

A SMOKELESS ARGUMENT.

The Wife Came Out Second Best in This One. Scene—A small room, a cozy fire, two chairs near together. In one chair a man. In the other chair a woman, thinking, says the Syracuse Post-Standard. She speaks: George, we need a new carpet for the dining-room. He—M'h'm. A pause. She—You ought to have a new rock suit. He—Yesum. She—You don't seem very enthusiastic over my suggestions. He—I am enthusiastic, dear, but I try not to be foolishly optimistic. As to the rock coat, I think I present a pretty warm appearance in the clothes I have on. She—Why, they are two years old. Everybody knows you in them. He—Well, I'm not Pat Crowe. I've no reason to desire a disguise. A pause. He puffs a cigar with an air of great contentment. She—George, is that a good cigar? He—Not very. Good enough, though. Three-fo-a-quart. She—How many have you smoked to-day? He—Three, and two pipes. Sunday, no pipes and four cigars. A long silence. She (explosively, with an air of triumph)—It cost you a hundred dollars a year. He (startled)—What does? She—Tobacco does. In twenty years if you didn't smoke, you'd have two thousand dollars, without counting interest. He—My, that's so! You're an arithmetical prodigy, my dear. But old Jenkins hasn't smoked for sixty years and he hasn't got thirty cents. She (with delicate sarcasm)—How logical men are, aren't they, dear? So much more so than women! He—Being logical outside of business hours is a luxury I've managed to dispense with. She—Well, if you can't be logical, I can, and there's no logic in smoking when you don't need to and when you need new clothes and can't afford them. He—No logic, dear, but an awful lot of comfort. Did you ever hear of Byrson's famous odor? Sublime tobacco, that from east to west. Cheers the tar's labor and the Turk-man's rest? Let me tell you what happened during the Santiago campaign. Our soldiers were in the trenches on top of that hill, you know. They hadn't a bit of tobacco among 'em not even a chew, and they were wet and cold and down on their luck. They believed Spain was going to win. What do you think happened? On the fourth day a commissary wagon drove off a box of tobacco by mistake, thinking it was a box of the Magan brand. Everybody smoked up. One man was writing his will. When he had smoked for half an hour he tore up his will and wrote a letter to his sweetheart. Matthews was there and he says he never saw such a change in his life. However, that's not the only tobacco poetry I know. Here's another: Tobacco is a filthy weed, And from the devil came the seed; It soaks your pockets, spoils your clothes, And makes a chimney of your nose. She—Prouded, do! He—Thank you, dear. I now come to the evil results of tobacco. Tobacco contains nicotine, a violent poison, so violent that it is said that a drop of it on the end of a dog's tail will kill a man. She—How could it, you goose? He—I'm sure I don't know, but I saw in the paper the other day where a league of Frenchmen formed to stamp out the use of tobacco. She—I didn't think Frenchmen used tobacco. He—They don't. They smoke cigarettes. Well, this league, as I was saying, performed some experiments. They inoculated three rabbits and a cat with a mild solution of nicotine. What do you think happened? She—Go on, silly! He—Well, the moral character of these animals fell off frightfully. It was something fierce. The Sunday-school attendance became irregular and their families were neglected. The paper says that anybody who keeps a rabbit can verify this statement if the rabbit smokes. She—Sh-h-h! That's the door bell. Why, it's Mr. Matthews! Do come up to the Mrs. Mr. Matthews, and take that Morris chair. George, give Mr. Matthews a cigar. I do so like to see men contented. In the Far South. Aunt Dinah—Majah, if yo' cud gim me an old path breeches yo'll make mah jumps glad. Major Julep—Four, aunty? Aunt Dinah—Yes, sah. De old man will wash dem fur awhile, den gim em to Jim. Den Jim will gib dem to Pete, an after Pete weabe dem fur awhile he'll put dem on de mule to keep de blue off his hind legs.—Chicago News. A Testimonial. "I am Mr. Phake, sir," said the obstinate stranger, "maker of Phakes panacea." "Ah! yes," remarked Cadleigh. "Your medicine, sir, has benefited me greatly." "Glad to hear it." "Yes, a rich uncle of mine took it, and I was his sole heir."—Philadelphia Press. The Mule's Decision. Once upon a time a well connected mule, who lived on the banks of the Erie Canal, was considering his walk in life. "I want to follow the narrow way," he said, "in some honorable employment where my pull can be used to the best advantage, so I will go on the narrow path of the canal." Moral—It is always well to know where to draw the line.

TROUBLES OF JACKSON.

Doom Raised by His Wife's Last Threat. Mr. Jackson has been married but a few months. Mrs. Jackson is afraid of burglars. This fear has a strange habit of possessing her after the couple have retired. She lies quietly and hears things. "Henry," she whispers. "Yes, dear." "I—I think something's in the kitchen!" "You thought so last night." "I know; but oh, listen!" Henry listens. "There! didn't you hear that?" "Henry, do stay awake a moment!" Now, Henry is very sleepy and tired and wholly desirous of peace. He reasons that the quickest way of securing this is to do the one thing needful. He gets up, cautiously feels his way through the room and out into the kitchen. He stands there shivering for some time; then he returns to bed. "Nothing, absolutely nothing, dear. Now go to sleep." "Did you look in the kitchen closet?" "Yes." "In the front hallway?" "Yes." "Down the fire escape?" "Yes." Jackson has reconciled the evil of lying with his conscience in some occult manner. Bitter experience has taught him that if he falls to say "yes" it means another trip around. The other night he was started out of a sound sleep by the usual tugging at his sleeve. "Henry, do get up quick. They are trying to get in at the front door. They have been pounding on the door—take your revolver." Henry sleepily rolled out of bed, stumbled over the furniture and made his way to the kitchen. He felt hungry and while one trained hand sought the cheese-dish, the other found the cracker jar. After he had made a comfortable midnight lunch he brushed off all suspicious crumbs and returned to his wife. "Henry, did you threaten to shoot them?" "No, dear." "Why, I heard them stamping on angrily. I was sure you had the revolver at their heads. How many were there?" "There was no one." "Are you sure? Did you look in—?" Then the usual programme was enacted. Henry meekly answering "yes" to every query. The next morning a cab drove up, bearing a very irate old lady—Jackson's mother-in-law. "You must sleep like the dead," she exclaimed. "Your papa had to go to St. Paul, and said I could drop off at Chicago and take you by surprise. Then, after I had run all sorts of risks coming out here at that time of night, you wouldn't let me in! What on earth is the matter with your bell, I pounded on the door till I was afraid of rousing the neighborhood." "Henry," screamed his wife, "that must have been poor dear mamma that I heard. You couldn't possibly have looked out the front way!" Lost confidence shone in every tear. "My darling, I assure you—" "Never mind," haughtily. "After this I shall look myself." Henry took a hurried departure but the gloom cast over the morning by their first quarrel was lightened by that last threat. "If she will only do it" he murmured. A Boston Rake. Bertha—Tell me, Harry, do you think George is dissipated? I smelled cloves on his breath last evening, and am afraid he drinks. Harry—No, Bertha; he isn't dissipated; he's only just an ass; nothing more. He sets cloves to make people think he drinks liquor. He wants to be regarded as a deuce of a fellow, you know. No Good. "A chicken has been hatched by lightning in New Jersey," remarked the Observant Border. "There is nothing commercially valuable about that, however," added the Cross-eyed Boarder. "It is doubtful if even Jesse Lightning could be trained to go into the incubator business as a regular thing."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph. Depends on the Woman. "She's going to marry him, I guess," suggested the wise gossip as the couple went by. "He doesn't expect it," returned the casual acquaintance. "Oh, that's quite immaterial, so long as she does," answered the wise gossip.—Chicago Post. Knew Human Nature. "Say, Alderman, you're pretty solid with the boys in your ward, ain't you?" "You bet." "How on earth did you get such a pull? Do you treat 'em?" "Not often. I know a trick worth two of that. I let them treat me."

STRANGE SUPERSTITIONS.

Bad Omens of Animals Which Distract the Credulous. The most persistent superstitions in the world are those that are based upon the habits of animals. In this country Maryland is perhaps the most credulous State with regard to animal portents and beliefs. If one is walking at night and a spider web brushes the face it is supposed to mean that a ghost is following, but in the daytime it tells that a stranger is coming. It is widely believed in Maryland that a horse has the power of seeing ghosts. A black cat crossing one's path foretells disaster, but a cat coming to the house is an omen of good import. The neigh of a horse is a portent of death, which will come from the quarter to which his head is pointing when he neighs. A curious and inexplicable proverb says: "It is good luck to see Mr. Elephant swing on Mr. Rabbit's eye-tooth the Three Nights' Ball." The hair of a dog, the skin of a snake and the pelt of a black cat are believed to possess medicinal qualities, while the handling of a toad is said to give warts. German-Canadians are full of superstition. A white spider crawling toward one, the howling of a dog, the neighing of a horse, the sight of a snake are portents of death. The killing of a toad or the crowing of a hen foretells rain. "If the wild geese fly high look out for a gale." To kill a spider on one's person means ill-luck. If the cat washes her face it means that visitors are coming. "If a bee stings, kill him and the wound will not swell." The back tooth of a hog and the blood of a black hen have curative powers. In New England the sailors carry a talisman a bone taken from a lying turtle, a pebble from a fishhawk's nest, or a small bone from the head of a cod. In Newfoundland and Labrador cramps are said to be guarded against by carrying a cod's head or a bone from a haddock caught without touching the boat. In Texas superstitious people carry a small bone from a fish's head, but the luck only comes after the charm has been lost. In Massachusetts the most common talismans are the claw of a crab and the left hind claw from a crow's foot. Superstitious New Yorkers carry a small round seal bone for good luck. Kentucky negroes believe that cat-splatters bring favors. Perhaps Asia Minor is more rich in these crude and interesting fancies than any other country. When children hear an owl hooting from the cypress groves they cry, "Good news for us; good messages for you." If they catch an owl they hold it up by the beak and chant, "Palm Sunday 'wi, how does your mother dance?" The meaning of the rite is lost, but the habit lingers. The crow is here looked upon as unlucky, and the children cry when they hear him cawing, "Dat your seed whole!" The crow, in fact, has the distinction of being almost the only member of the animal kingdom who has a sinister reputation in all lands. Even the snake fares better. In Turkey the partridge is detested because once it betrayed the prophet to his enemies, and its legs are red because they were dipped in the blood of Hassan. If a man kills a panther he is imprisoned for twenty-four hours and then is handsomely rewarded. The crane is respected and it is a crime to kill it. Poland has a wealth of animal superstitions. The goat is there considered the best harbinger of luck while the wolf, crow and pigeon are looked upon as unlucky. The skin of a cat worn on the chest is alleged to cure consumption. To cure catarrh in the eye take a black cock, make him look at the sun, look at it yourself, then throw the cock on the ground, jump on a fence and crow three times. In Lincolnshire the belief is current that the wearing of a toad's breast bone commands the obedience of all animals. To keep watches away they stick an animal's heart full of pins and keep it in the house as a talisman. Excessive Politeness. There is a man who is always apologizing, and some say, "How courteous he is! How thoughtful! A born gentleman!" Know that he is a thorough and aggressive egotist. He runs against you, he steps on your foot, he tries to pass you on the left, he knocks your hat as he hangs by a strap in the car, he sits on your coat tail—what does he not do to call attention to his own breeding? Sometimes he throws the accent on "beg," sometimes on "par—don." The speech is merely a rhetorical flourish and he has practised all the variations. Sign of a Small Man. "I can always tell a man who thinks he's great," said a commercial traveler facetiously, "by the way he speaks of other great men. For instance, when he alludes to the President as 'Teddy,' to Chief-Justice Fuller as 'Mel' Fuller or to Senator Callom as 'Shelly.' I know he must be something of a person at least in his own estimation. Such fellows, I imagine, had they lived in Egypt at the time of the exodus, would have spoken of 'Mose' and 'Joab' as familiarly as if they were everyday companions." In some of the best-equipped hotels kitchens now-a-days they don't stop to peel potatoes for boiling. The potatoes have their jackets brushed off by a machete or by a sharp knife, and are then thrown into the water to soften it, to a crank with the peeler clean.

HOW PADDY GOT ON.

"Oh Wanted to Show You That Ol' Wor a Good Man." As an observer stepped out of an Eighth Avenue cigar store one holiday and started to saunter down town a casual incident occurred that excited his curiosity and caused him to pause abruptly. Two Irishmen were embracing each other on the street, both excitedly talking at the same time. Double handshaking next took place, accompanied by exclamative dialogue. "Paddy Reil be th' powers!" "Mickey Sullivan an Olm alive! For th' love av th' Saints and St. Paul!" "Mickey, Ol' ve been sarbin' ten yez this six months!" "And Ol' ve been huntin' you, Paddy, too, fer arl that toime, be th' same token!" For th' love of Hivin' didn't yer come to me fat—where ch' devil hav yez been keepin' yerself cut off?" "Troth! tis a long yersy," said Paddy, glancing about. "Let's go over 't th' corner saloon where we'll hav a bit av a nip and talk it ar' over." And thus the two unexpectedly reunited friends walked arm in arm across the street. The observer, having an inclination to hear more, slowly sauntered after them, entered the cafe, and secured a chair at the next table. "And how did yez lave all th' owd folk, gossups, colleens and childher in Kerry?" asked Mickey. "Ar' well, please-God! The folk ar' ar' well barrin' Widly Molumpy's pig—she med great goins' on plin it sickened and died, poor creature; it wor a pet." Upon this statement Paddy tossed off his glass of Guinness Linn at a gulp, and plunged into a history of his experiences since landing in America. "Sara, Mickey, Ol' wor rather losin' yer sparte number scowbor nor another, and so Ol' axed a mou av he knew Michael Sullivan, av Noo York city, and could he direct me to his shanty. Don't you know his strave number? see he, oyein' me from hid 't fut 'Faix, Ol' don't," ses Ol', "but ut'ought you might give it to me." "Me give it to yez," ses he; "why, mo' alolave, there's over a thousand Mickey Sullivans in Noo York city, Th' directory is full av thim. Ol' guess you must be a come on." "Faix, Ol' m' not," ses Ol', "Olm a come off. Faix th' steamer's owly 'after landin' me an hour ago." Well, wid that he went ar' jaffin, and after axin' widout avail, and huntin' ar' over Sullivan strave fare yez, Ol' bekem boongy and dlist-gusted, and wint intil an ating house to get me supper. A fely wid a white apron hands av a menu car-rd, Ol' suppose some av the men knew' what it read, but no sense could Ol' mek out av it entirely, so I meks up me moidn 't felly th' others, and order dh same as they dh. "Give me a napkin, waiter," yells a moan. "Give me a plate av napkins," ses Ol', and wid that ivery spalpeen in dat place comminced 't laff; but Ol' saw no joke, be blyvin. Ol' didn't see th' joke until Ol' had been here a week. Well, 't mek a long shury short-r, I cud get no worrak. Ol' becoom discouraged and me money wer down to a few signpines. Wan day Ol' wor standin' in despair, watchin a gang av shoverlars at work, and their big brusier av a boss tellin' them to get a move on, and that they wor 'no good,' plin a happy thought strook me. "Mebbe," thought Ol', "av Ol' show him that Ol' am a good moan, he may put me to work." So Ol' peels off me coat and I walks up 't him and gives him a waltz plumb on dh' nose. Well, yez niver saw souch a surprised moan. He wor th' taken back that Ol' got in three more belts than his ja-sh before he clinched. "What 'ye men?" ses he. "I mane to bate yez," ses Ol', givin' him th' leg, and down we wint, rough and tumble over and over alth' other; fottally they separated us, and th' boss, starin' at us, yells:—"Fhat are you lookin' fer?" "Olm lookin' for a job," ses Ol'. "Olm wanted to show you that Ol' wor a good moan," ses Ol'. "Well, I'll be damned!" ses he, "you beat me." "Olm tolke your cheek," ses he, "beginnin' to soften a bit." "Olm th' so," ses Ol', "th' way yez hit into it." "And wid that he began 't grin and loike a thru Ol'roshman came up and stuck me by th' hand; and do you mind, Mickey, Ol' wor at work on that job next mornin' at a dollar and a quarter th' day." At this ending the observer arose and hastily made his exit. If he had no doubts of Paddy's veracity he did not fault them in his face, for the observer, dear reader, is a little man, and a little man has no chance with a big lar. Paraphrasing a Joke. A big good-natured farmer was awaiting the suburban train accompanied by a handsome Gordon setter. Two sons of Britain stood near him. The dog strayed away from his owner, who was reading a newspaper. "Hey!" called the farmer. "Come here, Locksmith," and the dog immediately ran to his feet. One of the Englishmen approached the farmer. "May I ask," he said, "what you called that dog?" "Locksmith," said the farmer. "And why, pray?" "Because every time I kick him, he makes a bolt for the door." There was a general laugh in which the Englishman joined. When he returned to his companion, he remarked: "Most extraordinary name that man over there calls his dog." "What?" asked his friend. "Locksmith," replied the first Briton. "And why such a name?" "Because, he says, every time he kicks his dog, he makes a bolt for the door."

SELF-MADE MEN.

The Memory of Tar Barrels and Photo Boxes are Now Bored. They were both what we commonly call successful business men—men with well-fred faces, heavy signet rings on fingers like sausages, and broad, comfortable waistcoats, a yard and a half round the equator. They were seated opposite each other at a table of a first-class restaurant, and had fallen into conversation while waiting to give their orders to the waiter. Their talk had drifted back to their early days and how each had made his start in life when he first struck New York. "I tell you what, Jones," one of them was saying, "I shall never forget my first few years in this town. By George! it was pretty uphill work. Do you know, sir, when I first struck this place, I hadn't more than fifteen cents to my name, hadn't a rag except what I stood up in, and all the place I had to sleep in—you won't believe it, but it's a gospel fact just the same—was an empty tar barrel! No, sir," he went on leaning back and closing up his eyes into an expression of infinite experience, "no, sir a fellow accustomed to luxury like you has simply no idea what sleeping out in a tar barrel and all that kind of thing is like." "My dear Robinson," the other man rejoined briskly, "if you imagine I've had no experience of hardship of that sort you never made a bigger mistake in your life. Why, when I first walked into this town I hadn't a cent, sir, not a cent, and as for lodging, all the place I had for months and months was an old piano box up a lane, behind a factory. Talk about hardship! I guess I had it pretty rough! You take a fellow that's used to a good warm fur barrel and put him in a piano box for a night or two, and you'll see mighty soon—" "My dear fellow," Robinson broke in with some irritation, "you merely show that you don't know what a tar barrel's like. Why, on winter nights, when you'd be shut in there in your piano box just as snug as you please, I used to lie awake shivering, with the draft fairly rushing in at the hinges at the back." "Draft!" sneered the other man, with a provoking laugh. "draft! don't talk to me about drafts. This box I speak of had a whole darned plank off it, right on the north side, too. I used to sit there studying in the evenings, and the snow would blow in a foot deep. And yet, sir," he continued more quietly, "though I know you'll not believe it, I don't mind admitting that some of the happiest days of my life were spent in that same old box. Ah! those were good old times! Bright, innocent days, I can tell you. I'd wake up there in the mornings and fairly shout with high spirits. Of course you may not be able to stand that kind of life—" "Not stand it!" cried Robinson fiercely. "I'm not stand it! I'm made for it. I just wish I had a taste of the old life again for a while. And as for innocents! Well, I'll bet you weren't one-tenth as innocent as I was; no, nor one-fifth, nor one-third! What a grand old life it was! You'll swear this is a damned lie and refuse to believe it—but I can remember evenings when I've had two or three fellows in, and we'd sit around and play pedro by a candle half the night." "Two or three?" laughed Jones. "Why my dear fellow, I've known half a dozen of us to sit down to supper in my piano box, and have a game of pedro afterward; yes, and charades, and forfeits and every other darned thing. Mighty good suppers they were, too! By Jove, Robinson, you fellows round this town who have ruined your digestions with high living have no notion of the seat with which a man can sit down to a few potato peelings, or a bit of broken pie crust, or—" "Talk about hard food," interrupted the other, "I guess I know all about that. Many's the time I've breakfasted off a little cold porridge that somebody was going to throw away from a back door, or that I've gone round to a lively stable and begged a little bran mash they had intended for the pigs. I'll venture to say I've eaten more hog's food—" "Hog's food!" shouted Robinson, striking his fist savagely on the table. "I tell you hog's food suits me better than you!" He stopped speaking with a sudden gust of surprise as the waiter appeared with the question: "What may I bring you for dinner, gentlemen?" "Dinner!" said Jones, after a moment of silence, "dinner! Oh, anything, nothing—I never care what I eat—give me a little cold porridge if you've got it, or a chunk of salt pork—anything you like, it's all the same to me." The waiter bowed and turned with an impassive face to Robinson. "You can bring me some of that cold porridge, too," he said, with a distant look at Jones; "yesterday, if you have it, and a few potato peelings and a glass of skim milk." There was a pause. Jones sat back in his chair and looked hard across at Robinson. For some minutes the two men gazed into each other's eyes with a stern, defiant intensity. Then Robinson turned slowly round in his seat and beckoned to the waiter, who was moving off with the muttered order on his lips. "Here, waiter," he said, with a savage scowl. "If I guess I'll change that order a little. Instead of that cold porridge I'll take—um, yes—a little hot partridge. And you might as well bring me an oyster or two on the half shell, and a mouthful of soup (muck turtle, consommé, anything), and perhaps you might fetch along a dab of fish, and a little dab of Bilton, and a grape, or a walnut." The waiter turned to Jones. "I guess I'll take the same," he said simply, and added, "and you might bring along a quart of champagne at the same time."

BUILDING A NEST.

Observations of Bullheads Preparing for Spawning. During the Summer of 1900 I was able to make some observations on the behavior of the horned pout preceding the spawning. While observing the habits of the black bass in the artificial ponds of Oakwoods cemetery, Chicago, I saw a number of large bullheads swimming about singly and alone to shore. I thought at first that they like many of the other fishes in the lagoons, were exceedingly tame and had sought the shallow water for the purpose of obtaining food. After several ineffectual attempts to induce them to take worms, bits of meat, bread crumbs, etc., I concluded that they were not feeding, and since from previous observations I knew this to be their spawning time I surmised that they might be searching the shores to locate suitable nesting places. They would frequently swim so far into the shallow water that the dorsal fin and upper portion of the body were above the surface of the water. Here they would wriggle about, and if an indentation or slight excavation were found they would pass in, move about, swim out and on, only to repeat the procedure when another suitable locality was found. The fishes were always single; in no case were two observed even in close proximity. On May 15 and 18 increasing numbers of these wanderers were observed. On May 22 I was gratified to witness what seemed to me a natural sequence. A cloud of muddy water attracted my attention, and walking cautiously to within a few feet of the spot I waited until the turbidity cleared, when I saw a large bullhead lying motionless on the bottom and at a depth of eight to ten inches. After a period of some five minutes she swam close to the shore, placed her head in a slight excavation and with a violent action of the entire body, threw up another cloud of mud. When the water again cleared she was observed a short distance from the excavation. At short intervals the process was repeated. The excavation was being made in soft clean sand and beneath the sod bank which formed the shore of the lagoon. I had watched the movements of the fish for a half hour or more when a second fish appeared and at once began to excavate in a manner similar to that noted for the former, the first fish meanwhile lying motionless a few feet away. Although both fishes were pretty well covered with sand, a number of differences were observed. The latter was much darker than the former, the abdomen a brighter yellow with less protruding abdominal walls, and although about the same size, I concluded that the latter was the male and that they had mated. While the excavating was now done by one, now by the other, it seemed that the female took the more active part. After watching the actions of the pair for an hour or more, I retired, and did not again visit the nest until the following day, when both fishes were again observed at work in the same manner as on the preceding day. The excavation was now deep enough to almost entirely hide the fishes, the tips of their tails barely showing. The head had been greatly enlarged, as was evidenced by the quantity of sand which now covered an area of about three or four square feet, with a maximum depth of four or five inches. The top of this little mound was hollowed out into a deep, saucer-like depression, from which a broad groove led to the nest. On the next morning there were further indications that the excavating had been continued but no evidence of its being still in progress. The female was at this time observed lying in the saucer-like depression, from which she soon departed. After considerable jarring over the nest the male was frightened out. I was not permitted to disturb the bank of the lagoon, and consequently was not able to make observations on the interior of the nest; by reaching back in the hole a distance of sixteen to eighteen inches I could feel the egg mass, and upon a removal of a portion of the eggs found them to be in late cleavage stages, and from previous observation inferred that they could not be more than twelve hours old. Story of an American Flag. Few persons have noticed the interesting evolution of our flag of the stripes and the stars as depicted in the Armory of the Ancestors (Ancient and Honorable Artillery), at the top of old Faneuil Hall. Most persons are familiar with the story of Mrs. Ross and the making of the first flag of the free. But evidently it was not Mrs. Ross who originated the idea of the stripes. Down in the armory of the Ancestors you will see the broad red flag with the old English cross in its field. Next a very similar flag, except that the broad red becomes broad blue, with no red but in the cross itself on the white field. Next the white flag with its pine tree and "Appeal to Heaven," whence came our own State banner. Then it would appear that the fathers went back again, for the next flag has the red and white longitudinal stripes, but in the field there are the crosses or St. George and St. Andrew, worked out in red upon a white ground. The next flag restores the blue to the field. It, too, has the longitudinal red and white stripes and the combined crosses of St. George and St. Andrew, as in the British Jack, worked out in red and white upon a blue field. It was not until after that, upon the assertion of independence by the Colonies, that Mrs. Ross's flag appeared, and apparently she only substituted for the double crosses the circle of thirteen stars upon the blue field. The red, white and blue and the red and white stripes were all in the flag generations before Mrs. Ross was born, as the collection of the Ancestors demonstrates. The highest of all navigable rivers in the Tennessee, which flows for nearly 1,000 miles at an elevation of from 21,000 to 14,000 feet.

