

BRITISH TRICK SAVES

HOW A FILIPINO OFFICER WAS "PERSUADED"

American Troops on Verge of Death from Bolo Weilders Find South African Device Suitable to Insular Usages.

(Synopsis of Previous Installment.)

Lieut. Brynton, in command of a detail of American soldiers in the Philippines, Christmas eve, was beset by devilish "Amigos." Two of their number died in a Filipino trap. They expected a rush at dawn, learning from a Filipino boy that their enemies were then holding a great feast in anticipation of the massacre to follow.

BY MARY HELEN FEE.

Little by little, they got the story out of the boy. His home was in the pueblo down on the coast, but when the Americans entered it, his father had taken him to the barrio in the mountains. He and the woman had been sent out as spies to watch the trail—which the Americans had missed. The woman was a servant, and could speak no Spanish, but the boy had been at school in Manila and spoke Spanish fluently. The barrio was not far from the trail. There would not be a guard, for there was mucha fiesta.

The expression of the men brightened, as they partially comprehended his conversation; and Brynton actually smiled cheerfully.

"We're a fine lot scoundrels to attack anything," he said; "but I guess we'll go down to the barrio take the insurgents, and have a square meal. Mucha fiesta, eh?—mucho pollo?"

The youngster grinned. Even his inexperienced eye told him that the Americans were famishing, and why the lieutenant thought of chicken.

"Ready, boys?" said Brynton. "Is Clark able to come?"

The man who had fainted, reanimated by hope, scrambled to his feet, and stealthily they picked their way after the boy. It was not far.

"We're too weak to beat that bush much," said Brynton. "We'll take a look under the houses in a minute. Sentries, Milford, to patrol, while some of these men get food."

Truly it was mucha fiesta; and to the starving men the food was ambrosia—cooked rice, chicken, camotes or sweet potatoes, and fried bananas.

"We must do the best we can with them," said Brynton, impatiently. "Lord! My hands itch for a president or teniente who can talk Spanish." He stood, with hand on his sword hilt, peering out across the open palay fields, where the valley broadened like a fan.

"Um-m-m," he continued, reflectively. "Let's walk out a bit."

They followed a dike, swaying in the narrow path as when walking a railway steel at home. Milford's quick eye caught a flash of movement in a wallow to the right.

"Got him!" he yelled, jumping off the dike and laboring, waist-deep, through the palay field. "Big game! Get out o' there, you Kakhiak, or I'll lift you out on my bayonet!" He prodded in the mud.

There was a stir in the wallow, and a figure heaved up, slimy and reeking. Its once spotless uniform was a slaty blue, its coffee-colored visage was smeared and pathetic; but above was a wiry pompadour and a pair of bright, intelligent eyes.

"Senor," gasped the refugee, regaining a pompous dignity, with his legs; "this treatment to one who has shown himself the friend of your race?"

"Yes, we met a few other friends this morning," said Brynton. "They called on us unusually early!"

The insurrecto's face grew puzzled. "Amigo, eh?" queried the lieutenant.

"Why, then, did you hide?" The man gabbled Spanish. "There was a fiesta, and some one had said there was an attack. Not knowing if it were Americans or insurrectos—"

"I see. Are there insurrectos in the barrio?"

"Of a surety, no! All are loyal Americans."

"Any arms?"

"No, senor."

"You yourself are not an officer of insurrectos?"

The man denied, vehemently. While not openly avowing his sentiments—for who dared be honest in these days?—he had always secretly favored the American cause.

"I dare say!" commented Brynton. "Just dig into that wallow a bit, Milford!"

Milford's punching and prodding finally unearthed a Krug. The prisoner's face was a study.

"How do you account for this?" asked Brynton. "Oh, you needn't lie any more," he added, wearily. "You'd account for it all right—I know that! And I know your name and official rank, Senor Capitan. You are my prisoner."

Not at all disconcerted, the Capitan smiled with official importance.

"I want guides to the coast. Do you know the trail?"

The man shrugged a refusal to reply.

Byrnton's hand twitched on his sword hilt, then he silently marched his prisoner before him back to the barrio. There he ate and drank. By that time it was full two o'clock.

"We must get out of here," he said, shortly. "Put this man at the front to guide."

"Senor, it is impossible," began the prisoner, "that I should do this service to an enemy."

Byrnton slapped a hand on the man's shoulder, and spun him about facing the open country.

"Look you!" said he. "We must get down to the coast to-night—tonight, do you understand? If you play us false, or waste any more of my time—"

"I can die for my country!" The Filipino assumed an air of dignity.

"Yes, you can die. Well, you won't die! But you'll pray to die! By God, man, I mean what I say."

For an instant he glared into the Filipino's eyes, then the latter, cringing, yielded. They took up their march across the dikes, and in three-quarters of an hour emerged on a clearly-defined trail, bending southwest.

"I can afford to shoot him now," reflected Brynton. "It was touch and go. If he had had any real heroic stuff in him, I would have been driven to severe measures. Luckily he takes it out, like the rest of 'em, in fine phrases. We were on our last legs, Milford, and we had to get out of there."

"What would you have done if he had held out?"

"Dunno; flogged him, I guess. He would have come to time after we took a few square inches off his hide."

Milford wagged his head approvingly.

"That's a nasty strip of road," he said. "But once through that cut, we ought to be on open hillsides, and safe for the night. Push on, boys."

Five minutes later, one of the prisoner's guards fell back.

"The prisoner asks to be allowed to fall to the rear, lieutenant. Says we are on the high road, that any child can follow. Thinks his official rank puts him above acting as guide. Says he'll give his parole."

"Anxious to fall back, is he?" Brynton's tone was meditative. He went forward to the prisoner.

"Senor Capitan, the guard says you wish to fall back. Why so?"

"Naturally, Teniente. I am a prisoner of war; your guide, under duress. But now that it is no longer necessary, my rank entitles me to some consideration." In spite of his courteous demeanor, Brynton detected an undercurrent of excitement—of exhilaration—in the man's manner. His breath came quickly.

"The manner of your capture, and your lies at first, will offset the matter of rank," said Brynton. "You have honeycombed this road with pits, and you don't care to lead into them," he added, slowly, after a pause.

The prisoner's eyes shifted.

"No, naturally you don't care to lead," pursued Brynton. "Guard, keep this man ten feet in front of you," he ordered.

"Senor!"

With a slight wave of the hand, Brynton stepped back. The march was resumed.

"Lieutenant," begged an old enlisted man, who had seen service under more than one banner. "I was with Roberts in Afghanistan. Let me take him a bit. I've wonderful methods of persuasion."

"Don't kill him," said Brynton. "They're fond of dying, if they can go out in an attitude."

The enlisted man and two companions disappeared with the prisoner. When they returned, he was weak and nauseated. The caked slime on his face was loosened, and his clothes dripped.

"We are ambushed ahead," said the enlisted man, cheerily. "They have honeycombed the road, and are sitting on their bolos, above, waiting for us. But if we go back half a mile, there's a side trail over that mountain right down; we'll get into the pueblo by ten o'clock."

They turned back, wearily, and plodded along—nerves strained to every sound. How they followed the new trail, fortunately concealed by timber; how they saw below them the snow white pueblo, its tin roofs and church tower gilded with sunset; how they stumbled and slipped down the hill and, with a final spurt of energy, marched ten more lengthening miles—this is a narrative by itself. But at midnight, the sentries at Valledoled challenged, and a hearty American voice rang out. Brynton reported four prisoners. Next morning the hospital service at Valledoled was strained to its limit, for there were 15 new patients.

His brother officers congratulated Brynton on his daring.

"The only thing I regret," said Brynton, "is having to thrash that kid. I didn't give him more than half a dozen good licks, but I hated to do it. Well, it wasn't half the warming I used to take very day in the public school at home—and didn't think it worth whimpering about."

(THE END.)

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MEXICO'S ACTIVE VOLCANO.

Eruptions of Mount Colima Do Not Disturb the Natives.

Tuxpan, Mexico.—The eruption of the volcano, Mount Colima, is not causing much anxiety among the people of this town. The volcano has been in an almost constant state of semi-activity, with occasional outbursts of fire and lava for more than a century. The natives, who live almost within its shadow, are used to the ferocious displays of the old mountain. It is really a very enjoyable form of entertainment for the people of Tuxpan. In its most violent pe-



Mount Colima in Action.

riods, when the heavens are lighted with the glowing flames and fire from its crater the Mexicans here sit at their open windows and doors and lounge upon the benches in the pretty plaza and view the grand spectacle in silent wonder.

To the natives the eruption does not portend their possible destruction. But they fear the earth tremblings which frequently accompany the eruptions. An earthquake in Tuxpan, such as has been occurring at frequent intervals since the volcano showed renewed signs of activity, quickly brings the whole populace into the streets. It is said by scientists that these seismic disturbances are wholly local in character and are directly connected with the eruption of the volcano.

Mount Colima is the only active volcano upon the North American continent. It had very few serious eruptions during the eighteenth century, and the villages of the natives crowded close up to its base. It was not until 1869 that the first violent outburst in its history occurred. Much destruction of property and some loss of life resulted from that eruption. Other eruptions occurred in 1872, 1873, 1875 and 1903. The peak of Mount Colima rose to a height of 12,500 feet up to the eruption of 1903, when its top was torn off and the height of the mountain considerably reduced.

WOULD SAIL TO NORTH POLE.

G. E. Nietzsche Preparing for Dash with Balloons and Aeroplanes.

New York.—George E. Nietzsche, head of the department of publicity in the University of Pennsylvania, is



GEORGE E. NITZSCHE.

making preparations for a dash to the north pole next July by means of balloons and aeroplanes. Undeterred by the fate of Andre and the failure of Wellman, Mr. Nietzsche will make the attempt along novel lines. He will carry to the island of Spitzbergen three balloons, and probably in addition an aeroplane. Spitzbergen is 1,035 miles north of the arctic circle and several hundred miles east of the north coast of Greenland. If the weather is good he will have a straight course to travel until he reaches his goal. The island of Spitzbergen was carefully inspected last summer by Mr. Nietzsche, who with a party of 30 made a preliminary trip on the steamship Kongshard. The weather during the survey was so mild that Mr. Nietzsche was encouraged to believe that with good fortune the coming summer would be also a moderate one and he would not be compelled to combat the elements at the start.

CONSOLING.



Artist—Yes, my art is my fortune. Model (cheerily)—Never mind. Poverty is no crime.

CUTICURA CURED HIM.

Eczema Came on Legs and Ankles—Could Not Wear Shoes Because

Of Bad Scaling and Itching.

"I have been successfully cured of dry eczema. I was inspecting the removal of noxious weeds from the edge of a river and was constantly in the dust from the weeds. At night I cleansed my limbs but felt a prickly sensation. I paid no attention to it for two years but I noticed a scum on my legs like fish scales. I did not attend to it until it came to be too itchy and sore and began getting two running sores. My ankles were all sore and scabby and I could not wear shoes. I had to use carpet and felt slippers for weeks. I got a cake of the Cuticura Soap and some Cuticura Ointment. In less than ten days I could put on my boots and in less than three weeks I was free from the confounded itching. Capt. George P. Elias, Chief of Police, Morris, Manitoba, Mar. 20, 1907, and Sept. 24, 1908."

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

What Ailed Tommie.

Tommie was eating walnuts. His mother cautioned him about eating many, fearing they would make him sick. Presently he came in, his hand on his stomach and a very distressed look in his face.

"Those nuts have made you sick, I see. I just knew they would," said the mother.

"They haven't, either," whined Tommie. "I am not sick; it's just my pants are too tight."—Delineator.

A CURE FOR FITS.

The Treatment is to Accomplish What Science Has Been Struggling to Attain for Centuries.

The intense interest that has been manifested throughout the country by the wonderful cures that are being accomplished daily by epileptic still continues. It is really surprising the vast number of people who have already been cured of fits and nervousness. In order that everybody may have a chance to test the medicine, large trial bottles, valuable literature, History of Epilepsy and testimonials, will be sent by mail absolutely free to all who write to the Dr. May Laboratory, 548 Pearl Street, New York City.

Alas, How True!

"I often wonder," remarked Mr. Stubb, in solemn reflection, "if the last man on earth will have the last word."

"Of course he will, John," laughed Mrs. Stubb.

"But why are you so sure?"

"Because the last woman will give it to him."

STATE OF OHIO CITY OF TOLEDO, }
LUCAS COUNTY, } ss.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 4th day of December, A. D. 1896.

A. W. GLEASON,

NOTARY PUBLIC.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Like Producing Like.

"How did that manager come out on his beauty show?"

"I think he made a handsome profit."

A Domestic Eye Remedy.

Compounded by Experienced Physicians. Conforms to Pure Food and Drugs Laws. Wins Friends Wherever Used. Ask Druggists for Murine Eye Remedy. Try Murine in Your Eyes. You Will Like Murine.

It's not difficult to judge some men by their clothes—policemen and letter carriers, for example.

Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Sore Throat will not live under the same roof with Hamlin's Wizard Oil, the best of all remedies for the relief of all pain.

Lots of talk that sounds well is nothing but sound that's unsound.

DO YOUR CLOTHES LOOK YELLOW? If so, use Red Cross Ball Blue. It will make them white as snow. 2 oz. package 5 cents.

Things gained are gone, but great things done endure.—Bishop.

ONLY ONE "BROMO QUININE" That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GILROY & Co. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

If love wasn't blind Cupid would have a lot more work to do.

Those Tired, Aching Feet of Yours Need Allen's Foot-Powder. Get it at your Druggist's. Write A. B. Gimond, Le Roy, N. Y., for sample.

The alrshp habit will take an automobile income.

WHAT A FORMER OREGON FARMER THINKS OF WESTERN CANADA.

Albert Nelson left Benton Co., Oregon, in Sept., 1904, for the great Canadian prairies. To quote from his letter: "I was greatly surprised to find such an immense stretch of rich virgin prairie still almost unoccupied in the very heart of North America. The splendid crops of oats, wheat, barley, potatoes and hay I beheld in the settlements made me very eager for a piece of this rich soil, and I soon located in the Goose Lake country. We have here a great stretch of the rich, deep clay loam of the Saskatchewan—a soil heavy and hard to break, but particularly well adapted for the retention of moisture and production of the bright No. 1 hard wheat, and great crops of oats, barley, flax and potatoes. I had 60 bushels of oats, weighing 441 lb. to the bushel, per acre. Some of my neighbors had still greater yields. Wheat yielded from 20 to 30 bushels per acre. We have all done well here, and I could name many Americans who came here with means to go ahead, who have done big already. For homesteads one has to go further west, but the best prairie can be bought here for from \$12.00 to \$16.00 per acre. The climate is dry and healthy. This is the regular Saskatchewan fall weather—frosty nights, and bright, sunny days—ideal for threshing and hauling out of wheat. The trails are dusty, as thousands of wheat teams are moving towards the elevators.

"The sight of it makes one stop and wonder what it will be in a few years when the immense prairies get under cultivation. Heavy snowfall is the exception here. Snow generally falls in December and goes off in March. It sometimes gets very cold, but the Saskatchewan farmer does not fear the cold. Winter is his season of rest. The first or second crop he builds a comfortable house for himself, and warm stables for his horses. He need not, like some, be poking about in the mud all winter attending a few beasts for a livelihood."

INSTRUCTED.



Doctor—What are you doing in that tub? You'll catch your death.

Patient—But, doctor, didn't you tell me to take the pills in water?

GOVERNMENT CAREY ACT OPENING OF IRRIGATED LAND.

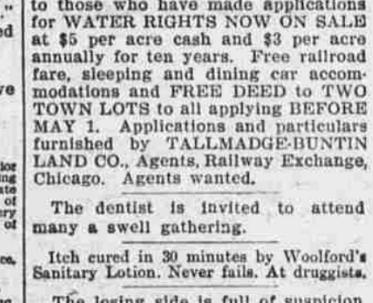
MAY 6, the State of Wyoming Will Sell 100 Irrigated Farms

at 50c per acre at Cooper Lake, Wyo., to those who have made applications for WATER RIGHTS NOW ON SALE at \$5 per acre cash and \$3 per acre annually for ten years. Free railroad fare, sleeping and dining car accommodations and FREE DEED TO TWO TOWN LOTS to all applying BEFORE MAY 1. Applications and particulars furnished by TALLMADGE-BUNTING LAND CO., Agents, Railway Exchange, Chicago. Agents wanted.

The dentist is invited to attend many a swell gathering.

Itch cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. Never fails. At druggists.

The losing side is full of suspicion.



SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER.

They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

Small Pills. Small Dose. Small Price.

Small Pills. Small Dose. Small Price.