

May Succeed General Miles



MAJ. GEN. SAMUEL B. M. YOUNG.

The recent changes in the Army make General Samuel B. M. Young the senior Major General. As such he is directly in line to succeed Lieutenant General Miles as the head of the United States Army.

Ping-pong Balls Used In England as Post-Cards

Liverpool postmen have recently been in a state bordering on distraction, says Tit-Bits. Some foolish person in that city inaugurated a new fashion of using ping pong balls as postcards.

bachelor of whom it was said that he once wrote a proposal of marriage to a lady on the back of a £50 note, and because it was sent back without a word of comment by the recipient refused ever afterwards to have anything to do with the fair sex.

THE TRIBUTE OF TOMMY

The tropship's in the harbor, And we are bound for home, And once we land on our native strand.

'E allus was a tyin' He'd no more bloom in 'im, And e'd blaze away in a manner gay.

—Sydney Row, in Washington Times.

Story of Thatcher's Woe

A TALE OF THE SEA

"There's Thatcher's across the bay, lad," said an old man, "and while we're making for it, I'll tell you its story. I've heard it many times, and I've seen the hardest and the bestest how in reverence as they listened to the lesson of the wreck of the Confidence and of the faith of Parson Avery.

In the childhood of our country, the Rev. John Avery came from Wiltshire, Eng., to the settlement at Newbury, upon his chosen mission of preaching the gospel.

"The minister labored hard, his good works became widely known, and he was called by the hardy fishermen of Marblehead. So in August, 1635, he boarded the staunch pinnace Confidence, which plied among the coast settlements between Boston and Piscataqua, to sail to Marblehead.

"It was one of those ideal August days that make a man rejoice to live when the Confidence sailed down Ipswich bay. The rugged green coast and the sun, sinking to a golden red bed, seemed to bid an affectionate good-by to the departing company.

"The wind blew fresh from the southward during the day, and it increased with the coming of night, and the pinnace was unable to round Cape Ann. For two long days the boat made a gallant struggle against contrary winds, and, night coming on, and the wind freshening to a gale, the captain over anchor to ride out the storm.

"It was a wild and black night for Ipswich bay. The little boat was tossed about on the great waves like a leaf in the wind. Not a sound was heard but the angry roar of the sea. Not a thing was seen but the yawning waves,

Thatcher's then bore no guiding beams. The anchors dragged. The children gathered in terror about their parents. He not afraid, my little ones," gently spoke the minister. "He who calmed the sea at Galilee watches over us."

"Crash! The pinnace struck upon a sunken ledge. Minister Avery, his eldest son, Mr. Thatcher and his daughter were hurled into the sea. They were tossed about by the tempest, until they felt a wave-washed rock beneath their feet. They climbed upon this uncertain footing. They called to those in the pinnace to come and share their slender hope, but the voice of the sea was the only answer.

"The waves dashed upon the four, eager to drag them to the depths below. They were weakened nigh unto exhaustion, and in mortal peril in the wide, black-horizoned ocean. Minister Avery raised his eyes toward the heaven above the angry clouds, and, like sweet notes above loud discord, rose his gentle voice in prayer: 'Lord, I cannot challenge a preservation of my life, but according to Thy covenant I challenge heaven.' The sea engulfed him even as he spoke. He passed in strength and peace, and the sailor man, when in his great perils, remembers the faith of Parson Avery and never falters.

"Fragments of the pinnace were coming ashore. Among some timbers, tossing up and down, he caught a glimpse of a woman's dress. He waded out, and found his wife clinging to a plank. She was alive, and he bore her to land. In a sheltered spot, he lighted a fire from the flint and gunpowder which his knapsack kept dry, and they crouched down in its warmth.

"Mr. Thatcher was swept from the rock, too. He battled the surges, and at last felt a sloping beach beneath him. He scrambled ashore, and knelt down and gave thanks to God for his deliverance. Then he looked about to see what he might do.

"When the morning sun broke through the clouds, they found themselves on a barren island. The shore was near, but its people were the savages of the forest. Two long days of privation they spent on the island, and, as if in answer to their prayers, a fishing vessel bound to Marblehead saw their signal of distress toward nightfall and took them aboard.

Before leaving, Mr. Thatcher called the island Thatcher's Woe, and the General Court afterwards granted it to him. In 1771, the colonial government built two lighthouses upon it. Mr. and Mrs. Thatcher settled down in Yarmouth, and time and again, before their open hearth, they told their story.

"Yes, lad, those lights guide many a good ship to a safe harbor, and the memory of Parson Avery is a beacon for many a soul at sea. If any one should ask you, lad, why the bravest



Jealousy Rankles at Preference



Paleontological Remnants Of an Oyster Supper

West Franklin, Me., July 3.—A month ago Capt. Harold Hardison sold out a controlling share in his ship and returned to his farm near the village to try his luck in making butter and breeding trotting horses. Among the first tasks to be undertaken was the removal of some unsightly boulders from the back pasture lot.

every portion with nickel steel solder. After wandering through space for an unknown time this particular fragment came within the influence of the sun. While making its regular rounds about that orb it ran too near the earth, was deflected from its course and went down into the elder Hardison's sheep pasture. Capt. Hardison advances the theory as a good working hypothesis to account for the presence of the strange fossils in the meteorite. And, says he, scientific men who wish to follow up his investigations may utilize his idea with or without giving credit.

The men worked for several days before they unearthed the alleged meteor. When it was exposed to view they found it had a metallic glaze on the surface, so that nothing but a diamond drill could penetrate to the inside. After a week of hard drilling dynamite was inserted and the stone was split into a score of pieces.

While Capt. Hardison is not a geologist, he believes that the story his grandfather told him was true. The outside of the stone to a depth of nearly a foot is composed of nickel steel, so hard that little rust has penetrated beyond an inch or two. Inside this steel crust is a flinty schistose ledge, very hard and crusted on the outside with minute brilliants. Below are some of the strangest fossil remains that have yet come to light.

This has caused Capt. Hardison to believe that he has made a most important scientific discovery. He has decided that he has unearthed the paleontological remnants of a church oyster supper, which was given on some planet extinct ages ago. His theory is that a swift comet or other cosmic wanderer struck the planet at the time the church supper was ready to be served, smashing the orb into millions of fragments and sealing up

IF WE HAD GONE FISHING WITH ISAAK

By HOLMAN F. DAY.

Oh, bait your hook and find a brook Where the water runs like tunkles, Then catch a trout and flum it out And in your basket plunk it.

Had we moderns gone fishing with Isak—I'm referring to Walton, you know. If we had gone bobbing with Isak in the placid old days long ago, Had we set by his side with our questions while we slished at the breast of the brook, We'd have wormed some additional knowledge that alas, we don't find in his book.

Now Isak is sound in his logic, his philosophy's deep and it's broad. His talks upon morals and ethics we all of us truly applaud. His pointers on beam, carp and salmon no modern informant can beat.

But he lacks a few nuggets of learning in those islands. One of the most ingenious was a piece of native bamboo, about a foot long, on which an address had been carved with a penknife. The letter was inside this hollow tube, and held there by wooden pins at each end. The writer explained that he had found it impossible to get an envelope or to find any gum to make one, so had resorted to this expedient.

And I trust that this body assembled, the good and effective and wise, Will forthwith appoint some committees to take Isak's book and revise.

For instance, there's nothing in Walton to settle the natural doubt Of an angler lost northwest of Nowhere, feet wet and the rum given out.

Not mine is the province to name him, the man for this delicate task, I will trust to your careful discretion as to whom you may finally ask. But of all the available timber you may find on the candidates' shelf, I hope you will nominate some one who has been in that trouble himself.

I will quote from a beautiful ballad that is warbled by Uncle Bill Strout, And 'twill show you the woe I refer to, 'tis named "When the Rum Has Giv' Aout!"

"Oh, honey-bunch of birdlock an' the fun gone up the spout, An' a double dose o' trouble when the rum giv's aout, Oh, we're fifty miles from nowhere and forty miles from land, With the skeeters yopin' round us 'till they sound like Susy's hand, They ain't afraid o' pisen and they bites us where they likes, They're spry as forked lightning an' they hain't there when we strikes, But when ye has your whiskey an' they bites ye, they falls dead, Or they bites an' gits a jug on, then ye knock 'em in the head, Oh, it's easy fightin' skeeters when your arm is good an' stout, But they'll gnaw ye into shoonstrings if the rum giv's aout, Ti-dee-dee, there hain't no doubt, Ye don't git fun a-livin' when the rum giv's aout.

"Oh, once there was a fishin' crowd up to Lobster lake An' fust that they was knowin' there warn't a thing to take, They started Zeck'l Piper aout to fetch a jug o' rum An' he hoofed it clear to Greenville, then he hoofed it back, on him. He had a jug o' hicker, a-stotin' on his back.

But Zeck'l wasn't feelin' skersely fit to walk a crack, Soon's the fellers see'd him comin', a-humpin' up the trail, Ev'ry body holler'd so's to give old Zeke a hail, Zeck'l tried to brace hisself to send 'em back a yell, But down the critter tumbled flat an' bust that jug to—well, It's an awful solum feelin' when your lips air in a paout.

All ready for a 'bister—an' the rum giv's aout, Ti-dee-dee, there hain't no doubt, It is mighty tedious livin' when the rum giv's aout."

Had we only gone fishing with Isak we'd have got him to carefully state Just how many times he'd advise us to pull up and spit on the bait. Of course, here is Ring and here's Carleton who are posted in fairish degree, But think of the facts we'd discover—just Isak off fishing—and we!

A lie is like liquor and mellow, embalmed in the amber of years, And at last e'en the veriest skeptic refrains from his scoffings and jeers, Just think of the sort of reception that a rumpled-up husband would get: With a story like Jonah's in these days to account for the way he'd been wet!

And the rest of the Scriptural stories though accepted as Gospel O. K., Need all the sanction of ages to make them pass muster today. No, it'd been fishing with Isak by those halcyon brook-sides of old, Our stories by this time, I reckon, would have ripened just right to be told.

And the matters that Carleton and Stanley and Ring have set forth in their books, The things they allege in the papers to have caught here and there on their hooks, The yarns of the Kineo loungers told you in the firelight's glow, That set 'em the chimney to gasping, as up with the smoke-wreaths they go.

—Those yarns, so I cyretul'ly figure, will just about grow to be true, —If they're not nipped by frosts in the meantime, long somewhere 'Twas Thousand and Two, And then will some other sweet singer be standing right here in this place, Allowing the daisies and spondee to trickle down out of his face; And he will be hailing the fiction of these days as absolute truth, And because he has lived in years 'a-ter, he'll reek with regret and with ruth, He'll sing of their noble achievements as the lyre he gently will touch, —I refer to the lute, not the har— not to Henry, Leroy or such.

Here I pause to quote lines from a ballad that is carolled by Uncle Pete Frye, Who has told many stories of fishing but was never yet caught in a lie.

"Forty-seven horn-paouts sozzled in a stew, If a hook is poked in an angle-worm he don't know what to do, Used to beau the gals around when I was in my prime, I tuk a gal to catch some fish once upon a time; Gal she cotched a lamper eel—nearly threw a fit, Had to hold her in the bo't she want'd so to quit, When I baited up ag'in she thought she had a bite, Let a squeal an' yanked the pole an' hooked me good and tight, Never noticed what she'd done for she was sort o' blind, She hooked me in the shoulder blade, or somewhere there behind, She ripped and yanked and jerked and hauled an' then she squealed some more, An' I sot down and grabbed the oars an' humped myself for shore, Says she, 'Haow much d'ye s'pose he weighs?' Says I, 'Ye'd understand if ye was a man an' wanted to fight an' I had ye aout on land', Oh, feed-dee an' feed-dee, if ever ye have the chance To take a gal on a fishin' trip, put on your iron pants.

"Yaller perch an' sculpins, dog-fish, sharks an' skate, Them's the kind of critters that is al-lus gnawin' bait, Feller datted in our place he was a ratted fool, Never seemed to know a thing—couldn't stay in school; Used to hang around the store and hear the codgers talk, Bigger lies that they would tell the more the critter'd gawk, Heerd 'em say that Helseub would ketch mean Cephas Waite By simply riggin' tackle with a copper cent for bait.

Feller got a line an' cent an' humped it down the road, An' jiggered the cent across the fence where Uncle Cephas hoed, Uncle Cephe put on his specs an' when he see'd the cent He up an' run, an' fool he run an' off they tore hell-bent, Fool he went an' stubbed his toe—was clumsy on the wing— An' Uncle Cephe put out his foot an' course he bruh' the string, Tucked the cent down in his jeans an' then went back an' hoed, An' fool went howlin' like a loon an' hell'rin' down the road, To ev'ry critter that he see he bowled that Cephe Waite Mad bit all right, but got away with sinker, hook an' bait.

Oh, feed-dee an' feed-dee, just hear your Uncle Frye: —Unless your tackle's strong enough ye hadn't better try, Don't fish for fish or fish for cash or fish for place or fame Unless your line is strong enough to hold an' left the same, For pin-hook folks that fish for whales will find as sure as Fate, In bus'ness ways or polities —they're simply waistin' bait."

E. C. WILLIAMS

Honolulu Undertaking Parlors

1120 FORT STREET BLACK FRONT.

FIRST-CLASS SERVICE

OFFICE OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.

Fine caskets, shrouds and robes of every description.

First-class Embalmer from S. F. LADIES IN ATTENDANCE.

TEL. MAIN 179.

Advertisement for Curse Drink, White Ribbon Remedy, featuring a bottle illustration and text describing its benefits for various ailments.

Advertisement for Kickapoo Sagwa, featuring a logo and text describing it as a cure for kidney disease and other ailments.