Lansburgh & Bro.

FRIDAY

The Brave Boys

WILL BE HERE.

*Surely You Will Decorate to Greet Them.*

Special Prices on

FLAGS and BUNTING.

*Cotton Bunting.*

24-inch Cotton Bunting, in Stars and Stripes and Tricolors, for..... 3⅞c yd

24-inch Fast-color Cotton Bunting, with Stars and Stripes and Tricolors, for..... 6c yd

*Mounted Cotton Flags.*

Size 7x10½ inches.....16c doz.
Size 8x14 inches.....25c doz.
Size 11x18 inches.....40c doz.
Size 12x22 inches.....50c doz.

*SPECIAL,*

One lot Guaranteed Fast-color Flags, size 33x46 inches, mounted on varnished staffs, with spear head, reduced to... 30c

Wool Flags, Silk Flags, Shields, Flag Staffs and Holders.

Lansburgh & Bro.

420, 422, 424, 426 7th St.

Our Prices Include Credit.

Every article in the store is marked in plain figures, and you will find these prices as low as those of the cash houses. Our prices include credit, for we consider this only an accommodation.

If this is a help we're glad to GIVE it to you.

Pay a little money
Once a week or
Once a month

We ask you to sign no notes, and there are no interest charges. Come here for any housefurnishings you need, and take it for granted that "your credit is good."

We make, line and lay every carpet free of charge, and waste in matching figures costs you nothing.

Grogan's

MAMMOTH CREDIT HOUSE,

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Between H and I.

A Blot on Beauty!

What disappointment so keen as that presented by a beautiful woman with blackened and snaggled teeth! In these days of painless and scientific dentistry negligence of the teeth is criminal.

Absolutely "Hurtless" Extraction - - - 50c
A Set of the Finest Teeth - - - - - - - $7.00

Washington Dental Parlors,
N. E. Cor. 7th and E Sts.
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KING'S PALACE
New Department Store.
BIGGEST BARGAINS IN TOWN.
812-814 7th St. 715 Market Space.
jel-tf

26-INCH GLORIA UMBRELLAS. Worth 75c. For ..... 39c
EISENMANN'S, 606 Seventh St. 1924 1926 Penn. Ave.

### A Woman's Railroad.

Women undertakers, woodchoppers, or even hoeblacks, mentioned last week, are quite thrown in the shade by the latest reports of what women have taken it into their heads to do—nothing more nor less than to build and run a railroad.

The Cleveland Plain Dealer tells about a road sixty miles long which runs through the richest mining and fruit regions in California the whole length of its route.

The road was thought of by a woman, the route chosen by one, and the names of many women are in the list of directors.

It is the president, however, Mrs. Annie Kline Bikeet, who was the prime mover in the enterprise.

As soon as she realized the necessity of a road through that region and the good investment it would unquestionably be for those who should enter into it, she started alone through the country, sometimes driving, sometimes on horseback, making such a thorough survey that she was able to give the official surveyors most explicit directions when she got back, and choosing such an excellent route that she has received the praise of many well-known civil engineers.

Twenty miles of the road have already been graded, and the capital to finish the work will be forthcoming. As America generally is ahead in every thing, so now she will be ahead again in this first "Woman's Railroad" the world has known.

TRY GRAIN-O! TRY GRAIN-O!

Ask your Grocer today 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. One-quarter the price of coffee. 15c and 25c per package. Sold by all grocers. ja27-tf

# SAW HER MOTHER SLAIN

## Testimony of a Child Against Her Parent's Murderer.

## PURSUED THE ASSASSIN

**A Quarrel Over a Board Bill Results in the Shooting of a Woman by Her Nephew—Three Children Witnessed the Tragedy—Killed in Her Little Shop.**

New York Sept. 8.—Half a hundred persons, men and women and little children, stood in front of a stable at No. 514 West Fifty-fourth Street, yesterday afternoon, shrieking and pounding on the doors in an effort to get at a murderer who had taken refuge inside.

Behind the closed door, a young man with a low forehead and tangled, unkempt hair, crawled out of a heap of straw. Advancing toward a policeman who stood with a revolver in his hand, he said: "I give myself up."

Behind the policeman a child of fifteen, with tears in her eyes, and her fingers clutching her skirt nervously, said: "He killed my mother."

The woman who was murdered was Mrs. Rose O'Toole. She was fifty years old, and she was shot in the head by Patrick Reilly.

Mrs. O'Toole was the wife of a laborer, and the mother of six daughters, the oldest, Maggie, aged fifteen. She kept a little stationery store on the ground floor, of No. 827 Tenth Avenue, and kept boarders in two of her rooms on the top floor. Reilly is twenty-five years old, and a nephew of the woman. During the eight years he has been in this country he has boarded with Mrs. O'Toole. Until a year ago he worked well at his trade. He was a butcher. Then he began to get a little wild, gave up his work and spent most of his time in saloons.

A week ago Reilly owed his aunt $11.15 for board. They quarreled about it several times and on Monday morning Reilly was put out, and was told that his trunk would be given him only when his board had been paid. He returned to the house the same afternoon, struck his aunt over the head with a club, and was put out again by her.

Reilly got a summons from the West Side court on Tuesday. Yesterday morning Mrs. O'Toole responded to it and explained why she held her nephew's trunk. The magistrate told Reilly nothing could be done until the debt had been satisfied.

Mrs. O'Toole was in her little store at 5 o'clock with her three daughters, Maggie, aged fifteen; Nellie, aged fourteen, and Rosie, aged twelve. A boy had just bought a penny's worth of cigarettes, and, in going out had tipped over a box of matches. Mrs. O'Toole was bending over to pick them up when Reilly opened the shop door and looked in. He raised his hand and Maggie saw him.

"He'll shoot you, mother; look out!" cried the girl.

As she spoke, Reilly fired. The bullet struck Mrs. O'Toole over the right eye. She dropped dead, still holding the box of matches in her hand.

Reilly ran across the avenue to the next corner—Fifty-fourth Street—turned up there and reached the stable at No. 514. He ran in and closed the door. Maggie had followed him up the street, crying "Murder!" and "Stop him!" A dozen joined her. Soon their cries brought many more, and two policemen. One stood outside the stable to watch. Patrolman Steul went inside with the child and two men to find Reilly. In five minutes they brought him out.

Back to the house they took him, and placed him beside the murdered woman. The three daughters identified him as the man who had fired the shot. The children didn't understand why they should be asked whether or not they knew the man. They knew Pat, they said; they could not be mistaken about his having fired the shot.

Reilly was taken to the West Forty-seventh Street station, the crowd following all the way. The man would not say a word to the police or any one else.

### WAR FIGURES.

**Queer Statistics of the Army and of Its Supplies.**

(From the New York Sun.)

Now that the war is over some persons would like to know how many bullets were fired during the conflict, but since that cannot be ascertained, it is striking enough to consider that the 277,000 men now composing the army of the United States carry in their cartridge belts more than 27,000,000 rifle balls. At all events they would carry that many if all of them were armed with the new magazine rifle, commonly known as the Krag-Jorgensen, 100 cartridges being allowed to each man. Before long all of Uncle Sam's soldiers will be provided with this weapon instead of the "archaic" Springfield.

Thus equipped, the 277,000 men now enlisted would carry 372 tons of bullets at their waists, and this makes reckoning of only the leaden balls and not of the cartridges containing them. Each of the cartridges is a bit over three inches long, and if all of those contained in the belts of the soldiers were placed end to end they would stretch 1,366 miles. Just think of the destructive power represented by that line of cartridges!

The barrel of one of these regulation rifles is 30 inches long. If all of them—the 277,000—were placed end to end, so as to make a continuous tube, the latter would extend 132 miles, or just about the distance from Washington to Philadelphia. But, to render the thing more striking, consider the fact that the new rifle will kill a man at 4,400 yards. This makes a total effective range of 692,500 miles for 277,000 rifles. Accordingly, if the velocities of all the bullets could be combined, three sharpshooters on the earth would be able to shoot far enough to kill three men on the moon.

Each soldier's uniform, with cape overcoat, requires eleven and a quarter square yards of material. Hence it appears that the cloth used for making war costumes for the 277,000 men in the army, if spread out, would cover just about 644 acres, or a little over a square mile. At $18.85 a suit an outfit of uniforms for all the troops of the United States costs the Government $5,106,050, enough to build, furnish and arm the biggest and finest kind of a battleship, such as the Oregon.

Most of the volunteers in the war have received only one blanket apiece from Uncle Sam, though the usual allowance is two. These blankets are of exceptionally fine material, costing $3.33 apiece. To provide every man in the army with one means an expense of $922,410, and these 277,000 blankets would cover 244 acres of ground. They are seven feet long and five and one-half feet wide, and it is agreed by both officers and men in the service that better poker can be played on them than an any other kind of a cloth.

To make the army shirt of flannel requires three square yards of stuff, and the Government pays $1.95 for the finished garment. Thus it is easily calculated that such shirts for all the troops would come to a total of $540,000 and the material for them would spread over 172 acres. More interesting is the fact that 31,625 calves would be required to furnish leather for the shoes of all the regiments, and this would take no account of the soles and heels which would have to be supplied by 90,233 cows. The rubber cloaks for the army, called "ponchos," would cost $390,570, and would cover 143 acres.

One acre of good land yields 375 pounds of cotton, which can be woven into 147 half tents of the "shelter" kind used in the field. Each two soldiers have a tent between them, one carrying the right half and the other the left half. Such a tent costs $3.97 complete, with jointed pole, etc., the total expense of sheltering the entire army under canvas being $549,945. Spread out the canvas needed would cover 272 acres, each half tent having 4 3-4 yards of material. To produce the cotton for making all this tentage would need 1,889 acres, or nearly three square miles.

An ordinary canteen holds two quarts. With all these receptacles filled, the present army of 277,000 men carries 3,644 hogsheads of water. This, in fact, is about equivalent to the daily requirement of water for the troops. The quantity would last one man more than seven hundred and sixty years. Each man has a tin cup that holds a pint and a half. If all of them were filled they would contain 2,733 hogsheads. But soldiers are thirsty people, and their belt capacity is wonderful. Forty-nine inches long, by the way, is the average cartridge belt, and 277,000 of them put end to end would stretch 214 miles.

One of the most interesting questions in relation to the fighting problem is that of transportation. It is impossible to ascertain, even approximately, how many miles were traversed by the army as a whole, or by the average soldier. However, it may be said that the average enlisted man during the present war did not travel less than 200 miles. If it be supposed that the journey taken by the average enlisted man was 200 miles, it will appear that the total number of miles traversed was 55,400,000. This total represents more than half the distance from the earth to the sun, and a paid ticket on that basis would entitle an individual soldier to 115 round trips to the moon.

The War Department says that it costs 18 cents a day to maintain a soldier. This, of course, means simply the regular rations. Transportation of provisions means an extra expense and so it is reckoned that a fighting man requires 22 cents a day for his maintenance. Now, at this rate, the Government is obliged to pay $60,940 a day for food for the 277,000 men enlisted. Each man is entitled to an allowance of twenty ounces of fresh meat a day, which means a total of 346,250 pounds for the entire army. Of flour the allowance is eighteen ounces, amounting to 1,589 barrels a day for the whole army. Reckoning things on the same basis, the army as at present constituted requires 1,732 barrels of potatoes daily, and for the same period 27,700 pounds of coffee, 41,550 pounds of sugar, 11,279 pounds of salt, 5,639 pounds of soap, 4,324 pounds of candles, 692 pounds of pepper and 44 hogsheads of vinegar.

During the war the loss to the Spaniards by ships destroyed has been $24,000,000. The cost of the war to the United States may reach a billion dollars.

### EUGENIE'E BROTHER.

**A Romantic Story About Louis Napoleon's Widow.**

(From the Chicago Record.)

The illness of the former Empress Eugenie recalls the romantic story of a supposed brother. About three years ago there died in Madrid a man named Alexander Soler. He was eighty-two years old, many times a millionaire, and he left all his possessions to the Queen Regent. The peculiar will caused a great commotion, which resulted in bringing to light the strange romance of Soler's life. In January, 1852, the Duke of San Fernando, one of the noblest families of Madrid, was engaged to a beautiful princess, niece of Ferdinand VII. One morning before the marriage was celebrated a servant brought the duke a letter and an elegant basket carefully closed. Wonderingly the duke opened the basket and found within a chubby infant about a year old. He opened the letter to find an explanation of the living riddle before him. There were but a few phrases, traced in delicate, womanly characters, supplicating the duke to protect the child, who was already baptized with the name of Alexander, and who for reasons impossible to confess, could not be reared by the parents, who were "persons well known to the duke." At first the duke was immeasurably surprised at the request, but finally decided to adopt the child as his own son.

The duke's decision quickly aroused the suspicions of his fiancee, but he succeeded in convincing her that her fears were unfounded, and, womanlike, she began to lavish the most tender affection on the little Alexander. The couple eventually came to look upon the child as their own son, more especially as all their efforts to discover the parents were fruitless.

Several years passed. One day as Alexander, in the care of a nurse, was walking in a street in Madrid a poorly dressed little girl threw herself on the boy, and, kissing and caressing him, exclaimed: "My little brother! My dear little brother who was lost!" The servant took the girl to the duke's house and told the story of her strange behavior. Then all went together to a poorhouse, where the girl said her mother had lived. Interrogated by the duke the woman said that her little girl had died, and that she had never before seen Alexander. She finally confessed, however, after much questioning, that she had nursed the child, but that she was absolutely ignorant as to who his parents were; the parents had come one day and taken him away, and she knew nothing more, except that the child had been baptized with the name of Alexander Soler, son of Rosa Soler. When Alexander grew older the duke of San Fernando took him to Paris and placed him in a cottage, where he shiwed a singular aptitude for mathematics. Afterwards graduated with honor Alexander returned to Madrid, where he was welcomed into the most select circles, and he was greatly admired for his intelligence and for the nobility and delicacy of his conduct.

The duke of San Fernando died, leaving to his wife all his possessions on the condition that on her death she leave them to the "person she had always treated as a son." The relations of the duke protested and began to circulate injurious calumnies about Alexander. He, disgusted by the gossip that gave him such an equivocal social position, deciding to show them that he had need of aid from none, went to Paris, where he found a position in a large banking house.

Only the sickness and the affectionate pleadings of the Duchess of San Fernando took Alexander back to Madrid, where he heard the last wish of the duchess, whose will fulfilled the expressed wishes of the duke, and Alexander Soler was declared sole heir of the large possessions of the Duke of San Fernando.

Shortly afterward Alexander received a letter in which a well-known duchess requested him to visit her. He hastened to accept the invitation. The duchess, throwing her arms about his neck, exclaimed: "I am your mother! I am Rosa Soler!" The duchess, whose financial affairs were in a bad way, received thereafter a large monthly allowance from her son, but she never told him the name of his father, and the one who finally revealed it to him was the ex-empress of the French, Eugenie Montijo. The last time that the widow of Napoleon III came to Madrid to visit her mother she sent for Soler, and in a long interview and with abundant documentary evidence proved to him that they were brother and sister. After that the relations between the ex-empress and Soler were always cordial and affectionate.

STRICTURE

causes obstruction to the flow of urine, partial closing of the passage, prostatic irritation and enlargement, bearing down and scalding of urine and loss of power.

A SOLVENT FOUND that cures quickly and permanently and does away entirely with the Surgeon's Knife and dilating instruments. Suffering from *Stricture, Enlargement of Prostrate Gland, Inflammation, and Chronic Mucous Discharges*, by this new scientific method can be radically

CURED AT HOME.

Write at once to the *Empire Medical Co., 171 Smith Building, Boston, Mass.*, for their free book called "*Sorvent-Alterans.*" It tells what the remedy is made of, and how and why it must cure. If afflicted, this book is worth to you all that perfect recovery is worth.

SPECIAL NOTICE!

Open 7 to 9 a. m. tomorrow, Friday, and then will close until after the parade.

"Remnant" Shoe Day

At Hahn & Co.'s 3 Stores.

"Broken sizes" of some of our highest grade of Shoes will go to the "remnant" tables tomorrow. These are not old stock or undesirable styles, but fresh, seasonable Shoes suitable for early Fall. Nothing wrong except we haven't all sizes.

At 9c.

All our 50c and 75c Ladies' Tweed, Covert Cloth and Duck Canvas Leggins, in black, brown and tan—nearly all sizes.

At 49c.

Child's $1 Black Kid Hand and Machine-sewed Button Shoes, sizes 4 to 8, at 49c.

Child's Brown Vici Kid Button, worth $1.25, sizes 8 1-2 to 10, at 49c.

Boys' Stout Sole $1 and $1.25 Tan Spring-heel Laced Shoes, sizes 10 to 13 1-2, at 49c.

Ladies' $2 and $2.50 Black, White and Tan Oxford Ties, small sizes only, at 49c.

At 87c.

Ladies' $2.50 soft Black Vici Kid Button Shoes, several shapes, A, B, C widths, sizes 2 to 4 1-2, at 87c.

Ladies' $2, $2.50, and $3 Fine Hand and machine-sewed Tan Boots, in "broken sizes," at 87c.

Ladies' $1.50, $2, and $2.50 Black and Russet Oxford Ties, summer and fall weights, in "broken sizes," at 87c.

At $1.37.

Men's $4 and $5 Finest Hand-made Patent Leather French Calf Lace Shoes and Oxfords, mostly narrow widths, in broken sizes, at $1.37.

Men's $3 and $3.50 Fine Hand-made Russet Vici Kid and Willow Calf Laced and Oxford Ties, in broken sizes, at $1.37.

Boys' $2 and $2.50 Fine Tan and Black Calf and Kid Shoes, for fall wear, in broken sizes, at $1.37.

Wm. Hahn & Co's RELIABLE SHOE HOUSES

930-932 7th St.
1914-1916 Pa. Ave.
233 Pa. Ave. S. E.

Our New Credit Way.

Another Friday and Its Usual Bargain Wonders!

This time it's Shirt Waists—all our Shirt Waists. The leave-over of the best selected, the best made, stock in the town's limits. The Waists that delighted at $1.98 and $1.50, and possibly a few that are only worth $1.00. Shirt Waist season's gone, but think of the price—the unbelieveable price. Just 100 left.

Any Shirt Waist here, 19c.

Samuel Friedlander,
Successor to
NEW YORK CLOTHING HOUSE,
Seventh "311" Seventh

# FROM KITCHEN TO THRONE

## Reads Like a Fairy Tale, But Is True.

**Once a Slave, the Dowager Empress of China Is Now the Autocrat of That Empire.**

The most powerful woman in the world is neither young nor beautiful nor good. She is no traveler, and she has never gone to college. She is old and ugly, wrinkled and ill-tempered, but she controls millions of people with an iron hand; she dictates the policy of a nation and makes or mars destiny. She is Tuen-Tson-Hsi, the Dowager Empress of China. The Chicago Times-Herald gives this interesting account of the career of the autocrat of the flowery kingdom:

The story of Tuen-Tson-Hsi reads like a romance, and an impossible one at that. She was pretty enough as a child, and very bright-minded. Her father was so poor that one day he found himself possessed of but a single handful of rice. Tuen suggested that she herself be sold for the benefit of the family. This was the first instance of her ability to lead. Her father acted upon the idea and he made a good bargain, as she advised. He sold to no less a personage than the Viceroy of Lu-Chang.

Tuen-Tson-Hsi, the little "Good Luck," went into the viceroy's kitchen as a scrub girl and general maid of all work, but at last she had plenty to eat, which, combined with an excellent conscience, or no conscience at all, which some people say is still better, she grew plump and pretty again, and you may be sure her alert mind did not fail in its activity. She was not called Tuen-Tson-Hsi for nothing, and her first move was to win the favor of the viceroy's wife, and to be promoted from the kitchen to the embroidery frame, for fancy work of this kind is much more in demand in China, where men dress in silks and satins, and no dignitary may go with his splendid attire unembroidered. Now had her chance come—a "tide in her affairs," which she took at the flood to lead on to fortune—though she had certainly never heard of Shakespeare, and was no philosopher.

It fell to her task to embroider a robe for the viceroy, and so well did she do it that her master deigned first to be pleased with the work and then with the worker, and it began to be shown that even a servant girl could do much to disrupt a household, provided she was young and pretty and clever enough.

So Tuen progressed, and as she got prettier and smarter so she made more trouble in the viceroy's calm household, and the wise man, proceeding on the principle of "anything for a quiet life," one day dressed his young favorite very handsomely in imperial yellow silk and sent her off in state a present to the Emperor, a sort of graceful acknowledgment of a recent decoration of peacock's feathers, which meant that the Emperor had moved the viceroy one notch higher in the social scale.

It was a great trip for the young Tuen, this one forty-four years ago, when with a beating of tom-toms and a good deal of other unnecessary fuss she was escorted to the three-walled City of Pekin, where, in the heart of the town, are set the Emperor's palaces. But it was a trip for which no return ticket is ever issued. She knew that, once well inside the third wall, she would never issue forth again, nor ever behold more father or mother or friends of the viceroy's family.

From the royal harem, "the palace of earth's repose," as it is called in flowery language, no woman ever departs alive once she has entered, and the Emperor himself rarely leaves the splendid isolation of his palace and gardens. Not that the prospect daunted Tuen. In the golden cage she saw another opportunity, for she felt that it was not her fate to "blush unseen," and her purpose never once faltered.

Once a secret is spoken it ceases to be a secret—it is in the air, and the beauty and wisdom of Tuen-Tson-Hsi was soon discussed in the harem, so by and by the "son of Huren" himself, the Emperor, began to hear of it, and, naturally, to be curious. He saw that she was lovely, with a soft, olive complexion and lips as red as the cherry blossom, which Orientals love. As for form, she carried herself like a queen—poor slave girl that she was—perhaps it was all an idle boast of her father that the blood of Tartars flowed in his veins, and the Tartars are the real aristocrats of China. Having won the Emperor by her beauty, Tuen proceeded to hold him by the force of her mentality. To make a long story short, the Emperor made Tuen his Empress.

The Emperor was just old enough to be completely swayed by his brilliant wife, clear-headed and practical as she was. Virtually she became the ruler of the immense empire, and when an indignant statesman ventured to oppose her decrees, as occasionally one of them would be brave enough to do, Tuen promptly ordered the offender's head cut off, not figuratively, but literally, with a "short sharp chop," and this drastic measure soon squelched any active desire to criticise her policy or her methods—it wasn't safe.

Bitter, indeed, was it to the average Chinaman to feel that the real power behind the ruler's throne was one of the despised sex. Yet was Tuen magnetic withal, and won people by her force and charm, even when they had rather not. She was always tactful, dearly as she loved power, and ministers of state grew to respect her ability even when they disliked the woman. Then the old Emperor died in the fullness of years, and Tuen became Dowager Empress, with a weak boy for ostensbily reigning monarch.

This is what the humble slave girl has risen to by means of her beauty, cleverness and diplomacy—to be absolute ruler over 600,000,000 of subjects, and to have it said of her that she is the Bismarck of China; that in statecraft there is not her equal in any court of Europe!

People used to wonder why cunning old Li Hung Chang struck his colors so close to the Empress dowager, instead of to the Emperor; now the world knows. He has always been more or less of a favorite of hers, though being a fiery tempered and exacting old lady, she has more than once deprived him of his honors and his decorations, his yellow silk jacket and his peacock feathers, only to become pacified later and to give these marks of favor back to the sly diplomat, who has worked so much commotion of late, and who is reputed to have sold his nation to Russia. He stands in well with her, and to his advice only will she listen. It is these two against the nation.

### How It Feels to Be Killed.

(From the New York Sun.)

How it feels to be shot dead is the subject of some rather curious observations on the part of a trooper of Roosevelt's regiment, which was intended to be made up of Rough Riders, but from force of circumstances has been transformed into an organization of rough walkers since it has been in Cuba. This particular trooper has been in the thick of the fighting all the time and he relates his most peculiar experience in a letter recently received by a friend in this city.

"Tolstoi doesn't know anything about being shot dead," he writes. "In that description he gives he's away off. There's altogether too much of it. He never went through it, so how should he know? The real thing is very short and simple; anybody could do it. This is how I came to know all about it. It was the second day at San Juan, and my troop was stretched out at full length on its very much attenuated stomach shooting over the top of a hill. The Spanish were also doing all the shooting that seemed to be necessary, and my own notion was that any of us who got out whole would be mighty lucky, for the Spanish aim may be bad, but there is a whole lot of people in this vicinity who wish it were a darn sight worse, the undersigned among the number.

"The chap on my left was close up to me and firing fast, getting up on one knee each time he left off and then dropping back for a few seconds. Bullets were dropping all around, and so were men, and I had spotted one Spaniard who seemed to be responsible for a lot of it. Well, I was just getting a good bead on him when it happened. There was a sudden shock that didn't seem to strike any place in particular on my head, but all over it. My teeth ground together and my eyes tried to get out of their sockets and escape, and no wonder, for my head was full of flames. Then everything was black, and I felt myself falling.

"'That's the end of me,' I thought to myself before I lapsed into total darkness, and as I remember it I didn't care a snap.

"After that I rolled down the hill. It might have been any length of time for all I knew when consciousness began to return. I wondered what world I was in and reckoned that I ought to have a pair of wings of one kind or another on my shoulders. It was something of a surprise to me to find that there were none there, but my dismal suspicion that maybe I had gone wrong was followed by a surmise that I was still in the land of the living. But I had felt that bullet go through my head, and I couldn't figure what right I had to be alive still. Besides, it was no fun, for I had a headache that you couldn't have crowded into a beer barrel. As soon as I found I could move I felt around for the bullet hole, but couldn't find it. While I was still searching and getting pretty mad over it (not being able to find an escaped collar button is nothing to not being able to find a mortal wound in your own head) a couple of fellows came along, picked me up and poured some water over me.

"'Look out,' I said, 'it'll get into my brain,' and I explained about the wound.

"They explored and they couldn't find any hole, either, and that made me madder than ever, for a bullet that goes clean through a man without leaving any opening to show for it is robbing him of the glory of dying for his country. All the time my head was feeling like the inside of a mince pie, but I finally crawled back to the firing line and there they told me what happened. The chap on my left, in rising to fire, had got a Mauser bullet through his heart and in falling had swung his gun with great force over in my direction. The butt caught me just behind the ear, knocking me completely out. I've got a lump there now like the end of a squash.

"But it's a great thing to have had the experience of being shot dead without compelling your family to go into mourning."

### GOING INTO TRADE.

**Ladies in Reduced Circumstances Take Kindly to Shops.**

This is the time of year when the lady who expects to elevate millinery and increase her own income at the same time, and the girl who has had good clothes in her day, decided to go into business, September invariably brings one their cards. Sometimes they are crested. The fitting and exhibition parlors of these aristocratic business women, says the New York Commercial Advertiser, are invariably furnished in white and gold. Sometimes the lady is present—vivacious and chatty—and her business transactions take on somewhat the air of similar affairs at a chatty bazar. "Will you have a hat, Mrs. Jones?" "Certainly, Mrs. Havebeenrich." "Fifty dollars, if you please, Mrs. Jones. It becomes you a marvelile!"

But in spite of social connections and capital enough to start in on a white-and-gold basis the woman untrained to business has not made a brilliant success. In one or two instances she has managed to keep her shop open and affairs running smoothly for a couple of years. In at least three instances she has married in haste and in desperation.

A well-known novelist, in her latest book, truly remarks that women always bring temper or sentiment into business. In this inherent propensity may be found a strong factor against success, to overcome which a woman must strive against nature, for her most important actions are governed entirely by sentiment, and all her most carefully laid plans are liable to be upset at any moment by a fit of temper or a sudden access of feeling. In the face of this self-knowledge she must be on her guard and seek to consider things from an impersonal and practical point of view. Next to her peculiar method of keeping accounts and rather erratic way of sending out bills her biggest stumbling block is the many curious little theories she has about herself. She does not always appreciate the fact that when she enters into competition with shopkeepers she must be prepared to work under the same conditions, to look on an order given as a contract to be carried out in a business and workman-like fashion, promptly and reliably. She cannot realize that she must put aside all pretty pride and not imagine slights and injuries when she is treated by strangers as they are accustomed to treating ordinary milliners and dressmakers. To the general buying public it is a matter of more importance how the work is done than by whom, and a satisfactory article sold by plain Mme. O'Flaherty, who murders the Queen's English and rose to her present position of affluence and authority from a little sewing girl, will be preferable to an inferior one condescendingly supplied by Mrs. Pelham Van Schuyler, granddaughter of John Jacob Morris and cousin to the president of the North Shore Railroad. The aristocratic connections of the dressmaker do not soothe away one's anger over wrinkles, nor does the old Dutch blood of the florist blind the eyes of the bride to the fact that her bouquet is half dead before the church is reached. And so the crested cards that come this time of year are seldom omens of success.

### SHORTER HOURS.

**Women Do Not Live by the Eight-Hour Plan.**

A Boston newspaper woman concludes that women in any walk of life manage to fill their days full of needful or self-imposed labor, says the New England Farmer, and cites the society woman, who rises at 6 to get her heavy correspondence out of the way before she presides over her husband's 8 o'clock breakfast. Then she dresses, makes her way to a morning club, at which she reads a paper on the Spanish Armada, puts in two hours of solid, hard work shopping, takes a hurried luncheon, has an afternoon of teas, with barely time to dress for the dinner to which she has bidden friends who must be entertained. This is her day's work, with such frequent incidents as taking the children to the dentist, interviewing school teachers, preventing quarrels between the oldest girls and their crabbed but talented music master, hiring and discharging servants and spending hours at intelligence offices interviewing hopeless-looking cooks and second girls.

The woman of fashion perhaps envies her friend who married a bookkeeper and lives in a flat, with no social obligations; but life has too many hours of work for her, too. This was divulged not long ago in an amusing scene in a law court. The lawyer "on the other side" began to cross-question a woman as to how she ascertained that a certain event took place at 9 a. m.

Said the woman: "It couldn't have been any other hour. I had made the fire and cooked the breakfast, and put up my husband's luncheon, and boiled two eggs hard for egg sandwiches for the children's lunch, and combed Willy's hair, and washed the baby, and done up a cut on Johnny's hand, and run out to the store for a pint of milk, and written a postal card to my sister, and put on Nelly's, Willy's and Johnny's rubbers and caps and mittens and coats and mufflers and got them clean pocket handkerchiefs and sent them to school, and washed the dishes, and curled my hair, and set the sponge for the tea biscuits, and read the deaths and marriages in the paper, and cleaned the lamps, and made two inches of pineapple crochet edging. No, it couldn't have been more than 9 o'clock, or I should have had more done."

**Strike Quickly.**

"On the instant when a lion shows his temper" said a famous lion tamer "cut him quickly over the face. Don't wait until he springs at you." This is equally good advice for treating the lion of disease. Many an attack of dangerous illness would be headed off if at the first premonitory symptoms the victim would strike quickly.

Those severe coughs, bronchial affections and wasting diseases which merge into consumption would never get their savage teeth into the constitution if their early signs were headed off by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It provides such an abundance of rich nourishing blood that tuberculosis germs have no chance to get any lodgment in the lungs. It clears the skin and purges all the impurities from every organ. It invigorates the liver to expel all bilious poisons from the circulation. It creates healthy tissue, vitalized nerve fiber and gives solid strength.

"I have thought for a long time," writes Mrs. Rose Petty, of Lockville, Chatham Co., N. C., "that I would not do you justice if I did not write and tell you how I was cured of that dreadful disease called consumption, by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I had measles and pneumonia both at the same time, and came near dying, and as soon as I was able to go out I was taken with grip, and then followed consumption. My physician did all he could for my relief but I received none. I tried everything that I could hear of that was good for a cough but grew worse, and would have died soon had I not commenced using the 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I felt improved before the first bottle was finished. I took six bottles, and after that I felt better and stronger than in ten years before. That was six years ago, and to-day do not feel any symptoms of a return of the disease. I remain cured, and I think I am the cause of a friend being cured by using the same medicine. He was afflicted as I was, and after every thing failed to cure him he took Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and was cured."

### BICYCLE "AT HOME."

**Games and Contests on the Wheel in England.**

They do all sorts of odd and attractive things with the bicycle in England, says the New York Press. Bicycle parties and cycle "at homes" are as common in good circles as afternoon teas. These mean not merely a gathering of cyclists to talk and gossip, but elaborate preparations for games and eccentric performances on the wheel. Tricks and unusual races figure prominently at these functions. The Gretna Green race, for instance, consists of a contest for couples. A man and woman ride hand in hand to a given point, dismount and sign their names to a register, remount and ride back to the starting point hand in hand. The first couple to finish gets the prize.

Another race which always creates amusement for the onlookers is one in which a stuffed man is provided for each contestant. The riders start, go to the pile of dummies, pick one up without dismounting and return to the starting point. Many other oddities of the kind, with cycle hockey, tilting the ring, tent pegging and similar games go to make up a delightful afternoon's entertainment.

Then there are fancy marches and maneuvers on the wheels for the girls. These are of endless variety. At a recent "at home" given by the mayor of Henley on the Thames, and his wife, the big lawn of his house was transformed for the occasion.

The girls took part in the pageant, all dressed in white duck suits and wearing sailor hats. They rode through many difficult figures, one of which was a company front charge through basketed arches, made for the occasion of evergreens across the lawn. The girls rode through, and, making a sharp turn on the other side, within fifteen feet of the hedge, returned through the same arches without a fall or a slip of any kind.

### TOOK THE WRONG WIDOW.

**A Korean Wooer's Forcible Methods Brought Him Trouble.**

A pastime which obtains among the farm classes of Korea, known as the "packing off of widows," says the Kobe Chronicle, consists of a raid by some disconsolate widower and his friends on some village known to contain a young widow, the forcible abduction of the lady in question, and her marriage to the widower. An instance of this kind has recently come to our notice. A widower living in one of the villages of Kangwha, with eleven friends, went to a hamlet close to the walls of Kangwha city, where a widow lived, and seized and carried off, after somewhat of a battle, a young lady. It so happened, however, that they had mistaken the house and unfortunately carried off the wrong lady. Early the next morning an indignant posse came in pursuit, but the men who had committed the dastardly deed succeeded in eluding them. The young lady, however, was rescued, and after the house of the widower and its contents had been completely demolished she was escorted home in triumph by her husband and his friends.

### The Face on the Medal.

"'And what is your fortune, my pretty maid?' 'My face is my fortune, sir,' she said."

While the faces of forty-four of the most beautiful women in the West may not be their only fortune, says a writer in Lippincott's, they may materially assist in the fortunes of others; for a composite picture of their beauty adorns one side of the medal which commemorates the Trans-mississippi and International Exposition. The assertion has been made that if a number of women from a certain section of the country were to be photographed, and the result converted into a composite picture, a representative type of that section of the country would be the result. This is in many respects both a novel and true idea.

When the plans for the exposition were yet in their infancy, the question of a souvenir medal was raised, and it was decided to employ some unique idea in its conception, which, when completed, would show also an artistic sense in the selection of design. Thus it was suggested that the services of the composite photographer be put into requisition. The idea had its birth in the incident connected with the removal of the Cleopatra Needle from Egypt to America. It will be remembered that the profile of Cleopatra was sought for, to be used for one side of the medal that was to be struck off in commemoration of that event. The great difficulty arose in securing a perfect profile. Commander Gorringe, the engineer, gathered a large number of Egyptian coins more or less mutilated, and, by the aid of photography, secured the desired result. This was used from which to make the die.

The same idea has been used to make the exposition's souvenir medal. Word was sent to the respective vice presidents of the trans-mississippi States to forward photos of the two handsomest women within their borders.

Forty-two photos, en profile, were received, and the composite picture made. The result is an ideal American head, full of the combined force, intellectuality, vivacity, and beauty of the typical American girl. The work reflects much credit upon the photographer, George G. Rockwood, of New York.

On the obverse side of the medal is an artistic reproduction of the American Indian in the act of spearing a buffalo. The medal as a whole is indicative of and fittingly illustrates the strides that civilization and culture have made in the West during the past fifty years, and will prove a beautiful memento, commemorating what promises to be one of the great events of the closing nineteenth century.