

HOW JIMMY CAME TO RETURN HOME his occupation said:

"In New York," I replied.

"What are you working at now,

"I am working in a dry-goods store."

"Then I suppose you don't live very

my, we've got nothing but roasted

spareribs for supper. We ain't got any

money now, Jimmy. We're poorer nor

I told her I would be delighted with

the spareribs, and to tell the truth,

John, I have not eaten a meal in New

York that tasted as good as those crisp,

roasted spareribs did. I spent the even-

ing playing checkers with father, while

mother sat by telling me all about their

misfortunes, from old white Mooley

getting drowned in the pond to fath-

er's signing a note for a friend and

and then we all went to bed.

Father called me at half-past four in

3

7.67

the morning, and while he was getting

Job's turkey."

Jow 1 came to visit my home mother went out to prepare it. I went suppened in a curious way. into the kitchen with her. Some time ago I went down to "Where do you live, Jimmy?" she ne island fishing. I had had a lunch asked. nt of for me, and you can imagine my shment when I opened the hampsufind a package of crackers wrap-Jimmy?" m in a weekly published at my win Wisconsin. I read every word in advertisements and all. There high, for I hear tell o' them city clerks as George Kellogg, who was a schoolate of mine, advertising hams and what don't get enough to hold body and soul together. So I'll just tell you, Jim-

alt pork, and another boy was postaster. By George, it made me homeex and I determined then and there go home, and go home 1 did, In the first place I must tell you how came to New York. I had a tiff with ty father and left home. I finally turnd up in New York without a dollar in ay pocket, I get a job running a freight ntor in the very house in which I monwapartner. My haste to get rich one the thought of my parents from e, and when I did think of them the ash words that my father last spoke me rankied in my bosom. Well, I

having to mortgage his place to pay it. enthome. 1 tell you, John, my train The mortgage was due inside of a week emed to creep. I was actually worse and not a cent to meet it with-just in a schoolboy going home for a va-\$800. She supposed they would be turntion At last we neared the town. ed out of house and home, but in my hallir sights met my eyes, and, upon mind I supposed they wouldn't. At last and, they filled with tears. There 9 o'clock came and father said, "Jim, wBill Lyman's red barn just the go out to the barn and see if Kit is all ne; but, great Scott, what were all right. Bring in an armful of old shinather houses? We rode nearly a gles that are just inside the door, and debefore coming to the station, passfill up the water pail. Then we'll go g many houses of which only an ocoff to bed, and get up early and go snal one was familiar. The town a-fishing." al grown to ten times its size when I I didn't say a word, but I went out to aw it. The train stopped and I the barn, bedded down the horse, broke most off. Not a face I knew, and I up an armful of shingles, pumped up a arted down the platform to go home. pallful of water, filled the wood box, the office door stood the station

ent. I walked up and said, "Howdy, Collins? He stared at me and replied: "You've

it the best of me, sir." breakfast I skipped over to the depot. I told him who I was and what I had cross lots, and got my best bass rod. endeing in New York, and he didn't Father took nothing but a trolling line ake any bones in talking to me, Said and a spoon hook. He rowed the boat

"If's about time you were coming with the trolling line in his mouth, se. You in New York rich and your white I stood in the stern with a silver

Then she fainted away. Well, John, THE SUWANEE RIVER. there is not much more to tell. We threw water in her face and brought Historical Sketch of the River of bong.

her to; then we demolished that dinner, mother all the time saying: "My boy Suwanee River, the river of song: Just Jimmy! My boy Jimmy!" I stayed a month. I fixed up the place, paid off all the debts, had a good time and came back to New York. 1 am go- States as does the Suwanee, could ever ing to send \$50 home every week. I have become so famous in this wide tell you, John, it is mighty nice to have

world, does seem strange to one when 4 Libme. John was looking steadily at the head he comes to think of it, all because of a of his cane. When he spoke he took mere song. But, after all, it has a charm all its own, and the average vis-Jim by the hand and said: "Jim, old friend, what you have told me has af- its spell, that it will linger with him fected me greatly. I haven't heard from my home away up in Maine for him like the shadow of some mysteriwith surprising tenacity, and grow upon ton years. I am going home to-morrow."

HAS SAVED 1,200 LIVES.

Brilliant Record of the Captain of Thunder Bay Life Saving Station. It does not fall to the lot of many

anchorage, undoubtedly saving the

steamer. At the time she had on board

\$1.000,000 worth of cargo,

the boat. All were saved."

Way down upon the S'wanee ribber, Far, far nway: Dar's whar my heart am turnin' obber, Dar's what de old folks stay. nen to save 1,200 lives, but that is the He that as it may, no such ideal plenumber of persons who have been fure book songs as this are ever heard saved from watery graves by John D. on the Suwanee River in real life, un-Pearson, captain of the life-saving sta- loss it be now and then, when some

ous fascination. No doubt there was

some such inspiration behind the lines:

Leslie's Weekly tells this tale of the

how a river, a narrow little sand-bot-

tomed, blue-watered river, that plays

tion of Thunder Bay Island station, resident of this section chooses to hum The Captain has been spending a vaca- a few lines of this same song in a spirit tion in Detroit, and while talking about much the same as that of the deacon in church who says "Amen" when the "In all I have gone to about 100 preacher has finished the morning wrecks, and have saved in the neigh- prayer-simply agreeing to what the borhood of 1,200 people. Boats have author of this immortal song has writ-

gone ashore in all kinds of weather, ten. The wrecks that were the hardest to But there are songs along the Suwa-

save were all driven ashore in heavy, nee River that are characteristic and often terrible, gales of wind, and often unique in all their plaintive melody, in blinding snowstorms. About the pathos and humor. The negroes who worst set of wrecks that I remember are found at work along the river, were four schooners, the Chester B. either on the little boats that haul tim-Jones, the Manitowood, the Gardener ber up and down from the mills or and one whose name I have forgotten, phosphate from mines, or out in the which went ashore in November, a lumber camps and fields along the river number of years ago. bank, seem to be all given to song. "All these vessels waterlogged in a They go about their work in the mornterrific northeast gale. The lifeboat ing with a song and sing all the livefilled repeatedly, so I could not see a long day, crooning some plaintive air in man of my crew, but every man of the a monotonous fashion, or else joining

four vessels was saved. On the same in a chorus where there are several of day the steamer Susquehanna lost her them, and making the woods around rudder off Point aux Barques and came fairly reverberate with the echoes of before the gale with signals of distress their camp meeting hymns, such as flying. We went to her and assisted this; in bringing her in off the lake to an

Jes' look over yonder what I see-Angels bid me ter come-See two angels callin' at me-Angels bid me ter come

Fur de angels bid 'er me ter comer How their rich, mellow voices do melt

away in the distance as they join in this sweet old air, and how the plaindropping under her lee, caught the tive strain seems to dle away upon the sighing waters of the famed river! And rific and the perishing crew had partly when they get to the chorns how they got the foresail up to protect them swing around at their work and bear from being swept overboard. As the down on the loud pedal of their volces lifeboat rose and fell on the seas the and throw the genuine old jubilee vigor crew could at times see her keel on the of camp meeting into the song. If they crest of a huge comber. Presently the are cutting logs for the saw mill nigh lifeboat swept in near the wreck and at hand they are apt to swing their with one accord the eight men jumped axes in tull time with the measure of on top of the men in the lifeboat, near- the song, and this gives it all the more ly crippling them and almost capsizing interest and peculiar charm.

In all the many perilous rescues Capt. are often heard in the lumber and phos-Pearson has made he has never lost phate camps along the Suwance River

> Jaybird up the sugar tree, Sparrow on de groun',

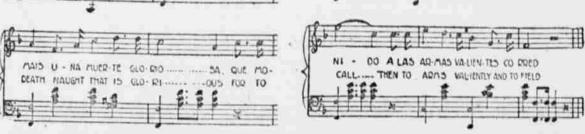
Sparrow pass it eroun'.

I'm boun' for Sugar Hill.

If times don' git bettah heah

I'm boun' for Sugar Hill.





THE "Himno Cubanos" is the national authem of the Cubans; the war song that inspires the patriot with the resolution "to do or die": that urges him on to glorious victory or to, in his own eyes and those of his people, a more glorious death its stirring notes and words, voiced by many a freeman's throat, have been the prelude to the onsweep for freedom that struck terror into the souls of the bated Spaniards. Like other songs that have been the companion and the inspiration of freedom's childhood days, the origin of this is yet in obscurity. The tune dates back many years, to the time when the spirit of liberty-newly awakened, and yet half-smothered in the patriotic Cuban breast-first began to voice itself in wordless but meaning melody. Furtively breathed at first by some venturesome liberty lover, its notes awakened responsive echoes in many a breath which cherished like feelings and linked in everlasting fraternal bonds hearts that before hardly dared to think alond the thoughts suggested by the melody. Soon words were fitted and sung to the music. They could have no spirit other than that of the melody. The tune was carried from place to place throughout eastern Cuba, and though the words often varied the theme never. "To arms! Not for glory, but to break the chains of tyranny!" was ever the burden, whether sung in the hills of Santiago or the plains of Puerto Principe. The exact time of the origin of the tune, or who was the author, is not known. A grateful and free posterity may find

him out and link his name to the song as a fitting monument to his genius. Long before the declaration for freedom at Yara in 1868 by Cespedes and his bold Bayamese compatriots the tune, with the words substantially as given above, were familiar to every lover of freedom about Baynine and the neighboring towns. It was taken up by the army and sung throughout the "ten years' war." Wherever they went they carried it with them. It signalized triumph or solaced de-feat. It led the triumphal march into the towns and villages wrested from the oppressors, and it infused new life into the drooping spirits defeated by the outnumbering foe. Never put in print, but soon all Cuba knew it and sung it, then the "Himno Bayames"--the "Bayamese Hymn"; now it is the "Himno Cubanos." The song, brought f The song, brought from the cradle-side of Cuban freedom-Bayamo-by the band of brave men who first drew for the cause, found an echo in every free Cuban heart, and has been adopted by the Nation.

From Cape Malsi to Cape San Antonio it may be heard, not only timing the martial movements of the patriot army as they fly at the foc, but from the horder on the hill, the plowman on the plain, the belle at the ball and the housewife at the daily drudge. Its full-voiced notes discover every Cuban gathering, and its whistled strains cheer the lonely way of the solitary traveler, though to be heard by the Spaniard is to be accused as a traitor and doomed to death.

The book died, but its death served to

increase Mr. Potter's energy toward a

more active campaign for the consum-

mation of his pet desire. He has accom-

MRS. RUSSELL A. ALGER.

A Leader in Society and in Philanthropic Work.

Mrs. Russell A. Alger, wife of the new Secretary of War in the McKinley Cabinet, is well known in Detroit for her amiability and goodness of heart. She is a hostess of charming manner wide hospitality and innate grace that makes every one of her guests feel perfectly at home while under her roof. In the ball-room or in her own home Mrs. Alger always makes her presence felt. The Algers have been foremost in Detroit society and the functions at the Alger house have been pronounced the best and most elaborate in Detroit. Mrs. Alger will find a congenial field True, typical negro songs rately ever for her social proclivities in Washingshow any particular effort at prepara- ton, where, as wife of the Minister of Trainmen were cleaning Pullman tion. They seem to just holl right out War, she will find ample expansion for conches which had just returned from of the darkey's heart and soul, and if her social nature. Mrs. Alger, while California. Several hundred yards by chance they manage to get a fairly duly appreciating the value of society away from them was the power house, good jingle or rhyme to them, it is by and its pleasures, is anything but osten containing the engine that compresses no special poetical painstaking on the tatious. She enjoys pleasant associaair for broom service. Through under- part of the author, and, in fact, is of tions, and makes no secret of her pleasure in that respect. At the same time she is not unconscious of the fact that Here a rubber hose is attached to the the Suwance River, in these modern there is suffering in the world, and she connection. At the end of the hose is a days of progress and material develop- is charitable to a fault. Mrs. Alger's

WAS AN ELEVATOR BOY.

Within Three Years This Negro Has Achieved Literary Fame.

Paul Lawrence Dunbar is one of the outposts of culture among the negroes of America. He is a poet, a strong writer and a philosopher who has just

"During October one year the schooner Gulnair went ashore on North Point Rise an' shine, mourner, Rise an' shine, mourner, Rise an' shine, mourner, in a fearful gale. The spray was going over her as high as the cross trees, and between her and the shore was a mile of foaming surf in which no man could live. One lifeboat went out, and, woman cook by line. The sea was ter-

One of the lively "jig songs" that a man of his crew nor has he failed in runs something like this: a single instance to save all hands from

Jaybird shake de sugar down

Shoo, ladies, shoo, Shoo, Indies, shoo, Shoo, ladies, shoo my gal,

Ten cents is my bill;

but little consequence to him.

Five cents is my nocket change

The music to this song is much in the

fashion of the common negro songs,

lively, yet full of pathos and plaintive

melody. There is that in all negro

songs that is plaintive, even their most



POTTER plished much good, and it was largely through his efforts that the American League of Good Roads was formed. He



"SHE STRUCK SOMETHING WHICH WAS NOT SUGAR."

roast.

saw a man catch fish as he did.

At noon we went ashore and father

went home, while I went to the post

trouble I got it cashed, getting paid in

\$5 and \$10 bills, making quite a roll. I

went home. Mother had put on her

only slik dress and father had donned

a joke on the old folks. Mother was in

coast. I dumped the sugar out of the

old blue bowl, put the thousand dollars

"We haven't had a piece of meat like

Then she poured out the coffee and

Then she struck something that

Then she gasped for breath. She saw

her scratching gravel to get a liv- rigged shinsr on. Now, John, I never ell you, John, it knocked me all in eap. I thought my father had enough upon comfortably. Then a notion office. I got a letter from Chicago, with ek me. Before going home I telea check for \$1,000 in it. With some hed to Chicago to one of our correidents there to send me \$1,000 by mail. Then 1 went into Mr. Colthen got a roast joint of beef, with a lot back office, got my trunk in there, of delicacies, and had them sent home. 65 an old, hand-me-down suit that ed for fishing and hunting. My that I replaced by a soft one, took After that I went visiting among my old schoolmates for two hours and allse in my hand and went home. bow the place didn't look right. his Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes, none urrant bushes had been dug up too good either. This is where I played the front yard, and the fence was All the old locust trees had been the kitchen watching the roast. Fathdown and young maple trees were ned. The house looked smaller, er was out to the barn, and I had a clear amehow. But I went up to the door and rang the bell. Mother in it and placed the cover on again. At to the front door and said, "We last supper was ready. Father asked a wish to buy anything to-day, sir." blessing over it, and he actually tremat take a minute to survey her bled when he stuck his knife into the head to foot. Neatly dressed. but a patch here and there, her freaked with gray, her face thin avinkled. Yet over her eye-glasses that in five years, Jim," he said, and mother put in with, "And we haven't those good, honest, benevalent had any coffee in a year, only when we I stood staring at her, and then segan to stare at me. I saw the rush to her face, and with a great

went visiting." the threw herself upon me and lifted the cover of the sugar bowl, asking as she did so: "How many spoonsly clasped me about the neck. cally crying, "It's Jimmy, it's fuls, Jimmy?" al cried too, John, I broke down wasn't sugar. She picked up the bowl

Tied like a baby. She got me back and peered into it. "Aha, Mister Jim house bugging and kissing me. my, playing your old tricks on your she went to the back door and mammy, ch? Well, boys will be boys. ed "George." Father called from it was money. She looked at me and chen, "What do you want, Car'-

then at father; then with trembling fingers drew out the great roll of bills. be came in. He knew me in a at. He stuck out his hand and Ha, ha, hat I can see father now, O mine firmly, and said sternly: he stood there on tip toe, with his knife young man, do you propose tog in one hand and his fork in the other, fourself now?" and his eyes fairly bulging out of his ed to put on a brave front, but head. But it was too much for mother ake down. There we sat like She raised her eyes slowly to beaven. red school children, all whimper-and said: "Put your trust in the Lord, At last supple time came and for he will provide."

A New Way to Clean Carpets.

every wreck he ever went to. Such a

record at such a station for nearly

Capt. Pearson, "the hero of Lake

Huron," is a mild-volced man, unas-

suming and quiet. While he seems to

fully realize the nature of his work, he

considers it his duty in a matter of fact

twenty years is one to be proud of.

There are some machines so simple and so useful that, seeing them for the first time, an observer wonders why he did not invent them himself. Such is the pneumatic carpet-sweeper which the Pullman company has recently adopted. In this case, curiously enough, no one knows who invented the article, exasperating foot-shaking and soul-stirwhich a New York Journal reporter ring "Jig songs." found in active operation in the Chicago vards.

ground pipes the compressed air is carried to the tracks.

Such are the songs that one hears on hollow iron pipe, about as large as a ment. broom handle. The pipe terminates in a brass fixture a foot in width and hav-

To add to the number of astonishing ing an opening, clear across, not more things that are made of paper, Krupp, than one-thirty-second of an inch wide. Through this aperture comes the com- manufacturer of cannons, has lately completed a number of paper fieldpressed air at the rate of about seventypleces for the use of the German inive cubic feet a minute.

fantry. The carpets from the cars are thrown face up on the platform, at the side of Their caliber is five centimeters, or a the track, and the pneumatic instru- little less than two inches; and the ment is pushed back and forth over the pleces are so light that one soldier can nap with the brass end immediately easily carry one. But the resistance upon the carpet, or just above it. The is greater than that of a field-piece of air rushing against the carpet with tre- steel of the same caliber.

mendous velocity blows the dust and - It is not expected that these paper dirt out in a cloud like the smoke from guns will replace those of steel. They are intended for use in situations The rapidity with which the work is where the movement of field artillery

Paper Cannons.

done is astonishing. Enough carpet to would be impracticable. cover an ordinary room is cleaned in Paper artillery on the field of battle tain sections of the city where the for less than five minutes, and so thorough- seems a most extraordinary thing, but

ly that no more dust could be beaten it is hardly more so than paper wheels seen. for freight cars on railways appeared

For cleaning the upholstery in the when they were first introduced-or, cars a smaller brass nozzle, only two for that matter, than paper water pails or three inches in width, is used, but were, the operation is otherwise the same.

An Old City.

Toulouse is the chief city of Gascony. One of the most remarkable of war Its authentic record is older than Paris nventions is attributed to the ingenuity can attest. It was a metropolls before of a Frenchman, Paul Giffard. His Christ was dreamed of: the Caesars were sheltered within its walls; Charle-"miracle gun" is a repeating rifle which employs no gunpowder. Liquefied air. magne so esteemed the town 800 years obtained under pressure at a tempera- after Christ that he left it as the crown jewel of the inheritance of his helr; its ture hundreds of degrees below zero, possession was the cause of theree and and thus representing an enormous expansive power, is the projecting force. vengeful wars; about his devoted walls This rifle is described as being much the soldiery of the "Albigenses reforlighter in weight than an ordinary rifle, mation," which anticipated Luther's The steel cartridge, nine inches long, revolt, waged their desperate and hopeand as thick as one's thumb, contains less warfare in defense of their homes 300 buillets, which may be discharged and their faith, besides giving a line of as quickly or as slowly as desired. princes to the thrones of France and There is no smoke and no flash, only a the Roman empire. sharp and low report. As soon as one

cartridge is empty, another can be "I am deeply interested in discoverscrewed on instantly, 300 shots costing ing the lost tribes of Israel," said Mr. theirs eyes canopled with canvas hoods. Musty, as he came in and sat down by On the shields and hoods the device, Opportunities seem to be growing the busy editor for an hour's discussion Opportunities seem to be growing of the subject. "So?" replied the man Three years ago Mr. Potter started the scarcer every year, and kickers and of the subject. "So?" replied the man Three years ago Mr. Potter started the of resources; "why don't you adver- Good Roads Magazine. He expended tise for them? The business office is on a large part of his private fortune in A man cannot depend upon a good the first floor. Here, Dick, show the the book, and only ceased its publicagentieman to the advertising depart- tion when directed to do so by the body ment."-Puck.



face is familiar to the suffering poor,

and she is a well-known figure in cer-

tunnte in life's struggle are seldom

LEAGUE'S NEW PRESIDENT.

Isaac B. Potter Recently Elected Head of American Wheelmen.

Isaac B. Potter, who was elected President of the League of American Wheelmen, has been prominent in the cycling world for many years. His ac cession to the highest office of the wheeling organization is, in the estimation of most cyclists, a fitting tribute to his efforts to procure for bleyclists what they most desire-good roads. So hard has he struggled for improved highways that he became universally known as "Good Ronds" Potter. Five years ago he established an office in New York for the purpose of spreading the gospel of better roads. Through his efforts tons of literature have been circulated in every quarter of the United States. They fairly shricked good roads. Thousands of draft horses in New York had their bodies ornamented with protective shields and "We want good roads" appeared

is an officer of that organization, and in its councils is highly regarded. For two years Mr. Potter has been chief consul of the New York division. Under his aggressive direction the division has experienced a wonderful growth. and by his efforts principally, aided by his associates, the Armstrong law, proproviding for the transportation of bicycles as baggage, was enacted in New York a year ago. Mr. Potter is an orator of ability, a parliamentarian of great force, an excellent financier and an adept politician. He resides in Brooklyn in a palatial home, which he recently constructed to harbor a pleasant little woman, who six months ago beguiled him from the ranks of bachelorhood. If Mr. Potter's previous energetic record is a criterion the league. under his guidance, may be expected to thrive during his reign as its President.



Never go to bed with cold or damp

Never lean the back upon anything struggle between France and England. that is cold.

Never take hot drinks and then ge nmediately out into the cold.

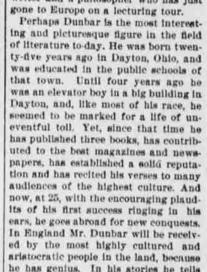
Never begin a journey until after i good breakfast has been eaten.

The juice of two or three lemons added to the bath is a great tonic and beautifier.

Dust particles in the lungs may cause inflammation, or even laceration, by their sharp edges.

Food for the sick should always be and served neatly.

In diseases of the thorax radioscopy gives information comparable in all points to that obtained by percussion. Never fall to keep the back well covered, especially between the shoulder of which he is now the chief executive, blades; also, the chest well protected.



PAUL LAWRENCE DUNBAR.

something of his own people, but he does not limit his art to the treatment of negro life.

Hall Columbia's" First Rendition. "Hall Columbia" was written in 1798 by Joseph Hopkinson, when Congress, in session at Philadelphia, was debating what attitude to assume in the Party feeling ran high, and the air was surcharged with patriotic enthusingm. A young actor in the city, who was about to have a benefit, came to Hopkinson in despair and said that twenty boxes remained unsold, and it looked as if the proposed benefit would prove a failure. If Hopkinson would write him a patriotic song, adapted to the tune of "The President's March," then popular, it would save the day. The following afternoon the song was ready; it was duly advertised, the nouse was repared in the most careful manner packed, and, in wild enthusiasm, the song was encored and re-encored. -Ladies' Home Journal.

Belfast's Growth.

In 1843 the ratable value of Belfast was \$675,000; now it is \$4,675,000-a remarkable growth, and largely due to the shipbuilding industry.

but two and a half cents.

schemers more abundant.

time unless he enjoys hard work.

A nautical knot is 6,100 feet.

a locomotive.

out with a stick.

Gun That Needs No Powder.