

THE BIG-FISTED MAN.

Oh, here's to the man with a hand like a ham, And a fist just as big as his heart;

He may have a skull like the crust of the earth, And a jaw like the Terrible Turk;

But his heart you'll find good as a nugget of gold, And 'twill always be faithful to you—

HER BLUNDER

CAROLYN VERNET was of that order of women to whom their admirers are wont to apply such adjectives as "regal," "magnificent," "imperial."

Many lovers sought to win her, and many were disappointed when rumor announced her engagement to young Frank Reade.

To be sure, Frank was handsome as a Prince and brilliant as to wit and talents, was poor, hadn't even "expectations."

Early orphaned of both his parents, he was educated for the law by a rich uncle, who made it understood that said education was all he meant to give Frank.

His presumptive heir was another nephew, Frank's cousin.

Well, these considerations had their weight with Miss Vernet, and she had hesitated before accepting the young lawyer, but his attraction of mind and person proved too much for her worldly wisdom, and it was an engagement.

Only she stipulated that it should be no more until Frank should have sufficient income to support her in good style.

Of course, Frank just needs go away to seek his fortune. He went to Europe. There was a tender parting between the lovers, at which Carolyn was tearful and despondent, Frank brave and hopeful.

"Doesn't think of my absence, dearest," he urged cheerfully. "Think of the time when I shall return with a fortune to offer you."

"Return when you will, Frank," sobbed Carolyn, "you shall find me true. I will wait for you faithfully."

Frank Reade went to Europe and for a month Carolyn was inconsolable. However, this did not last long, and at the end of a month Carolyn had so far recovered from her grief as to accept an invitation to Mrs. De Smith's soiree.

At that soiree she met Albert Reade, that fortunate cousin of Frank's. Mr. Reade was a rather good-looking young man. She saw at once that he was destined to become her adorer. Besides he was Frank's cousin—reason enough why she should like him.

Still she did not speak to him of Frank; neither did Mr. Reade allude to his cousin, but Albert was ignorant of Miss Vernet's engagement to Frank. He began from their first meeting to devote himself to her, and Miss Vernet, not being blind, especially to such attentions, did not mistake it, yet she did not discourage him.

And when occasionally she heard some comment from "society" not flattering to her constancy she said indignantly: "Of course she must go about with some one, and who could be a more proper escort than Frank's cousin?"

So she continued to "go about" with Albert Reade. Of course, you see the sequel. Carolyn loved Frank. Under the fascination of his presence she had yielded her selfishness, but now that he was gone, worldliness had resumed its sway, and ambition began to suggest that Albert was a better match than Frank.

"Society," that astute and considerate body, had long foreseen the event and was not in the least surprised when Miss Vernet authorized the information that she was soon to marry Albert Reade, and society thought it a sensible proceeding.

And Carolyn married Albert Reade. They went to live with Uncle Jenkins, who gave the bride a set of diamonds and did the handsome thing generally, and somebody was good enough to send to Frank in Europe a paper containing the marriage notice. What a crushing blow to all his hopes that notice was he never told any one. He did not return home, and society was left to forget or remember him as it would.

It chose to remember him, for Carolyn, riding on a ferryboat about two years after her marriage, heard a lady and gentleman at her side conversing as follows:

"I suppose Maria told you about her friend Frank Reade's good fortune?" queried the lady.

"No. What about him? I understand that he was rather unfortunate at one time."

"You mean about his engagement to that Miss Vernet, was it—I suppose. Yes, he did take her inconstancy badly, Maria says. They say she was a great beauty, and men are silly about a pretty face—begging your pardon, don't you?"

"Granted," laughed the gentleman. "Proceed."

"Well, you know, as soon as he was safely out of the way she married a rich man, some relation, to Frank Reade, I believe."

"Yes, I have heard all about that."

UNITED STATES MARINE HOSPITAL AT CHICAGO.



THE MARINE HOSPITAL AT CHICAGO.

Uncle Sam cares well for the sailors who pursue their calling under the flag of the United States. And not only does he look after the old "boys" who fought the flag's battles, but those of the merchant marine are cared for with equal tenderness. For more than a century the United States government has maintained a hospital service and afforded asylum for sick and disabled mariners. From a service established in 1798 and consisting of a few employees and one building has grown a chain of perfectly appointed hospitals. There are two distinct branches—the navy, or fighting force, and the merchant, or commercial fleet. Of twenty such hospitals devoted to the latter, Chicago has the principal one.

The United States marine hospital in the northern suburb of Chicago, on the shore of Lake Michigan, is the best appointed, best equipped and best suited of any similar institution in the country. Here any seaman who can show a certificate proving service on a vessel flying the American flag for sixty days previous to application may, if ill, obtain admission. Or, if even after only one day's service aboard a vessel flying the Stars and Stripes he is injured in his line of duty he is entitled to care and treatment. It is not a home, in the sense that one may enter and remain there indefinitely. When the inmate requires no further medical treatment he must leave. Other places are provided for aged and infirm seamen, but these hospitals are for invalids.

The doors of these institutions are not closed to men of foreign vessels, either. Here are received seamen and officers of foreign ships, also of the revenue cutter and life-saving service and the allied branches of the navy, where provision is not made for their care elsewhere. There are treated annually in the marine hospital service over 50,000 cases. These dispensaries are maintained in all sea and lake port towns of any size throughout the country. The structure in question is the second of its kind built in Chicago. It was completed in 1873 at a cost of over \$450,000. The sandstone building is about 300 feet long, 100 feet deep and three stories high. Since its completion a modern operating amphitheater has been added at a cost of \$10,000. Further additions of a laundry, stables, isolation ward and disinfecting chambers have been made costing \$35,000. The average expense to the government for maintaining the marine hospital in Chicago is about \$25,000 annually. Including the down-town dispensary where "out relief" is afforded about 3,000 patients are cared for every year.

"Well, now comes the sequel. Frank went to Switzerland on some wild goose chase, and while there saved the life of a certain rich, benevolent, childless gentleman. Well, the benevolent old gentleman insisted on taking his brave young preserver home to England with him. They adopted him, and now he has capped the climax by dying and leaving his immense fortune unconditionally to Frank. Now, won't that be a bitter pill to the faithless beauty?"

Carolyn heard no more, but she had heard enough, and later the story had plenty of confirmation. It was a bitter pill to her. But the worst was not yet. In the course of nature Uncle Jenkins died and was buried, and his lawyer came to read the will to the heirs presumptive. With serene satisfaction Mr. and Mrs. Reade listened to the following: "I give and bequeath to my nephew, Albert Reade, all the property of which I die possessed, amounting—"

Here the lawyer paused to wipe his spectacles. "Amounting to \$5,000, invested in—"

That was all. Uncle Jenkins' apparent wealth had been all a sham, and Carolyn had sold herself for \$5,000! She had lost not only a true, loving heart, but what was of more value—a princely fortune.—Chicago Tribune.

FATHER OF THE TRUSTS.

The Great Business Ventures Organized by Charles R. Flint.

One of the most active men in the business life of New York is Charles R. Flint, who is generally known as the "father of the trusts," and the performance of whose yacht, the Arrow, in traveling at the rate of over forty-four miles an hour, has brought him into temporary prominence.

Mr. Flint is one of the great holders in the United States who has drawn nearly all their money, not from their countrymen, but from foreigners. His vast fortune has been accumulated almost wholly in the South American trade. He is also one of the few American millionaires whose efforts to accumulate money have not wrecked his health. This is very largely due to the constant care of his wife. It is Mrs. Flint, not his business associates,

who dictates his hours of labor, recreation and rest. She decides how long he may remain in his office, what and when he must eat, how long and in what way he shall play, and when and how long he shall sleep. Their social acquaintance is, of course, very large, but such merry-making as they attend must begin and end early in the evening. It is said that Mr. Flint is never outside his own home later than 9 o'clock at night. Mr. Flint is a product of Maine, having been born at Thomaston in 1850.

A WOMAN MINER'S PLUCK.

Works Herself at the Hard and Dangerous Task of Arizona.

A story comes from Arizona which shows what can be accomplished by the energy and determination which often lies beneath the fair exterior of a woman's frame. Mrs. John Kay lives near Kingman, Ariz. She has a husband and a family of children. Her husband is a hard-working man, but his earnings barely suffice for the daily necessities of the family, and several years ago she decided that she would engage in mining for herself.

She had no money to pay for the development of her claim, but she had a pair of tender, but willing, hands and arms, and did not hesitate to sacrifice their beauty and mar their fair proportions in the effort to provide a future for her family. She took the drill and hammer in her own hands, and, with infinite patience, wrought the holes in the rock, says Ores and Metals. She cut the fuse, lit the cap, tamped the charge, went back into the smoke to look for results, and wheeled out the muck, and kept up this work for years. Progress was slow, for she washed and baked and made and summed for her children, but there was no thought of failure in her mind, and no dream of rest until it had been earned.

A few weeks since her reward came. As she went into the tunnel after a round of shots she found big chunks of ore literally plastered with horn and native silver, assays running at high as \$3,000 to the ton. The vein is opened and is rich, and now she is superintending with a force of men taking out wealth for her.—Washington Times.

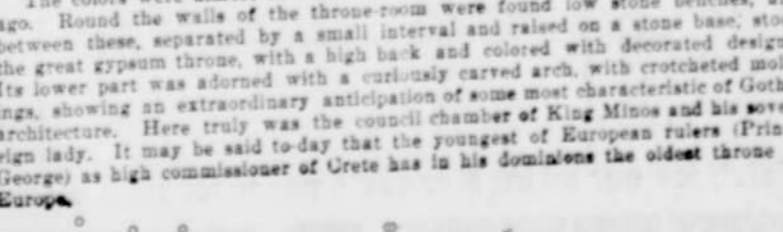
And the Stars Winked.

"You say the evening wore on. What did it wear?" "Why, the close of day, of course."—London Answers.

Cats in Switzerland.

Swiss ornithologists declare that cats have become so numerous in Switzerland as to threaten the extermination of all birds of the country.

THE OLDEST THRONE IN EUROPE.



What is probably the oldest throne in Europe has just been discovered and laid bare. This remarkable and surprising find was accomplished by the British archaeologist and explorer, Arthur Evans, at Knossos, on the island of Crete. The main feature of his last season's work was the uncovering of the original throne used by King Minos in his great palace, now being excavated. Minos, as will be remembered, was the son of Zeus, the first law-giver of Greece, who is styled the Cretan Moses, who every nine years repaired to the cave of Zeus and received from the immortal god of the mountains the laws for his people. Here from the spectrum throne more than 4,000 years ago King Minos read his laws to his subjects. The most interesting of all the chambers exposed was the spacious throne-room. The walls were elaborately decorated with frescoes, as will be remembered. The walls were elaborately decorated with frescoes, as will be remembered. The walls were elaborately decorated with frescoes, as will be remembered.

THE SPRINTING ROACH.

How the Ant Played Upon His Weakness and Won.

Once upon a time there was a roach lived in a hole in the wall next door to a wise old ant. Now it happened that the ant did not like the roach and would gladly have murdered him but for the roach's size and great strength, which made the ant no match for him in a contest of strength.

The ant placed poison at the roach's door, but the roach was wary and ate it not. One evening, when the lady of the house came into the room to look for roaches, the ant called upon the roach to come out of his hole, hoping the lady would kill him, but the roach heard her footsteps and kept close.

Next the ant tried to compass the destruction of the roach by daring him to climb up the side of the wall, hoping that the roach would fall from a great height and break his neck. The roach, however, refused to climb. Now it happened that the roach was a great sprinter and was very proud of his ability to get over the ground in a hurry. The ant chanced to think of this, and going to the roach, challenged him to a footrace. The roach accepted the challenge at once and stated that he could run faster with his front feet tied than any handly-legged ant in the whole house. The ant selected the spot where the race was to be run, which was across a yellow sheet of paper on the window sill. Hither both the ant and the roach went and halted at the edge of the sheet of paper.

"Are you ready?" cried the roach. "I am!" shouted the ant. "Go!" yelled the roach, and with that started across the sheet of paper at a dreadful pace, only to fall down and stick fast in a nauseous mire he had gone two inches. The ant did not start at all, for well he knew that the race course was across a sheet of flypaper.

Moral: There is a weak spot in every man's armor if you can but find it.—Ohio State Journal.

Peculiarities of Sleep.

There are few persons who can tell off hand just what positions they assume to sleep, and yet there is not an individual on the world who does not some trick of distributing limbs and trunk to ensure slumber's blissful spell which he practices unconsciously. This is a night habit, as perpetual and immutable under normal conditions as the succession of the seasons. No sooner are we really off to the Land of Nod than the night habit asserts its dominion. Our hands and arms seek the same parts of the bed or the same portions of our bodies upon which they have nightly rested since infancy, our feet and legs stretch at the same angles or loosely entwine in comfortable relaxation, as commanded by unconscious will.

It is seldom of our own deliberate volition that we place our bodies in position for sleep, as you will find tonight on going to bed if you remember these words. In truth, if you do not seek to combat the instincts you will be surprised at the dispositions of the various members involuntarily made.

If you endeavor to go to sleep by a new arrangement of the body you will also be surprised by the revolt against slumber which will surely ensue, but even before the struggle is well begun you will probably surrender, and permit the all-masterful night habit to renege these little details of position which long practice has made necessary to your comfort.

Exercise and Eating.

A good dinner at night is necessary for those whose pleasure or work keeps them up very late. But for ordinary folk who dine at 6 or 7 and go to bed about 10:30 only a light wholesome meal should be taken at the end of the day, when muscles and nerves are more or less exhausted.

"A tired stomach is a weak stomach" is a golden rule to remember. Yet how often one hears people say, "I've been pushing about all day and am tired to death; I must have a big meal to make up for it!" You may put the big meal into the stomach, but you cannot make the stomach digest it.

A belief lives strong in the hearts and minds of the majority of mankind, including persons of weak digestions, that a quick, brisk walk taken before a meal gets up an appetite and helps the stomach to digest the food. Now, this is exactly what it doesn't do. Exercise spreads the blood through the body. For the proper digestion of food the blood is needed in the stomach. Few realize this important fact.

After a long, exhausting walk, bicycle spin or any severe physical or mental strain take a good half hour's rest in a comfortable arm-chair or lying on a sofa before you eat a substantial meal.

An Important Question.

Civil service examinations are sometimes the source of no little amusement. In New York there was recently a test of candidates for the position of park grass cutter. The first paper the examiner picked up contained this question and answer:

"What are the cubical contents of a room fifteen feet long, ten feet wide and eight feet high?" "One bedstead, a bureau and a washstand. If such a room was a kitchen or a parlor, it would be larger and contain more articles."

Here is another question and answer: "What is the difference between three feet square and three square feet?" "It could not be."

At this moment the examiner was interrupted in his work by a big man who opened the office door and said: "Do you know anything about civil service?"

"A little," replied the examiner. "Well," continued the visitor, "I want to know where Pat McCann stands on the old moving list."

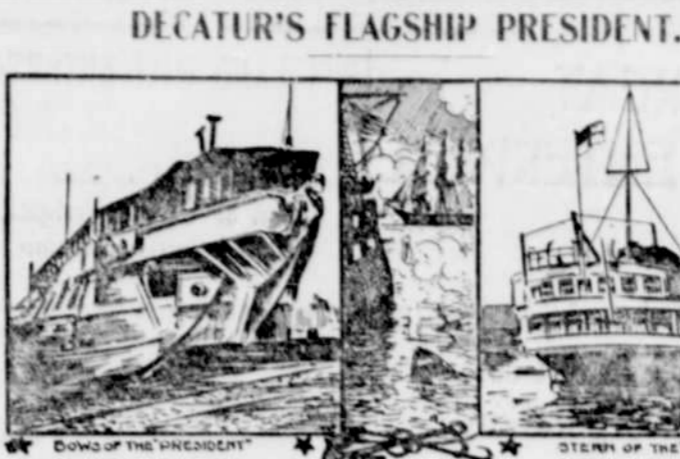
"Third."

"And how many are there ahead of him?"

Glaciers in Montana. But few people are aware that there are in Montana some of the finest glaciers in the world.

Electric Roads in Switzerland. Electric railways are rapidly displacing the old-fashioned diligences in Switzerland.

DECATUR'S FLAGSHIP PRESIDENT.



Nothing in international relations more clearly illustrates the camaraderie between England and the United States than the fact that the famous war frigate President lies tenderly cared for and revered as a historic relic in a London dock.

The President was Admiral Decatur's flagship, and in the war of 1812 her guns were the first of the American arms to be trained on a British foe. Such a scourge had she been to British shipping that the admiralty issued a special order that she must be taken at any hazard. But "orders" do not take American naval vessels, and the old President lived in freedom to witness peace and now for nearly a century her dismantled hull has been slumbering at the India dock in London harbor. The President and the equally famous old Constitution were twin ships, and the former was the first flagship on a European station flying the Stars and Stripes. It was of the President that Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote: "Ay! Tear her tattered ensign down! Long has it waved on high!"

CITY'S MARVELOUS GROWTH.

Modern Town Where a Year Ago There Was a Cornfield.

The rapidity with which things are done in the West is strikingly shown in the case of Anadarko, Ok., a little city which recently celebrated the first anniversary of its founding, says a writer in Leslie's Weekly. Marvelous has been its history, from the sale of the first lot in Anadarko, Aug. 6, 1901, to its present metropolitan appearance. Large brick blocks have taken the place of the tents and shanties in use then. Graded streets and broad sidewalks displaced the cow-rows long ago, telephone lines form a network at some of the busy corners, and everywhere may be seen improvements not



A CITY'S MARVELOUS GROWTH. (Upper view shows the site of Anadarko, Ok., in the fall of 1901; the lower represents the place as it is to-day, a bustling, up-to-date community of 3,400 souls.)

found often in cities of ten times its size. A mammoth ice plant, with a capacity of seventy-five tons daily, not only supplies the city but adjacent cities also. Contracts are now being let for a \$30,000 Court House, \$5,000 jail, \$20,000 school buildings, \$40,000 water works, etc. Electric light companies are making propositions, so that soon the city will be thoroughly lighted, watered and equipped in all particulars. The population now is about 3,500, and is growing substantially all the time. Good homes are springing up throughout the city.

JEFFERSON DAVIS MEMORIAL.

Arch Erected in Richmond by Daughters of Confederacy.

A beautiful memorial arch is being erected in Richmond, Va., to Jefferson Davis by the United Daughters of the Confederacy. It was designed by Louis A. Gudebrod and the cost will be \$75,000, which it has taken the daughters several years to get together. The site of the monument is the choice of Mrs. Jefferson Davis, who, though opposed to the memorial at first, finally consented, and the arch will be unveiled in Monroe Park at Richmond in the early spring.

ONE HUNDRED-MILE COAST.

Sliding Down the Side of a Mountain in a Hand Car.

Lord Ernest Hamilton describes his experience of a thrilling but perilous pastime, the descent in a small hand car of a wonderful mountain railway in Peru. "As a matter of fact," he writes, referring to the title of the article, "it is 100; but, for the sake of a title, the extra six miles may go—100 are enough at any rate for purposes of illustration. These hundred odd miles are to be found on the Ferro-Carril Central of Peru, commonly called the Oroya Railway, and they are to be found nowhere else.

"This Oroya Railway is a very wonderful line, indeed. It not only climbs higher than any other railway in the world, but also distinguishes itself in a variety of other ways incidentally referred to hereafter. But the accomplishment with which I am chiefly concerned is this, that it provides the only road in the world which a man on wheels can travel over 100 miles by his own momentum and practically at any pace to which the fiend of recklessness may urge him.

"The object of what is here written is to trace the sensations born of a run down from the summit of the Oroya Railway, 15,696 feet above sea level, to the verge of the Pacific. You start under the eye of the eternal snows and you finish among humming birds and palms. You start back with the unspeakable sickness of sores, and you finish in the ecstasy of an exaltation too great for words.

"The gods of Olympus were warm beside the man who has during the last three hours controlled his car from the Paso de Galera to Callao, for it is in the control that lies the joy, as in other things apart from car running. To sit beside the brakeman is good, but to drop the brakeman on a friendly siding and grasp the lever in your own firm but not too exacting hand is to sup a liberal foretaste of the joys of heaven.—Pearson's Magazine.

Many a man breaks his bills down-town, then grows because his wife wants a little of the small change.

"Knocking at the Gate in Macbeth," all of fifty years ago, framed this sentence: "All other murders (referring to Macbeth's) look pale by the deep

MODERN SLANG PHRASE IS OLD.

"Nothing Doing" Is an Ancient Expression Used in the Classics.

Some of those who affect the picturesque in their language, interlarding their speech with what they suppose to be the latest slang phrases, are being accepted and approved English for what they think is the latest up-to-date coinage of the purloins, may be shocked to learn that one of the latest and most frequently used phrases is at least fifty years old, and possibly classic, writes the Brooklyn Eagle. This phrase is "nothing doing." Thomas De Quincey, in writing his paper on the "Knocking at the Gate in Macbeth," all of fifty years ago, framed this sentence: "All other murders (referring to Macbeth's) look pale by the deep

GOT WHAT THEY WANTED.

Worthless Sermon, Over the Corpse of a Worthless Man.

The people of a certain town in Maine were unanimous in the opinion that if Abner Harlow had a gift for anything it was for taking charge of funerals. He had the time, and he was willing to spend it, too, as he had no particular business of his own. Moreover, his native wit and his intimate acquaintance with his townspeople made him a discriminating adviser at the ticklish moment when a strange minister tried to deliver a sermon to the life of the departed. But the Lewiston Journal chronicles one occasion when even Abner could offer little assistance.

A rather disreputable citizen had died, and Abner was requested to hitch up his old horse and drive to the next town to ask the minister to conduct the service. This the minister agreed to do, but before he allowed Abner to depart he tried to get a little material for his address.

"What sort of a man was he?" he asked. "Well, about the same as no man at all," replied Abner, frankly.

"I suppose his loss will be felt more or less in the community," suggested the minister.

"They're all bearing up well under it," said Abner, dryly.

"Was he a good man at heart?" asked the minister.

"If he'd been accused of it the verdict would have been not guilty, and the jury wouldn't have left their seats," returned Abner.

"Did he attend church at all?" asked the minister.

"I never heard of his doing it," said Abner.

"How did he die?" continued the minister.

"Just the same as he lived—sort of naturally," said Abner.

"I don't see how I'm to preach much of a sermon under such circumstances," said the minister.

"The neighbors all said they didn't think they wanted much of a sermon, and so they sent me over to see you," said Abner.

The minister pocketed his discomfort and a five-dollar bill, and after the service Abner met him again.

"Well," said he, "we got just what we wanted."

GOOD INTENTIONS.

How the Ladies Raised Money for the Minister's Vacation.

"Our minister did not take any vacation this summer," said Brown, with a smile, as he began a conversation which the Detroit Eye Press reports.

"Why not?" asked the other man. "Circumstances over which he had no control forced him to stay at home," replied Brown.

"He intended to go away and had made his arrangements, when several enthusiastic members of his congregation—my wife was among them, and the others were all women, too—took the matter out of his hands and told his wife 'confidentially' not to pinch and save for his outing, because the members of the church had hit upon the happy idea of raising a sum especially for his vacation."

"As the minister has a large family and his wife finds it hard to make both ends meet, she was only too glad to spend the vacation money in other ways.

"Well, the women held several 'affairs,' and managed to get something over \$50 together. Then they decided to make the presentation a gala event, and give all the members of the church a chance to speed the parson on his way with good wishes.

"It occurred to them that a little music would add to the occasion, and so they engaged some musicians. One member of the committee thought that if there was music, light refreshments would be in order, and she took it upon herself to see that they were provided. A third hit on the plan of having the church decorated for the occasion, and hired a man to do the work.

"Early in the evening when they met to compare notes they discovered that their expenses had not only eaten up the amount that they had raised for the minister, but left them a matter of two or three dollars in debt.

"Oh, yes, the evening was a pleasant one to some, but there wasn't any presentation. On the way home I asked my wife who was going to square the debt.

"Why, Joseph," she said, "what a question! The minister, of course. It was all done in his interest."

One Income from Tips.

In one of the popular musical extravaganzas a waiter says to a hotel manager: "What wages do I get?" "You give me half what you gather," says the manager.

In exactly this way is much of the service in hotels and restaurants paid. In one well-patronized uptown restaurant the man who takes your hat and coat pays the proprietor \$3.50 a day or night for the privilege. He has four assistants and he pays them. He does this out of the tips he receives. To all but a few old and favored customers he gives checks. Upon those to whom he does not give checks he waits himself.

He addresses them by name and expresses the hope that they are well. From these he expects to get nothing less than a quarter, and he is seldom or never disappointed. His receipts have amounted to as much as \$25 in a day and night, and seldom drop below \$10.—New York Sun.

Shoes that Were Not Mates.

Clerk—So you want to exchange these shoes because they aren't mates? Mrs. Hogan—Oh do. First of all put on one left foot and then made for the right; an' then I put on the other right foot, an' 'twor made for the left.—Philadelphia Ledger.