

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 lifted 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.

THE YELLOW GOD.

BY LEAVENWORTH MACNAB.

Tom Jenkins ran his hand through the gold that lay heaped on the floor of the shack. "Seems to me, Billy," he said, slowly, "that hopin' to find it is better 'n findin' it."

Dull gleams of light from a smoky lantern fell athwart the face of the old miner, rugged, homely, deep-furrowed by time and hardships, and offering a marked contrast, indeed, to the handsome, patrician features of Billy Bailey, his junior partner.

"Findin', Billy, means quittin'. It's an end to the wants an' privations I've knowned for nigh twenty years. But, somehow, I've come to like these still ole mountains, an' the singin' of the pines, an' the river. They've growed like friends, an' I'm never lonesome among 'em. Listen! you can hear 'em now. Maybe it's the last time they'll ever sing fer me."

"We're goin' back to civilization," continued Tom, unheeding the other's lack of sympathy with his reminiscent mood, "an' that means separation. I know you like me, Billy. A feller couldn't want a better pardner than you've been fer the two year I've knowed you. But with yer eddication, an' yer young blood, an' yer ambitions, you ain't my kind in civilization. We can't be the same down here. I couldn't expect it. But I think a powerful deal of you, Billy."

"Oh, come, Tom," broke in his companion, impatiently, "you're in the dumps tonight. Take a walk and brace up. Shouldn't think you'd look on the bright side of things now. We've worked and starved in these cursed wilds for gold, until at last we've got it. Think of the city's ten thousand pleasures that this stake can buy for us. There's no life in these solitudes. It's there in the crowded streets, and it can be ours when we've got such a god—the god of gold—to see us through."

Billy laughed gloatingly in anticipation. Then once more he fixed his eyes with a glittering intensity on the yellow heap, which meant for him all that life can mean to a selfish, love-lack nature.

"But it ain't fer me," persisted Tom. "I'm past them things. If it wain't fer the hope of findin' the old woman down there in Frisco an' makin' her comfortable, I'd stay. I don't care fer the gold after all. I've found it, an' my hungerin' fer it's satisfied."

Billy made no answer. He had long since become resigned to the diversity of their tastes, and tonight he was in no mood for argument. He got out some materials, and began to repair a rent in his coat. Tom rose presently, and dumped the nuggets into a gunny-sack. Then he arranged his blankets for the night.

"Put it away safe, Billy," he said, peevishly; "we're already on the edge of civilization, an' must learn to be pertickler."

"I'll look after it, never fear," said the other, shortly; "good-night."

Billy finished his task, but his mind was still busy with thoughts of the future. He rose and stepped out into the night. At his feet the turbulent river rushed blackly along, its foam-crests gleaming like dull silver in the clear starlight. Behind him towered in silent majesty the rugged, wooded mountains. The air was heavy with the breath of the pines. But Billy saw none of the beauty of the night. The mountains awakened memories of hardships and hopelessness; the river was only a highway to civilization. He lit his pipe, and began to pace up and down the shelving shore.

There was none of the stuff of which heroes are made in Billy Bailey's composition. Had the fates seen fit to continue their kindly beginning, he would probably have developed into one of the horde of whitened sepulchres that so largely make up what the world is pleased to term the respectable of humanity—those who observe the conventions to the letter, indulge every desire with a studied care that wins the approval of men, and dying are respectfully buried and speedily forgotten. On the contrary, fate had preferred giving Billy a chance to prove his mettle. His college career cut short by the melting away of his father's fortune, he awoke one morning to find himself face to face with the world, his wits his only capital.

He remembered tonight his struggles to maintain his social position; the slights heaped upon him by erstwhile boon companions; the gradual sinking away of hope, until, with starvation staring him in the face, he had shipped in a vessel bound "round the Horn." On his lips were angry phrases for the friends who had failed him; in his heart a resolve some day to retaliate. He recalled his hardships on the Western frontier, his final falling in with old Tom Jenkins, and the hopeless search for gold until a week ago, when the grave of a dried-up mountain stream unexpectedly yielded them

their little fortune and ended for him the wretched existence in these solitudes. His future course was plain. Mercilessly he would engage in the war for wealth. His heart must know but one love—the love of gold.

And the stake! It was not so much after all. If he only had Tom's share, too! The thought startled him, and he looked furtively about as though already under surveillance. Well, why not? The old man cared nothing for gold—he had said as much. Why not begin the task of wealth-gathering tonight, and double his fortune by a single coup? The skiff was all ready for the morrow's journey down the river. He could easily reach North Fork by daylight, and miles of distance would lie between him and Tom before the latter could make the trip across the almost impassable mountain trail. He weakened for a moment as he thought of Tom's almost motherly solicitude—of how throughout their wanderings the big-hearted miner had borne the brunt of the struggle. Even when the treasure was discovered the old man's first words were: "I'm glad for your sake, Billy." Then he asked himself if he, too, was growing sentimental, and tonight, of all nights, on the very eve of battle.

He walked back to the house. Tom was fast asleep. The flickering light of the lantern fell aslant the corner where he lay, his powerful form half swathed in the tattered blankets, his brawny arms thrown above his head. The face, from which sleep seemed to have smoothed away the deep furrows, mirrored the rugged honesty of his heart. But the touching picture meant nothing to Billy, who watched the sleeper for an instant, and then proceeded to put his cowardly scheme into effect. It was but the work of a few minutes to gather together the things necessary for the short journey down the river, and to secure the treasure for safe transportation. There was a look of cunning triumph on his face as he completed his preparations. He was thinking of the surprise awaiting Tom, who had been "fool enough to believe in human friendship."

He made a cautious step toward the door of the shack, when a slight noise, real or fancied, caused him to glance back over his shoulder. The next instant the bag of gold crashed to the floor, while Billy sank on his knees as though felled by a blow. Tom was sitting bolt upright in bed, his revolver leveled at Billy's head.

The two gazed at each other in utter silence. Billy's eyes, fixed with the penetration born of despair, scanned the old man's face, and read there reproach and pity, rather than a thirst for swift revenge. This somewhat reassured him, and he rose to his feet.

"Well," he said, bluntly, "what do you intend to do?"

"So," said Tom, with a long breath, "I wuz mistook in you, after all. To think that I give you my friendship an' you wain't worth it. What be I going to do? What do men usully do when a pardner turns thief?"

"You wouldn't shoot me, Tom?"

"Why not? Men's been killed fer less 'n this an' the world wuz well red of 'em."

Then it did mean death. As Billy realized this his face turned ashen pale, while a palsying terror struck through him, rending his bravado mask and revealing him as the pitiable dastard he was. He cowered before the old man, pleading hysterically.

"Oh, spare me, spare me, Tom. You said you cared nothing for gold, while I—I was mad with love of it. It is my god—my heaven—my everything. But take it, take it all—only give me my life—Tom—I—I—can't—die."

"Git up," commanded the other, coldly, "don't make me despise you worse'n I do. What would you do if you wuz in my place? Shoot, wouldn't you? You'd kill me now if you had the chance."

"But think, Tom, what life means to me; I'm young and—"

"Think what friendship meant to me, Billy. I'm old."

In the momentary silence that followed, the pines and the river could be heard singing their old, old song, unheeding of the strife of mortals for a scrap of the treasure they guarded. Tom heard the song, and his bitterness seemed to go out with the weird melody. The hand that held the weapon dropped listlessly to his side.

"I'll spar yer life," he said hoarsely; "you kin go."

Billy stood a moment as though he had not heard.

"Yer free. Go!" said Tom.

The boy glanced from the old man to the bag of gold, and then turned slowly toward the doorway.

"You better take yer pile now," said Tom, quietly, "as I reckon you won't be comin' back."

"Do you mean it?" gasped Billy.

"Certainly; half's yourn, ain't it? There's only one thief in this camp, an'—it ain't me."

Tom proceeded to open the bag, and roughly divided the contents.

"You can take the boat, that goes with your half. As fer me," he added, in a voice that wavered in spite of himself, "I'll do what I'd a done if you'd a robbed me. I'll stay awhile longer with the mountains an' the river. They're uncertain sometimes, an' sometimes dangerous, but most-wise they're better'n men."

Billy vaguely appreciated the nature of the man with whom he was dealing, yet he felt that such nobleness required some acknowledgment. He sprang forward, and tried to grasp the old man's hand.

"No, no—not that!" cried Tom, fiercely. "Don't touch me. That gold is yourn. Take it and go. But go quick, Billy—fer I'm only human." —San Francisco Argonaut.

The value of a ton of pure gold is \$600,000,000.

HELPS FOR HOUSEWIVES.

Evaporated Milk.

You may use evaporated milk in place of ordinary milk for your cake, adding a sufficient quantity of water to make it as nearly as possible like fresh milk. I prefer, however, where cakes contain a large quantity of butter, to use water, even if I have an abundance of fresh milk. Water makes cake lighter and more delicate than milk. Evaporated milk may be used for cream sauce for any of the canned vegetables or fruits, or for cream sauce for puddings or vegetables with which cream sauce would be appropriate.

Why Celery Is Useful.

Celery is useful as a salad owing to its well-known value as a nerve builder. Wash the celery, trim off all the green stalks, and pare the root. Cut into shreds the white stalks and the portion of the root clinging to them after paring. Toss them in a bowl with the same dressing used for a tomato and lettuce salad. A celery mayonnaise is a delicious accompaniment of a game dinner. Trim the celery, cut the bleached portions left into half-inch lengths, and season it with a spoonful of salt and two or three shakes of the white pepper caster. Cover it with mayonnaise and serve at once.

Squares of Rhubarb in Jelly.

Cover a quart of peeled rhubarb cut in inch and a half squares with cold water, and at the first boil pour off the water, cover with fresh, simmer for ten minutes and, while each square is whole, try with a fork, and when beginning to soften add a large cup of sugar. Stew a few moments longer until the sweetening takes effect, then stir the hot juice into quarter of a box of gelatine that has been soaking in the juice of an orange, remove the rhubarb carefully that it may not break, put half the juice in a shallow dish on the ice, keep the rest liquid. When half the juice has jellied place the squares in it, pour the liquid over and serve when the whole has become firm. If too solid put in a warm place to limber and scant the gelatine next time.

Melons for Breakfast.

Many persons who suffer indigestion from eating melons as a refreshing "appetizer" in the morning will find that no unpleasant results follow their use as a breakfast dessert. To the most unthinking it should be apparent that introducing a cold mass into the stomach before eating must necessarily reduce its temperature below that required for digestion. There are stomachs hardy enough to endure this treatment, but people should disabuse themselves of the idea that it is the proper and healthful thing to do in all cases. Anyone who is fond of melons will find them as palatable after the introduction of warm food into the stomach as before, and generally the result will be more satisfactory in the avoidance of any undue tax on the digestive organs.

How to Boil a Ham.

Select a good ham—one that is thick throughout and short for its weight. Be sure, also, that the skin is thin, that point determining the age of the animal from which the ham is cut. Scrape and wash it well, and put it on to cook in sufficient cold water to well cover it, adding a good half-cupful each of vinegar and molasses. After it has come to a boil the heat should be reduced to just the simmering point. A twelve-pound ham will require five hours' simmering. When half-done add two bay leaves, a dozen cloves and a teaspoonful of sage. Let it cool over night in the water in which it was boiled. In the morning remove the skin, place the ham in a dripping pan, and bake for an hour in a moderate oven, basting with milk vinegar. When nearly done sprinkle well with brown sugar, and brown. A boiled ham keeps much better for the added baking process. An indifferent ham prepared as above is better than the finest sugar-cured product carelessly cooked.

Household Hints.

To mix a little consommé with clam broth adds considerably to the flavor of the latter.

Wash chamois skins in warm suds, rinse in warm water and dry them by stretching and rubbing.

A new filling for sandwiches consists of thin shavings of sugared ginger and candied orange peel.

A pleasing new fad is the "wedding chest." To be quite the thing it should be of carved antique oak or its semblance.

To clean mirrors make a paste of whiting and a pint of water. Leave it on till dry, and then rub off the powder with a chamois.

A chemist says that medicine stains usually yield very quickly to an application of alcohol. For the obstinate iodine-stains ether is recommended.

A point to give the new housekeeper is that china plates, cups or saucers should not be piled one upon another while they are hot. They must be cool before they are packed. Otherwise the glaze cracks easily.

The old-fashioned sugar tongs with spoon points are recommended for use in hulling strawberries, when it is desired to keep the shape of the berry intact. The large fine berries are frequently served with the hulls on, passing a little dish of powdered sugar with each plate of berries.

The correct way to carve a fish is to run a knife down the back, cutting through the skin. Remove the fins, then cut into even pieces on one side. When these pieces are served, remove the bones and cut the under side in the same way.

THE REALM OF FASHION.

A Favorite in Sheer Fabrics.
For lawns, organdies and all sheer fabrics this style of waist, designed by May Manton, is a great favorite. It can be made up perfectly devoid of decoration, simply trimmed around the epaulettes and wrists as shown, or lavishly decorated with insertion, lace or ribbon, in straight, cross, diamond,



LADIES' FULL WAIST.

horizontal or perpendicular lines, as fancy may dictate. A perfectly fitted lining of colored lawn is the foundation over which the full white organdy is adjusted, Valenciennes lace and insertion being chosen for decoration. The fronts and back are gathered at the neck, shoulders and waist line, the skirt being worn over the lower edge of waist.

The front pouches slightly in up-to-date style, but the back is drawn tightly to the waist line.

The wrinkled sleeve adjusted over two-seamed linings (which may be omitted at will) and the gathered epaulettes are a stylish feature of this pretty waist. The mode is especially adapted to thin silks of India and Japanese weave, mousseline de soie, liberty silk and grenadine, white silk, embroidered chiffon, passementerie, gauze, net and ribbon ruching and

with it under any circumstances. Too little attention is given to minor accessories of this sort. Young persons do not seem to realize that a trifle of precaution may save many wearisome days of illness if not broken-down health.

An Empress Who Loves Birds.
The dowager empress of China is devoted to birds of all kinds, and innumerable bird pets are kept about the palace. She is reported to have wept copiously about the death of a favorite nightingale not long ago. Upon being told of a Chinese girl who had complained bitterly of the dreariness of life, this exalted lady remarked sagely that a woman ought to take so much pride in her home that it could be a heaven to her, adding: "There are always birds and flowers." She is a clever artist and delights in painting from nature.

The Capes of the Season.
Capes of a couple of seasons ago were so full and voluminous that the owners of them are finding them available for Eton jackets, boleros and various uses. One cape will cut a handsome Eton and will make sleeves if it happens to be of the full average size. Even the very small ones work over in this way to the most excellent advantage.

Women's Rights in Canada.
The new charter of Montreal, Canada, gives full municipal suffrage to women, either widows or unmarried, who occupy, either as lessees or owners, property in the city subject to taxation.

A Pretty Frock.
A black tulle frock which differs from other black tulle frocks is spangled with jet and silver from the bottom of the skirt to the curve of the hips, leaving a free space of about a quarter of a yard from the waist downward. The bodice is made of gauged tulle, transparent upon the arms and upper portion of the chest and back, and forms a sort of cuirass to the waist of heavy steel and jet embroidery. No color is



CHILD'S GUMPE DRESS.

frilling can be used to trim a waist like this very handsomely.

To make this waist for a lady of medium size will require four yards of material thirty-six inches wide.

A Dainty Little Dress.

White lawn, tucking, Valenciennes lace and insertion combine to make the dainty little dress shown in the large engraving.

The design 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. 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 berth, 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 organdie, 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 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.

A Rainy Day Waist.

A good rainy day waist is made of fine mohair. One practical damsel has a mohair waist which has been made water repellent. Another always carries with her a little cape of mohair which has been similarly treated. The cape rolls into a space not over three inches square and can be slipped into the pocket or bicycle kit and the space will never be missed. Its owner declares that it has saved her many a cold and that she would not dispense

worn with this frock, and a pretty touch is given by a white osprey in the coiffure.

A Notable Feature of the Season's Styles.
Sleeves of material that contrasts with the gown and harmonizes with yoke, vest or accessories are a notable feature of the season's styles. Light-weight textures, such as veiling, grenadine, mousseline or soft silks, are tucked by gathers at each edge over fitted linings, as shown in No. 1. This style adds greatly to the comeliness of a rather thin arm, while disguising the one too generously proportioned. For heavy silks, brocades, velvet and broadcloth, a plain, close-fitted sleeve is chosen, as represented in No. 2. Both styles are included in the pattern, with double-gathered caps that may be used singly or together on either style of sleeve, or omitted if not desired.

Sleeves in either mode can be worn with basques or waists of wool or silk.



WOMAN'S SLEEVE.

To make No. 1 will require one and one-eighth yards of material thirty-six inches wide. To make No. 2 will require three-quarters of a yard of the same width material.

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Upon rich, pure, nourishing blood by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and you will be free from those spells of despair, those sleepless nights and anxious days, those gloomy, deathlike feelings, those sudden starts at mere nothings, those dyspeptic symptoms and blinding headaches. Hood's Sarsaparilla has done this for many others—it will cure you.

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An Incident at Santiago.
An incident of the trenches before Santiago is told by a member of the Ninth Massachusetts. He says: "We arrived at the battlefield about noon, and were lined up in position behind a hill to act as reserves and to protect the food and ammunition. Bullets were whistling over our heads in a perfect storm; but we were becoming quite used to that sort of thing, and, being tired out, we lay down on the ground and tried to keep cool. While we were lying there a shell dropped at the feet of Sergeant Walker, not three feet from him. Fortunately it did not explode; if it had, the whole company would have been wiped out."

"It gave some of the boys such a fright that they started to run, but Sergeant Walker called them back, assuring them that the danger was past, and that he was going to use it for a seat. He walked over to it and plunked himself down; but he had no more than touched it when he jumped about five feet in the air, and grabbing himself by the seat of the trousers, yelled: "It's hot!"—New York Sun.

The Original Tommy Atkins.

The question as to the origin of Tommy Atkins as the godfather-in-chief of the British army has been recently discussed in the columns of the Western Morning News. The received version is that the name originally appeared in a model account-form issued by the War Office. But it is asserted that a real Thomas Atkins was, in the beginning of the century, a gunner in the Royal Artillery, and kept a pay-book in such a neat and orderly manner that it became a model for soldiers' account-books in general, which took the name of their originator. Then by a process of substitution known to students of mythology, the individual soldier took the place of the book, and the mythological Tommy came into being.—Household Words.

Known by His Walk.

A tutor of one of the Oxford colleges who limped in his walk was some years ago accosted by a well-known politician, who asked him if he was not the chaplain of the college at such a time, naming the year. The doctor said he was. The interrogator observed: "I knew you by your limp." "Well," said the doctor, "it seemed my limping made a deeper impression than my preaching." "Ah, doctor," was the reply, with ready wit, "it is the highest compliment we can pay a minister to say that he is known by his walk rather than by his conversation."—St. Louis Star.

CONSULTING A WOMAN.

Mrs. Pinkham's Advice Inspires Confidence and Hope.

Examination by a male physician is a hard trial to a delicately organized woman.

She puts it off as long as she dare, and is only driven to it by fear of cancer, polypos, or some dreadful ill.

Most frequently such a woman leaves a physician's office where she has undergone a critical examination with an impression, more or less, of discouragement.

This condition of the mind destroys the effect of advice; and she grows worse rather than better. In consulting Mrs. Pinkham no hesitation need be felt, the story is told to a woman and is wholly confidential. Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass., she offers sick women her advice without charge.

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