

THE FLAG

Up with the banner of the free! Its stars and stripes unfurl...

A MAN WON HER.

It's an awkward thing when master and man are in love with the same girl.

Why the girl had fallen in love with the man instead of his master it would puzzle a conjurer to tell.

Emily accepted John about Christmas, and he urged that it would be ruin to be discharged in the slack time.

"We'll keep it to ourselves till the spring, my girl, and then we can snap our fingers at him," said John.

But Emily had no desire to snap her fingers at Reuben Saunders. She was not built that way.

But long before the spring came—in fact, it was the middle of February—it began to be rumored about that John and Emily were engaged.

Mrs. Bolton opened the door. She stepped back and called up the stairs: "Emily, Emily! Here's Mr. Saunders wants to see yer."

"I've only come to ask you a question, Emily," said Reuben humbly when at last the girl appeared.

"I hear that you and John Adams are going to be married." And Reuben lifted his honest eyes and looked the girl straight in the face.

"I don't see what business that is of yours! I suppose we've a right"—began the girl angrily.

But before she could finish her sentence Reuben said sadly: "I've got my answer," and turned away.

"Stay, Reuben, stay! It's not my fault. I did not want to keep it from you. But—John said—"

Emily stopped. The meanness of it all ashamed her.

"I know, I know! Adams judged me by himself, and thought I should turn him off as soon as I heard of it," said Saunders, bitterly.

Of course, John's sweetheart fired up at that.

"If you've got anything to say against John, you can say it to some one else, Mr. Saunders," she cried out.

"I haven't!" he shouted back, striding off down the little path to the front gate as Emily slammed the door.

"I'll give him a week's wages and turn him off," Reuben told himself passionately.

"It's all right, Miss Bolton. You just get on the ladder—quick, and you'll be safe enough. There's half a dozen of us holding it at the bottom," he shouted, encouragingly.

II.

It was with a heavy heart that Emily went to meet her lover the next day, which was Saturday, and therefore a half holiday.

The first sight of John's face when they met reassured her. As I said before, he was a handsome young man, and as he came smilingly up to her Emily felt certain that she loved him dearly.

"The boss has been very civil to me this morning," said John, "called me into that little office of his and said he thought as he'd heard of a place as'd suit me."

"Oh, John, how good of him!" exclaimed the girl.

"H'm," said John, with a conceited smile: "don't you see he wants to get

rid of me—wants me out o' the way so he can come after you."

"No—no; he knows better."

"He's a precious sight conceited to know better. Lor' I did laugh in my sleeve as I thanked him, and said as I'd be glad if he'd speak a word for me."

"You're quite wrong!" cried Emily, who had in vain tried to interrupt the flow of her sweetheart's words.

"Yes, I told him," repeated Emily. "Well, I'm blowed!" And John looked as if after that nothing would surprise him any more.

To this Emily vouchsafed no reply, so John, not exactly understanding her silence, changed the subject by saying:

"Em, you've often wanted to go over the old Manor House, and you won't have many more chances if I get this place. Shall we go now?"

Emily agreed. She knew the caretaker, so there would be no difficulty in getting in.

III.

They had wandered about the old place for twenty minutes, and had been everywhere except in the towers, which was the oldest part of the house.

John proposed that they should go up to the top and see the view. Emily was frightened, but he laughed her out of her fears.

Though the day was warm for the time of year, Emily soon felt bitterly cold, and said she must go down.

John led the way, but had hardly got his foot off the last rung of the ladder when he felt the tower begin to rock.

With the impulse of a coward, scarce staying to give a hasty shout to Emily to follow, he rushed down the stone stairs and out of the place.

Adams ran into the road shouting for a ladder. Soon a crowd was collected and the ladder was fetched.

When he heard what had happened he took John's place in binding the ladders together, saying:

"You go and tell her what we're doing. I'll see to this."

Reuben had the habit of authority, so John went.

When the ladders were firmly bound Reuben and two others carried them through the iron gates into the little park where the crowd stood.

Reuben looked at the wall. "We must be quick," said he to the man next to him, "or it'll be down before we can get her off."

This was done, and in a few minutes the third ladder was pushed through the rungs of the first about four feet from the top, making an isosceles triangle.

Two men were placed at the foot of each ladder to steady it, and the whole reared sideways against the wall, the apex almost touching Emily and the upright reaching up above her head.

In an editorial notice of the death of Joe, a dog, the Charleston (S. C.) News and Courier says: "He was a dog, but he was a gentleman."

For a swell tailor made style nothing surpasses the cutaway jacket.

Made of hunter's green cloth, with collar of velvet a shade darker and worn over a vest of ecrú corduroy and skirt of plaid that combines the ecrú and green with brown, and a thread of yellow.

The jacket fronts are fitted by single bust darts and flare open below the bust, over which the closing is effected by three cloth covered tailor buttons and buttonholes.

Above the closing small revers roll back, meeting the rolling collar of velvet in notches.

The jacket can be of any seasonable cloth, or suiting to match or contrast with the skirt, as here delineated.

To make this jacket for a lady of medium size one and five-eighths yards of material fifty-four inches wide will be required.

For a "White Wedding." An original gown to be worn by the maid of honor at a "white wedding" is of soft white cloth, heavily braided

The design here shown provides a vest, or any blouse or shirt waist can be substituted.

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"Go down the ladder as quickly as you can I'll follow. In two minutes the whole place'll be down."

Emily gave him one swift look that sent the blood tingling through his veins, and in less than a minute she was on the ground.

Then, turning on him: "Go!" she cried. "Go! When I marry, I'll marry—I'll marry a man!"

After that she fainted. She did marry a man. His name was Reuben Saunders. John Adams got the foreman's place in the shires.

Brooklyn Standard-Union.

WHITE HOUSE WAR CHAMBER.

The President's Facilities for Obtaining News From the Front.

A war chamber has been established at the White House. A force of workmen, including electricians, have been employed transforming the room formerly occupied by Private Secretary Porter into a presidential war chamber.

While the war is going on a new set of rules will be in force at the executive mansion. The "war chamber" will be locked from the inside, so that the doorway through which visiting statesmen have hitherto passed en route to the president's room is blocked until further orders.

The reason given for this new rule of practice and the precautions, which savor of exclusiveness, is that the president, desiring every reasonable facility for obtaining information from the front.

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THE REALM OF FASHION.

Popular With Wheelwomen. The skirt here illustrated by May Manton is one of the most practical and comfortable yet offered to wheelwomen, being shaped with six gores



SIX-GORED BICYCLE SKIRT.

that hang evenly and will not sag. It is of moderate width, measuring three yards and three-quarters in the medium size.

The accompanying design shows a tailor made costume in beige cloth of a light texture. The skirt is quite tight, like a fourreau in the upper part, moderately large half way down, and widens considerably to the bottom.

Costume in Beige Cloth. The accompanying design shows a tailor made costume in beige cloth of a light texture. The skirt is quite tight, like a fourreau in the upper part, moderately large half way down, and widens considerably to the bottom.

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A Tailor Made Costume. The accompanying design shows a tailor made costume in beige cloth of a light texture. The skirt is quite tight, like a fourreau in the upper part, moderately large half way down, and widens considerably to the bottom.

in white on the skirt. The bodice opens at the skirt over a small yoke of mousseline de soie, edged with pointed lapels embroidered in white and gold threads.

Brocade Silks. An effort is being made to revive the popularity of brocade silks, and it looks as though their day would once more come round.

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Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away. To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-Tobacco, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong.

Dr. Morgan's "Fur-Ake" Powder. A certain cure for tired, aching, swelling and perspiring feet. "Fur-Ake" cures bunions, corns, chilblains, frostbites, ingrowing nails, hot stinging feet, also cures and prevents blisters, callous and sore spots on the feet.

To Cure A Cold In One Day. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund money if it fails to cure, 25c.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. 23 trial bottles and treatise free.

The face of humanity displays fewer pimples than formerly. Reason—Glen's Sulphur Soap, Hill's Hair & Whisker Dye, black or brown, 50c.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets. Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. fails, druggists refund money.

What You Get

When You Buy Medicine is a Matter of Great Importance. Do you get that which has the power to eradicate from your blood all poisonous taints and thus remove the cause of disease?

Hood's Sarsaparilla. Hood's Pills cure biliousness, indigestion.

Sour Stomach

After I was induced to try CASCARETS, I will never be without them in the house. My liver was in a very bad shape, and my head ached and I had stomach trouble.



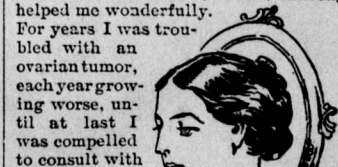
CANDY CATHARTIC. Cascarets. REGULATE THE LIVER.

It is in the old days of wooden ships the boring insects which live in wood were their chief foes. Teakwood acquired its reputation as a shipbuilding material because of its supposed immunity from these vermin.

When a dry dock is not available metal ships have to have their bottoms cleaned by divers. When the battle ship Massachusetts was recently cleaned barnacles and grass covered her hull to such an extent that she could not have made more than ten and one-half knots an hour.

AN OPERATION AVOIDED.

Mrs. Rosa Gaum Writes to Mrs. Pinkham About it. She Says: DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I take pleasure in writing you a few lines to inform you of the good your Vegetable Compound has done me.



For years I was troubled with an ovarian tumor, each year growing worse, until at last I was compelled to consult with a physician. He said nothing could be done for me but to go under an operation.

In speaking with a friend of mine about it, she recommended Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, saying she knew it would cure me. I sent for your medicine, and after ing three bottles of it, the tumor appeared. Oh! you do not know much good your medicine has done me. I shall recommend it to every woman.—Mrs. Rosa G. Wall St., Los Angeles, Cal.