and appearance, has almost entirely disappeared from the seas. He no longer eats his "baked beans" and "horse" and "rope-yarn junk" from a tarpaulin spread on deck, but now sits at table and has often as many delicacies as are to be found in the ward-room mess.

It has no more "readings" and "landings" sail to do, but must be an expert mechanic or artilleryman, skilled in machinery, armament and torpedoed and in stinging and firing modern breech-loading cannon.

While at the wheel he cannot watch, as he used to do, the weather leech it "lifting" or "falling" and be ready to "tuck" or "let her go off a point," but

routine garrison calls, which are as constant and unchangeable as the sun in its course: Army bugles learn to hum them when they are only big enough to toddle and lisp, and army mothers and housekeepers regulate their household duties by the hours and such family calls, "retreat," "tattoo," "quarters" and "taps." All these are equally familiar to the garrison dwellers, whether in barracks or "officers row," and to many of them rhyming words have been so cleverly fitted by the soldiers themselves that the very notes seem to speak the meaning expressed by the call.

After people pass fifty they become philosophic. That is, they don't let grief worry them at meal time. It's indigestion that worries them at meal time.

A woman fuses at a man a fuses to cut the grass, and then she fuses at him for the rest of the season because he cut some plants in doing it.

### POLITICS OF THE DAY

Dispersment of White House Treasures  
The attempt to thrust into the White House has been irretrievably ruled by the modern and garish way it has been remodeled by President Roosevelt.

Where Part of the Republican Campaign Fund Comes From.  
The attempt to thrust into the voters' eyes by the pretense that the Republican National Committee is short of cash, is hardly consistent with the report that the head lobbyist of the Panama Canal sale has paid Mr. Cortelyou \$400,000 that he promised Senator Hanna, for the treaty was ratified. There was considerable consternation when Hanna died amongst the principal Republican leaders as to whether that promise to Hanna would be kept, but the chief Panama conspirator kept his word and came up to the captain's office and settled like a little man. It was also reported that a large sum, said to be \$200,000, has been forthcoming from J. Pierpont Morgan as part of the bargain that gave him the control of the Panama payment to the French company. The support of President Roosevelt by the Sun, which is largely owned by Morgan, is doubtless part of the same bargain. Panama has been an unavailing mess from its inception and does not seem to have improved in favor since it has been transferred to this country. That President Roosevelt should be even cognizant of the bribery and corruption is unfortunate, but that he is benefiting by personally is deplorable.

The Feast of the Graters.  
The Populist National Committee have struck oil, or still better, have the wind for money for them. The nomination of their national candidates was held at Coopers' Union, with bands and all the paraphernalia that accompany such meetings. All of this cost money, and lots of it, probably \$10,000. Where did it come from? The Washington Post says that the Republican campaign money, so as to boom the Populist ticket and draw votes from the Democrats. As the Post has always had inside knowledge of Republican doings, it doubtless knows what it is talking about. Most of the Populist voters are honest, but some of the leaders have sold out to the Republicans in former elections and will do it again, with the Republican campaign fund amply provided for from the Panama deal with J. Pierpont Morgan and the Rockefeller interest.

Ship Subsidy to Be Revived.  
Of course Secretary Shaw directly represents the President in his public announcements and speeches. When he spoke at the banquet given by the New York Chamber of Commerce last November at Delmonico's, he was enthusiastic for the ship-subsidy bill, if no other way could be devised of increasing the merchant marine. As the junketing committee of Congress, headed by Senator Gallinger, has been holding meetings all over the country on purpose to gather evidence in favor of the ship-subsidy bill, there is no doubt that such a message will be forced through Congress if money and influence will do it. President Roosevelt has virtually endorsed the program that effectively this year for re-employment of the ship-subsidy bill, and the only message left to stop the steel is for the people to defeat those who voted for it. Nearly every Republican member of the United States Senate is on record as voting in its favor, and several of the Democrats are on record for re-election. The bill was not voted upon in the House of Representatives.

Political Potpourri.  
The Republicans want "the support" of Wall street, but they wish Mr. Morgan and Mr. Rockefeller would not be so positive about it as to attract attention.

Senator Lodge wishes he had allowed those reciprocity treaties to come to a vote in the Senate and the business men of Massachusetts would take more stock in his present pretended reciprocity sentiments.

They had met the terrible Turk and vanquished him without even a smell of powder, and if some other country does not give our navy a job there will be nothing for it to do but come home and dance attendance on the Four Hundred at Newport.

Secretary Shaw has started out on his spell-binding tour, and will tell the voters that high trust prices are a sure sign of prosperity, and that if the Democrats are allowed to push him away from the official throne there will be disaster for everyone.

The news from Oyster Bay is of a very contradictory character. It is given out daily that President Roosevelt will not interfere in New York politics, and at the same breath it is declared that about all the leading politicians have been invited to come and "talk it over."

Another concentrated order has been issued by Governor Wright in the Philippines, and yet President Roosevelt tells us that everything is moving along peacefully there. I old General Weyer were alive how he would laugh at our efforts and our adoption of his Cuban system of "benevolent assimilation."

Flour has gone up one dollar a barrel, but the price of radium has decreased one million dollars a pound. Carroll D. Wright of the National Bureau, will have to get out another bulletin and show that living expenses are stationary, for flour and radium will offset each other, according to his way of figuring.

There is great rejoicing in Delaware. Addicks has announced that he will be a candidate and he is elected or dies, and that every Republican, especially the colored brethren, should register and be prepared to vote. There is a rush to register, but the voting will not proceed very lively until the cash is produced.

The Republican campaign book might be called an official document; it should be entitled to free distribution through the mails under frank, for it was prepared in a government department. It is a wonder the Republican National Committee did not have the gall to print the book at the government printing office.

The Filipinos may be getting all the freedom they are capable of enjoying, but the Americans in the Philippines would prefer having a jury trial instead of being tried by a Spanish judge. If the Constitution had followed the flag to the Philippines, the editors lately convicted of a scandal would possibly be enjoying more comfortable quarters.

A press dispatch says a special agent of the Department of Commerce and Labor is investigating the beef strike. If President Roosevelt would use the mass of information already gathered to criminally prosecute the beef trust he would help the beef consumers and the strikers at the same time. One beef baron in jail would bring the whole crew to terms.

The Republican campaign book is out, and for the asking anyone can learn the real truth about Teddy and the trusts. How to have reciprocity without reciprocating; how the door has been opened in China, but we can't get in; how honestly and capably the administration has run the government without fraud or guile;