

A WEATHER SONG.

Don't worry 'bout the weather; if the breeze is blowing cold,
The world will yet have blossoms—just
all your arms can hold!
As you'll wonder at your grievance when
the blue sky is unrolled—
Don't worry 'bout the weather. Oh, my
dearie!

Don't worry 'bout the weather; there
must still be sun and rain
To freshen up the flowers when they
want to bloom again!
The lesson o' the love o' God to all the
world is plain—
Don't worry 'bout the weather. Oh, my
dearie!

HIS HOME COMING

AFTER the great battle of Shiloh
had been fought and won, for
many weeks that shattered
wreck of what was once John Fairfax
lingered on the very threshold of death
in a Southern hospital.

A bullet had plowed its way through
scalp and skull, and for a time the
issue was uncertain; but finally the skill
and care of surgeons and nurse won
the day, and he who had once been
John Fairfax arose and went forth into
a world of strangers.

He knew no one. His own name
was gone from him. The past was
sealed. He knew that he must have
had a name and a home, and friends;
but when he tried to recall them his
mind saw only a blank wall.

John Fairfax, known as John Doe,
of Nowhere, the name by which a
merry clerk had entered him to the
hospital records, carried musket and
knapsack no longer. Physically he was
incapable of that, or at least the army
surgeons so considered him, and he
was told that he might go home.

"Home?" said he, simply. "My home
is with the army. I don't remember
ever being anywhere else than here,



DEATH OF CHARLEY GREY.

and here I'll stay. If I can't handle
a gun let me drive one of the wagons,
or cook for the soldiers, or do any-
thing to help along. I've got to stay
with the boys. I wouldn't know where
to go if you turned me away." And so,
not being able to get rid of him, John
Doe was allowed to remain with the
army.

He had been reported missing, and
his name had been dropped from the
muster roll of the Pennsylvania regi-
ment to which he belonged when he
went into the fight at Shiloh, and he
was now assigned to a regiment from
another State.

The mind of John Doe was of such
recent birth, so untrained in the ways
of the world that his own soldier be-
came the standing butt and jest of the
camp. Subjected to constant ridicule,
sent on all sorts of foolish and impos-
sible errands, tormented and abused by
the rough and unthinking, John Doe
submitted to it all with a patient for-
bearance that was pathetic to witness.

During the final day of the terrible
battle of the Wilderness a soldier,
whose canteen he had just filled with
water, dropped dead in the act of rais-
ing it to his lips. The victim was Char-
ley Grey, a young soldier who often
had befriended poor, stricken John
Doe when others were trying to tor-
ment him.

And during the rest of the battle
John Doe loaded and fired in frenzied
haste; sprang from tree to tree as the
line advanced or retreated; and fought
like a hero till the sun went down.

Then throwing aside his musket, he
flung himself exhausted on the ground,
all the wrath and fire of battle gone
from him, and slept soundly till morn-
ing. Then he quietly resumed his place
as cook, water carrier and servant in
general to Company H, of the 4th
Massachusetts Infantry.

Cook and water carrier he remained
to the end, and when Appomattox
came and the cannon ceased their
growling, John Doe was swept north-
ward with the returning wave of sol-
diers.

And by some strange irony of fate
he was left stranded in a Pennsylvania
village scarcely a score of miles dis-
tant from the home from which he had
gone forth to do battle for his country.

His once dark hair and beard were
now a silvery white, and that and the
hardships through which he had passed
had made so great an alteration in
his appearance that even if anyone
who had known him as John Fairfax
had met him there was small probabili-
ty of his being recognized.

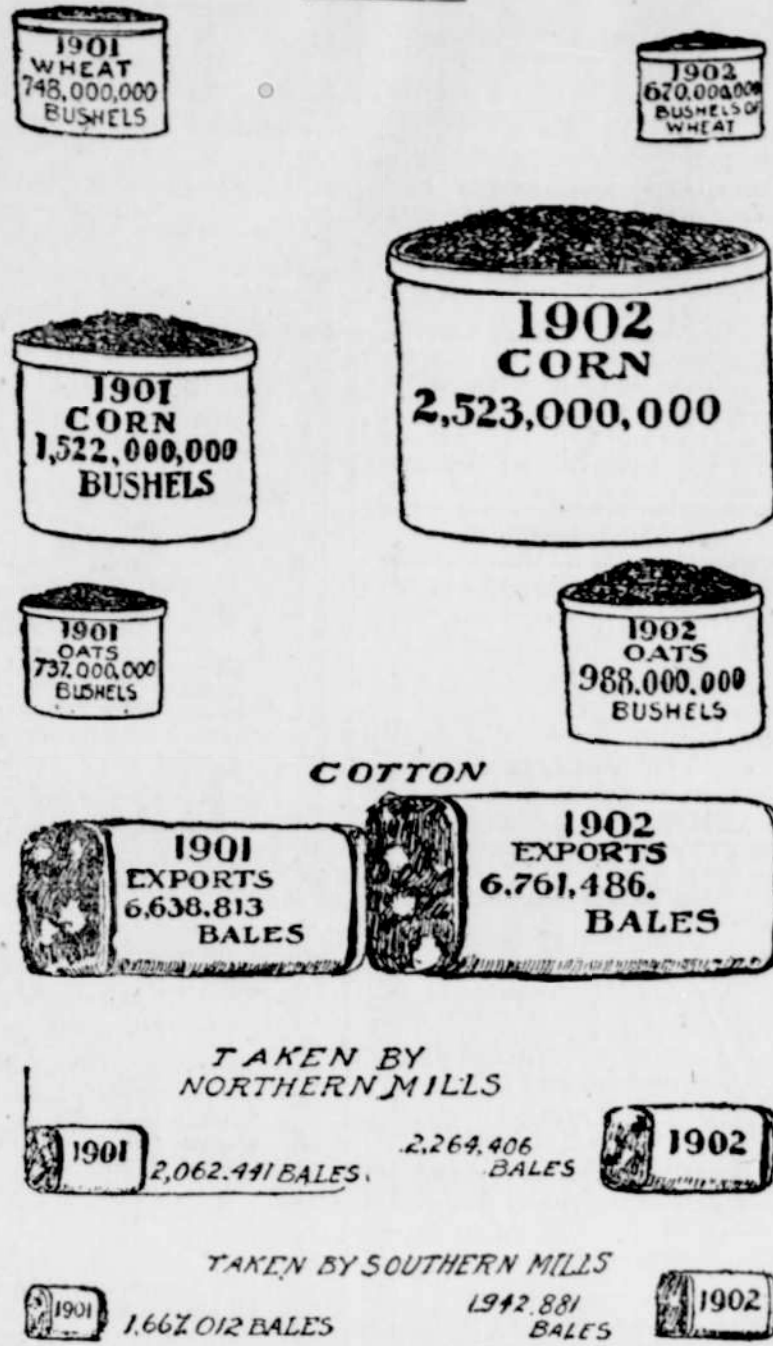
And here, within a few hours of the
wife and daughter who mourned him
as dead, the ex-water carrier and hero
of Company H lived and toiled for 15
years, a cheerless, lonely man, with
great, strange, indecipherable longings
for something, he scarcely knew what.

At last John Doe, no longer able to
work, friendless and forlorn, went
forth into the highways a homeless
tramp, clad in the tattered overcoat
from the uniform of the country he
had helped to save.

And in his wanderings he came to a
little white cottage. As he stood gaz-
ing at its inviting porch a sudden faint-
ness came over him, and he reeled and
fell, striking his head heavily against
the gatepost.

When he recovered by his side stood

BIGGEST CROPS IN HISTORY.



RECORD COTTON AND GRAIN CROPS.
ACCORDING to figures compiled by Uncle Sam's farmers in the United States have taken from the soil the past year crops having a value of \$2,557,895,416. The crops are the largest ever garnered in the history of this country, according to the experts, and their value is unprecedented in the annals of trade. To the tillers of the soil the year 1902 will go down in history as the most prosperous in their lives. It is said to be a fair estimate that the farm value of wheat, for which the farmers have disposed of half their holdings, is 95 cents a bushel. Oats have netted the farmer about 27 cents, and the balance, it is estimated, will be sold at that figure. Corn will net the farmer at his nearest market town about 30 cents a bushel, and so on throughout the entire list. The basis on which the government estimates the value of the crop is not the current market quotations in Chicago, but the farm value or prices at which the producer sells his goods.

Final returns to the statisticians of the Department of Agriculture from the regular and special correspondents, supplemented by reports of special field agents, show the acreage, production and value of the principal farm crops of the United States in 1902 to have been as follows:

Crops	Acreage	Production	Farm value, Dec. 1, 1902
Corn	94,043,613	2,523,038,312 bushels	\$1,017,017,349
Wheat	28,581,426	411,788,008 bushels	296,727,475
Spring wheat	17,020,508	258,274,342 bushels	155,496,042
Oats	26,733,144	987,842,712 bushels	303,584,862
Barley	4,001,063	134,507,623 bushels	61,808,034
Rye	1,978,548	33,630,502 bushels	17,080,793
Buckwheat	804,989	13,620,770 bushels	8,654,704
Potatoes	2,905,587	284,625,787 bushels	134,111,430
Hay	39,825,227	50,857,576 tons	542,036,394
Tobacco	1,080,734	821,823,903 pounds	80,472,500
Flaxseed	3,739,700	134,864,023 bushels	61,808,034
Total value			\$2,557,895,416

a blue-eyed girl artlessly prattling to him.

"Poor soldier man, did it hurt you to fall that way? I'm so sorry, 'cause I love the brave soldiers. My grandpa was a soldier, but grandpa says he



THE HOMELESS VETERAN.

went to war and never came back. I wish he'd come, 'cause grandpa is so lonesome and always cries when she tells me about him."

The homeless veteran struggled to his knees and gave one eager, inquiring look at the form and features of the pretty little one before him.

"What is your grandma's name, little one?"

"Mary Fairfax, and mamma's name is Etta Fairfax Field, and mine is Marietta Field. Isn't that a lovely name?"

"Yes, it is," said John Fairfax (John Doe no longer), rising to his feet and taking her by the hand. "Come on, deary; let us go and find grandpa and mamma, and tell them that grandpa has got home at last!"—Ullie Globe.

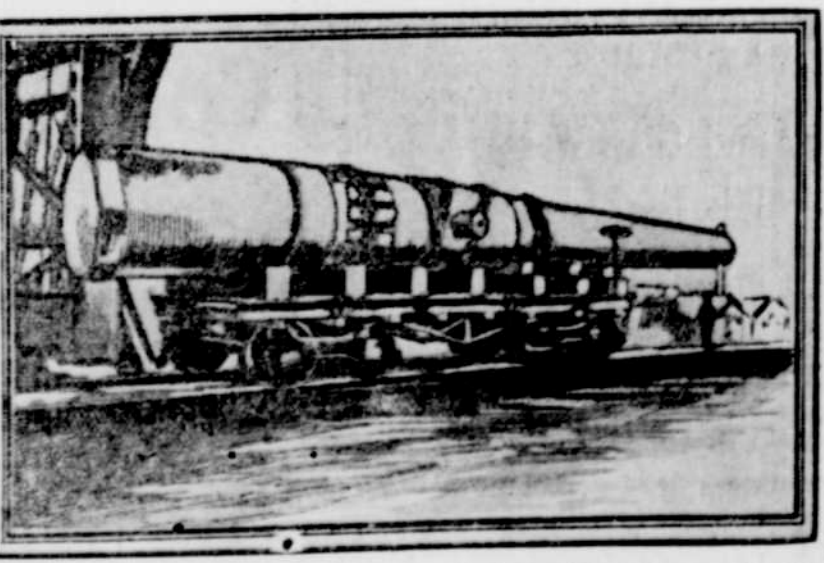
Sumptuously Entertained.

To find a parallel for the recent sumptuous entertainment of the German Emperor by the Earl of Lonsdale and of King Edward by other British peers and commoners one must go back to the palmy days of the French monarchy. To entertain a queen for a week the Comte d'Artois rebuilt, rearranged and refurbished his castle from threshold to turret, employing 900 workmen day and night. The Marshal De Soult received Louis XV. as his guest for a day and night at a cost of \$400,000. "I hear," said his Majesty to the Marshal, who owed millions, "that you are in debt." "I will inquire of my steward and inform your Majesty," replied the host, hiding a yawn behind his hand.

They Run.

Teacher—And what is the color of the ocean?
Tommy—Blue.
Teacher—Can you give a reason for this?
Tommy—I guess it's 'cause the blue fish that's in it ain't fast color."—Philadelphia Press.

THE LARGEST GUN IN THE WORLD.



THE illustration shows the largest gun in the world, and the most gratifying thing in connection with this weapon is that it is the property of "your Uncle Sam." It was built at the Watervliet arsenal, near Troy, N. Y., and as the railroads refused to transport it because of its 130 tons of weight, it was brought down the Hudson to the proving grounds at Sandy Hook on a specially constructed car, which was mounted on a double range of twenty-one miles. Standing on its breech beside an ordinary three-story building, there would be enough of it projecting above to make a very respectable chimney, especially since the bore of the gun is so large that a man may easily crawl inside it. More than a thousand pounds of powder are used to propel the projectile, which weighs 2,570 pounds.

GIVING HIM A SHOCK.

Old Chief Insisted that It Was Mighty Power that Hoisted Him.

"I was a clerk in the trader's store at the Pawnee agency for three or four years," said a Detroit grocer the other day, "and, of course, I had a good chance to study the Indian. There was a chief named Leaning Tree who never smiled or laughed. He had no curiosity. He had no interest in anything belonging to the white man—not even whisky. He was the nearest thing to a stone man you could find, and his imperturbability vexed me. I made up my mind one day to arouse him or perish."

"The chief used to come down to the store every morning and sit on an empty barrel on the porch. I put half a pound of powder under that barrel and one summer's morning Leaning Tree took up his usual roost. I waited about fifteen minutes and then fired the fuse. Ten minutes later there was an explosion that sent the chief twenty feet high and ten rods away, and of course, there was a rush from every side to learn what had happened."

"The old chap must have felt his hair curl and been greatly mystified, but he got up without the slightest loss of dignity and when asked to explain he struck his breast and replied: "Heap lightning—heap strike—heap go up, but no heap hurt me! Let me thunder come."

"His dignity was a good thing for me," said the trader, according to the Detroit Free Press. "There was an investigation, and they would have made it hot for me, but when the officers questioned Leaning Tree he proudly answered:

"No powder—no blow up. Lightning—thunder—earthquake—big wind. But was I a child to be afraid? Barrel—hump! Powder—hump!"

AUTOMOBILE AMBULANCE FOR CATS AND DOGS.

The automobile has been applied to a wide variety of uses since it became popular in America, but it is believed that the city of Cleveland has the only one which is used as an animal ambulance. Dr. W. H. Stanforth, of that city, has an infirmary for dogs and cats and makes a specialty of their treatment. For some time past he has used an auto especially designed for taking patients to and from his hospital.



AUTO DOG AMBULANCE.

tal. The rear portion is similar in design to the ordinary runabout, but the front portion has been enlarged to sustain a platform containing a wooden case, which is divided into upper and lower sections, the upper portion being used for cats and the lower portion for dogs. The sides of the case have slits protected by wire to admit the air, while each contains a dish of water. The portion for the dogs is divided also into two sections, so that three or four canine patients can be taken at a time. The accompanying illustration shows the doctor making his rounds in the automobile, with his two pet bulldogs, who usually accompany him.

SHE WASN'T THE REAL THING.

Betrayed a Woeful Ignorance as a Social Queen.

She looked like "the real thing." The women in the corridor, who were also becomingly groomed, looked after her enviously as she swished rhythmically past them into the reception room at the end of the hall and the men supplemented this attention with admiring nods and softly modulated "Whew-eh-ews."

The dozen people already gathered in the reception room reading and talking were likewise visibly impressed with the general excellence of her manner and appearance and every one of them would have been willing to take oath that there wasn't a kink in up-to-date life that she was not familiar with.

By and by the charming creature began to give evidence of an uneasiness that went a little way toward dispelling the illusion. She looked doubtfully about as if seeking something she wanted badly, but didn't know how to get. Presently she spied a little black knob far up on the wall near the door and she stood up on her tiptoes and turned it gingerly. In an instant darkness had settled upon the face of the reception room and all who sat therein.

"O-o-oh!" squealed the women and "Thieves!" ejaculated the men. The apotheosis of grace and culture waited loudest of all.

"What has happened?" she cried. "You've turned off the electric lights," said a porter who had rushed in to prevent a possible crime. "What did you want?"

"I wanted to call a bell boy," sobbed the apotheosis, according to the New York Times. "I thought that was the button."

A Bank Officer.
"Phwat's Michael doin' now, Mrs. Flannigan?"
"He's assistant teller in the bank."
"An' phwat's an assistant teller?"
"Well, the teller tells him the store needs coal, an' he assists it in."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Pianistic.
Pa—"I've noticed most children prefer chocolate candy to any other kind. I wonder why that is?"
Ma—"Doubtless because it makes their hands and faces dirtier than any other kind."—Philadelphia Press.

If you argue with a fool, he will get the best of you. Theories in the hands of a fool are always stronger than facts in the hands of a man of sense.

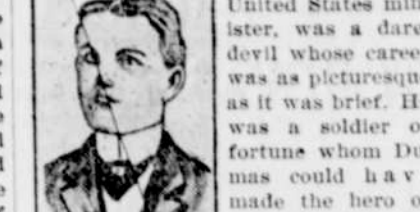
It is easier to brag of one's future than it is to boast of one's past.

TWO FOUGHT AN ARMY.

REMARKABLE EXPLOIT OF YOUNG FITZGERALD.

Behind Cotton Breastworks on a Flat Car, He and a Companion Held at Bay 3,000 Hondurans and Killed Eighteen of Them.

The young man, William A. Fitzgerald, who was recently shot in Guatemala City by W. Godfrey Hunter, Jr., son of the United States minister, was a daredevil whose career was as picturesque as it was brief. He was a soldier of fortune whom Dumas could have made the hero of a fascinating romance.



Six feet tall, dark and handsome, the young man from Michigan was a noticeable figure in any company. His recklessness endeared him to the strong men with whom he came in contact in the Central American countries—venturesome fellows who, from the daring in them, admired and respected the audacious daring in him. One of his exploits is thus described by a gentleman who knew him in Central America:

"In a country where revolutions are periodical events, Fitzgerald was not long in finding an opportunity of staking his life on a possibility of fame and fortune. The restless Gen. Vasquez was ambitious of deposing Gen. Regalado, the President of Honduras, and of seating himself in the Presidential chair in his stead. He enlisted the services of Fitzgerald, who was then but 21, and of a number of more or less well-known adventurers, among them Jeffries, the new admiral of the Colombian fleet; Col. Penypacker, now general superintendent of the Central Railroad of Guatemala; Col. J. Bascom Jones, now major general of artillery in the Guatemalan army, and Col. Richards, recently banished from Guatemala for excessive revolutionary propensities. Fitzgerald, anxious to distinguish himself, and yielding to his dare-devil and impulsive instinct, decided to open hostilities independently of the rest."

CAPTURED A TOWN.
On the 7th of October, 1897, with a company of 13 Americans, Fitzgerald paddled across the lagoon separating Puerto Cortez from the mainland, and at dead of night entered the town. A rush on the cuartel, where a garrison of 300 men was stationed, resulted in a complete victory for the attacking party. The 14 Americans had captured the town. As the nature of the Central Americans is one of general indifference and of quick changes in the matter of political convictions, Puerto Cortez from a faithful Regalado party, became in the short space of an hour a warm Vasquez town. The conquerors were hailed as "liberadores" and toasted in "aguardiente" and rum. It was a night of great revelry and of many "vivas" for Vasquez. In the morning 12 of the 14 Americans were so intoxicated as to be unable to tell their own names. It was at this juncture that word was brought to Fitzgerald, who had taken up his headquarters in the alcade's house, that 3,000 men were on the way to recapture Puerto Cortez. Either because he himself was not entirely sober, or else because he knew the Honduran populace to be partisans of the upper dog, Fitzgerald decided to keep to himself the knowledge of the impending attack upon the town. He tried to enlist his 13 men in the defense of the place, but found them all, with one exception, stupefied with liquor and unable to stand. The exception was Lee Christmas, a locomotive engineer, now the chief of police of Tegucigalpa, the capital of Honduras. Christmas and Fitzgerald rode to the freight yards of the railroad and there commandeered a locomotive and a flat car.

"Puerto Cortez, it must be explained, is on a peninsula. Fitzgerald and Christmas ran the locomotive and flat car up the line to where the strip of land connecting the peninsula to the mainland is narrowest and there awaited the arrival of the government troops. On the flat car breastworks of sugar bags had been built; within the quadrangle made of these bags Fitzgerald took up his position with four Winchester and several hundred rounds of ammunition. At dawn the 3,000 men appeared, marching in close formation on the railroad track, there being no other trail. The fire that greeted them from the flat car cleared the track in five seconds, every man taking to cover in the jungle. Until 8 o'clock at night Fitzgerald alone held the flower of the Honduran army at bay, Christmas loading the rifles for him; then, fearing an attack en masse under cover of darkness, the order to retreat was given, and the locomotive and flat car steamed back into Puerto Cortez. That same night Fitzgerald and Christmas left in a canoe and Puerto Cortez was retaken. Gen. Drummond, who had been the nominal head of the expedition against the town, was captured and taken to San Pedro, but escaped two weeks later."

Fitzgerald, knowing how much his head was worth, walked 120 miles into Guatemala. In his fight on the railroad track he had killed 18 of the enemy and wounded half a hundred.

Improved on Nature.

A year or two after William McKinley had begun the practice of the law at Canton, Ohio, he distinguished himself in a humorous fashion in one of his first successful cases. As often happens in court, the humor was not merely for the sake of the joke, but for serious purpose. Edward T. Roe, in "The Life-Work of William McKinley," tells the story.

The case was a suit against a surgeon, whom the plaintiff charged with having set his leg so badly that it was bowed. McKinley defended the surgeon, and found himself pitted against John McSweeney, one of the most brilliant lawyers of the Ohio bar.

McSweeney brought his client into court, and had him expose the injured limb to the jury. It was very crooked, and the case looked bad for the surgeon. But McKinley had both his eyes open, as usual, and fixed them keenly on the man's other leg.

As soon as the plaintiff was turned over to him, he asked that the other leg should also be bared. The plaintiff and McSweeney objected vigorously, but the judge ordered it done. Then it appeared that his second leg was still more crooked than that which the surgeons had set.

"My client seems to have done better by this man than nature itself did," said McKinley, "and I move that the suit be dismissed, with a recommendation to the plaintiff that he have the other leg broken, and then set by the surgeon who set the first one."

YOUNGSTER HAD PLUCK.

Chastisement by Grandfather Merely Called Forth a "Thank You."

People may admire the stolid indifference and the unflinching traits of the American aborigine, the bulldog tenacity of the British lion, or the resoluteness of the play of endurance by the howling desperado, but all these pale into insignificance beside the exhibition of spunk and defiance made by a 4-year-old youngster in this city the other day. The boy is barely past the period of transition from the kilts to knickerbockers, but he is wise and serious beyond his years. His father is one of the best-known and ablest newspaper men in the United States, and his grandfather is recognized everywhere as one of the most influential newspaper managers in the country.

The boy's grandmother had just returned from an out-of-town trip, and the boy, who has had things almost his own way while she was absent, objected to having his run interfered with by anything so incidental as her return. He became so fractious, in fact, that the grandfather, who worships at the shrine of the youngster with an intensity almost as young as the devotion of the theologian to his Oxford in his college days, found it necessary to administer a chastisement.

With his teeth gripped hard and fast, an expression serious enough to appal any venturesome candidate for increase of salary in his office, or to send chills down the spine of anyone "walking the carpet," the grandfather seized the boy and began giving him some wholesome corporal training. Holding the boy's hand he proceeded to the work in hand. Five large and resounding whacks he delivered to the outstretched hand with a force and a sting calculated to make most infants wince. Not so with Henry, however. Finally the grandfather himself got out of breath, and he was certain that the youthful victim of the whipping-post of inculcating principles was duly repentant and sorrowful.

"Have you anything to say now, Henry?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," answered the boy meekly. "What's it?" asked grandpa, expectantly.

"Thank you, grandpa."

And the diminutive insurgent chuckled his little hands in his pocket, gave a contemptuous look about him, and strode away with the air of a general who has won the first fight of his campaign, while his grandfather leaned stretched hand with a force and a sting calculated to make most infants wince. Not so with Henry, however. Finally the grandfather himself got out of breath, and he was certain that the youthful victim of the whipping-post of inculcating principles was duly repentant and sorrowful.

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WORSE THAN STAGE FRIGHT.

Public Speakers Dread the Man Who Asks Fool Questions.

One of the most effective public speakers in New York State was telling some of his experiences a few nights ago.

"I got over stage fright a long time ago," he said, "but there is one thing that nearly always breaks me up, and that is the fellow who asks a question about something foreign to the line of argument I am making."

"If a question is asked on the same subject it does not break the thread of the discourse. But for a chap to yell out an inquiry merely to attract attention to himself and distract the attention of the audience from the speaker is a thing I have never been able to meet successfully."

"It is a hackneyed saying that any fool can ask a question. There is nearly always one fool at a public meeting, and the bigger the fool he is the more consternation he can create."

"I am credited with being quick at repartee, and a public speaker must school himself to that, but the fool question usually floors the best of us before we can fire back. The best public speakers usually digest their thoughts before uttering them, or at least stick up a few mental sign boards—except on impromptu occasions, which are rare, between ourselves."

"When a speaker has put up his sign boards and is making his jumps from one to another, and a fool crosses his path it is disturbing to the best of us. The speaker who has his audience with him can generally rely upon the audience to squelch the fool, but that does not prevent the speaker from becoming deflected. The fool has one thought and springs it. The speaker has a lot of thoughts to keep track of."

"I have never stepped before an audience in my public career that I did not wonder right at the start where the fool was. He has not always appeared to the audience, but he is always present in mind. I have spoken to other public speakers on this subject and they all admit the same thing."—New York Sun.

Concerning Finger Bowls.

One of the penalties people have to pay for the privilege of meeting English royalty is to be denied the use of a finger bowl. It is a piece of antiquarian lore and dates back to the time of the pretender. Then the Jacobites used to raise their glasses over the finger bowl in order to drink to the king. The reference was obvious, for they meant to "the king over the water," although they did not dare say so.

His Business.
La Mont—"When you called that man 'Rubbers' he didn't seem to object."
La Moyn—"Of course not. He works in a Turkish bath."

OLD FAVORITES

Seven Times One.