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"At four o'clock I would begin
A whistling concert sweet,
Selected tunes from 'Lohengrin'—
I done 'em rather neat.

"The dolphins on the wavelets sot
When I piped 'Promise Me,'
And very often there was not
A dry eye in the sea."

"But, mariner," I did insist,
"What of the leg deceased?"
"Don't interrupt!" the sailor hissed,
"Or be polite at least!

"They worked me so it wasn't right,
That crew o' shiftless yaps—
They wouldn't go to sleep at night
Unless I whistled 'taps.'

"And mornings they would lay abed
Like lazy buccaneers—
I had to wake each sleepy head
By whistlin' in 'is ears.

"At last from whistlin' day and night
Me lips got parched and sore—
I sort o' lost me appetite
And piped sweet tunes no more.

"In vain the capting came to beg——"
"Here is the place," said I,
"No doubt, where they removed your leg."
"It ain't," was his reply.

"'O, Thomas,' said the capting, 'please,
We're quite becalmed to-day;
Unless ye whistle up a breeze
Our ship's stuck here to stay.'

"In vain I puckered up me lips
And tried to make a squeak.
To pipe a tune and move the ship
I tried a solid week.

"At last I took the mate's advice
And, though it gave me pain,
I greased me lips with camphor-ice
And tried the trick again.

"When lo! I started sweet and long
To whistle 'Home, Sweet Home.'
And lo! the breezes cool and strong
Came ripplin' o'er the foam.

"The more I piped the more it blowed
And raked us side and top.
It might of caused a wreck, I knowed,
And so I had to stop.

"And in an hour the breezes bore
Us safely to Keebunch,
Where I got off and went to shore
And whistled for me lunch.

"If that ain't true I hopes to die—"
He said, "so please don't scoff—"
"But what about your leg?" asked I.
Said he: "'Twas bitten off."

SETS COLORS.

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Take one cupful salt with one cupful of vinegar, water enough to just cover material, soak twenty to thirty minutes (longer if you have time) and the color will never fade or run.

MAN SLAIN BY GERMANS LOST 13 SONS IN WAR

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PARIS, June 18 (Associated Press).—Thirteen sons killed in battle, three discharged with grave injuries, one wounded four times, the father and one daughter summarily shot by the Germans for going to Lille, and another daughter killed by a German shell at Dunkirk is the record of the family of M. Vanhee, a French farmer of Reminghe, near Ypres. He had thirty-six children, twenty-two sons and fourteen daughters, all of whom were living when the war broke out. One of his sons, a valet to Pope Pius, returned to France to fight and was wounded in four different engagements.

Claims World's Record in Number of Children

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CLEVELAND, O., Jan. 28.—Mrs. Mary Di Gregorio, of Cleveland, claims to be the mother of thirty-one children. Thirteen are still living. Physicians declared this to be a world's record in motherhood.

Mrs. Di Gregorio was married when sixteen, she declared. Her oldest child is twenty-two and her youngest nine months, she said.