

By D. M. AMSBERRY

BROKEN BOW, - - NEBRASKA

Germany is for peace and also it is going to keep its powder dry.

An old brain in a young head is better than a young brain in an old head.

It is true that money does not bring happiness. The czar gets \$23,000,000 a year.

Music may do some good. While a boy is whistling he can't be smoking cigarettes.

How can old foggy practitioners say that the young doctor is wholly incompetent after they have seen his lovely whiskers?

Winston Churchill receives a royalty of 30 cents per volume, and already his receipts from one book are said to have been \$150,000.

Germany is not going to favor disarmament. It is afraid the second-hand man wouldn't give it much of anything for its guns.

Why doesn't some multimillionaire give Commander Peary that mere trifle of \$60,000 and get him started for the north pole without delay?

Very likely it is true that many young doctors do not know much, but nature works as hard to assist them as it does to assist the old practitioners.

By mistake, a man who meant to varnish his front door used maple syrup. Fortunately, though, it does not appear that he used varnish on his backwater cakes.

Tom Lawson is said to have made \$205,000 the other day by not buying a copper mine. We refrain from buying copper mines every day in the year without gaining anything by it.

Hudson Maxim announces that he has completed an invention which will render armor plate useless. This ought to help some more toward the establishment of universal peace.

Kipling may not have been trying to make the poet laureate look like a plugged 30-cent piece, but that was a sort of by-product of Rudyard's latest effort.

A Boston woman wrote 225 words a minute for 15 minutes on her typewriter. No doubt that if it had been necessary she could have talked them at the same speed for as long a time.

A New Orleans man doesn't want the negroes to benefit by the Rhodes scholarships. The simplest way to prevent that would be for the white boys to beat the negro boys in the examinations.

A correspondent writes to a London paper "to protest emphatically against the careless and selfish persons who walk about in a crowded thoroughfare with their umbrellas carried in a dangerous way." What's the use?

Queen Alexandra is but one of the many royal ladies who bear the name of "Alex." Her two nieces, Princess Alexandra of Hesse, who is now the widow of the Grand Duke Sergius of Russia, and the present czarina of Russia are both known as "Alex."

Fifty or more mirrors have been removed from the government printing office so the women employes won't be everlastingly primping. This diabolical move, however, will fall to arrest the involuntary straying of the lily-white fin to feel of the marcel wave or the pomp.

Ransford D. Buckman of Worcester, Mass., recently appointed naval adviser to the sultan of Turkey, is now in command of the fleet which guards the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, with the rank of admiral. His first experience as a sailor was gained on the great lakes, where he was a cabin boy. Now, at 40, he is an admiral.

The 600 elderly old ladies of a Swiss community who have organized a crusade against excessive dancing and have forwarded a petition to the cantonal officials pointing out that numberless balls, dances and other demoralizing entertainments were given last year, and the young people devoted too much time to pleasure, might lose their labor if somebody should dub them publicly the Sour Grapes association.

Vermont has 14 living ex-governors, ranging in age from 84 years down to half a century. The list is, of course headed by Frederick Holbrook of Brattleboro, the war governor, and then comes ex-Congressman John W. Stewart, Senator Redfield Proctor, John L. Barstow, Samuel E. Pingree, Ebenezer J. Ormsby, Senator William P. Dillingham, Carroll S. Page, U. A. Woodbury, Josiah Grout, Edward C. Smith, William W. Stickney, John G. McCullough and Charles J. Bell.

A leading favorite in the literary circles of Washington is the widow of Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, the celebrated Brooklyn preacher. Since the death of her husband Mrs. Talmage has spent much of her time in the capital. She writes for magazines and newspapers, generally verses, but always under a nom de plume.

The English ribbon trade is said to be now in a more flourishing condition than it has been in many years owing to the huge demands the dress-makers and milliners are making upon the output of the manufacturers.

# HER DILEMMA

By MRS. PHILIP CHAMPION DE CRESPIGNY

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

"Honor," Cynthia said, balancing herself sideways on the old balustrade overlooking the lake; "I wonder what you would do if you were in my position?"

"Fall over into the lake," I replied promptly; "as you will in a minute, if you are not careful, and you will find it very deep water."

"I am in deep water already," she said gently, and I should be more than glad if you can find a way to help me, but it won't be very easy. I thought it such a good idea to start with, but now it doesn't seem to have worked out very well."

"What is it?"

"It's Mr. Peters," she said, turning her face away and looking out dreamily across the lake.

"Still Mr. Peters?" I asked with a little surprise. "It has been Mr. Peters for quite a long time."

"I don't know if I have told you that he has asked me to marry him," she went on after a pause.

"Yes," I said, "several times."

"I wish people wouldn't ask me to marry them," Cynthia said impatiently. "I never know what to say."

"There is not much choice," I observed. "You can only say 'Yes' or 'No.'"

"That's just what is so tiresome," she said calmly. "I said nothing. Yesterday he wrote to say he really must have an answer. He gave me a week to think it over, as he did not wish to hurry me. But I sent him my answer by post last night!"

"Why did you do that? It would have been better to have waited, as he suggested it, till the end of the week. I think," Cynthia could change her mind a dozen times in a week.

"No," she answered seriously. "I sent the answer at once because I hate to have a thing of that sort hanging over my head."

"If you have already sent your answer, where can the difficulty be? What was it?" I repeated with a little impatience. "Yes, or no?"

"I don't know," she said, gently; "that's just where the trouble is."

"Cynthia!" I cried sharply. "Do you mean to tell me you don't know whether you have accepted Mr. Peters or refused him?"

"That is exactly the state of the



He Has Asked Me to Marry Him.

case," she replied, with maddening severity. "I sent him his answer last night, and I've no more notion what it was," she looked around for an example, "than the man in the moon."

"Cynthia," I said slowly, "I think one of us must be mad, and I do not believe it is I."

"Not at all," she retorted briskly; "if you will listen I'll tell you exactly how it happened. Mr. Peters has been pestering me for an answer for weeks, and the truth was I could not for the life of me make up my mind what to say. Don't you think he is a very nice man, Honor?" she added, looking at me earnestly.

"That is just it; he is so nice that I hadn't the heart to say 'No' to him; but as I never have liked fair hair, I couldn't be quite sure I wanted to say 'Yes.' Then this letter asking for a definite answer came like a thunder-bolt."

"I felt quite sure it would be no easier to make up my mind at the end of a week, and that the best thing would be to do it at once. So I did."

"I am glad to hear it," I remarked dryly. "I understood you to say you do not know what you had said."

"No more I do. I wrote two letters, one accepting him and the other refusing him, and addressed them exactly alike and shuffled them with my eyes shut, and then I put one in the fire and the other in the mail."

"Which did you put in the mail?"

"I don't know," she answered placidly, "that's just where the fix comes in."

"Cynthia!" I exclaimed, laughing against my will, "and you call that making up your mind!"

"At first I thought it was rather a good idea. Of course the awkward part is not knowing what I have said to him. If I found I had mailed the wrong one, I should probably have sent the other after it. And that wouldn't have mended matters."

"There is nothing for it but to face the situation," I remarked impatiently.

"I don't mind the situation; it's Mr. Peters I don't want to face," Cynthia murmured.

"I could think of no suggestion, and silence fell for a moment or two."

"Just think of the unpleasantness of it, Honor," she remarked. "I have had a telegram to say he is coming at three o'clock."

"And what are you going to do?"

"There was a long pause."

"I thought of going down to see Mrs. Maloney's new baby about then," she said at last.

"I half rose to my feet in indignation, and then sat down again."

"And leave me, I suppose, to interview the victim of your foolishness! Cynthia," I said solemnly, "I am not going to do it."

"Honor," she said, insinuatingly, "just think how horribly unpleasant it would be for me to meet him, not having a notion as to which letter I put in the post. Whereas you could be as innocent as a lamb, and easily find out incidentally in conversation, whether I said 'Yes' or 'No.'"

"I am not going to help you," I said, rising and walking across the gravelled terrace to the balustrade.

"I am sure you will when you think of it, Honor, dear," she said entreatingly. "It is not much I am asking you to do. Just to see Mr. Peters, instead of me. Then I shall know how to meet him, and shan't be taken aback."

"It was close upon three o'clock, and a servant came to tell me that Mr. Peters was in the drawing-room, and that Cynthia could not be found."

As the interview had been forced on me I determined to make the best of it.

Cynthia faced me quite placidly on her return.

"Well?" she said interrogatively. "did you see him?"

"Yes, I saw him," I answered curtly.

"And which letter was it I put in the mail?"

"I have no more notion than you have."

Cynthia opened her eyes.

"You mean to tell me you talked to him for half an hour and couldn't find out that much! Weren't there any symptoms?"

"What do you mean by 'symptoms?'"

"When he came into the room did he look jubilant—as if he would like to stand on his head? Oh did he look as if he hadn't shaved for a week, and never meant to shave again? Did you ask him if he was happy?"

"No!" I cried, exasperated, "nor did I ask him if he was good; nor how old he was; nor whether he dyes his hair, nor any other impertinent question."

"Then it seems to me it has all got to be done over again, and we are no further than we were before," she said dismally, rising from her chair and walking to the window.

"I am afraid you will have to face him yourself the next time, Cynthia," I replied gently.

"Suppose I were to throw myself on his mercy," she said hopefully, turning round after a pause—"tell him the whole truth, and say I had made a mistake—whichever way it was—what do you think he would say?"

"He would certainly have nothing more to do with you," I answered severely.

"I do wish I knew what I said," she murmured. "I should feel so much more settled."

Three days passed and there was no sign of Mr. Peters. Cynthia's spirits began to droop, and I was surprised to notice a little line of worry permanently settle itself between her eyebrows.

Then one afternoon I found her in a secluded corner in tears.

"Oh, Honor," she sobbed, giving way altogether. "I must have said 'No.' Can't you help me anyhow, Honor? You have never failed me yet."

"But what can I do?" I replied, helplessly.

"Go and see him," she said, desperately. "Tell him I didn't mean it, Honor—that I mean 'Yes' for all the rest of my life."

"I can't do that," I said at last, "but I'll go and persuade him, if I can, to come and see you."

I returned some two hours later from my rather distasteful mission to find Cynthia by herself in the drawing-room. To my surprise her face was wreathed in smiles, and she waved a square of white paper at me exultantly as I entered the room.

"Honor!" she cried. "It's the letter! I found it in the pocket of the dress I was wearing that day, and he's just waiting till the end of the week for my answer!" I stared at her stupidly.

"Oh, Honor, I am so happy," she said softly; "don't be angry with me!"

"Mr. Peters is putting up his horse and will be here in a moment," I answered, my wrath only partly appeased, "and now, Cynthia, I hope you've had a lesson, and know your own mind at last."

"Of course I do," she retorted, with a slight show of indignation.

Mr. Peters at that moment came in at the door, and I went out by the window into the garden.

# NEW FAD IN BLOUSES

LACE GARMENTS THREADED WITH SILK OR VELVET RIBBON.

Some Pretty Ideas For Reasonable Garments in Either Silk or Lace—The Effect of a Soft Tie.

The lace blouse, everywhere recognized as marvelously economical, still is kept outside of the range of commonness by new ideas in its selection and treatment. Instead of the over-worked way of bringing it into harmony with the skirt by means of ribbon bretelles and girdle, it now is threaded with ribbon, either soft velvet or with silk cut bias, and hemmed with the narrowest roll possible.

This silk drawn through and either knotted like a tie or having the ends simply pendant in front is charming. It has fringe knotted into them and any pretty, rich decoration of embroidery stitches added. The velvet is finished off with clusters of loops like rosettes and sometimes will be started half way down the back and threaded over the shoulders, ending with the rosettes at just that point on the bust which will bring the long line from the shoulder down to the turn of the figure, now raved over by dressmaker artists.

Or the soft tie will be set around under the arms like the finish of a bolero, drawing it up as it reaches the front and leaving the ends to hang to the waist.

Another way is to thread it around the shoulders in the line of a berth, although this only can be done when there is a long shoulder seam. The largest meshed laces are in demand for this pretty fashion, another form of which is carried out with gold ribbon laid over a backing of cloth like the skirt.

Economical and pretty for evening petticoats are those of white net greatly ribbed. They are easily cleaned and even washable and are equally pretty to wear with smart afternoon frocks and any second season white silk or brocade petticoat can be easily rejuvenated by its lower with founces of thick net trimmed with wash insertion to match or with wash ribbon.

What everybody does not know is that fall, the new silk standby for blouses will wash with great success in the white and if care is taken even in the pink and pale colors. An exquisite blouse of this silk has shoulder tabs and corresponding tab coming out from under the stock in front of the material, edged with real baby Irish lace an inch wide. These tabs are embroidered with large disks of white silk, which also appear with the lace on the cuffs of the short sleeves.

This blouse, which, by the way, is copied from a famous waistmaker's model, is tastefully worn by its owner with white pearl beads and an extremely long bar pin of the same Roman pearls, set so as to conceal all of the structure and to stand out in unspotted whiteness like the string of beads.

## Changing the Piano.

In the very commendable effort to change things around a bit and give the house a new look at house cleaning time, it is just as well to be a little careful in the matter of placing the piano. A refreshingly new and changed appearance may be given to a room by having the piano in another corner for a change, but if that corner is near a window or close to a register the scheme had better be abandoned. A piano is extremely sensitive to cold, heat or dampness. It is a great mistake to put it too near to the fire or radiator, because the heat is apt to affect the delicately constructed sounding board and interfere with the tone of the piano. A piano which stands by an open window on a rainy day is almost sure to be damaged. The dampness rusts the wires and otherwise affects the interior.

When disposing of the bric-a-brac room do not save a large share of it for the top of the piano, rather let the instrument be unincumbered by books and ornaments so that the purity of the tone will not be interfered with.

## Correct Mourning.

Fashions in mourning have undergone a very great change since the wonderful improvements that have been in crepe. In the first place, it has been successfully waterproofed and is no longer extravagant wear. Then the soft finish crepe is particularly well adapted to the picturesque and artistic gowns of the present day. Instead of the gowns being trimmed with folds and volants of crepe this season entire empire and empress gowns will be worn of this soft and graceful crepe. Simplicity will be the keynote of all mourning garb. For millinery long, soft-finish crepe veils will be used to drape the large and small shapes, and will fall in two long ends below the waist. Paris and Vienna have taken up this crepe and it is being used extensively for all articles of mourning.

## Lace Coats for Evening.

Lace coats will be worn for evening and for day and they assume many forms. In Irish lace they sink into the belt of a V-shaped trimming of velvet, which borders the sleeves of the same. Straight-fronted coats entirely of lace, made after the order of the pailots, of years ago, three-quarter length, are a good example. For day wear lace coats are often supplemented by a good deal of velvet, which covers the back and the front of the bodice portion, the lace, as it were, being applied on to it.

## WORN TO A SKELETON.

A Wonderful Restoration Caused a Sensation in a Pennsylvania Town.

Mrs. Charles N. Preston, of Elkland, Pa., says: "Three years ago I found that my housework was becoming a burden. I tired easily, had no ambition and was fading fast. My complexion got yellow and I lost over 50 pounds. My thirst was terrible, and there was sugar in the kidney secretions. My doctor kept me on a strict diet, but as his medicine was not helping me, I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. They helped me at once, and soon all traces of sugar disappeared. I have regained my former weight and am perfectly well."

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

## Siamese Object to Walking.

The Siamese, above all nations in the world, hate to walk; no such mode of progression is tolerated by a Siamese if he or she can by any means ride. A Venetian gondolier will walk sometimes; even a Hollander will ride on his rough cart; but a Bangkok man—not if he can help it. His family boat for him.—Windsor Magazine.

With a smooth iron and Defiance Starch, you can launder your shirt-waist just as well at home as the steam laundry can; it will have the proper stiffness and finish, there will be less wear and tear of the goods, and it will be a positive pleasure to use a Starch that does not stick to the iron.

Obeying His Command. Benham—Did you have any company while I was away? Mrs. Benham—Nobody to speak of. Benham—Wasn't your mother here? Mrs. Benham—Yes, but you won't let me speak to her.

# Tired Nervous Women Make Unhappy Homes



MRS. NELLIE MAKHAM

MRS. GEO. A. JAMES

A nervous irritable woman, often on the verge of hysterics, is a source of misery to everyone who comes under her influence, and unhappy and miserable herself.

Such women not only drive husbands from home but are wholly unfit to govern children.

The ills of women act like a fire brand upon the nerves, consequently seven-tenths of the nervous prostration, nervous despondency, the "blues", sleeplessness, and nervous irritability of women arise from some organic derangement.

Do you experience fits of depression with restless alternating with extreme irritability? Do you suffer from pains in the abdominal region, backache, bearing-down pains, nervous dyspepsia, sleeplessness, and almost continually cross and snappy? If so, your nerves are in a shattered condition and you are threatened with nervous prostration.

Proof is monumental that nothing in the world is better for nervous troubles of women than Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs. Thousands and thousands of women can testify to this fact.

Mrs. Nellie Makham, of 151 Morgan St., Buffalo, N. Y., writes:—

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—

"I was a wreck from nervous prostration. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotics or harmful drugs and today holds the record for the largest number of actual cures of female diseases of any medicine the world has ever known, and thousands of voluntary testimonials are on file in the laboratory at Lynn, Mass., which testify to its wonderful value.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; a Woman's Remedy for Women's ills.

What reason could not avoid has often been cured by delay.—Seneca.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Any woman can make a dollar go so far that her husband will never see it again.

Don't Sneeze Your Head Off. Krause's Cold Capsules will cure you almost instantly. At all Druggists, 25c.

No, Cordelia, a man doesn't necessarily have paint in his eyes when he is color blind.

Lewis' Single Binder costs more than other 5c cigars. Smokers know why. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

The people of Colorado are so confident that publicity pays large dividends that they are going to spend a fund in advertising the state's resources.

To be on good terms with human nature, Be Well! Garfield Tea purifies the blood, eradicates disease, regulates the digestive organs and brings Good Health! Manufactured by Garfield Tea Co., Brooklyn, N. Y. Sold by druggists.

It's tough even on the six-footer when he has one foot in the grate.

# SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Headache, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

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Made from pure, carefully tested materials.

Makes all baking healthful.

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