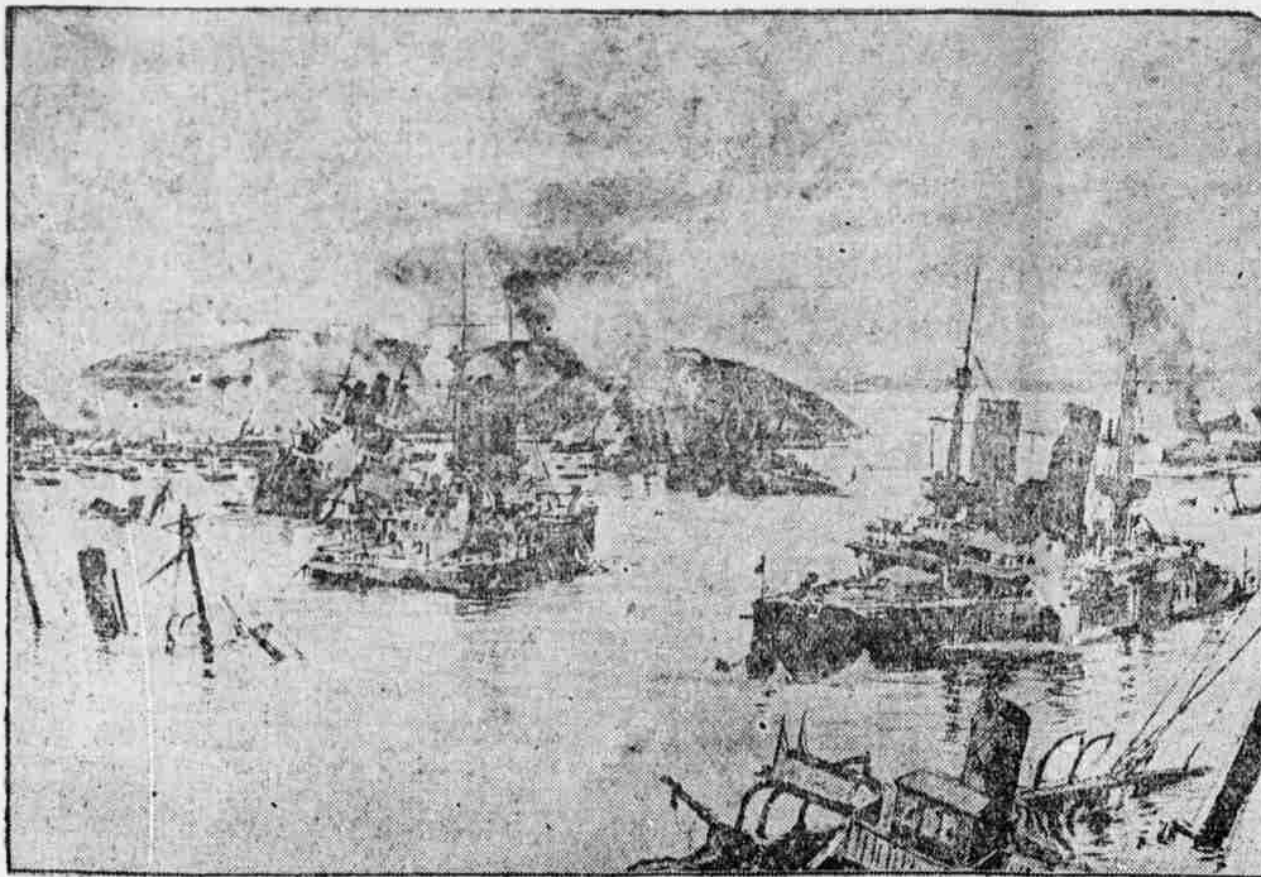


THE SUNKEN PORT ARTHUR FLEET.



Retvisan. Pottava. Pallada. Pobieda. Peresviet. Bayan.

ALL THAT IS LEFT OF THE CZAR'S WIDELY HERALDED PACIFIC SQUADRON.

The accompanying illustration is of especial interest in view of the fact that the Japs have set themselves to the task of repairing and raising some of the Russian vessels that may be turned into serviceable craft. The sketch was made for the London Sphere by Charles Wyllie, the marine artist, after a careful examination of maps and charts of

Port Arthur, together with all the telegraphic information on the subject, not only as to the position of the vessels, but also as to the damage they sustained. The scene is presented as it appealed to the trained nautical and artistic eye. The smaller vessels shown in the picture, but not named, are torpedo boats and merchant craft hit by Jap shells.

HOW TO EAT.

Don't bring worries to the table,
Don't bring anger, hate or scowls;
Banish everything unpleasant,
Talk and eat with smiling jowls.
It will aid your own digestion,
If you wear a smiling face;
It will jolly up the others,
If you only set the pace;
Knowing something funny, tell it;
Something sad, forget to knell it;
Something hateful, quick dispel it
At the table.

Cares domestic, business troubles,
Ills of body, soul or brain;
Unkind thoughts and nagging tempers,
Speech that causes others pain,
Public woes and grim disasters,
Crimes and wrongs and right's de-
fent—
None of them are to be mentioned
When you sit down to eat.
Knowing something funny, tell it;
Something sad, forget to knell it;
Something hateful, quick dispel it
At the table.
—What to Eat.

ONE OF FATE'S TRICKS.

MOLLY stepped lightly over the low wall and came toward the house. Hobson, seated on the lowest step of the piazza, turned his eyes from the contemplation of a glorious sunset to the neat, girlish figure. His experienced eye took in every detail of the slender form from the crown of her fluffy brown head to the trim ankle which peeped out from below the clean calico gown. He wondered if there was among the ladies who lounged in his mother's drawing room one who could show such an ankle, such a fresh complexion, such radiant eyes. Hobson doubted it. But, after all, he thought what were Molly's charms compared with Molly herself, the sweetest little woman in the world.

"Betsy generous to-night, Miss Molly?" he called out.
"Yes, see," she exclaimed triumphantly, exhibiting a foaming milk pail. "Only she stepped on my toe," she added regretfully. She deposited the pail on the ground, and, seating herself on the step beside Hobson, calmly removed her slipper. "It's torn," she said, inspecting it, "and the stocking, too." And she ruefully regarded the little pink toe which looked out bravely from the rent stocking. "But it didn't hurt much," she added with a smile.

At that moment Hobson was trying to imagine Miss Felicia Deerington removing her slipper and exhibiting a torn stocking in his presence. The thought tickled him and he laughed aloud. The girl turned quickly and regarded him, then, with the crimson slowly suffusing her cheeks, she thrust her foot hastily into the slipper, and, lifting the milk pail, walked silently up the steps and into the house. Hobson bit his lips in vexation. "What a fool I am," he muttered impatiently, as he went in search of her. However, it was some time later that he succeeded in finding her alone. The moon was just rising and Hobson, with Molly's hand on his arm, was strolling down the narrow path to the old bridge. "Are you angry with me, Miss Molly?" he pleaded. "I know—

"Please don't say any more, Mr. Richard," she said quickly. "I—I did not realize that—you see, I——" she paused in confusion, and Hobson caught her fingers. "I'm a brute," he whispered, and then because something welled up into his throat he could say no more, but with a sudden movement he crushed the fingers against his lips.

Then the face of Miss Felicia flashed into vividness in his brain and with a sigh he released the hand.

"I am going away in the morning," he said, presently.

"Yes," she replied in an even voice, but with averted face. "We shall be sorry to have you go, Mr. Richard."

There was a long silence. Hobson was cursing himself and fate and society and the whole universe, but aloud he said simply, "Thank you, Miss Molly."

Then after a pause he added, "I am to be married next week." He watched her face intently through the twilight, but all she said was, "And I am to be married next month."

There was another long pause. "And the man?" he questioned, his heart strangely heavy.

"Just Sam," she said with a little sigh. "And the lady?"

"Miss Felicia Deerington," he replied, with just a touch of pride in his voice.

"I have read about her," she said softly. "She is very beautiful, is she not?"

"Yes."

They had reached the bridge, and the moonlight slanted across the ripples of the water and shone upon the girl's white face. "Perhaps we had better go back," she whispered, with a little shiver, "it seems cold down here by the water," and she turned again toward the path, with Hobson following. The silence was oppressive, yet neither of them seemed to care to break it. At the foot of the steps she paused and held out her hand. "Good-by, Mr. Richard," she said softly. Hobson caught her fingers again to his lips and his breath came quickly.

"Molly," he breathed, "if I were not Richard Hobson, if I were just a simple farmer, if——" But she tore her hands from his. "Don't," she gasped, "don't make it harder—for me. Good-by," and the door closed upon her.

Hobson stood like one dazed, the croaking of the frogs seeming in his ears like the pounding of his own heart. A merry crowd of farmer boys passed down the road, their shrill whistles echoing through the night air. Hobson looked after them with a sigh.

"And I would give my millions," he whispered, as he turned wearily away. "Just to be one of them."

And Molly, stumbling up stairs in the darkness, was crying softly and pressing against her face the hand which Hobson had kissed.—Indianapolis Sun.

He Didn't Know It.

Tommy—Pa, what is an "agnostic?"
Pa—An agnostic, my son, is a person who claims he doesn't know anything.

Tommy—That's what I thought, so when teacher asked me to recite my lesson in history to-day I just told her I was an agnostic, but she just laughed.—Philadelphia Press.

As warm a heart may throb under a sealskin jacket as under a blanket shawl, but some way it looks easier to take one's troubles to the woman who wears a blanket shawl.

OUR MINISTER TO JAPAN.

Our Interests There Well Guarded by a Comparatively Young Man.

While Japan is going through her great international struggle for existence, and when the friendship of foreign states means so much to her, the position of ambassador to the Mikado's empire is a place of no little importance. It is not fully known how much Japan and the world owe to the friendly and tactful course pursued by the Ameri-



can minister, Lloyd C. Griscom, during this period. The Japanese are a sensitive people and a little less of wisdom and tact and the good offices of America might come with less acceptance than they have thus far. Nothing could exceed the kind feeling existing in Japan to-day toward the United States, and this feeling has been greatly enhanced by the American minister.

Mr. Griscom is one of the youngest men holding such an important position under our government. He succeeded the late Col. Alfred E. Buck, who died early in 1903. He represented our government in Persia before going to Japan, and was also before that charge d'affaires in Constantinople. In both places he distinguished himself by his efforts to secure full recognition of the rights of Americans without friction or unpleasantness. American interests have never been cared for in Japan with more dignity and safety, and Mr. Griscom holds not only the constantly growing respect and admiration of the resident Americans and travelers through Japan, whom he always receives with rare grace and cordiality, but he commands the esteem and regard of the diplomatic corps and the Japanese government.

On Obtaining Success.

Thomas W. Lawson, the Boston millionaire, believes that it is rather through enterprise and originality than through economy that financial success may be attained.

"The time is past," he said the other day, "for such economy as used to be practiced by an old Boston restaurateur, who recently died.

"The old fellow was economical to excess, but while he pattered about his kitchen, trying to make one egg do the work of two, his neighbor across the way was introducing a roof garden and a mandolin orchestra, and the economist, I understand, hardly left enough on his demise to pay his debts.

"He was, beyond any doubt, an economist. A couple of plumbers were working one day in his cellar. It was too dark there to see, and the men asked for some light.

"Well, said the old fellow, 'here's a candle. Make it go as far as you can.' "One candle won't do," said the plumbers. "It won't give us sufficient light. We must have two."

"The old man knit his brows and thought.

"How long, boys, will you be working down here?" he said.

"About fifteen minutes," said the plumbers.

"Then," said the restaurateur, "cut the candle in two."—Boston Post.

IN HOSPITAL FOR 42 YEARS.

Miss Ellen Adams Left Deaf and Dumb in Childhood by Fever.

Left deaf and dumb after a severe attack of scarlet fever when she was a child of 12 years, Miss Eliza Adams has passed 42 years in the Louisville city hospital in complete ignorance of who her parents were.

This peculiar character arrived in Louisville in the fall of 1862 from Nashville, Tenn. She had been deported with the crowds of women and children the United States government sent out of that State when the armies of the North and South were making its green pastures gory with the blood of the Civil War, and in the deportation she became separated from her parents and family.

In Nashville a great camp was prepared for protection of these people and for several weeks Eliza Adams was confined in this place. Finally she became ill of scarlet fever, and, owing to her age, she was soon sent North. Raving in delirium, she reached Louisville and was taken to the city hospital.

She had no friends and no one who arrived in the same train with her knew her name or anything of her parentage. Finally, under the care of Mrs. Garey, the superintendent, she began to improve, and within five months after she reached Louisville became perfectly well so far as mind and body were concerned, but the ravages of the disease had destroyed her hearing and power of speech. Owing to her tender years her memory was also partially impaired and after she learned to talk by the sign language used by deaf mutes she was unable to throw any light upon her history. Shortly after she became well Mrs. Garey took compassion upon the afflicted orphan and adopted her as her daughter, giving her the name she now bears.

Many efforts have been made to learn something of her history and parentage, formerly by Mrs. Garey, before she died, two years ago, and later by friends connected with the hospital. These have been entirely unsuccessful, owing to the meager information which can be gleaned from her memories of younger days, and in all probability her parents have long since passed away.

SENDING PICTURES BY WIRE.

New Process Discovered for Transmitting Drawings and Handwriting.

During several decades a number of methods for reproducing simple pictures, drawings and handwriting electrically at a distance have been proposed and partly carried out, but none of them has led to a result of technical importance. This seems not to be the case with the improved system of Professor Korn of Munich, whose success is due principally to the employment of a vacuum tube as an adjustable source of light at the receiving station.

The essential arrangements are well known from previous attempts. Two cylinders, one at the sending and one at the receiving station, run in synchronism. On the former is the picture to be transmitted, preferably on a film, and on the latter is a sensitive photographic film. A fine ray of light, concentrated by lens from a suitably arranged Nernst lamp, penetrates the first film and strikes a selenium cell inside of the hollow glass cylinder. The selenium cell is connected in series with an accumulator battery, the line wire and a current indicator at the receiving station. Upon rotation of the hollow cylinder the light ray describes a spiral line of very small pitch on the film, like the stylus of a gramophone. In proportion to the blackening of the film the light ray is weakened more or less, the resistance of the selenium cell raised accordingly, and the current in the transmission line shows corresponding reciprocal changes.

The time required for reproducing a photograph is at present half an hour. The transmission line may, of course, be used at the same time for telephony. Photographs have been successfully transmitted over a fourfold line between Munich and Nuremberg, the resistance of the complete loop being 3,200 ohms. The time of transmission may be considerably diminished by increasing the deflecting and indicating powers of the galvanometer. The time required for the transmission of handwriting or drawings is only one-twentieth of that necessary for pictures. At present 500 words can easily be transmitted in one hour. By operating the high-tension relay directly by the line current an improvement can be effected.

How Brahmins Measure Time.

The Brahmins' clocks divide the day into 60 hours of 24 minutes each, called ghurees. Occasionally a 24-minute sand glass is used, but more commonly a copper bowl with a very small hole in the bottom of it, this bowl being placed on the surface of the water and gradually filled. If the hole in the bottom is correctly sized the bowl sinks in 24 minutes. This registers the duration of the ghuree. An attendant thereupon empties the basin and strikes the hour of the day or night on the gong.

Ayer's

Take cold easily? Throat tender? Lungs weak? Any relatives have consumption? Then a cough means a great

Cherry Pectoral

deal to you. Follow your doctor's advice and take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It heals, strengthens, prevents.

"For 40 years I have depended on Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for coughs and colds. I know it greatly strengthens weak lungs."
Mrs. P. A. Robinson, Saline, Mich.

Small text: 25c, 50c, \$1.00. All Druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

Weak Lungs

Ayer's Pills increase the activity of the liver, and thus aid recovery.

Proof Enough

Victim—You sold me that as a "burglarproof" safe.

Dealer—Well?

Victim—Well, this morning I found it cracked open and rifled of its contents.

Dealer—What more do you want? Isn't that proof that burglars have been at it?—Philadelphia Ledger.

INVENTION OF PORTLAND MAN.

Creating Great Interest Among Irrigators and Hydraulic Miners.

What promises to be a priceless boon to the hundreds interested in irrigating and hydraulic mining projects is an invention which has recently been brought to a state of commercial perfection by W. R. Phillips, a practical hydraulic engineer of Portland. It is a hydraulic ram that will utilize any fall of water from three feet up for the purpose of raising a portion of it to any desired level. It is a perfect substitute for the water-wheel and pump combined, with greater efficiency. It requires no attention and involves no cost of operation.

For hydraulic miners it will convert the volume of water into pressure. It enables them to dispense with long and costly pipe lines. It will make available gravel beds heretofore untouched by the hydraulic giant. It is of unquestioned superiority in its application to hydraulic gravel and water elevators. It is thought it will fill the demand of the hydraulic miner for some suitable means of exploiting gravel beds inaccessible to the high heads of water demanded by the hydraulic giant. Recent reports show vast areas of such unexplored gravel beds to exist in the Pacific Northwest.

In an interview with Mr. Phillips, from whom the above information was obtained, we were told that the license to manufacture the ram was sold to the Columbia Engineering Works, of Portland.

Spaniards as Gamblers.

In Europe and the New World the most inveterate gamblers are the Spaniards and their descendants. Among African tribes the Haussas run the Chinese very close; and there are some Kanaka tribes in the South seas who push the hazard of gambling beyond the grave.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. K. W. Groves's signature is on each box. 25c.

Painfully Frank.

An individual recently went into a drug store and asked for morphine. The druggist objected to dispensing it without a prescription.

"Why?" asked the customer. "Do I look like a man who would kill himself?"

"I don't know," replied the druggist.

"If I looked like you I should be tempted!"

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm. WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALKER, KISSAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Asking the Impossible.

Servant—There's no coal, and the fires are going out.

Mistress—Dear me! Why didn't you tell me before?

Servant—I couldn't tell you there was no coal, mum, when there was coal.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Money a Little Scarce.

Hustler—I want to advertise for capital; partner wanted, you know. Here it is. Get it in to-morrow.

Advertising Clerk—Yes, sir. Two dollars and a half, please.

Hustler—Oh, that's all right. I'll pay for the advertisement when I get the capital.