

THE CALL

The clouds grew dark as the people paused, A people of peace and toil, And there came a cry from all the sky: "Come, children of mart and soil, Your mother needs you—hear her voice; Though she has not a son to spare, She has spoken the word that ye all have heard. Come, answer ye everywhere!"

They need no urging to stir them on, They yearn for no battle-cry, At the word that their country calls for men They throw down hammer and scythe and pen, And are ready to serve and die! From the North, from the South, from East, from West, Hear the thrill of the rumbling drum? Under one flag they march along, With their voices swelling a single song, Here they come, they come, they come! List! the North men cheer the men from the South, And the South returns the cheer, There is no question of East or West, For hearts are at one in every breast, 'Tis a nation answering here.

It is elbow to elbow and knee to knee, One land for each and for all, And the veterans' eyes see their children rise

To answer their country's call, They have not forgotten—God grant not so! (Ah, we know of the graves on the hill), But these eager feet make the old hearts beat,

And the old eyes dim and fill! The Past sweeps out and the Present comes, A Present that all have wrought, And the sons of these sires, at the same camp fires,

Cheer one flag where their fathers fought! Yes, we know of the graves on the Southern hills That are filled with the Blue and the Gray, We know how they fought and how they died,

We honor them both there side by side, And they're brothers again today, Brothers again—thank God on high! (Here's a hand-clasp all around), The sons of one race now take their place

On one common and holy ground, —Richard Barry, in Harper's Weekly.

A Soldier's Cap.

The western city where Minnie Tilford lived with her mother, brother and sister was full of excitement. Its boys were going to war. Minnie's father had been one of the boys in the old war, and 15-year-old Minnie, the oldest of the three children, was thinking about it while the drums beat and the flags waved.

"How old was papa when he went, mamma?"

"Barely 18, dear."

"Did you know him then?"

"No; I was a baby then. The war had been over fifteen years when I first met your father."

Mrs. Tilford had not paused in her sewing as she answered her daughter's questions. She was sewing to earn money to pay the rent.

"Were we always poor?" went on Minnie.

"No, dear. We had plenty while your father lived."

It seemed to Minnie that her father had been dead a long while. Eleven years. Just as many years as her younger brother, Allan, was old.

"I can't seem to remember what plenty is like, mamma," she said at last. And she looked around the small and faded room.

Mrs. Tilford thought of the poor advisers she had had, who had squandered her all in bad investments, and said nothing. She could remember what plenty was like, and the contrast between her former and her present circumstances was painful to her.

"When I'm a man," said 13-year-old Bert, "I'm going to Washington and get you a pension. That's the thing to do. Then you won't have to sew, I guess. I was talking to George Hooper about it and he said that was the thing to do. His aunt gets a pension, and she don't have to sew."

"I should like to have a pension, certainly," said Mrs. Tilford.

"Well, I'm going to get you one," declared Bert grandly. Then he seized his hat and rushed out, attached by a noise in the street.

There had never been any talk of a pension in Mrs. Tilford's flat of two rooms until now. And Minnie turned curiously to her mother. "Can Bert do it, mamma?" she asked.

"No, dear, I am afraid he can't. But there is no need to discourage him. He isn't a man yet, you know," and she smiled.

"But why, mamma? Why can't he?"

"Because your father's papers are lost," answered Mrs. Tilford, gravely. "I knew nothing about business when your father died. His army papers may have been among his other papers. I do not know. But four or five years ago I made a search for them and could not find them. If I could find them—" she paused and looked dreamily out of the window while a vision of good food and comfortable clothing for her children passed before her.

"Could you get the pension if you found them?" asked Minnie eagerly.

"Yes, I am sure of it."

"I wish I could help more!" exclaimed the girl, looking up from the bastings she was patiently pulling out.

"We are poor."

"You help you are able," answered the mother, fondly. "Mother appreciates her big girl who helps sew and wash dishes and cook and scrub and wash and iron for us all. It is because you help so much that I have the good chance I have to earn."

"Where did you look, mamma?" she asked, presently.

"Everywhere," answered Mrs. Tilford, briefly. "Don't think any more about it, daughter. It will only make you unhappy."

"But I must think of it, mamma. We need it so."

The next day there came a letter and a package to Minnie. Her New York cousin, Willie Applebee, was going to war. "And as a parting remembrance, my dear little cousin,"

the letter ran, "I send you a soldier's cap."

Hastily Minnie opened the small package and took therefrom a bonbonniere, which was the "soldier's cap," and it was filled with chocolate creams. "How lovely!" cried Minnie, pressing the candy to her mother. "Isn't it a dear little soldier's cap, mamma?"

And without waiting to hear her mother's reply she went on with her letter. "The shops are full of pretty conceits in bonbonnières," wrote the cousin. "Knapsacks, sailor hats, shells, shield-shaped boxes, tents with a soldier on guard at the door. But I chose to take off my hat, as it were, to my western cousin—" So the letter ran on.

For two or three days Minnie's thoughts were in a whirl. Now she thought of Willie off for the south, now of the dainty bonbonniere, and now of her father's papers. And out of the chaos at last darted an idea. "Mamma!" she cried. "Come!"

"Come! Where?" asked the mother in astonishment.

But Minnie held out her hand almost impatiently, her eyes shining with excitement. "I've a thought, mamma. Come!" she repeated.

Without a word Mrs. Tilford laid down her sewing and rose to follow her daughter into their tiny sleeping room. Down dropped Minnie on the floor, and groping under the bed brought out a long flat box.

"What do you mean, Minnie?" demanded Mrs. Tilford. "That is your father's old uniform."

"I know it, mamma. Open the box; open it quick!"

"The child has been too much excited the last few days," thought Mrs. Tilford, glancing at her daughter's flushed cheeks. "I will humor her." She opened the box.

Impatiently Minnie reached past her mother and picked up her father's cap. Her sensitive fingers felt of the crown. "They are!" she cried.

"They are here! Feel, mamma! Don't you feel paper in the crown?"

A few moments' careful work took out the lining, and out fell the papers.

"Your father was wise," said the mother, brokenly. "He knew I was careless and young. And he knew, too, that I loved him and would never part with his uniform."

She said no more, but her heart went out in gratitude to that Higher Power that had directed her through means to this piece of good fortune.

"How came you to think of it?" asked the mother, when the papers had been placed in the hands of an agent and the pension and back pay assured.

"I thought," said Minnie, "if a soldier's cap would hold chocolates why not a soldier's cap hold papers? It was Cousin Willie's bonbonniere." —Gulielma Zollinger in Chicago Record.

ALMOST A TRAGEDY.

Why the Bungling Bucksaw Was Relegated to the Barn.

"What I want," said the young wife who is bravely starting to do her own work, "is a saw for general use about a house. Here I am chopping away with a dull hatchet at this ham bone," and the vigor with which she hacked expressed her feelings better than words could have done.

"I can get you just what you want," volunteered the man who was attaching weights to the kitchen windows so they could be more easily manipulated, "and it won't cost over thirty cents."

He received the commission and the result was a bucksaw with a particularly large frame, cost seventy-five cents.

"There's a saw," said the purchaser, "as is a saw. When your trees blow down you can cut them up into stove lengths, or you can cut an old broomstick in two with it to make a clothes stick, or you can use it in cutting a bone when it has to be done. That's a great all around saw, mum."

There was another ham bone to be cut, and she called her husband to hold the ham while she did the sawing. He laughed outrageously at her purchase, but she stuck up for it and made plain the opinion that his judgment in practical matters was very undesirable. Of course the long, sharp teeth of the saw struck too deep into the bone and made it impossible for him to hold the ham steadily.

"Give me that saw," he said, testily. "There are some things beside throwing a stone that a woman can't do."

He tried and she tried, but results were no different.

"If you'd just go away and leave the whole thing to me," she said, "I could get along nicely."

He went as far as the door and stood there laughing while she held the ham with her left hand and made frantic efforts to saw with her right.

When the ham made a dash from the table and slid clear across the floor and down the cellar way, he leaned against the door sill and she began making arrangements to go home to her mother. When they seriously talked the matter over half an hour later the bucksaw was relegated to the barn and he went down town to buy a meat saw.

A Physician's Opinion.

An eminent physician of St. Louis, Mo., says that no person should be permitted to drink tea or coffee until he or she has attained the age of 15 years. In the young those beverages unduly excite the nervous system and have an injurious effect upon the digestive organs.

A Generous Dentist.

A Toronto (Ontario) dentist gratuitously cares for the teeth of children whose parents are too poor to pay for the service. Last year he attended over 2000 children.

HOW IT FEELS TO BE SHOT.

Just Like Being Struck Over the Shoulders With a Club.

Lieutenant Hains, commanding an artillery platoon under Captain Potts in Porto Rico, was wounded on August 12, the day the war ended. He is now at St. Luke's hospital, in New York city. Talking with his brother, Captain T. Rankins Hains, who was at his bedside, he said:

"On the morning of the 12th Captain Potts was ordered to proceed up the San Juan road with five guns for the purpose of shelling the Spanish trenches at Asomanta. Four guns, which included my platoon, were moved into position in a field near the San Juan road at a range of 2000 yards, the fifth gun being sent ahead 100 yards to our right on the road.

"Just before we came into action the enemy opened on us with infantry volleys and two 3-inch howitzers. This hastened us into action. We picked up the range immediately and did splendid work. The two howitzers were soon silenced and the Spaniards were seen running from their intrenchments. Then we slackened our fire.

"Soon after we did so the enemy took heart and began to return. General James H. Wilson sent me with a gun up the road in advance of the rest to try and enfilade the enemy. I went up the road on horseback about 200 yards and found a company of Wisconsin infantry on a bend of the road which formed a cover from the Spanish fire. I passed beyond them, and the gun was unlimbered in the next turn of the road in a somewhat sheltered position. My men lay down by the roadside to escape the Spanish volleys, the mausers coming in a storm with each volley.

"I told the sergeants we would have a try at them for luck, anyhow. As I could see no Spaniards nearer than 500 or 600 yards, I had him run the gun out on the road a little. We had no sooner done this than the fire suddenly increased fiercely, so the gun could not be served. We hauled the gun back to the next turn in the road, where we were joined by the second gun, still unable to do any great execution owing to the sheltered position of the enemy. The fire continued with fierceness, but from our new position we brought a house into view. I had the gun instantly trained upon it, as I saw several Spaniards outside of it, and felt certain it was not empty. The very first shot landed fairly upon the side of the house and, penetrating, burst inside, sending things flying. The enemy broke cover and I turned to the sergeant saying: 'That was a good one; now give them—'

"As I turned something struck me through the body. I knew I was badly hit, but felt no pain after the first shock. It was like being struck over the shoulders with a club. I passed my hand to my side and brought it away full of blood.

"The sergeant saw me and ran to my side. 'They've got me this time,' I said. He put his arm around me and led me away and let me lie down."

Morbid Customs in Portugal.

There seems to be a certain morbid fondness for what may be called playing with the dead in Portugal. They seem to take a peculiar delight in dressing up their dead and exposing them to public view. I happened to be present at the solemn requiem of a Cardinal Patriarch of Lisbon, when the corpse, dressed in full canonicals, was placed in a half-sitting posture to face the crowd in the nave of the Cathedral, and I thought at the time that the interment ought to have taken place sooner.

One fine Sunday afternoon in spring I was strolling along one of the main thoroughfares of Lisbon when the shouts and merry chatter of a lot of little boys and girls attracted my attention to a side street. The children, all nicely dressed, were coming down the side street at a brisk walk, evidently interested in something that was being carried along by three or four of them. When they reached the corner I saw that the centre of interest was a very small brass-studded coffin. The lid was open and I could see the little flower-decked and bedizened corpse inside of it.

Another time I mistook the corpse of a child on its way to the grave for a waxen image of the Madonna being carried in procession. It was a little dead girl, beautifully dressed in white satin and wearing a white veil and white flowers. The little body had been made to sit up in a chair which four boys were carrying on their shoulders. The bearers and the other children in the procession wore white ribbons and white flowers, all emblematic of innocence and happy confidence that the soul of their little friend was in paradise.—New York Sun.

Blowing Hot and Cold in the Arctic.

The fluctuations in the temperature were very trying. Frequently with the onset of a southeast gale it rose from forty degrees below zero to twenty-eight degrees above within thirty-six hours—altering our garments which had previously been frozen hard as sheets of galvanized iron, so that it took us hours to get into them, to a state of noisome moistness, and everything inside the tent would be in a condition of drip. Down again would go the temperature, and the rockiness of our clothes and equipment would be increased. This addition of moisture and ice in our clothes, besides being inconvenient and uncomfortable, greatly increased our weights. To give an instance, my militia (fur jumper), which on leaving the hut weighed a little under ten pounds, on our return scaled nearly thirty pounds. The rises of temperature and consequent wet in the tent caused our furs to rot, and the stench made thereby was absolutely indescribable.—Harper's Magazine.

THE REALM OF FASHION.

Ladies' House Jacket. Plain and figured cashmeres in turquoise blue and black is here daintily trimmed with black baby ribbon "frizzed" on in evenly spaced rows. While conforming closely to the lines



A DAINY HOUSE JACKET.

of the figure the jacket is capable of a loose easy adjustment by omitting the lining over which the fronts are arranged.

The full vest portions are gathered at the top and joined to the edges of the pointed yoke, closing invisibly in centre front. A standing collar with frill of lace finishes the neck.

The over fronts are faced with the plain cashmere and rolled back to form prettily pointed lapels to the waist line, under arm gorges separate the fronts and the seamless back which fits smoothly across shoulders but has fullness drawn to the waist in shirred lines. Ribbon is backed on each side passed through the under



LADIES' MILITARY CAPE, WITH STRAIGHT OR TURN-DOWN COLLAR, TO BE WORN WITH OR WITHOUT HOOD.

arm seams and tied in a bow with ends at centre front.

The graceful one piece sleeves are shirred to fit the arm near the lower edge, which is edged with lace and ribbon to form a dainty frill. The top is gathered into the arms-eyes. Attractive and comfortable neatness in this style may be reproduced in taffeta or Indian silks, foulards, challis, or fine flannels, with insertion, lace, gimp or ribbon for garniture. Plain or fancy silk may be used for revers, vests, yoke and collar. Figured or plain lawn, batiste dimity or other wash fabrics will develop satisfactorily by the mode.

To make this jacket for a lady in medium size will require two and one-quarter yards of forty-four inch material.

A Military Cape.

A convenient and serviceable cape in the now popular military style is represented in the large illustration in navy blue faced cloth, lined with red taffeta.

The straight military collar is faced with velvet, embroidered stars decorating the ends. Pointed straps, attached by buttonholes to regular military buttons, or buttonholes worked in cape and buttoned all the way, may be used in closing front. The cape is circular in form and closely fitted by a dart on each shoulder, pretty rippling folds falling to a fashionable length. The hood, shaped in pointed military style, is lined with red taffeta and may be made adjustable or omitted, as preferred.

Machine stitching provides the correct finish, well pressed seams and edges being all that is necessary to secure the correct tailor-made effect. Capes in this style are exceedingly comfortable in cool or wet weather for traveling, shopping or general wear. Double-faced cloth is much used for making these capes, in which case no lining is required.

To make this cape in the medium size will require two and one-half yards of fifty-four inch material.

The Fashionable Handkerchief.

The most fashionable handkerchiefs of the moment are bordered with narrow colored Valenciennes lace. They may be fashioned, but the woman of really refined taste avoids everything but pure white in her linen from her handkerchief to her nightdress.

Dainty Trifles For Belts. Some dainty trifles are seen in belts. A peacock's feather winding around

the waist is carried out in flexible enameled goods. A Cupid brooch representing Cupid carrying in his hand a ruby heart is a new design for part of a watch fob. Just below the waist, on the left side, is now the correct place for the corsage watch, by the way.

St. Louis's Only Woman Lawyer.

St. Louis, Mo., has only one woman lawyer, and St. Louis is proud of her. She is Miss Daisy Dorothy Barbee, and is about twenty-five years old. At present Miss Barbee is giving her attention to some civil cases, and is achieving success. She believes in dress reform "to a degree," as she puts it, and in womanly suffrage "in a way." She believes in marriage, provided people are mated as well as matched, and never fails to read two novels a week as a recreation.

A Smart Taffeta Coat.

A very smart blue taffeta coat is entirely covered with a narrow blue silk braid. It is made tight-fitting in the back, but with quite a long basque, and has a belt studded with jet that goes under the full straight fronts. There are two deep revers, one overlapping the other, cut in sharp points and faced with white mouseline de soie. It is intended to be worn with a fine blue wool skirt a shade deeper than the taffeta, and trimmed with braid like that on the coat.

A Stylish and Comfortable Coat.

A stylish and comfortable coat, which, if made of suitable material, may be worn all winter, is here illustrated. Navy blue melton is the material selected, the collar and cuffs of dark blue velvet being overlaid with guipure lace. A lining of bright red taffeta gives a smart finish to the in-



BOY'S COAT.

cuffs will transform it into a good winter coat.

To make this coat for a boy of four years it will require two and a quarter yards of material forty-four inches wide.

Beauty Is Blood Deep. Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin today to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

The Bermudas export over 17,000,000 pounds of onions every year.

The public no longer lacks a genuine remedy for skin diseases—Glenn's Sulphur Soap. Hill's Hair & Whisker Dye, black or brown, 50c.

Tennessee coal production increased by 217,280 tons in 1897 over 1896.

Pure Blood Good Digestion

These are the essentials of health. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the great blood purifier and stomach tonic. It promptly expels the impurities which cause pimples, sores and eruptions and by giving healthy action to the stomach and digestive organs it keeps the system in perfect order.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine. \$1; six for \$5 Prepared only by C. L. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills

are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Samoa's Snake Sivas.

Samoa, it is well known, is one of the very few islands in the Pacific where snakes are found in plenty.

None of the reptiles here, however, are venomous, and in consequence the natives show absolutely no fear of them.

Their indifference to the reptiles is made most markedly manifest at the hamlet of Iva, on the northeast coast of Savaii.

The dancing girls of the place are in the habit of employing the snakes for personal adornment in their dances. They tie them about their necks, their ankles and their wrists, festoon them in their headdresses, and tuck a few extra ones in the belt in readiness to replace such as may escape in the dance.

At their best these sivas danced by the Samoans are revolting shows of savagery. It can be easily imagined that they are made no more attractive by the village maid and her crew of attendant girls careering round adorned with an assortment of writhing red snakes.—London Mail.

AIDED BY MRS. PINKHAM.

Mrs. W. E. PAXTON, Youngtown, North Dakota, writes about her struggle to regain health after the birth of her little girl:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—It is with pleasure that I add my testimony to your list, hoping that it may induce others to avail themselves of your valuable medicine.

"After the birth of my little girl, three years ago, my health was very poor. I had leucorrhoea badly, and a terrible bearing-down pain which gradually grew worse, until I could do no work. Also had headache nearly all the time, and dizzy feelings. Menstruations were very profuse, appearing every two weeks.

"I took medicine from a good doctor, but it seemed to do no good. I was becoming alarmed over my condition, when I read your advertisement in a paper. I sent at once for a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and after taking two-thirds of the bottle I felt so much better that I sent for two more. After using three bottles I felt as strong and well as any one.

"I think it is the best medicine for female weakness ever advertised, and recommend it to every lady I meet suffering from this trouble."

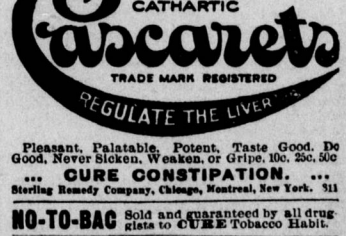
Maternity is a wonderful experience and many women approach it wholly unprepared. Childbirth under right conditions need not terrify women.

The advice of Mrs. Pinkham is freely offered to all expectant mothers, and her advice is beyond question the most valuable to be obtained. If Mrs. Paxton had written to Mrs. Pinkham before confinement she would have been saved much suffering. Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass.

DYSPEPSIA

"For six years I was a victim of dyspepsia in its worst form. I could eat nothing but milk toast, and at times my stomach would not retain and digest even that. Last March I began taking CASCARETS and since then I have steadily improved, until I am as well as I ever was in my life."

DAVID H. MURPHY, Newark, O.



Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sickens, Weakens, or Griets. Sec. 49  
... CURE CONSTIPATION. ...  
Solely Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York, 511

Try Grain-O!

Ask your Grocer to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it, like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. 1/2 the price of coffee. 15 cents and 25 cents per package. Sold by all grocers. Tastes like Coffee Looks like Coffee Insist that your grocer gives you GRAIN-O Accept no imitation.