

ARTFUL BEGGAR.



Miss Charity—If I were to give you a quarter, what would you say?
Wandering Jim—I should tell every gent that you were the prettiest lady in all this town.

Laundry work at home would be much more satisfactory if the right starch were used. In order to get the desired stiffness, it is usually necessary to use so much starch that the beauty and fineness of the fabric is hidden behind a paste of varying thickness, which not only destroys the appearance, but also affects the wearing quality of the goods. This trouble can be entirely overcome by using Defiance Starch, as it can be applied much more thinly because of its greater strength than other makes.

No Temperament.

"One of your daughters married an artist, did she not?"
"Yes, and he beats her dreadfully."
"The artistic temperament. Who did her sister marry?"
"A coal heaver, and he loves her devotedly and never gives her a cross word."
"How uneventful life must seem with an unthinking clod like that."—Houston Post.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Halls Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Halls Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.
Address: J. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all Druggists.
Take Halls Family Pills for constipation.

A Last Resort.

"The young heiress I told you of refused her last wooer with fear and trembling."
"Why so?"
"He threatened that if she would not have him he would do something desperate."
"Well, did he?"
"He did. He went to work."—Baltimore American.

A New Standard.

"I knew they were putting on airs. They let on that their silverware was all solid and now the whole world knows it isn't."
"How did it come out?"
"Burglars broke into their house the other night and didn't take a thing."—Detroit Free Press.

Asthmatic, Read This.

If you are afflicted with Asthma write me at once and learn of something for which you will be grateful the rest of your life. J. G. McBride, Stella, Neb.

A lazy man makes as much fuss when he has a little job of work on hand as an old hen does who is trying to raise one chick.

ONLY ONE "BROMO QUININE." That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GILROY. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in the Day.

A man who needs advice is apt to get the kind he doesn't want.

Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c. Many smokers prefer them to 10c cigars. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

Things past may be repented but not recalled.—Livy.

HER PHYSICIAN ADVISED

Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Columbus, Ohio.—"I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound during a change of life. My doctor told me it was good, and since taking it I feel so much better that I can do all my work again. I think Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fine remedy for all women's troubles, and I never forget to tell my friends what it has done for me."
—Mrs. E. HANSON, 304 East Long St., Columbus, Ohio.

Another Woman Helped.
Granville, Va.—"I was passing through the Change of Life and suffered from nervousness and other annoying symptoms. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound restored my health and strength, and proved worth mountains of gold to me. For the sake of other suffering women I am willing you should publish my letter." Mrs. CHARLES BARCLAY, R.F.D., Granville, Va.

Women who are passing through this critical period or who are suffering from any of those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of the fact that for thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills. In almost every community you will find women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

TRAPPED BY AMIGOS

STORY OF THE BATTLE FOR LIFE IN THE PHILIPPINES.

Lieut. Brynton's Command Encounters Treacherous Band—Men Are Exhausted from Exertions on Tramp.

BY MARY HELEN FEE.

Byrnton's glance took in the inert pose of his men, and he groaned. A corporal near stirred and sat up, giving, as he did so, a quick glance around that betrayed strained nerves.

"All asleep," murmured Byrnton. "Can't you rest?"
"No," replied Mitford, also in a low tone. He crossed over to where his superior officer sat. "But it's well they can sleep, nodding at the men. 'I'm sorry for the first guard to-night.'"

"And the last," added Byrnton. "I dare say we'll be rushed at dawn. I'm dead tired myself; clean crazy; don't know why I don't drop in my tracks."

Mitford gazed at the serene heavens, and the shadowed earth lying below the high plateau where the small detachment of army men rested.

"It's Christmas day," he said, slowly. "Let me see—we're 12-14 hours ahead of them. It's dawn at home, Byrnton; and there's probably snow!—snow!" He dropped his hand, and in an ecstasy of imagination, crumbled a bit of earth in his fingers. It's all soft and white and furry—"

And Ethel's going to early church, with her cheeks red as apples above her sealskin collar." Byrnton went on, following the lead. "And they've got the library locked so the kids won't see the tree till after breakfast—"

"Hot cakes and maple syrup!" interjected Mitford.

"And my Christmas letter is lying by her plate—"

"And we're here," said Mitford, bitterly. "In a God forsaken land—hungry, exhausted with fighting, looking for a hole to rush at dawn."

"It's what we wanted," was Byrnton's response. "Was there one of us that did not pray for active service?"

"Yes, but we wanted a chance to fight, and instead we're put up to be trapped and hacked! We're looking for an enemy in uniform, armed with a gun; American humane sentiment can endure the thought of killing him. But if a man is using his bolo at the roadside, and says 'amigo,' (friend), we mustn't touch him. I don't believe there are 500 uniforms in the whole island. Everybody is enemy, by Jove, and we've got to walk through 'em with our bare hands in our pockets and our humane sentiments in our consciences. It's a service! It's providing sport for Filipino devils. I've got Blake's shrieks in my ears now—"

"He was a white man, paid \$12 a month and his rations to demonstrate to these Filipinos the civilized notion of war. Wonder if they have any intention of taking the lesson. I wish they'd begin on this trip!" Byrnton kicked out his foot with an impatient exclamation, and his sword fell noisily against Mitford's rifle. Half a dozen men jumped to their feet.

"Lie down, men—all's well! Fine tension on a man's nerves if he can wake at a sound like that after what we've gone through with today!" The men settled back into position, with tender handling of rifles. Officer and corporal sat in silence, listening to the breathing of the sleepers.

"Look!" said Byrnton, softly, pointing upward. "It is snow overhead, if not under foot, anyway."

The moon hung clear and bright in the sky. The mid heavens were one glistening field of piled whiteness, cool and frosty as a buried prairie. In its purity and peace the scene brought a message of hope to the wearied men.

"A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!" said Mitford, softly. They clasped hands for an instant; then the corporal lapsed into soldier, saluted, and went to rest.

Byrnton sat long after Mitford left, though his eyeballs smarted for sleep, and his tired body ached. He might share the fatigues and perils of his men, but they could not share his responsibilities. His little detachment, sent out originally as a searching party, had accomplished its mission in discovering the mutilated corpses of their fellows; then, cut off from their own base, they could only fight blindly through to the western coast. This last day had been a crowning horror, and Byrnton knew that his men, starving, footsore, exhausted, could endure little more. They had lost all trails, the country apparently was uninhabited. They dared not scatter to beat the surrounding brush, and even had they done so, the search would have discovered only mummbling women and a few naked babies.

They had stumbled upon a bit of trail, and the beaten earth gave no hint of the bamboo structure beneath. Fortunately, the natives had not built strongly enough, and it gave way before the full weight of the men was upon it. Blake and Jerrold, only, touched it before it went down. Jerrold, poor wretch, was spared by his own revolver, which discharged and sent a bullet through his brain; but Blake was impaled upon bamboo stakes at the bottom. His shrieks and prayers to be put out of his misery filled the leafy silence. The monkeys chattered at the noise, and the breathless air stirred slightly as if nature sighed at the agony of her child. With beads of perspiration standing on their faces they had worked to extract him, while half their number stood at guard, awaiting the rush that did not come. When merciful death released the sufferer, they reluctantly left his mangled body,

and pushed on for the bare mountain top, knowing well that in ten minutes the bushes would be full of peeping faces—women, ten-year-old boys with bolos, brawny naked "taos"—all come to mutilate and insult the helpless bodies they had snared.

It was close on dawn when Mitford, who was on guard, clasped a soldier by the foot, in accordance with directions given by Byrnton the night before. The man wakened and grasped a fellow, who in turn communicated the signal. Silently they rolled into a circle, each man with heels to the center and lying on his rifle. At a low signal, the pickets fell back slightly. Thus they awaited the rush which Byrnton had anticipated at the dawn. It came with the first crimson streaks and before it was light enough for the enemy to perceive that pickets had fallen in and the Americans were ready for them. There was a fierce oncoming of shrieks and hacking bolos. It lasted perhaps three minutes. Then the bolo men fell back, from a devastating fire, leaving dead and wounded to twice the number they had attacked. Two sentries who had been overtaken before they could get in constituted the American loss.

To the comfortable citizen unfolding the morning paper over his coffee, the telegraphic item is gratifying: "American loss, 2; Filipino, 45." But to the soldiers who had lived the struggle, those two men seemed a preposterous, an unholy price for the score or more naked savages.

"We can't bury them," said Byrnton, bitterly, and we can't pursue. I think the brutes have had enough for one day—unless there's a fresh gang every five miles. The business of this outfit in its present condition is to get over these hills as fast as we can, and put something inside of us—if we can get it."

Light-headed from hunger, they worked their way over the next mountain. They found a few bananas, and the men slaked their thirst at brooks and even in caribao wallows. By eight o'clock the tropic sun was blistering; by ten, all nature was drooping and lifeless. Byrnton noted the growing weakness of his soldiers, and the pitiful, sidelong glances with which one, a youngster of 22, seemed to question his probable action.

At last the boy stopped with a gasp. "It's no use, lieutenant, he sobbed. 'I can't go another step.'"

He tried to stand at attention, but his legs crumpled under him, and with a ghastly look, he sank in a horrid, trembling heap. His head bobbed meaninglessly for a second, then lopped over.

"Put out sentries, and let the men rest," ordered Byrnton, adding: "I can't leave the poor devil till he comes to his senses; must give him that much of a show, and—he can save the last cartridge for himself. There are no two men—or four men—here, who can carry him."

The relieved men dropped to the ground, panting. Byrnton sat long, staring at the grassy peaks above, at the forests that crept up their sides, at the clear cut brilliance of everything—the bluest of skies, the greenest of verdure, the most dazzling of sunshine. Suddenly he sprang to his feet.

"I'm damned if I'm going to die like a trapped animal, or let my men do it, either! Mitford, take the three strongest men, and go into the brush. Bring me the first native you can collar—man, woman or child!"

In a scant half hour Mitford and the three men came back, dripping with perspiration and leading a swarthy native woman and a boy of considerably fairer complexion, whose face bespoke him a Spanish mestizo (half-breed). The two had been caught while taking their noonday siesta, and neither seemed much frightened.

Byrnton gave one quick contemptuous glance at the woman's stupid countenance, but brightened at the alertness of the boy's expression.

"Question the boy—he probably speaks Spanish."

A soldier, in fair Visayan, began the examination. Simultaneously the two began to whine: "Am bot!"

"They pretend they don't understand. Maybe they don't. I don't back my Visayan—" He scratched at a mosquito bite, and looked helplessly about.

"Donde barrio?" said Byrnton, sharply, to the lad.

The boy spread his hands, and looked around. "Am bot," he repeated.

Byrnton bit his lip. Then he cut a pliable bamboo.

"I suspect, young man," he said, in rather mangled Spanish, "that you understand Spanish; that your father is a mestizo teniente (deputy) of some barrio (village), and likely as not a captain of insurgents. We want your barrio first, because we want something to eat; and we would like to find him because we need information and guides. I am going to question you in Spanish, and I'll live up your memory by a good flogging if it works poorly. Donde barrio?"

"He understands all right," said Mitford. "He tried to keep his face wooden, but the eyes told."

"So it seemed to me," agreed Byrnton. "Now, young man, donde barrio?"

The boy wailed "am bot," but two strokes of the bamboo charged this to "lyas."

"O, you do understand! How far?"

The boy finally admitted that his father was an officer of insurgents, and with about 20 of his men was at the barrio, where there was much fiesta (great feast).

"So that's why they haven't been after us all day," commented Byrnton. "Thank God for the church in the Philippines! It has its good uses."

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)
(Copyright, 1908, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

Waist Models



THE model at the left is of silk, trimmed with tuck bands, buttons and buttonholes of the same. The gimp is of tuck tulle and lace insertion and the undersleeves are of the tulle tucked lengthwise.
The model at the right is of coarse black tulle, made with fine plaits and trimmed with bands of black silk lace and light blue liberty. The yoke and undersleeves are of white lace.

TIMELY CHAT ABOUT CORSETS.

Highly Expensive Article Not Always the Best Proposition.

The sales of thin things are bewildering. Bargains such as we have never had are before us to-day, says a writer in a fashion magazine. I had just written an order to send off by mail when chance led me downtown and there I saw corsets at one dollar worth three and even five dollars. Did you know that the high round bust corset, low under the arms, was the correct thing? It is the most suitable for the tight-fitting basques—dare we call them that? The long hip, graceful curve to the outlines, not a distinct waist line, but the flowing curve of beauty, distinguishes the new corset.

A feature of the high bust is that a rather string draws it round at the top, making a fine form shape. It has a straight front and fits to the perfection of comfort. So many have thought they could not exist or look trim without a \$20 or even higher-priced fitted corset. In fact, I have known some to pay \$50—a thing that my thrift would not permit, as good corsets a plenty can be had for \$10 and less.

However, as I was saying, many have cut the expensive made to order and have set about finding out what good shape will fit them in the ready-to-wear. Far better, they argue, a neat and clean corset once a month at two dollars more or less than a dear article which must last a year and be cleaned and cleaned again.

Truly the corset sales are a temptation. The materials are very pretty, silk and satin, with shot spots in white or in the pale colors. Tiny roses, buds, daisies or fancy figures in brocade are both dainty and charming, and all on the bargain counters.

Sleeve News.

New sleeves are made of lace dyed to match the gown trimmed with insertions of tuck batiste, which has also been dyed—to match. One odd sleeve of linen has been cut out and embroidered until only a cobweb of the linen is left over the arm, showing underneath a plain-fitted sleeve of chiffon, edged at the bottom with a plaited chiffon frill. Another sleeve is made of bands of thin cloth stitched flatly on to a plain sleeve of chiffon—that band, of course running crosswise the arm. Another sleeve is made of batiste showing the tiniest of crosswise tucks. It opens up the outside of the arm, the edges being cut in scallops, buttonholed—that is, embroidered on the edge, and buttoned to gether.

Flower Chains on Her Ball Gown.

One of the daintiest evening gowns seen this winter was on a belle at the New York charity ball. It was of deep yellow satin covered with fine French lace. At intervals on the lace were motifs in silver lace, outlined in silks of many shades, blue, green, lavender, deep red, orange and yellow. The shading was done finely and the colors seemed to blend. A band of spring flowers, like the daisy chains little girls love to put on their straw hats, outlined the edge of this bodice, and similar flowers formed a chaplet.

Colored Embroidery on Towels.

There is a strong revival of colored embroidery on linen toweling. Dull blue, soft browns, pink and faded green initials are now seen in handsome towels. These letters are worked in the middle of the end of the towel, and can easily be done at home by even the beginner in embroidery.

Oriental Print Hangings.

Cotton prints in imitation of the real East Indian fabrics are now found in all department stores. These make very effective hangings. They are not expensive, they wash well and they give to an otherwise plain bedroom a warm and cheerful effect at very little cost.

FOR HEALTH AND GOOD LOOKS.

Correct Position in Standing and Sitting Is Important.

Good carriage not only means good looks but good health. The importance of standing, sitting and walking correctly cannot be overestimated and is entirely one of personal responsibility. Children should be trained into proper postures, but if early training has been neglected, then it behooves the slouchy and stoop-shouldered to get busy.

It is not as hard as one would think to have a graceful carriage, though to read many of the requirements of the beauty doctors a fully equipped gymnasium and unlimited time would seem requisites. A few simple rules faithfully followed will quickly improve the most awkward bearing.

To stand well remember to keep the chest high, knees straight, abdomen in and hips back and the feet inclined at an angle of about 90 degrees. With chest, knees and hips in their proper places the feet will generally look after themselves.

To walk well and easily maintain the same position of chest, abdomen and knees and let the swing come from the hips. In climbing a hill or stairs keep the trunk straight and chest up, raise yourself from the flat of the foot and do not bend forward in mounting.

To sit gracefully and comfortably, even without supporting the back, select a chair that fits; one that will enable you to sit with the lower part of the spine against the back of the chair and the feet on the floor. In this position the chest cannot drop, nor does the back tire readily.

EVENING BODICE FOR GIRL



This dainty little bodice is in soft cream satin, to match the skirt. For the bodice part, the satin is simply draped over the shoulders, and brought to the center of back and front in soft folds. A chiffon tucker is inserted in front. The sleeves are slightly rucked, and finished at the elbow by narrow frills, and a ribbon taken round and tied in a bow at the side. Gold ball fringe edges the armholes, resting over the top of sleeve.

Material required: 2 yards satin 42 inches wide, 1½ yard ball fringe, ½ yard chiffon, 2 yards ribbon.

Presents for Baby.

An acceptable present for a baby is the sets of silver safety pins that come on three rings tied together with a ribbon.

Each ring contains a dozen of the pins, and all the dozens differ in size. For the rubber blanket used on the crib there are slips the exact size made with small buttons and holes so that a fresh one may be put on with little trouble. These must bear the embroidered initials of the new arrival.

A NURSE'S EXPERIENCE.

Backache, Pains in the Kidneys, Bloating, Etc., Overcome.

A nurse is expected to know what to do for common ailments, and women who suffer backache, constant languor, and other common symptoms of kidney complaint, should be grateful to Mrs. Minnie Turner, of E. B. St., Anadarko, Okla., for pointing out the way to find quick relief. Mrs. Turner used Doan's Kidney Pills for a run-down condition, backache, pains in the sides and kidneys, bloated limbs, etc. "The way they have built me up is simply marvelous," says Mrs. Turner, who is a nurse. "My health improved rapidly. Five boxes did so much for me I am telling everybody about it."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

DURING THE SHOPPING.



Maude—Men are getting so deceitful, you can't trust your best friend.
Percy—And what's worse, you can't get your best friend to trust you.

Thanks to the Burglar.

The dark lantern flashed through the flat. Then came the gleam of a revolver.

"Hands up!" hissed the head of the family. "You're a burglar."

"Yes," gasped the intruder, as he faced the cold steel.

"What have you stolen?"

"Your wife's pug dog."

"H'm. Eh—if that's all you may sneak out quietly."

"And your mother-in-law's parrot."

"You don't say. Well, here is some loose change."

"And your daughter's phonograph."

"Good! Here's some more loose change."

"Also your son's punching bag."

"What! Great Scott, man, come out to the library and I'll open a special bottle."—Tit-Bits.

Leslie's Majesty.

A teacher in one of the schools of Berlin has given to the papers of that city a composition written by one of the pupils in his school on the subject, "The Kaiser," in the course of which the young author says: "Prince Wilhelm was born on the Kaiser's birthday. From the dome of the castle 101 salute shots were fired. The old grandfather and old Wrangel hopped into a cab and went to the schloss, and old Wrangel said: 'The boy is all right,' and the father made a bow from the balcony, and it was awful cold. And when the boy was baptized his father held his watch in front of the little fellow's nose, and he grabbed it and never let go again, because he is a Hohenzollern."

Truthful Bessie.

There had been a lovers' quarrel and it was his first visit in two weeks.

"I guess you know there was a difference between your sister and myself," he ventured, trying to pump the little sister.

"Yes, indeed," responded the latter without hesitation.

"Well—er—do you think Clara will make up when she comes down?"

Little Bessie leaned over nearer and whispered:

"She ought to, Mr. Binkins. She is upstairs making up now."

CONGENIAL WORK

And Strength to Perform It.

A person in good health is likely to have a genial disposition, ambition, and enjoy work.

On the other hand, if the digestive organs have been upset by wrong food, work becomes drudgery.

"Until recently," writes a Washington girl, "I was a railroad stenographer, which means full work every day."

"Like many other girls alone in a large city, I lived at a boarding house. For breakfast it was mush, greasy meat, soggy cakes, black coffee, etc."

"After a few months of this diet I used to feel sleepy and heavy in the mornings. My work seemed a terrible effort, and I thought the work was to blame—too arduous."

"At home I had heard my father speak of a young fellow who went long distances in the cold on Grape-Nuts and cream and nothing more for breakfast."

"I concluded if it would tide him over a morning's heavy work, it might help me, so on my way home one night I bought a package and next morning I had Grape-Nuts and milk for breakfast."

"I stuck to Grape-Nuts, and in less than two weeks I noticed improvement. I can't just tell how well I felt, but I remember I used to walk the 12 blocks to business and knew how good it was simply to live."

"As to my work—well, did you ever feel the delight of having congenial work and the strength to perform it? That's how I felt. I truly believe there's life and vigor in every grain of Grape-Nuts."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.