

ALONG THE WAY.

My path is lost, is lost to sight,
My way is gone;
Grant me, O God, strength yet to fight—
To struggle on.

Although no more I see the light
That guided long,
For its own sake to do the right—
To hate the wrong!
—Leslie's Monthly Magazine.

WHAT HAPPENS IN BOOKS.

"I'm sorry it's over," she said. "It's been such fun." She laughed softly. "Such fun! Oh, you don't know."
He glanced at her a little uneasily in the gloom. They were standing under the trees, and there was no one near. He slipped his arm round her and kissed her.
"Are you really sorry, darling?" he said.
She laughed again.
"Yes, dreadfully. To-morrow, it'll all be cleared up."
"Cleared up?"
She put her hand on his arm and drew him further under the trees.
"Yes. Come, I'll tell you all about it. * * * Who's that?"
He peered at two figures in light dresses vanishing in front of him.
"Miss Vining and somebody I don't know. They're gone now."
She laughed again.
"Miss Vining! * * * Oh, it's too lovely!"
He glanced at her suspiciously once more.
"Too lovely—what's too lovely? I thought Miss Vining was a great friend of yours."
"So she is. Don't you think it's very nice for me to have a friend like Mamie Vining—such a rich friend—to take me about and be nice to me?"
"I suppose so," he said, without enthusiasm. "She's very rich—of course."
"Immensely! Money's nothing to her. She's a dear, too—a real dear," she added, affectionately.
He did not answer. The subject seemed to embarrass him.
"At least," she amended, "she is, you know, only—I'm getting mixed. But I must tell you to-night, somehow."
"What?"
She patted his arm softly with her fingers.
"I should have liked to have kept it a secret until the last moment," she said, "until I had to give you a wedding present, you know." He winced under the light touch of her fingers. "Why are you squirming about like that, Dick? I shall have to give you a wedding present. It's quite the proper thing. Bride to bridegroom—a for—" She broke off with a little triumphant smile. "I'm not sure I can tell you—it's so delicious to think you don't know."
He was silent for a minute. She was really very puzzling—and distractingly pretty. He bent and kissed her again.
She looked up suddenly.
"You do care—don't you, Dick?" she said. "You do really care?"
"I care more than anything in the world," he said earnestly. * * *
After all, there was time to break it off quietly before."
"Yes, I know you do," she said softly. "That's why I'm going to tell you. You see, we are good friends always, and one of us was rich, and one of us was poor, and the one that was rich decided to come to England, and take the one that was poor with her."
"Yes?" he said, incomprehensively, as she paused.
"Well, you know, in books, when there are two girls like that, they play a trick * * * At least, they did in a book we were reading just then."
"What trick?" he said, with growing uneasiness.
"They change places. The rich girl takes the poor girl's place, and—"
His quick movement startled her. She looked up, but it was too dark to see his face clearly.
"What's the matter, Dick?"
"Nothing," he said, in an odd voice. "Go on."
"And I said, 'Oh, do let us do that,' and she didn't mind—she said it would be rather fun. So we did."
"Did what?" he said, desperately.
"Changed places—what a dear old stupid you are! Changed names. I'm Mamie Vining."
There was a dead silence. The man's face wore an indescribable expression—if she could have seen it.
"Do you mind my having such a lot of money?" she said. "I know you don't think much of money—you're said so more than once. Don't you remember what you said about people who marry for money? Well, you won't marry me for mine, at any rate."
There was a light step behind. They turned to find the girl who was not Mamie Vining standing beside them.
Her friend held out her hand to her.
"Oh, Helen, I want to tell you—I want you to be the first to know," she said. "I'm engaged to Dick. Will you congratulate us, please?"
Helen stood still and looked at them. There was a great pity in her eyes.
"No," she said, slowly; "I don't think I will."
Mamie Vining stared.
"Why not?"
Her friend put an arm around her, and drew her away from the man, who stood motionless under the shadow of the trees.
"Because Mr. Vance proposed to me this afternoon," she said, "and I was

POPE PIUS IN THE VATICAN GARDENS.

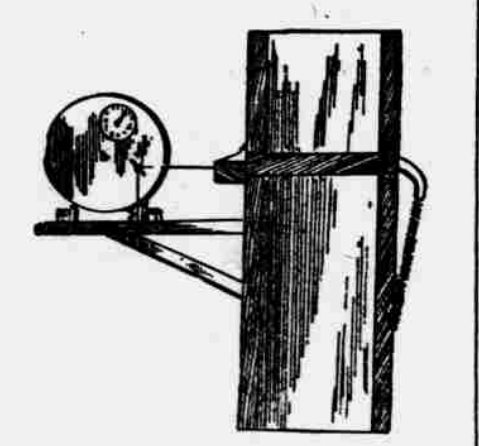


Pope Pius is more fond of exercise than is recorded of any of his predecessors. While he is bound in the nature of his office to go no further from Rome than is possible in traversing the Vatican gardens, he penetrates to the remotest parts of these grounds and spends a great deal of time in the open air. He is generally accompanied in his walks by Cardinal Merry del Val, with whom he is on the most intimate terms. The Pope recently announced his intention of procuring an automobile, as with this means of transportation it will be possible for him to visit any part of the spacious grounds without undue exertion.

fool enough to—to accept him. Forgive me, Mamie—I didn't know. You needn't mind it—it was the money he wanted—not me."
"You did that?" she said. "Oh, Dick—you did that? You were playing with me; and all the time you didn't mean anything?"
"I loved you," he said, desperately. "And you meant to marry her."
"She put out her hands with a sudden gesture of dismissal, of farewell. 'Please go,' she said. 'It's all you can do—please go.'"
"It was my fault," she said to Helen, when he had gone. "It was a trick, after all—it wasn't fair. But in a book—"
"They manage things better in books," said the girl who was not Mamie Vining.—The Bystander.

FOLLIES IN MEN'S DRESS.
Male Attire Falls in Even Distribution of Protective Warmth.
That a dress reform for men from a practical and hygienic point of view is badly needed there is no doubt. What can be more ridiculous than cutting the front of the vest and coat away and thus expose chest, lungs, throat, etc., to the inclemency of the weather, giving rise to serious illness? What sense is there in constructing the back of a vest with a mere, thin lining? Do tailors imagine that the spine requires less protection than any other part of the body. What practical use is there in wearing collars high enough to outshade the old-fashioned "father-murders," collars that prevent the free movement of head and neck, and tight enough to seriously interfere with the proper function of several organs?
It is ignorance, pure and simple, and it is one of the physician's duties to enlighten the public on the necessity of considering their health before fashion, ignorance, and folly. Wherein the male attire falls is the even distribution of protective warmth. One part of the body should be as warm as the other. But not enough that the present style of dress makes this an impossibility, to flatter man's vanity (presumably), tailors have acquired a habit of padding the coats "to improve the figure," and thereby introduce another element of unequal distribution of protection.
As a proof of how little men care about this "improvement," it may safely be stated that nine men out of ten do not know where their coats are padded, or that they are padded at all, and then they wonder why in a biting wind they should feel cold in one shoulder and not in the other. If physicians called the serious attention of men to these anomalies in their clothing and inculcated in them correct hygienic principles of dressing, they would take a great step in the direction of preventing disease.

FEEDER FOR STOCK
One of the disagreeable tasks in relation to the care of horses, cows or other cattle is the necessity of arising early and supplying them with feed. This is especially true with milk dealers, bakers and many others who are compelled to get up an hour or two before serving their route in order to feed their horses. This is also the case



on Sundays with all drivers of teams. Automatic time stock feeders are not new to the trades, by any means, but few are as simple as the one shown in the illustration. This is so constructed that the feed may be automatically released at a predetermined moment by attachment to an alarm clock and fed into a trough or manger. A chute, through which the food is to be passed, is shown here, with a hinged door at right angles to the inner wall thereof, the door being connected with an arm which projects through the wall of the chute. This arm is fastened to a spring held to a pin in the outer wall of the chute. A bracket supports a clock upon the other side of the chute, the clock having an alarm attachment. The key which winds the alarm apparatus is connected to a spring-pressed bolt which is mounted in the wall of the chute and designed to support the hinged door when the same is weighted down with food. As the clock runs down the cord withdraws the bolt, and when the proper time is reached the door is released and the food falls down to the manger. After the door is relieved of its weight the spring will cause it to resume its normal position. This would also be very useful in large establishments.
The patentees are John R. Ray and William E. Sankey, of Salem, Mo.

Heirs of Thierry.
The heirs of a Frenchman named Thierry, who died in Venice in 1676, claim that Napoleon was paid a sum of \$2,000,000 belonging to their ancestor, and have unsuccessfully sued the French government for its return.

WHAT THE BUGLE TELLS IN THE ARMY AND NAVY

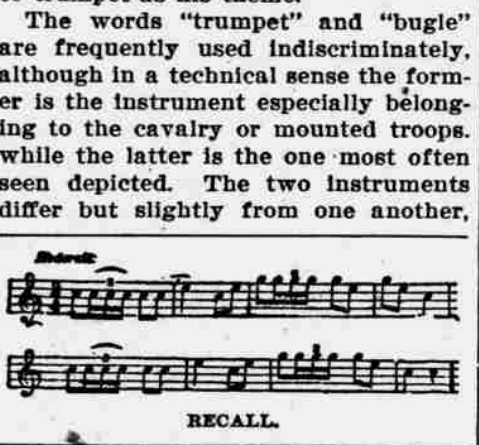


Those who know anything of the daily routine of army posts and on board our ships of war it is hardly necessary to say that the note of the bugle is the most familiar sound of a military or naval life. There is scarcely an hour of the day that its ringing trumpet call does not greet the ear, heralding some drill, formation or inspection, and, to the soldier and sailor alike, sleeping or waking, it becomes an ever-present accompaniment, if not regulator, of his clock-work existence.
As such, then, there must be some interest attached to the meaning of the signals which it conveys, how they can be understood and distinguished apart. As a military adjunct the bugle is doubtless of extreme antiquity. Trumpets were carried by the Persians among the hosts of Xerxes, and in its many varieties the bugle was a favorite with ancient warriors. It even seems to antedate all other musical instruments, as it appeared on the Egyptian bas relief at Thebes, on the stone relics of the Druids in the British Museum, in pictures of Grecian mythology and in the legends of the fall of Troy. A horn or perforated



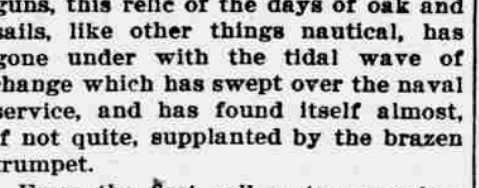
shell was the most primitive and common form of this prehistoric trumpet, which, in its evolution, has produced this present bugle. Its earliest recorded prototype was the long-stemmed flare-mouthed instrument popularly attributed to Gabriel and angel orchestras, and by successive gradations its pedigree can be easily traced down to the shining, metallic and beautifully finished cornet of to-day. But as it is the desire of the writer to make the military use of this instrument more familiar to the many who know of it only in a general way, it is with that end in view that he selects the bugle or trumpet as his theme.
The words "trumpet" and "bugle" are frequently used indiscriminately, although in a technical sense the former is the instrument especially belonging to the cavalry or mounted troops, while the latter is the one most often seen depicted. The two instruments differ but slightly from one another,

fortress, garrisoned by soldiers, governed by nearly the same regulations as are practiced on shore and officered by skilled artillerymen, to whom the traditions of the sea, except in the use of the extant, will be a thing of the past.
The sailor, or "man-of-warman," as he was once known, indeed, except in dress and appearance, has almost entirely disappeared from the seas. He no longer eats his hardtack, "salt horse" and "rope-yarn junk" from a tarpaulin spread on deck, but now sits at table and has often as many delicacies as are to be found in the ward-room mess.
He has no more "reefing" and "handing" sail to do, but must be an expert mechanic or artilleryman, skilled in machinery, armament and torpedoes and in aiming and firing modern breech-loading cannon.
While at the wheel he cannot watch, as he used to do, the weather leech of the main topgallant sail to keep it "luffing" or "full and by," ready to "luff" or "let her go off a point," but he must now be a practiced and skillful artificer who, with finger on the electric dial or steam steering gear, directs by the slightest impulse through constant danger the safety of hundreds of lives and millions of dollars' worth of property.
In short, he must keep pace with his ship, which is no longer a towering fabric of airy spars and sails heeling to the breeze under "royals," "topgallant sails" and belying "topmost stunsails," but a powerful ironclad like the battleship Oregon or swift ocean



greyhound like the commerce destroyer Columbia, fitted with every modern appliance, propelled by triple screws, driven by quadruple expansion engines and speeding through the water at the rate of more than twenty knots per hour.
These bulwarks of the nation, triumphs of naval architecture and the highest conception of the constructors' art, need a different kind of hand to guide and fight them than the picturesque sailor of Dibden and Marryat—Every finger a fishhook; every hair a rope-yarn.

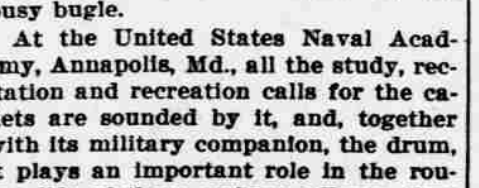
The bugle calls in use in the army and navy are not, as many might suppose, rude and unmeaning blasts, without rhyme or reason, and sounded simply at random, but each has a special and peculiar significance, which is soon learned and, to those accustomed to the sound of the bugle, as readily understood as any spoken language.
In the "skirmish" or extended order drills on shore no commands by word of mouth are necessary, but a trumpeter, or "field music," accompanying



the officer (who designates the desired maneuver), voices the warning for its execution on his bugle. The last note is the signal of execution, at which the movement indicated is promptly performed—"Attention, forward," "rise," "halt," "lie down," "rally by squad," "deploy," "commence firing," "cease firing," "to the rear," and many like movements are all perfectly intelligible to the soldier or the well-trained



At the United States Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md., all the study, recreation and recreation calls for the cadets are sounded by it, and, together with its military companion, the drum, it plays an important role in the routine life of these embryo officers, thus accustoming them to its constant use when they go out into the service at the end of their four years' course.
This assumption of the essentially military instrument by the navy is but one of the many proofs that this branch of our service is growing military as well as scientific, and reluctant as are some old barnacles to confess it, the day is not far distant when every ship of war will be but a floating



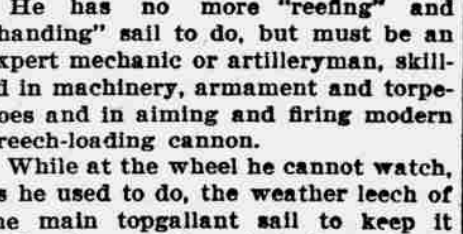
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CAVALRY BUGLER.

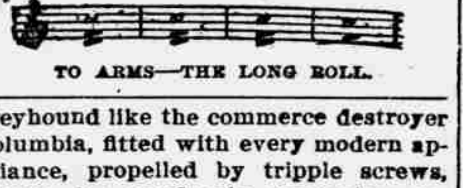
tor's arrival by "sick call." From morning till night its clarion note "sends the wild echoes flying" and betokens something which cannot be forgotten or shirked.
Among those calls most often heard and which rarely or never vary are "first call," "reveille," "parade and guard mounting," "assembly of guard details," "sick call," "drill," "fastigue," "canteen," "mess" calls, "retreat," "tattoo," "quarters" and "taps." All these are equally familiar to the garrison dwellers, whether in barracks or "officers row," and to many of them rhyming words have been so cleverly fitted by the soldiers themselves that the very notes seem to speak the meaning expressed by the call.

For the hoisting of the flag at 8 o'clock every morning, and when it is



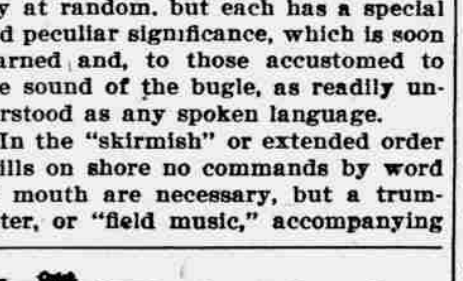
hailed down at sunset, "colors," as it is called, the bugles sound off the salute "to the colors," and the "retreat" or "trooping of the color."
The exultant infection of each flourish of this manifestation of respect to the national flag is expressive of the ceremony it represents—a martial "hall" or "gloria in excelsis" to the outward and visible symbol of a nation's greatness.
The "retreat" concludes the ceremonies of the day—evening parade—and its final notes mingle with the boom of the evening gun which announces the vanishing of the last rays of the setting sun as the colors reach the ground.
The two calls, "to the color" and "retreat," are sounded in unison by all the "field music" massed, who gather at the flagstaff at the preliminary "assembly of trumpeters," while the ordinary routine or garrison calls are usually sounded by the trumpeter of the guard, or ship's bugler, alone.

Cultivating a Weed.
Ordinarily, the sure way to kill a weed is to become attached to it, and give it the same care one would give to an exotic. The chances are that it will then pine and die; but C. M. Skinner, in "Little Gardens," tells of a weed that became the glory of his garden:
We had one thing in that yard that nobody else had, willingly, and we were proud of, namely, a "Jimson-weed," the stramonium, or thorn-apple, of the vacant lots. This had sown itself in the center of the back bed, and being picturesque of leaf and an oddity among cultivated plants, I spared it. This weed endured prosperity with a cheer that it was good to see. It grew and grew until it was the prize among its species.
Out in California they have Jimsons so big that you can play under them, but I speak now of our humble Eastern variety, which is usually of a dusty, weed-like aspect, rooted among ash-dumps, crockery and old cans, and lapsing into a squalor of age at the first nip of the frost.
I hoed the soil about it, watered it, picked off the beetles and grubs, and when the flowers came, gathered them every evening, at least, all but enough to attract the night-moth, with its astonishing proboscis.
The determination of that plant to have seed caused it to put forth blossoms of a multitude, and it swelled almost to the dimensions of a tree. It was ten or a dozen feet wide and about nine feet high. It screened a ragged and unpleasant view behind us, and was really as handsome a property as many an owner of a private park could desire.
A woman fusses at a man a week to cut the grass, and then she fusses at him for the rest of the season because he cut some plants in doing it.



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