THE RED CROSS.

They too have heard the drum-beat,
They follow the bugle's call,
These who are swift with pity
On the field where brave men fall.

When the battle-boom is silent,
And the echoing thunder dies,
They haste to the plain red sodden
With the blood of sacrifice.

The flag that floats above them
Is marked with a crimson sign,
Pledge of a great compassion
And the rifted heart Divine.

That once for man's redemption
Knew earth's completest loss.
These to the field of valor
Bring love's immortal cross.

And so they follow the bugle,
And heed the drum-beat's call,
But their errand is one of pity—
They succor the men who fall.
—Harper's Bazar.

Old Ginger's Chloroform.

BY MANTIE L. HUNTER.

"I guess before the season's over," said Farmer Jones, "I'll have to shoot old Ginger; he's nigh unto twelve years old and so crippled up that he ain't good for shucks."

Ginger, when he heard his name mentioned, thumped the floor with his stumpy tail in lazy recognition; but when the shooting part came he rose to a sitting posture and his battle-fringed ears pointed "attention." Shoot him! Ginger! The dog that for ten years had barked the rats and weasles away from the chicken coops and treed the corn-thieving coons for the farmer and his boys? It was incredible! His age-dulled hearing must have played him false.

"It seems too bad to shoot the poor old fellow," said Mrs. Jones. "If there ever was a faithful dog he's been one. But he's so crippled up I suppose it would be a mercy to put him out of the way; but if I were you, I'd chloroform him instead of shooting him."

"I expect that would be a better way to get rid of him," replied her husband. "When I go to town in the morning I'll get the chloroform and put him out of his misery tomorrow."

Ginger got onto his feet with unusual nimbleness and slunk off into a corner behind the stove, where he could meditate unseen. Put him out of his misery indeed! Did Farmer Jones think because a dog was old and had a few rheumatic twinges he didn't enjoy sleeping on a piece of old carpet beside the warm stove, where he could blink at people and sniff the savory dinner odors? Would he want some one to put him out of the way when he got so old that he couldn't chop wood or milk the cows? And then to be chloroformed! What the awful thing was he hadn't the faintest idea, but he was sure it was some ingenious, newfangled way of executing criminals.

He had heard the children read out of their histories about the French guillotine, and Mr. Jones often read aloud about men being hanged on the gallows, and electrocuted in a terrible chair; but chloroform was a new contrivance. He wouldn't mind so much going out amid the flash and thunder of a gun, surrounded by the smell and smoke of powder, as he had seen many a brave coon and timid rabbit do; but to leave this pleasant earth by some awful unknown route—the very thought sickened him with terror.

He crouched down on the floor too utterly miserable to notice the children when they romped in, or to sniff the blue smoke from the fryingpan, as he usually did, to see whether it was beefsteak or pork that was on the fire for supper. When Mrs. Jones gave him his plate of scraps—and they were unusually good because it happened to be chicken that she had been frying—he hadn't the heart to taste them. Mrs. Jones noticed this, and said:

"Poor old dog! I guess it's time he was chloroformed; his teeth have got so poor that he can't eat a bite."

Thereupon Ginger fell to with such voracity to vindicate his teeth that he choked and came near ending his troubles by the strangulation route, which caused Mrs. Jones to say:

"Just see, he's trying to swallow his food without chewing it. Father, don't you forget the chloroform in the morning."

That night as Ginger lay on his piece of carpet in the darkened kitchen his heart was sore troubled. Only that night in which to listen to the tick, tock of the big old wooden clock; only that night in which to watch, through the round, mica-covered holes in the front of the stove, the glowing embers die down to little specks of light and then flicker out; only the coming morning in which to listen for the first cheep of the canary in its cage over by the east window; only one noon more to watch for the children and to greet them when they came from school.

Surely he could count on life until some time in the afternoon; Farmer Jones always had a little gossiping to do around the store stove, so it would be quite noon before he got back home with that awful thing. Thinking thus, the tears creeping from under the lids of his bleary old eyes, sometime after midnight he dozed off into a troubled sleep. Even then he was pursued by the threatened disaster. He dreamed that he saw Mr. Jones coming into the kitchen carrying that terrible chloroform in his arms. It was a fearful affair composed of ropes and knives and wires.

What should he do? He knew; he had never turned tail yet, and he never would; he would fight the thing. He would die game as he had seen many a trapped coon do in the brave old days. Thereupon the grizzly bristles along his spine rose straight up, his lips curled back from his few yellow teeth, and, growling and barking and snapping, he flew at the monster.

"For the land's sakes," said Mrs. Jones' voice from the bedroom, "whatever ails that dog? Get up quick, father, and let him out; something must be at the chickens."

Before Ginger was fairly awake he found himself out in the chill air, with the farmer's "Sick 'em! Sick 'em, Ginger!" ringing in his ears. He shivered and whined for a moment; then all at once a thought struck him. He'd "sic" himself! He would run away from the fate which awaited him on the morrow. Why hadn't he thought of that before? Warmed into suppleness by a glow of hope, and barking for joy, he loped across the yard and started up the road.

Before he had gone very far he discovered that something was running ahead of him. What it was his dim old eyes could not discern; but evidently fear of him was the cause of its flight. The thought that anything on earth was afraid of him aroused the old hunting spirit, and he leaped forward in eager pursuit. He could feel that he was gaining on the fleeting object; he could hear labored breathing ahead of him, and was sure that in the next two or three bounds he would fasten his teeth in whatever it was.

But just then the pursued swerved to one side and leaped onto a black object that stood beside the fence. Ginger heard the hiss of a whip through the air and a crack as it struck; then the thudity-thud of iron-shod hoofs on the frozen ground. He had lost his prey, and somehow he couldn't seem to breath—and the black road was lifting up—and the stars were coming down—and—

"See that ear quiver; I believe he's alive," said a voice that sounded like Mrs. Jones'.

"I hope so. I wouldn't take $50 for that dog," said another voice. "Give him a little hot milk and put a warm blanket over him. I thought he was dead, sure, when I found him in the road. Hadn't he grit, though, to follow that thief a full mile? The scoundrel had the buggy out of the barn and gray Bess all harnessed, and would have got away with her in five minutes more. They stole Ed Walker's horse and carriage and Jim Bates' black saddle mare last night. I'd advise Bates and Walker to invest in a dog."

"Poor old Ginger," said the first voice, while somebody's hand patted his draggeld coat. "He must have heard them open the barn door. Only think how we had planned to put him out of the way today. He shall never be chloroformed now if he loses all his teeth and I have to feed him with a spoon."

Could it be possible he had heard aright? Was that Mrs. Jones speaking, or was it an angel's voice he heard? Was he on earth or had he been translated to a cozy nook in some beautiful dog heaven? He cautiously opened a little slit in one eye and peeped out. No, it wasn't heaven, but it was the next thing to it; it was the dear familiar kitchen. He could see the bottom of the bird cage and a corner of the clock, and he recognized the dotted blue calico sleeve that was fluttering over him. He closed his eye, wagged his feeble tail in approval, then settled back into blissful slumber.

By evening he was almost himself again, was able to give a little skip of delight when he found minced meat and soft crumbled cake on his plate, and at bedtime he breathed a long sigh of contentment when he curled himself up on a feather cushion that had been tucked under his carpet bed.

But they never can understand why he sneaks off in a shamed way whenever any one refers to his acute hearing, or why he trembles when chloroform is mentioned.—Chicago Record.

About Flags.

A nation's flag represents its sovereignty, and is prominently displayed in all army and navy battles.

To "strike the flag" is to lower the national colors in token of submission to the opposing forces.

Dipping the flag is lowering it slightly and then hoisting it again to salute either a vessel or a fort.

A flag of truce is a white flag displayed to the enemy to indicate a desire for a parley or consultation.

A black flag is a sign of piracy. The yellow flag shows a vessel to be in quarantine, or is the sign of a contagious disease.

A flag at half-mast means mourning. Vessels come into a harbor with a flag at half-mast to announce the loss or death of some of the crew.

Flags are used as the symbol of rank and command, the officers using them being called flag officers. Such flags are square, to distinguish them from other banners.

The red flag is a sign of defiance, and is often used by revolutionists. In the American service it is a mark of danger, and shows a vessel to be receiving or discharging her powder.

The white flag with a red cross is a sign of peace. After a battle parties from both sides often go out to the field to rescue the wounded or bury the dead under the protection of such a flag.

Caught a Carp in a Stone Trap.

The largest fish ever caught around Binghamton, N. Y., was taken in the Chenango river by a boy named Ryan 13 years old recently. The lad was fishing near the railroad bridge, when he noticed a mammoth fish trying to get over Noye's dam. Procuring some large stones, he built a barrier around it to prevent its escape, and after hard work succeeded in landing it. The fish was a German carp and weighed seventeen and three-quarters pounds. This is the largest fish ever taken out of the waters of the Chenango.—New York Press.

HELPS FOR HOUSEWIVES.

Mother's Fruit Cake.

Cream together two cups sugar and two cups butter, add four well-beaten eggs, two cups molasses, one-half cup cider or water, three teaspoonfuls each kind spice, one teaspoonful soda; beat into this two cups of flour; add two cups each raisins and currants and one-quarter pound chopped citron, all well flavored; stir in two or three more cups flour; using your own judgment, as there is often a difference in flour. This makes three loaves.

Iced Chocolate.

Iced chocolate is sometimes served at hot weather luncheons instead of iced tea or coffee. A formula for it is to make the cocoa in the proportion of a heaping teaspoonful to each half-pint of boiling water. This is mixed and cooked in a double boiler for five minutes, and sweetened as it is taken from the fire. When it is cold, about a half-cup of cream is added. The whole is then beaten until very light. It should be served in tall thin glasses half filled with powdered ice.

Chicken Pilau.

Dress and cut up two chickens, cover with boiling water and cook until tender. Take out the meat and boil one pint of rice in the water in which the chicken was cooked. Butter a large pudding dish, put half the boiled rice in the bottom, spread with butter and cover with the chicken; pour on the gravy, then the rest of the rice and smooth it: beat the yolks of two eggs and spread on top of the rice. Bake in a moderate oven three-fourths of an hour.

Homemade Cream Cheese.

Cream cheese may be made at home, providing you follow carefully the rules. Take four quarts of good, thick milk, pour into it two quarts of boiling water; turn into a bag and drain over night. Next morning rub this cheese to a smooth pulp and press through a fine sieve; add gradually a tablespoonful of melted butter or two tablespoonfuls of thick cream. Pack this into small cups and stand in a cool place for about two or three weeks; at the end of that time the top may be removed and the cheese turned from the cups for use.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Stewed Bananas.

Stewed bananas are cooked till clear in a syrup made of one cup of sugar, one of water, a bay leaf and a stick of cinnamon. It has to be recorded that though cooked bananas are recognized as far more wholesome than uncooked, children are apt to reject them except in the latter form. Sometimes stewed bananas poured around custard cup molds of cornstarch or rice tempt the small eaters, though not always. They have to be coaxed and encouraged—one mother encountered recently confessed to bribery—but after a few trials the taste seems to be acquired, and then stewed or baked bananas or banana fritters may become a frequent dish.

A Delicious Breakfast Dish.

A dainty and delicious breakfast or luncheon dish is a chicken souffle. It is made thus: Mince the white meat of a cold roasted or boiled fowl with a little onion. To a pint of minced meat add one teaspoonful of finely minced parsley, salt and pepper in sufficiency to season rather highly; six tablespoonfuls of cream; mix all together; stir in three tablespoonfuls of flour and the beaten yolks of four eggs. Place over the fire, and when it begins to thicken remove and allow to cool a little. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth and stir in lightly. Bake in a souffle pan twenty-five or thirty minutes and serve at once with mushroom sauce. Salmon souffle is made in the same manner, substituting boiled salmon for the fowl. Serve with slices of cut lemon and pass a cucumber salad.

Household Hints.

Old white Holland curtains, with the stiffening boiled out, make excellent dishcloths.

Boiled ham wrapped in buttered paper and baked for an hour is greatly improved.

A piece of cloth dipped in spirits of wine and rubbed upon soiled leather will remove every spot on it.

In making any orange desserts, they will be found much improved in flavor if some of the grated peel is used.

Cut flowers can be tinted almost any desired color by means of aniline dyes, which are absorbed with the water.

A grained sugar is better in puddings, sauces and in all sweet puddings and spongelike desserts, which depend on eggs to make them light.

As clothes are apt to mildew in damp weather, it is well to know that it can be easily removed by rubbing a little soap on the garment and then a little salt and starch; rub all well into the article, and lay in the sun.

Don't put slovenly looking dishes on the table. Carefully rub from the edges all signs of sloppy filling, and above all things be sure that the butter dish is freshly filled at each meal. Little things like this show the careful housekeeper.

In a new bread and pastry moulding board the top is covered with a sheathing of thin sheet metal, with a curved bead around three sides and a headpiece at the back, which has a spring clip under which the rolling pin slides when not in use.

Much has been said from time to time about the unhygienic qualities of heavy skirts, but a delicate woman who has been experimenting finds that wearing a light skirt will keep her from many minor ills not usually attributed to wearing apparel.

THE REALM OF FASHION.

A Patriotic Suit.

There is nothing little men want so much at the present time as this suit, and wise mothers take pride in fostering their patriotism. Made of real

BOY'S "DEWEY SUIT."

navy blue serge, with pure white collar and shield trimmed with blue or red braid and appliqued stars, sailor knotted ends of red corded silk and a real middy cap, with the honored name on front, every boy thus dressed feels himself a hero. The construction of this suit is simple, the trousers being finished to button on to a smooth, sleeveless body that closes in centre-back. On the front of this waist the shield is applied, and the blouse worn over is adjusted at the waist with elastic inserted in a hem at the lower edge. The blouse is fitted with shoulder and under-arm seams, and the sleeves are laid in shallow tucks at the wrists. Pocket are inserted in the outside seams of trousers, and a breast pocket is made in the left front of blouse.

Suits in this style are made of white and colored pique, duck, Galatea, crash and other washable fabrics, but for practical purposes nothing will give as much satisfaction nor is as economical as a good blue serge, cheviot finished.

The Autumn Suit.

For autumn suits rough surfaced serges and cloths are shown in shades of green, gray, blue and reddish-purple. The smartest of these show a dark color striped and crossed with narrow lines of white for the skirt and plain material of a solid color for the bodice. Novelty reversible fabrics for bicycle suits are of dark blue, gray and green, with one side of light check r mixed pattern.

Indian Girl of Royal Birth.

Miss Lois Minnie Cornelius, an Oneida Indian girl of royal parentage, was graduated recently with high honors from Grafton Hall, an Episcopalian girls' school at Fond du Lac, Wis. Miss Cornelius is a direct descendant of a long line of chiefs.

Women Dispensers.

Women dispensers are increasing in number. They are now employed not only in several mission hospitals in London, but also at a number of local hospitals in the Midlands. They are trained at the school conducted by the Council of the Pharmaceutical Society, England.

The Children's Dresses.

Pique coats for little girls are in blue, white, yellow, pale green and pink, with hats or sun-bonnets to match. Begin at eighteen months to make a boy's dresses more boyish, but keep him in real frocks until he is quite two years old, when the kilt skirt, gathered or plaited, and short jacket with a white blouse may be substituted.

A Dainty Little Dress.

White lawn, tucking, valenciennes lace and insertion combined to make this dainty little dress.

The pattern provides for a short low yoke that is simply fitted by shoulder seams, to the upper edge of which the skirt portion is attached, the fulness being collected in gathers.

GINGHAM SHIRT WAIST.

To make this suit for a boy of six years will require two and three-quarter yards of material twenty-seven inches wide for the blouse and one and three-quarter yards of same width material for the trousers.

Stylish Plaid Waist.

No wash material can be relied upon to do better service than genuine Scotch gingham. The stylish waist illustrated in the large engraving is made of plaid, which has a ground of deep cream that borders on tan color, with lines of white and green. With it are worn both tie and belt of black, which accentuate the truly artistic coloring.

The yoke is three-pointed, and extends well over the shoulders onto the fronts. The back portion of the waist proper is laid in flat pleats at the centre of the yoke and drawn down to the waistline. The fronts are amply full and show the slightest possible pouch. Both the upper and lower edges are arranged in gathers, the fulness of the former being stitched to the neckband and yoke, while the latter are drawn toward the front and stitched to the band. Smooth under-arm gores separate them from the back and aid in the fitting. The closing is effected by buttons and buttonholes. The sleeves are small, after the season's style, but cut after the regulation shirt pattern. At the wrists are straight cuffs, with rounded points, and at the neck is a high standing collar.

To make this waist for a woman of the medium size will require three and one-fourth yards of the thirty-six-inch material.

The Useful Boa.

Fluffy boas are much worn with thin gowns. The handsomest are made of fine black chenille dotted Brussels net, and have long accordion-plaited ends that reach to the bottom of the skirt. Such a boa is worn with light silks and wool gowns. Those made of white, delicate yellow, pale pink, blue or lilac net are used with organdies and muslins and also evening gowns. This little accessory is useful, for it is not only graceful and becoming, but also warm about a bare neck on a cool evening.

The skirt falls freely from yoke to the lower edge, which finishes with a wide hem, over which two evenly spaced rows of insertion are placed. An attractive feature is the Bertha shaped with square corners at the lower edge, which is also edged with lace headed by insertion, the round top being gathered and sewed on at round yoke outline.

Plain or figured organdy, dimity, nainsook, India silk, swiss, challie, cashmere or any soft becoming material in silk, wool or cotton, will make pretty dresses by the mode.

In place of the insertion can be used ribbon in plain or gathered rows, braid, gimp, embroidery or ruchings of the material.

As illustrated the dress is worn with

CHILD'S DRESS.

a guimpe of white lawn, the yoke of which is tucked.

To make this dress for a girl six years of age will require three and one-half yards of material thirty-six inches wide.

The average marrying age of a Frenchman is thirty years.

The Adjutant-General.

The latest authority on military matters declares that the "adjutant-general is the principal organ of the commander of an army in publishing orders. The same organ of the commander of a division, brigade, geographical division or department is styled assistant adjutant-general. The laws of the United States, however, provide for but one adjutant-general, with the rank of brigadier-general, made by regulations chief of a bureau of the War Department, and charged, under the general, with details affecting army discipline, with the recruiting service, records, returns, etc., two assistant adjutant-generals, with the rank of colonel; four with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and ten with the rank of major. The bureau duties of adjutant-generals and assistants are: Publishing orders in writing; making up written instructions and transmitting them; reception of reports and returns; disposing of them, forming tables, showing the state and position of corps; regulating details of service; corresponding with the administrative departments relative to the wants of troops; corresponding with the corps, detachments, or individual officers serving under the orders of the same commander; and the methodical arrangement and care of the records and papers of his office. The active duties of the adjutant-general consists in establishing camps, visiting guards and outposts, mustering and inspecting troops; inspecting guards and detachments, forming parades and lines of battle; the conduct and control of deserters and prisoners; making reconnoisances; and in general discharging such other active duties as may be assigned them."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

What Locusts Will Not Eat.

It is said that the castor-oil plant is abhorred by nearly all members of the animal world; that moles may be driven from a lawn by planting a few castor-beans in it, and that neither the terrible "army worm," nor the all-destroying locust will eat it.