

THE OLDEST VOLUNTEER.

A New York State doctor, aged 100, volunteered his services to the President recently, and expressed a desire to enter the army as a surgeon. Even at his advanced years he can read without glasses, and walk 10 to 15 miles a day. The oldest standard medicine is Hostetler's Stomach Bitters, which has no equal for indigestion, dyspepsia, constipation, fevers and bad blood. It strengthens, purifies and vitalizes. One bottle does much good.

Friendship.

Hazen—I like to see a man stick by his friends. Now, for instance, if a man told you I was an ass you wouldn't join right in with him, would you?
Dilby—No, sir, I'd rebuke him. I'd tell him that the truth should not be spoken on all occasions.—Boston Transcript.

Dear Madam:

Your grocer is authorized to pay you back your money if you don't like Schilling's Best baking powder.

No questions asked.

San Francisco, A. Schilling & Company

An Important Coachman.

A large part of the charm of the altogether charming city of Washington is found among the blacks. The drivers, for example, of the various dilapidated coaches, which are to be seen in every carriage, are thoroughly amusing. One who drove a large, lank animal built on the lines of a wooden horse and with little more spirit in him than the box of a four wheeler that would have disgraced the stables of a country inn. The flourish and elegance of that coachman, however, were as fine as if he wore the liveries of the president and held the ribbons over the most prancing steeds. He kept his eyes inflexibly fixed upon the ears of his horse and drew up at a destination with the air of reining in a mettlesome charger. When his carriage was emptied, he passed on with a flourish and sweep, headed around and at once put his entire outfit at sharp attention. The ceremony of approaching the curb, on seeing his fare reappear, was equally imposing. His green driver's coat was ragged and shabby, his hat was slightly battered and knew no shine, his whip was as destitute of springs as were the seats of his brougham, and the rough coat of his steed was all that saved the animal from gaunt denunciation, yet over the whole establishment that inimitable dandy contrived to throw an air of elegance that was as serious as laughable.—New York Post.

About Telegraph Poles.

The number of poles used for telegraph wires per mile varies from 20 to 22 on minor lines to 27 to 30 on main lines. These poles are of regulation height, in order that the lowest wire shall not be less than 12 feet from the ground, and as the poles are set into the ground from 4 to 6 feet they measure from 20 to 22 feet in length. The sag, or dip, varies of course with the number of poles per mile and the condition of the atmosphere, but the average is about 14 feet.

The Brooklyn Malt Vinegar Works and the Manhattan Yeast company, have been closed by government officials for extensive work in making illicit whisky.

Rose Dates.

Few persons who are more than a little fond of particular varieties of roses are aware of how recent is a reality strong individuality in foreign varieties of their favorite flower.

The Gloire de Dijon dates from 1853. The General Jacquemont was offered to the public in 1859. The Marcechal Niel (which beautiful rose seems lately unjustly out of vogue) was perfected in 1864. La France came in 1868. The Mme. Isaac-Pereire is of 1850. La Reine is almost the oldest of the hybrids still beloved, having made its success in 1843.

The new and assumed varieties now put forth annually still reach the number of 70 or 80, but the majority of them have no decisive characteristics to enable them to hold their own against others. The American Beauty and Catherine Mermet are the most significant additions within a few seasons to the general catalogue and not yet in universal favor.—Harper's Weekly.

Are We Inhuman?

Prate of humanity? Rot! What did the United States do to the Indians? Remember Wind river. Three thousand red men, women and children were corralled there, and 1,000 of them escaped. The others? Oh, they couldn't escape! Weren't able to. They were starved to death. Dying babes nursed mothers whose breasts afforded no nourishment.

Oh Tippecanoe, the grandfather of "Our Ben," handled the Indians without gloves. In one of his campaigns he supposed his arms had destroyed every buck, squaw and papoose, but one day a soldier brought to his tent a fat young man who had escaped the general massacre by hiding under a tepee. "What shall I do with him, general?"

"Kill him," was the mandate of the "Washington of the West." "Nits make lice."—New York Press.

Ingenuity of Boys.

In physics and natural history there are opportunities to direct and control the out of school activities of young people of which the enthusiastic teacher of science is not slow to avail himself, says D. S. Sanford in The Atlantic. One of the most astonishing facts of the time is the ingenuity of boys in constructing electrical apparatus, with but a few hints and out of the most meager materials. I know boys who have belt lines of electric tramways circulating in their garrets, and a boy who last year was the despair of his teachers won deserved recognition in the manual training exhibit as the clever inventor of a most ingenious electric boat. An invitation to boys to bring to school products of their own ingenuity, or the natural history specimens that they have collected, will result in an exhibition which in variety and quality will be a revelation to one who is not used to following them in these interests.

So general and so wholesome a tendency is too significant to be ignored, and yet one almost hesitates to meddle with it lest official recognition may rob it of its independence and spontaneity. With sympathy from the school, however, it may be directed and made more intelligent. Interest in nature, for instance, may help to fill profitably the long summer vacations.

ETYMOLOGY OF "HURRAH."

Mr. Spratley Says That We Get It From Ancient Egypt.

W. J. Spratley, to use his plain English name, has favored us with a copy of a letter he has addressed to The Institute and Lecturers' Gazette on the etymology of the word "Hurrah!" which Mr. Spratley spells "Hoorah!" We have been vaguely cherishing the idea that it had a Russian origin, but Mr. Spratley takes us to ancient Egypt in his etymological search. He thinks "there can be no doubt that the Egyptian soldiers went into battle to the inspiring cheer of 'HooRa! HooRa! HooRa!'" and if the average questioning man asks why, he staggers him with this: "Be-came HooRa (in the tongue of the Thothmes and Rameses) means 'The king, the king, the king!' Yes, more. As 'Ra' means not only king, but also God and man, the concentrated meaning of the cry would be, 'For God, king and country!' What more loyal, what more patriotic, what more devout?"

But less we should haply still doubt, Mr. Spratley clinches the matter by citing, in corroboration, the fact that his name, in Egyptian roots, is Sa-pa-Ra-ta-y, or Sa-pa-Hoo-Ra-ta-y, which means "Son of heaven, king of the two hemispheres," and if the authority of a gentleman of this descent is not good enough for the mere doubter, even Mr. Sa-pa, etc., may well despair of settling the matter. He also says that Mr. Spratley's sign also came from any thing—and this is an open question—in his Egyptian roots, is Sa-pa-Ra-ta-y, or "Emperor of the World." But what we chiefly like it for is that it seems to settle another point that may well have baffled the philologist—namely, the genesis of the once familiar refrain "Ta-ra-boom-de-ay." Is it possible that Miss Lottie Collins and the street urchin have been singing ancient Egyptian, as Mr. Jourdain spoke prose, without knowing it?—London Chronicle.

Flower Painters.

About the last literary work completed by the late Cora Stuart Wheeler was a beautiful tribute to "Some Court Painters to Queen Rose" published in The Woman's Home Companion, in which she says:

"As a rule, women make the best flower painters. The men who excel in this branch of art are comparatively few, even when we consider the small number of artists of both sexes who have acquired reputation in the picturing of flowers. The reason is not difficult to see. The average woman has a fondness for flowers which brings her into the closest sympathy with them and enables her to appreciate and understand them as men seldom do. In the interpretation of certain subtle phases of floral life her sensitive temperament and the peculiarly sympathetic feeling that she is apt to bring to her labor of love especially qualify her for engaging in this department of picture making. In point of technical ability some marvelously clever work has been done by artists of the gentler sex in the reproduction of flowers and in the treatment of difficult subjects."

The Department of Marine at Ottawa, Ont., received last night from Washington a check for \$175,000, the amount of the award to Canadian sealers in the Bering Sea.

WARSHIP WORSHIP.

HOW JACK "RIGGS CHURCH" IN UNCLE SAM'S NAVY.

Divine Service on Sunday on Board a United States Man-of-war and How It Is Conducted—The Church Ensign and Its Meaning—The Chaplain.

When there is seen flying from the gaff of a United States man-of-war a small, white triangular pennant, bearing on its field a blue Greek cross near the pike or halyard, it is a signal that divine service is being held on board. "Rig church!" is one of the regular naval orders, issued usually at about 10:30 on Sunday morning.

Church is "rigged" in various places according to the construction of the vessel and according to the weather conditions. If the day is fine and not too cold, the quarter deck will probably be selected, although in some ships it is customary to hold the service on the forward part of the gun deck. In stormy weather the berth deck below is used, where the men may be under shelter, though they are more cramped for room.

Assuming that the service is to be held on the quarter deck, the arrangements for it will proceed about like this: When the bugler gives the signal, the "church ensign" is hoisted to the gaff, and some of the men, under the direction of an officer, bestir themselves busily in making the simple preparations which are necessary.

A table or desk, covered with the American flag, is placed at the end of the quarter deck for the chaplain. A few wardrobe chairs are brought up from below and ranged along the starboard side, where the officers are to assemble, and benches or captain bars resting on buckets make seats for the crew on the port side.

The organ—for every ship that has a chaplain is provided with an instrument of this nature—is put in a convenient place. If there is a band, and its services are desired, a few musicians are selected and stationed near by. Then the ship's bell is tolled for about five minutes, giving the officers and men, wherever they may be on board, sufficient time to assemble, if they are so inclined.

The boatswain may call down the hatchways "Silence, fore and aft, during divine service!" but it is well understood by the entire crew that the ship must be quiet now for about three-quarters of an hour. Finally the bell stops, the captain, after a glance around, makes a sign to the chaplain that all is ready, and the service begins.

How it is conducted depends upon the denomination to which the chaplain belongs, and various sects are represented among the naval clergymen. The singing, accompanied by the organ, which is played either by an officer or by some musician among the crew, is generally fine. The men enjoy it, and their voices ring out strong and fresh in the open air.

During the prayers they are required to remove their caps, but throughout the rest of the service they may remain covered. When it is over, the order to "Pine down!" is given, and church is "unrigged." Sometimes an evening service is also held, but this is not the general custom.

Attendance at church on the warships is of course not compulsory, but the officers

furnishing an example, and most of them usually do, accompanied by perhaps about half the crew—sometimes more and sometimes less.

Let by no means all the ships of the navy are provided with chaplains. For the 60 or more war vessels now effective for service there are fewer than 40 chaplains, or less than one for every two ships. They are attached to the largest and most important vessels, where their ministrations may reach the greatest number of persons.

A queer incident happened a few years ago, when one of the modern cruisers was put into commission. It had been intended that she should carry a chaplain, but when the officers' quarters were completed it was found that his room had been entirely overlooked. No accommodation for him thus being available, the ship put to sea without a chaplain and did not have one for at least two years.

In an action the chaplain's duties are with the sick and wounded. Occasionally, however, his aid has been required at the guns, and in many instances the chaplains have proved themselves heroic fighters as well as good preachers. In the old days of the navy the chaplain wore the full uniform of his rank—lieutenant, lieutenant commander or commander—but it is now customary for him to wear a suit of black or the regular costume of whatever church he represents, sometimes with the insignia of his rank upon his sleeve.—New York Tribune.

Did Loti Tell the Truth?

"Can you or can you not trust novels for a true picture of life?" asked a gentleman who reads much. "Not long ago I read Pierre Loti's beautiful story, founded on personal adventures in the tropical island of Tahiti. The author was a naval officer on a French vessel and was stationed for many months at Tahiti, a bit of land lost in the vastness of the Pacific. While there he fell in love with a beautiful young native girl and married her according to the customs of Oceania."

"His book deals with the idyllic days that he spent in her company; with her artless manners and strange, imaginative nature. But in this book he gave reason to believe that nearly all of the naval officers were enamored with the pretty native girls, and thereby hangs a tale. A few days ago I happened to meet an officer of a Danish ship, and he told me that Loti caused a great deal of annoyance to his married friends by his island stories."

"When they arrived in France, after the publication of the book, their wives asked them very awkward questions, and they were kept in a stew for many months. Whenever anything unpleasant happened, the girls of Tahiti would be the subject of a very animated conversation. As a result they were forced to tell their wives that Loti's book did not present a true picture of life in Tahiti. Now, did it or did it not?"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Change of Opinion.

"There's a good deal of human nature in a puppy," remarked the philosopher, calmly watching Fido tearing his best hat to pieces. "Almost as destructive as one of my little nephews."

Mrs. Bouncer—Why, professor, don't you see he's got your hat!

The Professor—Thunder, so he has! I thought it was one of the boarders' hats. Take that, you whelp!

A MODEL WIFE.

She Dons Black In Memory of Her Un-mourning Predecessor.

He had asked her to be "his'n," and she had made up her mind that she had "worked out" long enough anyway. So she accepted him. She was perfectly satisfied with her place, but she wanted to have a house of her own. So they were married.

It wasn't long afterward that she came back to see her former mistress about something, and the latter noticed that she was wearing mourning. Of course she was sorry for her and was rather surprised that she made no mention of her bereavement. It is, indeed, a grievous thing when a honeymoon is so short.

Finally the former mistress brought up the subject herself.

"You are in mourning, Maggie," she suggested.

"Yes," replied Maggie complacently, "with no show of feeling at all. 'I t'ought it was the least I could do for 'im."

"It is showing no more than proper respect of course. I am very sorry. It must have been a great shock."

"Great shock!" exclaimed Maggie in surprise. Then as she grasped the idea she went on, "Oh, he ain't dead," with the accent on "he."

"You haven't lost your husband?" Maggie shook her head.

"Just to please the poor lad," answered Maggie. "You see, it's this way," she went on when she had decided to tell the story. "After we was married he comes to me an he says, 'Maggie,' he says, 'the poor woman niver had anybody to put on mourning for her, an I dunno that she's been treated right,' he says 'Who?' says I. 'Me first wife,' says he. 'She was all alone in the world, except for me,' he says. 'She had no wimmen folks to wear mourning for her.' And so I says to him, 'I'll do it for the poor woman,' I says. An here I am."

And the best of it is that the story is absolutely true.—Chicago Post.

The Fare and the Fin.

A good story is told of a certain Scotch halle who, on rising one morning, found that he had overslept himself and had but a few minutes in which to keep a most important appointment. Making a hurried toilet, he rushed from the house and hailed a passing jehu.

"Drive me," he said to the man, "to the courts of justice with all possible speed. On no account delay an instant."

Faithful to his instructions, the driver urged his steed to its very utmost. Faster and faster they went until, after an exciting drive, he deposited his fare at his destination in time for the appointment, but not before he had damaged a passing vehicle in his mad career. The halie, on alighting, handed him his fare, with the addition of a substantial tip, and then, to the man's astonishment, pressed 30 shillings into his hand, at the same time saying: "Here's 30 shillings, my man. You will be brought before me tomorrow for furious driving, and I shall fine you that amount."

A Boston fruit company has shown its sympathy for the wounded American soldiers by dispatching a shipment of bananas and other fruits to that fever-stricken port.

Warm Weather

WEAKNESS is quickly overcome by the toning and blood enriching qualities of Hood's Sarsaparilla. This great medicine cures that tired feeling almost as quickly as the sun dispels the morning mist. It also cures pimples, boils, salt rheum, scrofula and all other troubles originating in bad, impure blood.

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Government Secret Codes.

Every government and almost every department has its secret codes of signs, figures or words devised by some clever code composer for use in the transmission of messages of supreme importance and with regard to which secrecy is of vital consideration. One which is said to be the cleverest of all those now in use is employed by the United States state department. It is called the "sphinx." The "sphinx" was devised by one of the officials in the state department and is as susceptible to changes as the combination lock of a safe. Hundreds of messages have been sent by it, and it defies all attempts to unravel its meaning by those unacquainted with the key.

The United States Spirit association, the combination which proposes to control absolutely the whisky business of the country has been formed at Cincinnati.

REMEMBER

if you are dissatisfied with the size of piece or with the quality of the chewing tobacco you are using—

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and you'll get your money's worth. The 10-cent piece of **Battle Ax** is larger than the 10-cent piece of any other brand of the same high quality, and is the largest piece of really good chewing tobacco that is sold for 10 cents.

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