RECALL.

Put up thy sword, O Nation grand and strong!
Call in thy fleet-winged missiles from the sea;
Art thou not great enough to suffer wrong,
Land of the brave, and freest of the free?

Put up thy sword: 'tis nobler to endure
Than to avenge thee at another's cost;
And while thy claim and purpose are made sure
Behold that other's life and honor lost.

Put up thy sword: it hath not hushed the cry
That called it, all too rashly, from its sheath;
Still o'er the fated isle her children lie,
And find surcease from anguish but in death.

Put up thy sword, O Country strong and free,
Let strife and avarice and oppression cease;
So shall the world thy Star of Empire see,
Resplendent, o'er the Heaven-touched hills of Peace.

—H. Lavinia Bailey. in The American Friend.

A MISAPPREHENSION.

The Caller Did Not Refer to the Hero of Manila.

The editor of the humorous literature department looked up wearily from his work as he heard a footfall on his threshold, and his gaze fell upon a visitor who bore the unmistakable evidence of what the editor so greatly feared. For weeks the editor had been plunged into a sea of jokes, which he thought could not have been possible, yet they continued to flow in upon him, and he was slowly but surely realizing the horrors of war.

"Good morning, sir," said the solemn-faced visitor in such profoundly sorrowful tones that the editor was sure of his man.

"Morning," responded the editor.

The visitor coughed nervously, dragged a small boy out of the shadow behind him, shuffled a foot or two, hesitated a moment, and spoke.

"Do we——" he began.

"No, sir," snapped the editor, "we don't, and, by Jove, I should think that by this time you would know better than to try to shove an old chestnut like that in on a civilized community. Why, we said that in the headlines as long as your hair, the morning after the scrap, and a thousand imitators have followed our example. And not only that, sir, but we don't want anything about 'Dewey eyes,' nor 'Do-he? Don't he?' nor 'Didn't he deweyt up brown?' nor 'Dew-Dew, Huckleberry-Dewey,' nor 'Yankee Dewedle Dew,' nor 'Give the Spaniard his Dewey,' nor 'We knew our Deweyty,' nor——"

The visitor coughed again nervously and slid up close to the desk.

"Poor man, poor man," he said kindly, and the boy looked sorry.

"What the—" began the editor.

"Excuse me," interrupted the visitor, as the exasperated editor was about to say what Dewey gave the Spaniards at Manila, "I think you must be mistaken. I was going to say, do we——"

"And I say, don't say it," exclaimed the editor.

But the visitor would not listen.

"Do we," he persisted, "do we go to the floor below to pay for our subscription?" and the editor fell helpless across his desk, laughing hysterically.

Two Millions a Year.

When people buy, try, and buy againg, it means they're setisfied. The people of the United States are now buying Cascarets Candy Cathartic at the rate of two million boxes a year, and it will be three million before New Year's. It means merit proved that Cascarets are the most delightful bowel regulator for everybody the year round. All druggits 5 0c, 25c 50c. a box, cure guaranteed

Mr. E. Conomie—Did you write to the man who advertises to show people how to make puddings without milk and have them richer?

Mrs. E. Conomie—Yes, and sent him a quarter.

"What did he reply?"

"'Use cream.'"

The "Gentle" Mule.

The mule was evidently a bad mule, but Lieutenant Kellenberger of battery G, 1st Ohio light infantry, said that his disposition had been ruined and his confidence in human nature destroyed by improper treatment. "He has been mistreated," said Lieut. Kellenberger. "I will show you how this mule should be treated."

Then the lieutenant, with the assistance of an orderly, saddled the mistreated mule in front of his tent. The mule offered neither resistance nor protest, The lieutenant patted him on the neck. "He needs kind but firm treatment," said he. Then the lieutenant mounted. The mistreated mule danced three bars of a two-step, executed an individual hop, skip and jump with each leg, and projected Lieut. Kellenberger into the air directly beneath a thorn tree,

"Catch the man-eating monster and beat him to death," said Lieut. Kellenberger as the hospital corps assisted him to his tent. Then several men came out of a company street and erected a tablet reading thus: "Where Kelly fell, May 28, 1898."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

A Wise Precaution.

On several of the great ocean liners it is the invariable rule to close the collision bulkheads the moment a ship enters a fog. It makes no difference if the thick weather is supposed to end in a few minutes. The crew is perfectly drilled in this duty, and the work is accomplished in a very few minutes. The bulkheads are not only closed but locked as well, and on some steamers a man is placed on guard at each door to see that every possible chance of their coming open is eliminated. Each day bulkhead drill is a part of the regular routine; not a possibility of greater safety is overlooked. The closing of the bulkheads is a cause of considerable inconvenience to the passengers, for if a person is below and wishes to go to another part of the vessel, it is necessary that he go on deck and then descend within the compartment in which his destination is locked up. But the passengers do not complain of such exertion; they can never know just when that state of affairs will save the ship and its human freight from a plunge to the bottom of the sea.—*Worcester Gazette*.

About one month ago my child, which is fifteen months old, had an attack of diarrhoea accompanied by vomiting. I gave it such remedies as are usually given in such cases, but as nothing gave relief, we sent for a physician and it was under his care for a week. At this time the child had been sick for about ten days and was having about twenty-five operations of the bowels every twelve hours, and we were convinced that unless it soon obtained relief it would not live. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy was recomended, and I decided to try it. I soon noticed a change for the better by its continued use a complete cure was brought about and is now perfectly healthy.—C. L. Boggs, Stumptown, Gilmer Co., W. Va. For sale by Harry Roberts, Easton, Md.

Our Single Strap Harness

has full leather-lined Track Saddle, V-Shaped Breast Collar and first-class goods in them.

NEVIUS & FRAMPTON.

THE MAKING OF AN ADMIRAL

BEFORE THE DAYS OF OUR NAVAL ACADEMY.

How Admiral David Glasgow Farragut Was Trained for His Great Victories.

Dewey's success at Manila has revived interest in the victories of Dewey's old commander, the hero of New Orleans and Mobile Bay. We suspect, however, that many who have read with interest the triumphs of our first Admiral have never gone over the record of the hard school in which he learned how to be an Admiral. He was no lucky accident, no creature of political favor. As a boy, youth and man he had been in the navy fifty years when the war for the Union gave him his great first opportunity.

The Ferraguts (to give the Spanish spelling) were an old Spanish family, active in war, politics and ecclesiastical matters long before the days of Cervantes. George Farragut, the Admiral's father, left home in 1772, wandered for some time, and came to this country early in 1776. Ardent as a revolutionist, he entered upon a singular career. He was a sailing master in the navy, a major of cavalry, a surveyor, a magistrate, a daring boatman, a farmer and a follower of Jackson in the Seminole war. Cervantes hardly led a more varied life than George Farragut. The Admiral's mother came of good Scotch blood, and inherited the courage of her forefathers. David's earliest memory went back to a day when, his father being absent on military duty, several hostile Indians sought to enter the house, but were driven away by an axe in the hands of the resolute matron. It would be interesting to know more about such progenitors, but Mrs. Farragut died before her distinguished son was 8 years old. Shortly afterward the boy left home, long cruises followed, and he never saw his father again. George Farragut died in 1817, when his son was in the Mediterranean. A young midshipman is not likely to be a student of ancestral influence, and by the time Farragut was old enough to reflect on heredity the family traditions were dim or lost.

Young David's earliest years were spent on his father's farm in Tennessee, but his father subsequently received a naval appointment, was ordered to New Orleans and removed his family to that city. David, under his father's tuition, became an apt boatman. A naval officer named Porter, who fell seriously ill, was taken to the Farragut residence and cared for until he died. Mrs. Farragut soon after died of yellow fever. Porter's son, Commander David Porter, a young officer with a capital record of West India and Mediterranean service, was subsequently ordered to the command of the naval station at New Orleans. Porter expressed his gratitude to Farragut, the elder, and offered to adopt one of his three sons. William was already a midshipman and George was an infant, and 8-year-old David was the choice. Porter took his adopted child with him to Washington and introduced him to the Secretary of the Navy, who promised to appoint him a midshipman as soon as he should reach the age of 10. The Secretary was better than his word, as Farragut's name was placed on the list before he was nine years and six months old.

A bright pupil fell into the hands of an excellent teacher. Porter was a conscientious guardian, who sent his charge to good schools and watched over him with paternal care. In August, 1811, Porter took command of the frigate Essex, and the little middy went to sea. A winter gale nearly wrecked the ship, but she beat into port, and the midshipmen, probably to their disgust, were sent to school again. The war of 1812 saw the Essex in active service. She took several prizes, narrowly escaped a powerful enemy and three times looked for a fight, only to be disappointed. Farragut saw how a well-disciplined crew can suppress an uprising of prisoners. Cannon, musketry and cutlass drill made the Essex a famous ship. One who reads of Porter's kindness to his protege is reminded of Capt. Suckling, the affectionate uncle who did so much for Nelson in his early years.

From skirmishing the Essex turned to a cruise famous in history. Terrible weather marked her passage around Cape Horn. At times the men found their rations so short that they were glad to eat wild horses; sometimes fruit, doves and terrapin refreshed the mess. Farragut learned how to load provisions in waters when sharks and alligators made the upsetting of a boat somewhat trying to the nerves. When only 12 he took command of a British whaler and carried her into Valparaiso. The English Captain objected to boyish rule and threatened to shoot the young prize master. Farragut promised to have him thrown overboard if he attempted it, and calmness reigned supreme. During a stay at the Marquesas Islands Porter gave his young midshipmen study to good purpose, but also gave them time to frolic with the native boys, who were admirable tutors in swimming, spear throwing and walking on stilts. A malcontent sought to raise a mutiny, but the sight of Porter's cutlass led him to jump overboard and swim for shore. Every day taught the young midshipman some new fact in geography or lesson in discipline.

After a long run of successes, after taking many prizes and supplying her wants from the enemy, the Essex was to feel the bitterness of defeat. The neutrality of the port of Valparaiso, scrupulously respected by Porter, was not respected by Capt Hillyar of the Phoebe. Indeed, Hillyar's direct promise to respect the law of neutrality was broken in the time of trial. However, Capt. Hillyar was a good seaman, a brave man, and a humane victor. Even to-day the combat is exciting. How the Essex strove to get out to sea, how a squall carried away the maintopmast, how the Phoebe and Cherub attacked the crippled American frigate, how long and gallantly she fought, how Hillyar kept away and used every advantage to the utmost—that fight can never grow dim. Farragut saw blood flow, was spattered with the brains of a sailor, and was knocked down a hatchway by a dead body falling on him. He saw all that was most horrible and most heroic in a sea fight. Of course he had a boyish heartbreak over the result, but in later years he said that all his devotion to his guardian could not make him forget two facts—Porter was 32, while Hillyar was 50. Many were Porter's merits. Still, eighteen more years gave Hillyar a cool judgment which took no chances and made assurance doubly sure.

Capt. Hillyar paroled his prisoners and sent them home in a cartel. An American battery, mistaking the vessel for an enemy, opened fire, none of the shots taking effect. Farragut said that this experience taught him that it is not always dangerous to face a battery. He certainly remembered this youthful lesson in after years. Scarcely was he ashore when Porter sent him to school at Chester. The pedagogue, who had been one of Napoleon's old guards did not believe in textbooks, but required strict attention to lectures. Drill, swimming and climbing were well taught, and many a long walk with open-air instruction in mineralogy and botany delighted the boys. Farragut needed outdoor rambles, for, after the battle, he had seen enough ghastly work among the wounded to crush even boyish spirits. Porter had done a great deal for him, but they were soon to part, and Farragut learned the value of his guardian.

Less than 14, young Farragut messed with a wild set of midshipmen, whose counsels and ideals were very different from those of Capt. Porter. The reader of Marryat can imagine the state of affairs. However, a good First Lieutenant, an older midshipman and other useful friends did a great deal to guard the boy from the evil influences on which he afterward looked back with horror. Serving in vessels of different classes, Farragut's knowledge broadened. He saw much to interest him in the Mediterranean, but Porter's rational discipline inspired him with abhorrence for the brutality then so common on board men-of-war. Bainbridge said that he had known martinets to go through drills so elaborate as to throw men into catarrh in cold climates and into fever in warm latitudes. It is painful even to think of what was once not merely tolerated but defended. Farragut held to the nobler creed, that the golden rule applies even on board ship.

After Porter, the best friend of Farragut's youth was the Rev. Charles Folsom, a chaplain, who became our Consul at Tunis. This gentleman prevailed on Commodore Chauncey to allow Farragut to spend some time in study and travel under his care. All sorts of odd incidents marked their journey. The natives wished to murder the "Christian dogs," and would have done so had it not been for the protection of a guard of soldiers furnished by the Bey. At every inn or lodging place, if the supper was not satisfactory, the soldiers bastinadoed the cook. The travelers had to endure a plague quarantine. Farragut drove back an assassin with his pistols, and, while near El Jeon, received a sunstroke. The pleasant features of the trip, however, outweighed the annoyances. Farragut learned a great deal about books, nature and mankind. In 1865 his old tutor was still living, and wrote him a letter of congratulation on his achievements.

The young officer was one of those who are always at school. When his eyes troubled him, he delighted in hearing others read aloud. If he entered a foreign harbor he studied its docks and batteries, with a view to possible warfare. After leaving the Mediterranean he passed some time in Mexico and in the West Indies, cruising after pirates, wending his way through swamps, exploring shoals and doctoring yellow fever patients. On the South American coasts he saw the rise and fall of revolutionary Governments. The war between France and Mexico taught him that a host of naval details had changed since Porter and Hillyar fought off Valparaiso. Even a hurried glance at Farragut's letters and journals will show that he moved with his profession and sifted the wheat of genuine improvement from the chaff of mere empiricism. Frequent service in courts-martial brought out the reflecting and judicial traits of his character. A cordial letter from the veteran Commodore Porter proves that the junior had been respectful and grateful to the preceptor of his early years.

When our war with Mexico began few officers were more hopeful of laurels than Farragut, and none were more bitterly disappointed. A plan of his for taking the castle of San Juan de Ulloa was rejected by the Navy Department; he was under the displeasure of his Commodore; he was exposed to too much hardship in blockading duty; he nearly died of yellow fever; two-thirds of his crew were down with the same disease, and he was worried nearly frantic by drunken officers. Yellow fever was followed by cholera, and his death was considered certain; but for two years, though unfit for sea service, he labored zealously in the cause of improved ordnance. He was almost equally fond of gymnastic exercises and of scientific lectures. He applied to the Navy Department to be sent abroad to observe the management of the Crimean war, and had his request been granted his report on the foreign navies might have equaled McClellan's book on "The Armies of Europe." Farragut was not sent to Europe, but was assigned to the important duty of founding a navy yard at Mare Island, Cal. Here, we may say, he learned how to rule New Orleans. The Golden Gate was a wild place, the outlaws were desperate, the Vigilance Committee only a lesser evil. No telegraph brought instructions from Washington. Problems had to be solved on the instant. Firmness, discretion, physical bravery, moral courage, tact, knowledge of law, all were necessary to the commandant of the Mare Island Navy Yard. Another cruise along the coast of Mexico followed, and a hasty visit to New Orleans refreshed Farragut's memory of the great river he was to enter in command of a fleet.

Our war records show what the great Admiral did. These facts show how he was made. He began his naval career when men who had sailed with Paul Jones were still living. He saw the war of 1812 and knew veterans of the struggle with the Tripolitan pirates. When steam vessels crossed the ocean, when ironclads came into use, when new types of ordnance crowded out the old, he was in the front rank of progress. At once the lover of tradition and the friend of improvement, he linked the days when Porter the father cruised in the Pacific and when Porter the son bombarded Fort Jackson. The most exciting and the most wearisome features of naval life, the delights of travel and the horrors of the sick bay were familiar to him. Every type of craft, every type of officer, every form of Government had come under his notice. He knew the hero and the weakling, the martinet and the drunken fool. The record of his fifty years' schooling is suggestive to every patriot. David Glasgow Farragut was faithful over a few things before he became ruler over many things.—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

Made Sure It Was Used.

An old farmer and his wife, noted for niggardness, had a custom of allowing the servant only one match to light the fire with each morning.

One morning the match failed to kindle, so the servant went to their bedroom door and asked for another one.

A whispered consultation was held between the two; then audibly the wife said:

"Will you risk her wi' anither ane, John?"

"I doot we'll hae tae risk her, Janet," replied John, "but be sure an' seek a sicht o' the ane she got last nicht."—*London Answers*.

A Pessimist.

Bobby—Pa, what's a pessimist?

Pa—A pessimist is a person who can't enjoy his dinner today because he is afraid the coffee may be muddy tomorrow.—*Chicago News*.

Beauty Is Blood Deep.

Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads and that sickly billious complexion by taking Cascarets,—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, Satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c. 50c. 11-13

Races at Idlewild Park Aug. 13.

There will be three races at Idlewild Park Saturday, Aug 13, contested by some of the fastest horses in three counties. Races to start promptly at 1.30.

First Race—2.30 class.
Second—3 minute class.
Third—Road cart race.

All of these races will be well filled and will go half-mile heats for blood. Stranger, Battle-Ax, John and Lady Trotwood will start.

Come one, come all.

8-6-2t F. B. Long, Trainer.

The Rev. W. B. Costley, of Stockbridge, Ga., while attending to his pastoral duties at Ellenwood, that state, was attacked by cholera morbus He says: "By chance I happened to get hold of a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and I think it was the means of saving my life. It relieved me at once." For sale by Harry Roberts.

The Imperial Lever Spring Tooth Harrow

has many points of superiority too numerous to put here. Call and we will show them.

NEVIUS & FRAMPTON.

Valuable to Women.

Especially valuable to women is Browns' Iron Bitters. Backache vanishes, headache disappears, strength takes the place of weakness, and the glow of health readily comes to the pallid cheek when this wonderful remedy is taken. For sickly children or overworked men it has no equal. No home should be without this famous remedy. Browns' Iron Bitters is sold by all dealers.