

ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

The Most Daring Soldier May, on Occasion, Play the Coward.

"You may talk as you will about constant bravery in battles," said an old soldier to a writer for the New York Advertiser...

UNDER THE MAPLE TREES.

They parted at night in the maple bower— The soldier's cheek, the lover's red flower...

She hears the drum from the distant town, And leaps as a fawn from her snowy brow...

"I see his sword and cap of blue— He is waving to me a last farewell!"

The China leaves have a crimson stain, The tide of battle is flowing far...

Love's star is set, and the maple boughs Hold banners of blood above my head...

How low, ye trees of the Northern land, Weeping with those of the Southern stream...

Over deep, dark graves, we may clasp the hand Of maidens there with the shining hair...

The China tree as Charon gleams, Touching the maple tree.

MY JO, JOHN.

BY HELEN B. MATHERS.

CHAPTER IV.

It was two o'clock in the morning, and Mary was standing by the half-opened window, listening to the last echoes of the night traffic dying away.

She was sorry when it ceased, for, all alone in body and spirit as she was, the hum and movement, the life that beat in such full current without, insensibly soothed her, and when the last sound had ceased, her ears ached with listening for more.

There was no sound in the street below, save some steps that at regular intervals passed the house, and seemed to come back again, then again return, and she said to herself idly it must be the policeman on his beat, and she was glad he stayed so near.

But presently the steps ceased altogether, and not long afterwards Mary heard a movement in the next room, and her heart bounded, for she knew that it was John.

She stood looking at the closed door that suddenly struck her as an offense to herself, for had he not practically ordered Fletcher to shut it?

Why was it shut? What had she done that it should be closed upon her? Then love conquered pride, and she took one timid step forward—only one—and in the same moment heard the key turn in the lock.

Then indeed Mary forgot to be good, and soared high on a wave of passion and wounded pride, that when it had spent itself in dumb fury left her shocked and ashamed at her own capacity for evil, and yet for all her shame so hardened that no power on earth could have induced her now to take another single step towards reconciliation.

Locked out of his heart, locked out of his room, as though she were a guilty creature, a thing accursed, when she had tried with all her strength to put self by and do her duty.

Cold and calm she extinguished the light, and laid her down to sleep. Morning found her sleepless, but still calm, for now her pride had so entirely ceased her heart that it was beyond the possibility of pain to wound it.

CHAPTER V.

Martha Fletcher was brushing out her mistress's hair before the mirror, and glancing from time to time at the pale, composed face before her.

She had returned early in the day, and to her astonishment found Mrs. Anderson not yet down, though that lady had long ago taken her breakfast in bed, and was moving about the room putting things together here and there, either as if she meant to rearrange them, or to take a journey.

Fletcher had not condescended to enlighten his wife as to the state of affairs.

Between this pair had waged even since their marriage (Martha had been maid to Mary for twenty years, Fletcher valet to his master for about the same time, and they had married from sheer propinquity) a never failing duel as to which should be master, and after ten steady years of quietly vigorous efforts on both sides, they were wary combatants still—and stood even.

Mary, secure in her own happiness, had watched with varying emotions the tactics of the opposing parties, but concern had at last given place to an intense amusement that she often shared with Tom, whispering into his ear any particularly diverting skirmish between the pair reported to her by Martha.

True, Fletcher had the great advantage of being a man, and therefore superior to nerves, and a thousand feminine weaknesses, but on the other hand Martha was much stronger of will and more agile of temper, naturally, so that often she got the advantage of him, though his impenetrable front did not suffer her to fully enjoy the fruits of victory.

Martha did not flirt, did not live to dress, and consequently had plenty of spare time in which to walk about, and talk—talk to a man who seldom or never answered her. There lay the sting—if only he would talk too!

A woman of Martha's class usually talks about a man before she is married, and at him—afterwards, and if

she pens all her grievances up in her throat, they eat inwards to her heart like a moral cancer that in time will kill her, but a man does not recognize the healthfulness of such a safety-valve; he curses only her garrulousness, and does not feel enough as a rule, to want to talk about it, or think enough to do himself an injury. And Fletcher profoundly despised women. He had gone so far as to tell his wife on one occasion that for his part he considered her and master got on much better as bachelors while she and her mistress were away, than when they were both at home.

Mary had laughed, and always took Fletcher's part when Martha railed about him, knowing that the little woman really adored him with all her heart.

Only she would not be mastered, Martha was resolved on that point. Why should she? She was every bit as good as he was—and better. Certainly she never bore any malice, and you can always trust a woman who bangs a door in a rage, but beware of the one who goes out quietly and squeezes the door handle.

"I don't understand the men," Martha would say, rolling her nice round arms up in her pink cotton sleeves, "I can't make them out, ma'am, and that's the truth!"

And she would adduce such a long list of men who made their wives' lives a misery to them, till Mary would come to the conclusion that it must be true, only she had the one exception to the rule.

Martha's bosom was this morning evidently bursting with a grievance, and presently out it came.

"What do you think, ma'am?" she said, as she began to pile Mary's hair up, "I'd hardly get into the house, when Fletcher told me that he knew me by my waddle right from the other end of the street. As if such a scare-crow of a man oughtn't to be thankful to have married something comfortable. Pears me, how these tall, thin people do fancy themselves!"

Mary smiled faintly as she looked at the two reflections in the glass.

Mistress and maid were both brown-haired, blue-eyed, beautifully complexioned, both were round and soft and cozy-looking, but Mary was the taller by at least three inches. Both were domesticated women, with no interests whatever save home ones, and each had an only child whom she adored, and was a mother to the heart's core.

Tom was nearly always away, and little Molly lived in the country with her grand-parents, but mistress and maid often talked of their children together, and were thoroughly good friends at all points.

"Martha," she said, suddenly, "would you mind being away from Fletcher for—a time?"

Martha started, and looked apprehensively in the glass.

"You're not going to send him away Ma'am, are you?" she said, the corners of her mouth falling, "he's got his faults I know, but he is a good servant, and serves you and master faithfully."

"Especially his master," said Mary, grave and pale. "No, I have no idea of his leaving his master. But I am going to Pigeonwick, Martha, for an indefinite time" (her blue eyes met the other astonished blue ones in the glass), "and I should want to take you with me, and of course your master could not do without Fletcher."

Martha went on mechanically and blunderingly putting in hairpins.

Her mind was in a whirl, her thoughts were chaos—it was natural enough to her to live with Fletcher on the terms she did, but a quarrel between her master and mistress—one that entailed a division of household and dwelling place—she thought she must be dreaming till her eyes fastened on the sternness of Mary's face, and then real concern moved her.

"Ma'am," she said, "you're not angry with master, are you? And him so helpless and almost as if he was a baby, looking to you and depending on you for everything? Why, he's just lost without you, and goodness knows where he'd wander if he hadn't got you to come home to!"

"He has wandered far enough while I am here," thought Mary, bitterly, but aloud she said, "and I am going as soon as possible. Indeed, I have set my heart on going within three days; so you must work hard, Martha, and I will help you to pack up!"

Martha rolled a bewildered eye round the pretty room, then sighed hopelessly, as if Mary had talked of packing up and removing the world, and said, "You mean, ma'am, just linen and clothes as usual?"

"No—I mean everything—everything that is mine, but nothing, remember, Martha, nothing, not a stick or atom of anything belonging to Colonel Anderson."

She had risen, and as she turned, faced that shut door, which nutely proclaimed her disgrace (but the key of which was now on her own side) and her soft mouth hardened as she looked at it.

"Of course, Martha," you can remain here if you can't bear to leave Fletcher—but if so, you would have to cook for your master. In that case I should take the cook and Polly with me."

"As if I should leave you, ma'am," said Martha, indignantly and thinking that, after all, this would probably blow over in no time, and everything be comfortable as before; "and the place will be looking lovely now; and you haven't been well lately, ma'am, and the change will do you good."

Mary did not seem to hear her; she was looking at a row of minia-

SCATTERING SPEECHES.

Five Million Copies of Congressional Records Franked by the Members.

There is one industry which is not in the least affected by the hard times, says the Boston Advertiser. This is the record division of the government printing office, which has charge of printing congressional speeches for distribution. There has never been a congress when the presses were worked so incessantly for this purpose. Already over 5,000,000 speeches have been sent out over the country under congressional frank, and the number is piling up daily until by the close of the session it is expected that it will far exceed any record which has hitherto been made.

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"Do you remember, ma'am," she said, "how when Miss Dolly lay in her little coffin, master lifted you out of your bed and carried you to her side that you might lay the flowers about her pretty face?"

Mary did not stir.

"And how Master Duckie, when he was dying—so strong he was for all the fever—put out his hand, and pushed one of your hairpins back into place, when you were leaning over him?"

Mary turned abruptly away, her hands clenched, and a spasm of mortal agony convulsing her features.

Did she not remember? Oh God! And she would not remember. . . . She had work to do, and it must be done quickly, or not at all.

"And now, Martha," she said quietly, "we will begin to pack."

CHAPTER VI.

"What is the meaning of it all?" said Martha, as she shut herself smartly into that temple devoted to silver, glass, and such like, which Fletcher looked upon as his special sanctum, and in which he hated to be disturbed.

"Matter?" said Fletcher, with a snarl, as he lifted his bald head and tall thin person from over the silver spoons he was rubbing furiously—"it means that missus has just worn master's patience out at last, and he's made up his mind to live by himself—small blame to him."

"This was only a guess, and he looked keenly at Martha to see if he were correct.

"Pooh!" said Martha, taking a seat with an air that meant aggravation. "It's missus won't stay with him, you mean. A nice poor stick he'd be without her to bolster him up! But what's he been doing, I wonder? I shouldn't have thought he'd got spirit enough to get into a scrape!"

Fletcher snorted violently, nodding his head up and down, and at the same time contriving to shake it, in a peculiarly irritating manner.

"You needn't look like a fool, if you are one," said Martha, comfortably, "and if you think you'll be able to do anything with master, keep him tidy, or happy when missus is gone, you're mistaken. You'll just be two doddering old fools, trying to prop each other up, and both coming to the ground."

Fletcher laughed shortly, and flew at a silver tankard, expending upon it an enormous amount of superfluous elbow grease.

"Those baggages in the kitchen don't know anything about it," said Martha, with a sudden change of tone.

"Who's to tell 'em?" said Fletcher, scornfully, "unless it's you or me? And can't missus go to her country house on a visit without her own talking? Our family ain't none of those wretched fashionable folk as lives for society and that rot—and you had better take cook and leave Polly. Polly and me can manage quite comfortable for master."

"Can you?" said Martha, fiercely, and growing extremely red. She would never admit it, but she was really intensely jealous of Fletcher, and greatly overrated the charms of his elegant manners (upstairs) and decidedly distinguished appearance.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Diplomatic Corps.

An interesting fact not generally known in regard to the diplomatic corps is that a member of that august body cannot, under the penalty of official reprimand and danger of recall, appear at a fancy ball in the national court costume. This fact was developed during the past winter when a large fancy ball was given at one of the private houses on the same evening of the presidential reception to the diplomatic corps. Those of the diplomats who attended the ball later in the evening were obliged to first change their court costumes worn at the White House. Inquiry on the part of curious friends developed the reason just stated.

Bathing Suit Laws in New Zealand.

By way of showing how Mrs. Grundyism flourishes wherever the British flag flies, a reader at Napier, New Zealand, sends Labouche's Truth a copy of the new bathing by-law which has been promulgated there. One provision is as follows: "Every person bathing in the sea, or in any river or other water within, or within one mile of, the boundaries of the borough of Napier, shall be attired in a decent and proper bathing dress, extending from the shoulders to the knees, no white or flesh color or net garments to be worn."

Varieties of Potatoes.

The potato, so long a staple food, has developed almost innumerable varieties. Forty are easily distinguishable, but there are many others with slight and almost imperceptible differences. There are nineteen varieties of the white potato in America, eighteen in Germany, twenty-six in Great Britain and thirty-two in France.

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Lenora's Soap Bubble Party.

"Mamma! oh, Mamma! See what Phillip Jay brought, see it is a piece of cardboard with a real pipe tied to it—what pretty blue ribbon. Read it, mamma, quick!"

As soon as mamma could explain to the breathless little girl that it was an invitation to play soap bubbles with her little friend Lenore Jay, that afternoon, she danced off to show her treasure and tell her next door neighbor about it. She found she had an invitation too. Both children could scarcely wait for the time to pass until it was the hour for meeting at Lenora's.

Mrs. Jay provided plenty of pipes and a bowl of soap suds on the hard wood floor of the dining room, and there they merrily and safely amused themselves and Lenora, the baby, all the long, bright afternoon. A little before five o'clock, mamma, Jay and Phillip came in with cookies and lemonade. Later, as the guests wandered homeward looking for flowers and ripe berries in the hedges and gathering the sweet wild roses, they agreed that it was the nicest party they were ever at, for as they said, "soapsuds doesn't hurt calico and gingham. It didn't matter if the pipes did break, and it was so much fun seeing who could make the biggest bubble—Ella Ricketts."

Electric Currents.

There are many persons who talk very learnedly about electricity, and seem to fancy that they have found out all about it that is worth knowing. In the face of ideas of this sort comes an accident without precedent, instances would be counted impossible. A workman, in oiling the machinery of a small electric fan—one used merely for the purpose of cooling the air in a business house—accidentally touches the wire and is instantly killed. The current that runs the fan is said to have scarcely power enough to give a gentle shock when touched. An electrician, who has recently been making some important experiments, has demonstrated that by using electricity in a certain way fifty times the current usually employed for executing criminals may be passed through the human body without injury. Is it not possible, then, that very weak currents, under certain conditions, may possess power hitherto unsuspected?

Disappointing.

The mental havoc wrought by a long pursuance of the game known as "Anagrams" is sometimes sad to contemplate. A young girl who had had a protracted struggle to transpose the words "Nice ham" in something else, at last asked eagerly:

"Are proper names allowable?"

"Never" was the emphatic response. "Oh dear what a shame!" exclaimed the girl. "I thought I had found the anagram for this old 'Nice ham,' at last. To be sure, I don't know as I ever really knew anybody by the name of MacHine, but it sounds as if it were some one's name, anyhow!"

And without a thought of the domestic "machine" so dear to thrifty householders, or to any of the other machines so liberally advertised at every turn, she swept the disappointing combination into a heap, and began her struggle afresh.

Once.

A newspaper funny man has invented not an absolutely fresh, but a comparatively new joke upon a very old subject.

Miss Timid was talking about her own nervousness, and her various night alarms.

"Did you ever find a man under your bed, Mrs. Bluff?" she asked.

"Yes," said that worthy woman. "The night we thought there were burglars in the house I found my husband there."

Precious Bullets.

During the recent fighting on the Kashmir frontier, when the British troops defeated the rebellious Hunzas, the natives used bullets of gametes incased in lead. The British have preserved some of these costly bullets as trophies of their victories. The Rajah of Hunza, who claims to be the direct descendant of Alexander the Great, inquires of his chief minister every morning, "Who is the greatest monarch in the world?" invariably receiving for answer, "Your Excellency."

Hood's Is the Best

Fall Medicine, because it purifies, vitalizes and enriches the blood, and therefore gives strength to resist bad effects from Colds, Catarrh, Rheumatism, Pneumonia, Malaria, the Grip, etc. Take it now and avoid the danger of serious illness. It may save you many dollars in doctors' bills. Be sure to get Hood's and only Hood's.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

"I can truly recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla as an excellent medicine. I have taken four bottles and I am better than I have been for two years past. I was all run down, my limbs swollen, and my blood was in a very bad condition. Now I am free from neuralgia and better in every way." Mrs. H. COLLINGS, Hume, N. Y.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness, jaundice, indigestion, sick headache, etc.

Rev. Dr. Fourthly, accompanied by Mrs. Fourthly, was making a pastoral call at the Schackelford dwelling, and had unconsciously prolonged his stay until the afternoon sun was low in the sky and Tommy Schackelford had begun to grow hungry. Burning with righteous indignation and moved by a strong sense of personal ill-treatment, Tommy strode into the parlor. "Maw," he said, in a high-pitched voice, "you'd better get a gat on you. If paw comes home and finds supper ain't ready again he'll raise the darndest row you ever went through anywhere!"

A woman loves to boss a man, but she doesn't love the man any better if he permits her to do it.



Pain in the Back

Joint or hip, sediment in urine like brick-dust, frequent calls or retention, rheumatism.

Kidney Complaint

Diabetes, dropsy, scanty or high colored urine.

Urinary Troubles

Stinging sensations when voiding, distress pressure in the parts, urethral irritation, stricture.

Disordered Liver

Bloat or dark circles under the eyes, tongue coated, constipation, yellowish eyeballs.

At Druggists, 50 cents and \$1.00 size. "Invalids' Guide to Health" free—Consultation free.

DR. KILMER & CO., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

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THIS KNIFE! Fine Steel, Keen as a razor, Good, strong handle.

Mailed free in exchange for 25 Large Lion Heads cut from Lion Coffee Wrappers, and 2-cent stamp to Woolson Spice Co., 450 Huron St., Toledo, O.

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TREATED FREE. Positively Cured with Vegetable Remedies.

Have cured thousands of cases. Cure cases pronounced hopeless by best physicians. From first to last symptoms disappear. In ten days at least 100 lbs. all symptoms removed. Send for free book containing list of miraculous cures. Ten days' treatment free by mail. If you order trial send in stamp to pay postage. DR. H. H. GREEN & SONS, Atlanta, Ga. If you order trial return this advertisement to us.

MY WIFE CANNOT SEE HOW YOU DO IT AND PAY FREIGHT.

My wife cannot see how you do it and pay freight. Send for free book containing list of miraculous cures. Ten days' treatment free by mail. If you order trial send in stamp to pay postage. DR. H. H. GREEN & SONS, Atlanta, Ga. If you order trial return this advertisement to us.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE

IS THE BEST NO OQUEAKING.

\$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH ENAMELLED CALF, \$4.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO, \$3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES, \$2.50 WORKINGMENS, EXTRA FINE, \$2.49 BOYS SCHOOL SHOES, LADIES, \$3.25 DONGOLA, BEST DONGOLA.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE W. L. DOUGLAS, BRIDGEPORT, MASS.

You can save money by wearing the W. L. Douglas \$3.00 Shoe.

Because we are the largest manufacturers of this grade of shoes in the world, and guarantee their value by stamping the name and price on the bottom, which protect you against high prices and the middleman's profits. Our shoes equal custom work in style, easy fitting and wearing qualities. We have them sold everywhere at lower prices for the value given than any other make. Take no substitute. If your dealer cannot supply you, we can.

PISOS CURE FOR

Consumption and people who have weak lungs or Asthma. Should use Pisos' Cure for Consumption. It has cured thousands. It has not injured a single one. It is the best cough syrup. Sold everywhere. B.B.C.

CONSUMPTION

RECENT SCIENCE.

The Sun traverses space at the rate of eighteen miles a second.

The Sierra Nevada range of mountains in California is nearly 500 miles long, seventy miles wide and from 7,000 to nearly 15,000 feet high.

Birds and bees frequently fight pitched battles over honey stores in trees.

BUDS, Society buds, young women just entering the doors of society or womanhood require the wisest care.

To be beautiful and charming they must have perfect health, with all it implies—a clear skin, rosy cheeks, bright eyes and good spirits. At this period the young woman is especially sensitive, and many nervous troubles, which continue through life, have their origin at this time. If there be pain, headache, backache, and nervous disturbances, or the general health not good, the judicious use of medicine should be employed. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best restorative tonic and nerve-giver at this time. The best bodily condition results from its use. It's a remedy especially indicated for those delicate weak-nerved and derangements that afflict woman-kind at one period or another. You'll find that the woman who has faithfully used the "Prescription" is the picture of health, she looks well and she feels well.

In catarrhal inflammation, in chronic displacements common to women, where there are symptoms of backache, dizziness or fainting, bearing down sensations, disordered stomach, moodiness, fatigue, etc., the trouble is surely dispelled, and the sufferer brought back to health and good spirits.

"WOMAN'S ILLS."

Mrs. W. R. EAST, of Chicago, writes:

"A few years ago I took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which has been a great benefit to me. I am in excellent health now. I hope that every woman who is troubled with women's ills will try the 'Prescription' and be benefited as I have been."

Mrs. East