

OLD FAVORITES

The American Flag.
When Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there;
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky buldrick of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand,
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud!
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trumpings loud,
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven—
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur-smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet-tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on;
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn,
And as his springing steps advance
Catch war and vengeance from the
glance.

And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall
Like shots of flame on midnight's pall
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And covering foes shall sink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frightened waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at thee to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
By angel hands to valor given;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet,
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!

MONEY IN GOAT RAISING.

An industry in which there are no
unstable remnants.
"You can sell every part of a goat
but his scent," said John Collins in the
course of an interview recently on the
subject of his Arizona goat farm.
"There are thousands of goats on the
farm," he said, "but whether there are
10,000, 20,000 or 30,000 I couldn't tell
you for the life of me.

"I can tell you, however, something
about the way in which our goat in-
dustry was started. By the death of
a grand-uncle, my uncle, Harry Mc-
Cormick and I inherited the Griebel St.
Anne silver mines, which are two days
and a night of steady burro travel
south of Tucson. There was silver in
the mines, but by the time we got it
out and got it to Tucson we were pay-
ing for it at about the rate of 16 to 1.
But it wasn't a case of free silver, by
any means. It was the most expensive
money I ever got hold of. Finding the
venture a losing one, we took lessons
from the 'greasers' and bought from
them 150 common goats.

"There is nothing but sagebrush and
cactus out there for those animals to
feed on, but no man ever saw a dead
goat, unless he had come to some violent
end. They live and thrive where
nearly every other living thing starves
to death.

"We started out with 150 goats, de-
riving our profits from the sale of the
hides. In 1892 we decided to mix them
with Angora goats. After two years
the cross disappears and you get a per-
fect Angora goat. It is a valuable
thing to have. The long hair is sold to
the manufacturers of plush for furni-
ture, sleeping cars and such things.
The hair next to the skin can be made
up into valuable shawls. The meat of
the kids is delightful when fresh and
is sent in its canned shape to Cuba,
the Philippines, other parts of the
United States, to China and to many
other foreign countries as canned
lamb.

So rich is goat's milk that one tea-
spoonful of it is equal to three table-
spoonfuls of the purest cream. But
the best part about the milk is that
it is a deadly foe to tubercula, and
consumptives who drink it are often
cured of the disease. We are planning
to condense the milk and sell it for
medicinal as well as family use. If
there is any other dumb animal with
more valuable qualities than the goat,
then I don't know it.

"No stables have to be provided for
the keeping and six ranchers are suf-
ficient for herding up those we want to
sell. Once in a while the greasers and
Indians get away with a few, but
where you've got some scrappy ranch-
ers they are not likely to repeat the
performance often.

"As a rule now, we sell the goats on
the hoof," continued Mr. Collins, ac-
cording to the Washington Star. "In
order to do so we have to drive them
into Tucson. And a tough job it is.
Of course, horses are not much good
then, as it is so hard to get provender
and water, but there is a species of

broncho which the natives call 'loco
poka,' which is as hardy as a goat.
The loco poka is the craziest thing be-
tween Arizona and the next hottest
country. As long as the notion doesn't
strike 'em they're all right, but if ever
they make up their minds to stop noth-
ing on earth can start 'em. Whenever
one goes, the rest go. A stampeding
loco poka might go through a town
where a score of his kind are hitched,
and every blessed one of them would
break loose in some way and go gal-
loping after him. They run till they
get good and ready to stop. If you
happen to hang on that long you can
turn your loco poka around and the
rest will follow.

"We use the loco pokas for packing
the kid meat to Tucson and, barring
this one accomplishment, they are all
right."

FLANNEL SHOULD BE WORN.

This Fabric Is Much More Healthful
Than Other Woollens.

In England one sees much of the hy-
gienic underwear which is so strongly
urged for general adoption, but in this
country it is less common. From a
sanitary point of view, this is a pity,
since physicians regard it as a preven-
tive of many forms of disease. It af-
fords the body the greatest protection
against cold, heat and dampness with
the least obstruction to the body's ex-
halation. These conditions are instinc-
tively felt to be better fulfilled by
woolen than by linen or cotton fabrics.
Hence the very general use of flannel
garments by athletes and by members
of cricket, boating and other sporting
clubs, who are called upon to engage
in vigorous physical exercise likely to
cause profuse perspiration.

As formerly woven, woolen fabrics
were objectionable to many, because
they irritated the skin and caused dis-
comfort by preventing the proper es-
cape of its exudations. Moreover, they
were as a rule so heavy as to be intol-
erable for summer wear. These objec-
tionable features have now been re-
moved, and to make woolen clothing
truly sanitary and suitable for all sea-
sons the usual process of weaving
woolen fabrics has been materially
modified by adopting a method which
produces a much less closely woven
texture than the ordinary flannel.

The feeling is instinctive, too, that
woolen clothing is "hot" in warm
weather; that if we wear wool in win-
ter to keep us warm we must wear
something different in summer to keep
us cool, or be inconsistent in theory
and practice. But this is a mistake.

It is obvious to all how a non-con-
ductor of heat—a woolen garment, for
instance—prevents the escape of the
heat of the body to a colder atmos-
phere, or the ingress of heat to the
body from a warmer atmosphere; a
familiar illustration of which is found
in the practice of wrapping ourselves
in blankets to keep us warm and of
wrapping ice in a blanket to keep it
cold—to keep the heat in in one case,
and not in the other. It may not be
so easy to understand why we should
clothe a warm body in a blanket to
cool it off or keep it cool when the
temperature of the surrounding air is
in or near equilibrium with it.

The explanation lies in the nature
and condition of the body, the woolen
fabric's two-fold property of non-con-
ductivity to heat and permeability to
moisture and the evaporation of the
moisture at the fabric's outer surface.
This evaporation disperses the heat,
thus lowering the temperature. This is
the reason the soldier keeps his woolen-
covered canteen wet in hot weather.
A wet woolen garment disperses the
surplus heat and leaves the body cool.
—Hartford Times.

Queer Food Plants.

In the department of agriculture at
Washington, hidden away in an ob-
scure corner, is an odd sort of exhibit
of queer foods eaten by out of the way
people.

There is a loaf of bread made from
the roasted leaves of a plant allied to
the century plant. Another kind of
bread is from dough of juniper berries.
These are relished by some tribes
of Indians, while others manu-
facture cakes out of different kinds of
bulbs.

The prairie Indians relish a dish of
wild turnips, which civilized people
would not be likely to enjoy at all. In
the great American desert the beans
which grow on mesquite bushes are
utilized for food.

Soap berries furnish an agreeable
diet for some savages in this country,
while in California the copper colored
aborigines do not disdain the seeds of
salt grass.

Also in California the Digger In-
dians collect pine nuts, sometimes
called pine cones, by kindling fires against
the trees, thus causing the nuts to
fall out of the cones. At the same
time a sweet gum exudes from the
bark, serving the purpose of sugar.
The seeds of gourds are consumed by
Indians in Arizona.

Light-weight Books.

Many book-buyers, says a writer in
the Youth's Companion, must have
noticed the remarkable lightness of
some of the volumes recently issued,
especially from English presses. The
paper, although of normal thickness,
is singularly lacking in weight. Some
American books also begin to show this
characteristic. In some cases the rela-
tive loss of weight, as compared with
older volumes of equal size, amounts
to thirty or forty per cent. The cause
is the recent adoption for book-work
of paper made of esparto-grass fiber. This
paper lacks the smooth surface of the
older kinds, but the relief afforded by
the loss of weight in bulky books is
very agreeable.

The world is but a ring on which
men cut their eye teeth.

BRIDE OF KANSAS' "BACHELOR GOVERNOR."



Mrs. Willis D. Bailey

The Kansas City widow who was engaged to Governor W. J. Bailey, of Kansas, for two years without any one knowing it, and while he was receiving thousands of letters of proposal following the publication of stories that he was a confirmed bachelor and that the executive mansion at Topeka might be without a hostess during his administration. Mrs. Bailey, whose marriage to the Governor took place recently, was Mrs. Ida Weede, and was employed as a clerk in Kansas City after the death of her husband and until Governor Bailey's election last year. She has two sons, the elder being 11 years old.

FINEST IN THE WORLD

GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE,
MARVEL OF ITS KIND.

Mammoth Structure Has White En-
amelled Brick Walls and 1,500 Win-
dows—Nearly 4,000 Men on the Pay-
roll—Frank W. Palmer Its Head.

Before Congress reassembles that
branch of the government service
which is represented by the employes
of the government printing office will
be housed in its new home, with con-
veniences, equipments and machinery
surpassing anything that was ever be-
fore provided for a printing office. For
years it has occupied a dangerous and
dilapidated old barracks, whose walls
had frequently to be propped up with
timbers. In its day the old shell had
been the finest printing office of its
kind in the world. That was back in
1880. In size and equipment it was
superior to anything, even in Europe,
but the demands upon it were heavy,
and it finally yielded to such an extent
that Congress was compelled to appro-



GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE.

appropriate \$2,400,000 for a new structure.
The building is now practically com-
pleted. It is double the size of any
other printing office in the world and
in its interior appointments is a de-
light to any printer's eye. The oak
cases, the light and the solidity and
security of the structure cause the
printers to speak in highest praise of it.

The new office has a floor space of
about fourteen acres, divided into
seven floors without partitions. Print-
ers need light and this is provided by
1,500 windows. One-third of all the
wall space is glass, and, in order that
this light may not be lost, the walls of
the rooms are lined with white enamel-
bricks which can be washed like a
bath tub or the marble steps of the
houses in Philadelphia. The building
is absolutely fire-proof, or as near fire-
proof as any building can be. It is
also as substantial as possible, and
its walls are built like those of a for-
tress, because type is heavy and print-
ing presses cause considerable vibra-
tion, and it would be unfortunate to
have the roof or the walls cave in and
bury 3,957 American citizens under the
material and machinery that is intend-
ed only for the dissemination of in-
telligence. The outside walls are three
feet thick, and to construct them 10,
000,000 bricks were required. Inclosed
within them is a steel framework
weighing about 12,000,000 pounds,
which is heavier, perhaps, than the
frame of any other building in the
country. Every care was taken to
secure the greatest possible solidity of
construction. The columns, beams,
girders, channels and plates were not
made of ordinary stock steel, but were
forged to order and the steel work is
so protected that in case of heat being
generated by the burning of any ma-
terials that might be placed in the build-
ing, its strength will not be affected by
warping. There is no shafting. All
the machinery is run by electric power
and three dynamos, each of 300 horse-
power, will run the 306 presses, 11
elevators, 1,000 incandescent lights and

a system of ventilating fans which are
quite novel.

Nearly 4,000 Employes.
Each day about fifteen tons of paper
are used and in the cases are more
than 2,000,000 pounds of ordinary type.
There are 3,957 employes on the pay-
roll, of whom more than 1,000 are
typesetters, 827 are employed in the
bindery, 850 are pressmen and 85
electrotypers. The rest are divided
among various departments and all are
well paid.

The government of the United States
does more printing and publishes more
documents than any other nation in
the world, and last year the cost of
this branch of the service reached
\$5,848,453.08. A large proportion of
this money was wasted by the printing
of worthless and useless documents
ordered by Congress. One-half of its
printing done for the Senate and the
House of Representatives is a pure
waste of labor and money, and the
extravagance of Congress in this re-
spect is increasing annually. No mat-
ter what kind of a report is made from
a committee, no matter what sort of a
petition is presented by a senator or
a member, it goes to the government
printing office, and at least 1,000 cop-
ies are issued and divided among the
members of both houses for distribu-
tion. This has been the subject of
inquiry and discussion periodically for
many years, and repeated attempts
have been made to introduce measures
of economy, but the Congress readily
drops back into its old habits after a
few months of reform.

It is said that a company at Edin-
burgh, Scotland, is building a printing
establishment more than twice as large
as the government office at Washing-
ton and that it will cost \$7,000,000,
while the plant at Washington repre-
sents only about \$4,000,000, but no one
seems to know much about it except
that it is intended for the publication
of books and magazines.

The French government has the next
biggest printing establishment in a
village near Paris; that of the German
government is third in size, and that
of the Japanese is fourth.

Frank W. Palmer, for many years
editor of the Chicago Inter-Ocean, is
at the head of the government print-
ing office.

Equal to the Occasion.

A perfect dinner partner, one whom
every woman loves to find assigned to
her, was entertaining his fair charge
with a curious story he had been told
of domestic happenings in a circle he
had not yet located. The story pro-
gressed with airy and good-natured
comment on the part of the reciter,
and great interest on the part of the
audience of one. Finally the audience
took the floor. "I only want to tell
you that I am the woman concerned,"
she said bubbling over. Even then his
savior-faire did not forsake the dear
dinner-out. "Ah," he said, graciously,
"then I hope I have the particulars
correct."

Increase in Temperance.

At a recent meeting of the Semi-
Total Pledge Association in Eng-
land, the secretary, G. H. F. Nye, was
able to report a large accession of in-
dividual applications for pledge forms
amounting to some 15,000. From Bir-
mingham an application was read ask-
ing for 1,200 forms for one factory
alone.

Down with Education.

"What do you want with Seth Slim-
mins as postmaster? Why, he can't
even read or write!"
"That's jes' the p'int," said Farmer
Cornstossel. "We want somebody that
won't keep on pesterin' us by openin'
our newspapers 'er tellin' the neigh-
bors what's on our postal cards."

CABIN WHERE LINCOLN WAS BORN HAD CRUMBLD TO RUINS THIRTY YEARS AGO

FOR several years the press has been giving us occasional accounts of
the "Lincoln cabin," in which Abraham Lincoln was born, says a
writer in the Boston Transcript. Some years ago we heard that it had
been bought for \$10,000 by a wealthy New Yorker, presumably the
agent for Robert T. Lincoln, son of the murdered President. Next we were
told that the "cabin" was to be removed to Chicago and made one of the
"sights" for pilgrims to the Garden City. Then we heard of the "cabin" in
New York City.

Like the Holy House of Loretto, this historic hut seems to be transported
through the air to any desired point. Like the phantom ship of the Flying
Dutchman, it may appear in any city or off any harbor; it seems to be
etherializing like all else that pertains to Abraham Lincoln; but the "cabin"
has a perpetual lease on time. It knows neither waste nor decay.

The last public "appearance" of the spectral "cabin," we are told, was
at the Buffalo Pan-American exposition. Since then it has been resting—
rejuvenating, perhaps—at Coney Island, or in New York City, ready to be
transported again when the cloth of gold is spread out for it. Along with
the liberty bell, it will doubtless be present on all the specially great
occasions of the future.

Some enterprising speculators, with an audacity scarcely conceivable in
this twentieth century, are imposing upon a credulous public and the gulli-
bules are swallowing the fraud without a gulp. Simple truth ought to be
told. The "Lincoln cabin" has now neither a place nor a being. Does any
sane man believe that a pioneer cabin built of green logs more than ninety-
four years ago would still be preserved?

The writer of this, when a youth hardly past his majority, was for
some time principal of the seminary in Hodgenville, Larue County, Ky.—
about three miles from Mr. Lincoln's birthplace. Several old people were
still living in the vicinity who remembered the Lincoln family and often gave
remembrances of them. The writer was somewhat acquainted with the
country near the old "cabin" site; for the shack itself had rotted down long
before that time. Thirty years ago the only vestiges of the "cabin" still on
the ground were a few stones—once the corner stones or supports for the
sills of the hut—and a small heap of rubbish at one end, where the chimney
formerly stood. These were all the remains of the hut where the great
emancipator was born.

Down the hill, not many steps away, is the Lincoln spring—nearly the
sole relic of the Lincoln home; the spring is genuine and no mistake. It
probably determined the location of the "cabin." The surrounding land
is very poor and so little worth cultivating that in those days when the
writer knew the place a large part of it had grown up in bushes. That
Thomas Lincoln should have selected such land for a home instead of the
far more fertile land in the valley of Nolin close by is further proof—if
proof be needed—of the extreme poverty of the Lincoln family.

SOME OF THE VISIBLE EFFECTS OF TROLLEY LINES BETWEEN INLAND CITIES

THE development of the trolley, as applied to the interurban, simply
runs away from us who are in the business—we can't keep up with
the strides that are made every day. Every morning's sun seems to
see a new line begun and a new one done. The craziest promoter
in the business cannot foresee what the future will be." This statement
was made by Manager Chipman, of the Greenfield line, says the Indianapolis
News, when he was asked what Ohio connections his road would make
when it reached Dayton.

"I see," he said, "that even the steam railroads are being benefited, in
one way at least. The papers say the trolley is increasing their Sunday
excursion business because it makes more visiting places available, and makes
it possible for more people to reach the railroad. When we opened our line
the storekeepers in the small towns said we would wipe them out of busi-
ness, but now they say that Indianapolis people are coming out with their
baskets once a week and are buying their supplies. I have a neighbor who
spends 80 cents to take his market basket to Cumberland every Saturday
and have it filled, and he says he saves a dollar.

"The livymen in the smaller towns said that the trolley would kill
their business. One at Greenfield told me yesterday that it has increased
his business 50 per cent, because the trolley brings more people who want
to visit friends in the country. They never over-drive a horse, and always pay
cash, and he says the trolley is 'making him.'

"I recall a hotel man at one town along the line who wanted to sell
his paying hotel when he heard the trolley was coming. I ate with him
Saturday, and he told me that instead of emptying his beds, the trolley road
filled them, and he had just bought three more lots in his town, and did
not want to sell.

"Strange as it seemed in the days of prediction, the trolley has made,
instead of ruined, the small towns. The trolley men cannot even under-
stand it at all, and we are but in the infancy of the trolley and its
effects on city and rural life.

"The reason that more people are not building homes along the trolley
lines and moving out of the cities, is because the farmers will not sell their
land. But the time will come when the trolley lines will run through a
continual town of pretty country homes."

WELL 1,000 FEET DEEP AN ATTRACTION OF PERU, IND

There is a flowing well on the Giles
Tillet farm, four miles west of Peru,
Ind., on the north bank of the Wabash
river, and the grounds surrounding it
are rapidly becoming a popular picnic
resort. The well is 1,000 feet deep.
It is located between the old Wabash
and Erie canal bed and the river, and
for half a mile on either side, both east
and west, along the river, there is a
dense growth of tall sycamore, elm
and walnut trees, making it an ideal
place. The river flows between high



THE FLOWING WELL.

banks. Three years ago a company
of oil men, while "wild-cattling," sank
this well, but found no oil. As the
water flowed over the casing in an
eight-inch stream it was decided to
cap it and permit the water to flow
through a two-inch opening in the
cap. Water spouts from this two-inch
opening twenty-five feet into the air,
and it never varies in pressure. It
has continued to shoot skyward for
the past three years without diminishing
in pressure, and it may continue to
flow for ages. There is no disagree-
able odor nor bad taste to the output;
in fact, the taste is something like
sugar water and very palatable.

Tophet Would Be Better.

There lives in a small town down
in Missouri a good old deacon who,
despite his harsh, coarse voice, al-

ways joins vociferously in the singing
at church. In the same town is a
little boy who had become the proud
possessor of a gorgeous string of pro-
fanity, which he is very fond of dis-
playing. His mother, finding her ar-
guments had no appreciable effect in
expurgating from the youthful vocabu-
lary the objectionable words, sent
him to the deacon, in whom she had
all confidence, to see if the latter
could not put a stop to the swearing
habit. That dignitary pictured to the
boy the beauties of heaven in vivid
language, and then told him that those
who take the Lord's name in vain can
never enter there. The boy pondered
a moment.

"What do folks do in heaven, dea-
con?" he asked.
"Oh, play harps and sing."
"Are you going there to play harps
and sing when you die, deacon?"
"I hope to, son," replied the deacon,
modestly.
"Then what's—like?" asked the
boy earnestly, after some thought.

A Profit in Smoke.

To put smoke to profitable use has
been the aim of Tobiansky, the Belgian
engineer. In his process the smoke
is forced by a fan into a filtering tower
charged with coke or other porous ab-
sorbent, sprinkled with naphtha or al-
cohol, and the soot is retained by the
coke, while the filtered gases, mixed
with the vapor from the naphtha or
alcohol, are collected in a gasometer to
be fed to Welsbach burners, stoves or
gas engines. This gaseous mixture,
which has been named pyrogas, burns
with a bright flame and an entire ab-
sence of smoke. The value of pyrogas
even makes it profitable to burn fuel of
low grade for its smoke alone, and it
is computed that plants of small cost
will enable cities to derive a material
income from the conversion of their
garbage into purified smoke for light
and power.

Preparations.

"So you are preparing for further
airship experiments?"
"I am."
"Have you got out your machinery
and plans?"
"Certainly not. It's too early for
minor details. I've been going through
my scrapbook of newspaper notices to
make up a prospectus."—Washington
Star.