

little touchy, as even saints will be when disturbed at breakfast time, threw the chieftain the flat round cake he was eating which was duly added to the apron—hence the Persian "sun." The lion was an obvious afterthought. The Turks used a horse's tail, the rank of a pacha being known by the number of tails he carried, and probably this suggested the much-bifurcated pennon of early western chivalry, familiar to every one who has studied the Bayeux tapestry or early illuminated missals.

In the middle ages, devoted to display and military arrogance the flag stood in relation-ship to the great captain's array as his personal armor stood to himself; it insured recognition in the melee, and supplied a rallying point for the fighters such as nothing else could have done. This led to an etiquette of flags, which apportioned shape and size to every rank of the peerage, from the royal standard itself down through a varied array of banners, gonfalons, pennons, ensigns and other "bits of red rag," and kept the heralds' college busy, besides supplying the poets with admirable

local coloring for their battle pieces.

When the Douglass unfurled his standard at Otterburn, a flag, by the way, which is still in existence, he declared, and thought not without reason, that the mere sight of that famous cloth would put the English host to rout. And even in comparatively modern prosaic times the belief that a dreaded captain was beneath a certain emblem has sufficed to turn the scales of battle.

The flag, indeed, preserved its glamor long after the time when it was the cynosure of conflict, the emblazoned meteor of victory, as Milton calls it. Napoleon's officers, retreating from Moscow, burned their standards, and in the excess of their bitter affliction mixed the ashes with wine and drank them so. The same was done at Metz and Sedan, and even to-day there is probably no soldier in the world who would not do a little more for his colors than for anything else within his martial horizon. The idea has penetrated into all ranks of society. To nail one's colors to the mast is the last expression of desperate resolve, just as to haul them down indicates the abyss of humiliation.—London Globe.

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