

trip, and was to take the sergeant with him.

"Be sure and take good care of the captain," said Mrs. Bertrand, and the Little Tough Sergeant, saluting and at "attention" said never a word.

Colonel Funston had indeed ordered the captain to take charge of the scouting party and the captain told the Little Tough Sergeant to select its members. He lost no time in obeying, and tearing off the first ten men from the company as it stood in line, announced to Captain Bertrand that all was ready.

There was a Filipino regiment in the neighborhood and Colonel Funston wanted it located.

"Trot up, now!" was the sergeant's command, and the men accordingly trotted up.

All at once the little party almost ran into the insurgent regiment it was looking for, and, quick as a flash the Little Tough Sergeant sent a bullet through the Filipino officer nearest him—a captain.

"Take cover behind that little barricade of wood!" shouted Jack, and the men flew to the defense, composed of trees, which had been erected by the insurgents a few days before. The Filipinos, about 100 yards away, were so surprised they did not fire a shot until the Americans were safely behind the barricade, and then the bullets rattled against the logs in a shower.

"Be careful in your aim before you shoot," ordered Jack. "You haven't any bullets to waste."

The Little Tough Sergeant fired carefully, steadily and calmly, bringing down a man every time. He was not the least bit excited, but the ferocity of battle shone in his eyes, and he was thoroughly happy.

"Surrender!" came in fairly good English from the Filipino side, across the space between the battling forces.

"Never!" shouted Jack in answer. That was not all he said, but it is enough to cover his meaning. Everything a man says in battle cannot be printed in the newspapers.

Then a white flag, tied to a small branch

cut from a near-by tree, was hoisted by a Filipino, and the Little Tough Sergeant promptly shot the improvised pole in twain. A few days before the enemy had hoisted a similar flag, indicating that a conference was desired, and when an officer of the Twentieth walked out of the trenches he was shot to pieces.

"Do you really mean to fight?" shouted the English-speaking Filipino.

"What do you suppose we crossed 8,000 miles of ocean for?" sneered the Little Tough Sergeant, carefully picking out an insurgent officer and shooting him through.

Every man of the gallant eleven proved himself a hero and made his bullet count. After half an hour's fierce fighting, with two men dead and three wounded, Jack felt that the end was near at hand unless the regiment came to the rescue.

"It's my turn now!" gasped the captain, as he suddenly reeled and fell upon his face. "Go ahead, boys, a scratch on the shoulder; that's all!"

Then all at once the Little Tough Sergeant, who was standing near the southern end of the barricade, grew pale, his face assuming an ashen hue. He said nothing, but the men knew he had been hit and their hearts grew faint.

"Hold up as long as you can, sergeant," whispered Jack, "I'll soon be able to stand again. I'm only a little faint."

"Chuck me you hats!" said the Little Tough Sergeant hoarsely to the men. One of the wounded was dying, but the other two injured men were strong enough to do as bidden. The captain tossed his hat, as did the five yet unhurt.

The Little Tough Sergeant stooped painfully and gathered the hats together, and then placing them, including his own, upon nine sticks, arose unsteadily. The firing was lower than it had been, only occasionally bullets spattering upon the outside of the breastworks. It was evident that a flanking movement was about to take place, this being indicated by the practical silence of the enemy.

"Captain," said the Little Tough Sergeant, "two of the boys'll take care of you; one feller's dyin' so he's out of the way; the other two that's hurt can run with two side each o' them. Break for the open! I thing the regiment's comin'! When I put the hats over the tops of these logs, you run!" His voice was very weak.

He raised the hats, there was quite a heavy volley from the Filipinos, and the men dashed away, Captain Jack and the other two wounded ones being assisted. About 100 yards distant another man was wounded; at 200 yards there was a clearing, and here, thundering along in open order came the Kansans, Funston at their head!

A shrill Kansas cheer greeted Captain Jack and then into the brush the long blue lines rushed, spreading out like a fan, and hardly a minute elapsed ere the firing denoted that the Twentieth was in action. The Filipinos made but a short stand, then dived into the heavier underbrush, gained the forest and disappeared, leaving many of their dead and wounded behind them.

When the Twentieth returned they found the Little Tough Sergeant in a sitting position, his back against the logs and his rifle across his lap; in his right hand was his last cartridge, ready to drop into place, while in his left was a faded rose.

There was almost a smile upon his face as he reclined there in the awful majesty of death, the wind slightly stirring his sparse hair, his features undisturbed by his last great agony.

They buried him there, and the regiment presented arms as the earth was cast upon the blanketed form of the Little Tough Sergeant.

## Dens for Bachelor Maids

**N**EVER was individuality in room decoration so accentuated as at the present day. This diversity of taste is a boon to the furniture maker and his ally, the upholsterer. Between them they furnish up old things and invent new ones. One of the latest fields of their work, the Dutch room, has been eagerly taken possession of by the bachelor man and maid.

A typical Dutch den for a man is a square room of something more than medium size. Three narrow windows, set together in one side and fitted with small diamond panes, are so high up from the floor that the light falls from above. Over them are hung curtains of old gold Shikil silk, and over these, on the inner side, are curtains of forest green velvet bordered with stamped red leather straps and looped back with the same.

Under the window is a settle of carved black oak with a high back, over which hangs the cowed head of a monk, as though trying to see his reflection in a mirror set high in the back. The seat is upholstered in leather.

Hanging above one end of the settle is a chandelier of black iron chains, upon which are fastened pieces of old armor. The chains support a set of flat brass bars, each of which ends in a monk's head holding an electroliter. Upon the sides of the den are fitted small wall brackets made of brass heads and surmounted by quaint old-time brass candlesticks, in which electric lights glow.

The black, carved mantel shelf furnishes the right background for the warm glow of tall andirons of brass with their complements of gleaming tongs, shovels and pokers, to say nothing of a square and richly carved chest of brass, intended in the old days for wood or coal, but used to hold slippers, books, papers and such odds and ends as men sometimes cast together.

Over the unused gas logs in the fireplace hangs a great, burnished copper kettle, that catches all the soft, warm lights in the room, with never a hint that in its depths is a box of cigars. Beside the fireplace a broad leather pipe rack is suspended. The leather is green and over it strays rich boughs of pine needles and warm-tinted brown cones. The brass rings which glitter over it hold pipes of all sorts and conditions, from the unsmokable to the too-much smoked.

Near by is a cosy reclining chair of leather, flanked by a carved armchair in the same style. Tulips are stamped upon the borders of the leather and upon the leather table cover on the dainty smoker's table beside the chair.

This suggestive and artistic design is repeated in a long leather scarf thrown over the carved center table, where gorgeous tulips are stamped upon the green leather and softly toned in with the gray-green stems and buds.

The carpet is Oriental, in dull shades, showing red in the scheme of decoration, and giving a warm touch of color that is too unobtrusive to affect anything else in the room. The hassocks scattered about are of Oriental make in dull green and red leather patterns.

Three greenish bronze figures, holding

above them a dome of green-tinted art glass fringed with clear glass beads, stands on the table. On the head of one figure rests a silver crescent, upon another a star, while the head of the third droops to one side and is crowned with popples. The same green metal is repeated in the articles upon a small writing desk of carved black oak in one corner. Green also forms the keynote to the ornaments upon the shelf above the case of books to one side of the room.

In one corner is a tall Dutch clock, its woodwork in harmony with the carved figures of the furniture. This is artistically flanked by corner shelves bearing a collection of Dutch steins.

A carved piece of Dutch furniture stands in a corner of the room. It has shelves that turn outward and seem to fold up when the door is closed.

The bachelor maid had a room more delft than Dutch. Blue and white were the dominant tones, and sunshine and growing plants made up for the lack of the rich and sombre coloring of the other den.

Half way up one wall was a long, low Dutch window, the masterpiece of the room. It was in four sections, each divided into many diamond-shaped panes. The frame, like all the other woodwork in the room, was white, rubbed to a high polish. Along the window sill stood a row of flower pots in a dull blue glaze, filled with glowing tulips. Sheer white curtains hung from a rod set close to the glass at the top, and at each corner of the window, upper as well as lower, hung a big wooden shoe, such as the Dutch peasant women wear. These were filled with growing vines, whose delicate tendrils made a frame for the window.

The lower halves of the walls were covered in delft blue denim, and the upper in paper where a blue vine pattern wandered over a white ground. Between denim and paper ran a white chair-rail, topped by a narrow white shelf, which furnished a convenient resting place for many odd vases, delft plaques and a collection of miniature steins.

The floor was painted white and a rug of dark blue covered the center. Low white bookcases, curtained in blue silk, filled one side of the room.

The furniture was of the simplest character, painted white. Beneath the Dutch window ran a long divan, upholstered in blue and piled with pillows in many shades of blue. It was in reality a box with a hinged lid.

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