



### PRETTY THINGS TO WEAR.

After all that is said and written by the makers of "mill" the shirt waist will reign supreme. It is at once so chic, so ready and convenient to the average woman, and, withal, of such infinite variety for every demand or taste, that no power that can be exerted will be able to prevent it.

Some pretty waists for autumn wear are made of white albatross with a hair stripe of coral red running through them. These worn with any of the lovely coral ornaments are extremely effective with a black skirt, or one of any of the natural tones shown in the autumn fabrics.

Both flowers and fruit are popular for autumn hats, dull red, dark green, russet and even brown shades leading the vogue. Birds also—ducks, parrots and bright plumaged ones—are used for street and outing hats. Quills are seen to some extent, the egret's is more popular than any, and for "dressy" millinery nothing is quite so smart as handsome ostrich plumes, much of the effect being in blue, green and black. They may curve underneath the brim to catch the hair, or softening the outlines of the face, dip around the edge of the hat outside, or nod in clusters against the crown.

A cold in the head can be cured at once if taken care of at the very beginning. Dissolve a tablespoonful of borax in a pint of hot water; let it stand until it becomes tepid; sniff some up the nostrils two or three times. At night have a handkerchief saturated with spirits of camphor, place it near the nostrils, so as to inhale the fumes while sleeping.

A sudden and wearing attack of coughing often needs immediate attention, especially in consumptives and those chronically ill. In an emergency that ever useful remedy, hot water, will often prove very effective.

### FRONTS AND FRILLS.

Wool embroidery on silk or chiffon—handmade or machine—adds a soft touch to any dress. These garnitures are frequently carried out in a mixture of many blended colors, and the fancy for variegated or multi-colored effects finds expression in a host of ways, either in colors or sometimes entering into the color scheme of one costume.

Prominent among the novel dress decorations is the Persian lamb trimming which is made of black silk fibre and is a very good imitation. It is used in band trimmings, in medallions set in with heavy lace or beading, and is a part of some of the handsomest passementeries.

The fibre lace offers another field for the successful tailor and dress maker. In Chilly patterns are taking the place of the linen thread—Chilly so popular during the summer. The silk fibre lace takes all colors well and is charming in the delicate tints colored to match light hued rock material.

Sleeves formed or ruffles or tiny frills are on a great number of the dressy frocks, and corresponding frills often cover the entire bodies, the top frills running all around the neckline in a shallow bertha. This mode is charmingly simple and attractive in an evening frock of chiffon, mousseline or other sheer stuff, and goes away with the necessity of expensive trimmings.

Bees of one shade or another are used lavishly upon the new frocks, and are set on as flat band-borders and skirt bands, or in narrow widths, form little ruchings and are used upon plain color. Deep stripes of folded tartan silk supply the only gay color upon some chic little bolero and skirt model in plain dark serge or cloth; and, as has been said before, bias bands of plain silk fastened to bands of fibre braid make a pretty trimming for a dark frock.

Broad plaid ribbon is sometimes laid flat on the bottom of a skirt and on it are run lines of narrow black velvet ribbon. A corresponding band, but narrow, is set on the skirt at the knees and the trimming is repeated upon the bodice.

Shirt waist jackets in broadcloth or flannel are made for slipping on over thin shirt waists and are very chic affairs, out to show as much as possible of the shirt waist while furnishing additional warmth. They are cut down like the waistcoat of a man's evening coat in front, belted and furnished with tabbed basques.

There is the usual cry that blouses and boleros are going out, but the French model frocks show many boleros, and blouse makers are serenely turning out new models by the thousands. The prevalence of the yoke is the newest feature of the tailored blouse or shirt waists in face cloth, flannel, etc.

The yoke has come as a response to the demand for a long shoulder line, though in some of the blouses the effect is obtained by the use of contrasting colors, and much ingenuity is employed within the allowed limits allotted to the tailored shirt.

### ODD SOFT PILLOWS.

An odd sofa pillow for a den, is made of cream colored pongee, in the shape of a oval sack. The sack is tied with crimson satin ribbon, just as a meal sack would be, and its top is faced with red, so that it shows a pretty

## LEFT TO TELL OF HIS SCALPING

From a column of unpublished cases from the Museum of the Nebraska State Historical Society.

LINCOLN, Neb., Sept. 29.—A true account of the man who was scalped twice and lived to tell the story has been filed with the Nebraska State Historical Society, and the indisputable proof is a wrinkled scalp in a hermetically sealed case. It is one of the curiosities in the museum of the Omaha Public Library.

The scalp once adorned the head of Wm. Thompson, and was torn from its natural resting place in an Indian attack on the employees of the Union Pacific railway on August 4, 1887.

The attack was made a short distance from the present site of Kearney, Neb., and in that city lives Moses H. Sydeman, a veteran journalist, who printed the first newspaper in the state and he is the authority for the authenticity of the incident.

In a personal interview Thompson described to Mr. Sydeman his sensations while the scalping knife of the savage was removing the scalp.

Thompson was one of the five men ordered out of the Plum Creek Station in August 5 to repair the telegraph line a short distance from Kearney. On the afternoon of the next day they encountered the savages. The first suggestion of danger was a pile of ties on the railroad track.

Great alive with Indians.

"They had no sooner stopped the hand car," said Mr. Sydeman, "than rifle shots were heard and the bullets whizzed by them. The prairie grass along the Platte River seemed alive with Indians, all in war paint. These rushed on the five men, who fired a few shots at the Indians and then ran for cover.

"A shot from one of the pursuers hit Thompson, in the right arm, but he kept on running. Finally he was felled with a blow from a tomahawk. For a moment he lay stunned, and then he recognized the scalping knife. He determined to remain perfectly quiet, and to this decision he probably owed his life.

"With the deftness of an expert," Thompson said, "the savage grabbed my scalp lock in one hand, cutting around it again and again until the edges of the skin were loosened. Then he tore it free. The sensation was the same as though one had passed a red-hot iron over my head. After the air touched the wound the pain was almost unbearable. I never felt anything that hurt so much. I had to bite my tongue to keep from putting my hand on top of my head. I wanted to see how thick the top of my head was left."

"The Indian left Thompson and hurried on in pursuit of the others. Just as he turned to go he touched the hair of the scalp under his armpits. In his hurry it was insecurely fastened and fell into the grass. The piece of the scalp was just about as big as a man's hand. In his distance the Indians pursued the flying line."

Scalped a Second Time.

"Just as Thompson prepared to crawl into the grass he was roughly seized, a hand clutched his hair again, and once more he felt a knife. He felt that another Indian was scalping him. After removing a couple of inches of what scalp was left the Indian rushed on.

"The pain of the second scalping was the torture of the first. Thompson felt dizzy and unable to rise. He heard the Indians moving near him. He lay perfectly still and saw that a freight train was approaching in the distance. The Indians had elected this as the spot.

Thompson dared not try to flag the train, which was steadily approaching. It crashed into the ties and the Indians surrounded the defenseless train crew. Several cars and the engine were derailed.

"The Indians found a barrel of whiskey among the freight, and as the train came on Thompson heard their frenzied yells. They fired the devalued cars and from the grass Thompson saw the fireman and engineer through the flames. They were taken from the train and conveyed to Omaha. None of the other firemen or members of the train crew could be found. They were never heard of again.

### His Wound Soon Healed.

"When Thompson arrived in Omaha Dr. R. C. Moore took charge of the case. Antiseptic surgery was then unknown, and there was great danger of blood poisoning. However, the wound was done up in sweet oil, and soon healed.

"Thompson went to Melburn, England, as soon as he recovered. A few years ago Dr. Moore received a letter from him. Thompson said that he was getting old and money. He believed the scalping story. He wanted to know if the doctor wanted a slight token of the case.

"Dr. Moore replied in the affirmative, and accepted the record, as was Thompson is the only man in the history of the state who has survived a scalping experience.

His account has been given to J. Amos Barrett, secretary of the Nebraska State Historical Society, and will be kept among the records.

### MY ADVISERS.

I don't care nothin' for a man Who doesn't know his mind An' bothers other folk to hunt An' see what they can find; But some folk hasn't a thing to do 'Cept makin' up your mind for you.

I have a notion havin' fun Is doin' what you please, An' not in doin' somethin' else. No matter what it be; An' especially what folks tells you They think you orter like to do.

It's my belief that doin' good Is doin' somethin' well, An' what a feller best can do Ho often best can fall. Yet folks keep arguin' with you An' agurin' what you could do.

I kin'er think that doin' ill Is doin' nothin' much, An' folks that allers give advice Is pretty largely such. Leastwise, I mostly judge—ya see! By what such fellers do with me!

### COOKING ON THE FARM.

The housewife, who must be economical, seamstress, cook and frequent laundry, must study means that will build the bread and butter of her family, take as little time as possible to prepare, and at the same time be palatable and slightly, writes Mrs. S. T. Rorer. Her life is not an easy one, but she alone, it would seem, is responsible for many hardships of which she complains. The hours which she spends in fancy cooking and the ironing of fancy clothing might, for her health's sake, much better be given to resting and recreation. The latter is just as necessary as the former.

Complicated mixtures, such as pies, cakes, preserves and jellies, are seen in great variety and abundance on the farmhouse table, all of them producing much heat without giving a corresponding amount of nitrogen or muscular-making food. As the hard work of the farm is done during the heated term, anyone can see at a glance the folly of such a diet. Butter and cream, admirable foods for winter, are undesirable in hot weather; and still, during harvest time, when the men are at the greatest strain, these so-called good things of life are most bountifully bestowed upon them.

No longer is the overdone table, containing six or eight kinds of preserves and a dozen kinds of cakes, popular. The intelligent woman no longer stands over the hot fire to preserve or make layer cakes or pies—all composed, perhaps, of good wholesome food, but each batter without being made complex. She takes her bread and butter sandwich with the fresh fruits, rather than putting the sweetened cooked food inside. In this way she has better and more digestible food.

## AT THE LONDON HOUSE

### SATURDAY, OCT. 10TH.

# Great Reduction Sale Ladies' Tailored Suits On Monday

Monday morning we commence sale of Ladies' Suits—all to go at tremendous reductions. Many suits at half-price, others at less than half-price. Some fine black suits at one-third off price. These suits are all full weight cloths and are mostly with short peplum coats.

	Sale Price
\$13.50 black Cheviot Suit, peplum coat, seven gore skirt, size 36,	\$ 6.75
15.00 navy Cheviot suit, fly front, peplum coat, size 38,	7.50
12.50 black Cheviot suit with fly front, coat, size 32,	6.25
17.50 black Broadcloth suit, Eton coat, silk lined, size 36,	9.25
18.50 black fancy Eton suit,	9.00
16.50 grey Cheviot Reefer coat suit, size 36,	9.95
16.50 grey Cheviot coat suit, size 34,	9.95
16.50 black Broadcloth suit, blouse effect coat, silk facings,	9.95
15.00 blk Cheviot serge, short coat with peplum cape, size 36,	9.95
15 Oxford grey Cheviot suit, size 38,	7.25
20.00 black Basket cloth suit, Cape on shoulders, size 36,	12.95
18.00 blk broadcloth, size 38,	8.00
13.50 navy Cheviot, size 38,	6.75
17.50 blue mixed Tweed suit,	9.95
18.00 blk Broadcloth, size 36,	6.95
10.00 black Venetian suits, size 30,	9.95
16.50 black Broadcloth suit, collarless coat, size 32,	7.95
20.00 black and white Norfolk suit, size 38,	12.95
15.75 black and white Norfolk suit, size 36,	10.95
9.00 grey or navy Cheviot suit, sizes 32 to 38,	5.95

## Sale Commencing Monday

## Special White Washing Silks for Waists.

White "Shantung" Silk,	85c. yd.
White Peau de Soie,	90c. yd.
White Marceline Silk,	75c. yd.
White Japanese Hand't Silk,	55c. yd.
White Grisha Silk,	50c. yd.

## Sale of Ladies' and Child's Hosiery.

Manufacturers' samples of both Ribbed and Plain Cashmere Hose—ladies' and children's sizes—all at different prices. Come and pick out a winter's supply All good qualities, and you will save a lot on the cost. Sale prices, 18c. to 75c. pr.

MEN'S SOCKS—2 pairs for 25c.

## New Things at Smallware Counter.

- "High Pompadour" Combs—the newest thing out, 35c. each.
- New Separate Hat Veils, 75c., 95c. each.
- Lithographed Pillow Tops, 35c.
- Tapestry Pillow Tops, 25c.
- New Chain Girdles, \$1.50, \$1.75
- Japanese Bead Chains with bead tassels, 85c.

## F. W. DANIEL & CO.,

London House, Charlotte St.

# THE MALINGERER.

The long anticipated had come to pass. The opening gun had been fired—it might be said—almost accidentally, and all through the night of February 4, 1899, the land side of Manila was a semi-circle of crashing Springfield and spattering Krag-Jorgensen. Outside that semi-circle the Filipinos were rapidly losing self-confidence and gaining respect for the Americans. Within it the United States troops of the reserve checked an attempt at an uprising, and waited impatiently for orders to the front. But that semi-circle remained unbroken through the night.

In the cool of the morning the "fighting battalion" of the First California Regiment hurried along the road to El Paso to join the First Brigade. At intervals a brown face would peep through the door of one of the nipa huts as the troops passed, only to be withdrawn quickly. There was a continuous conglomeration of sound very similar to the disturbance created in any large city on Independence Day. It increased in volume as the soldiers moved. The men should have been in a sober frame of mind, but they seemed to be thrilled with unholly joy, for they whistled to the effect that there would be a hot time presently, and profane witticisms were shouted from one end of the line to the other. There was an impatient acceleration of step, but the rhythmic swing of the blue sleeves and the legged limbs would have passed muster at dress parade.

They found the brigadier and his staff on a little hillside outside of El Paso. The order their colonel received was whispered through the ranks, "Two companies to the blockhouse on the double. Report to Colonel Whaley!" The commanding officer swung his horse about and met the pleading eyes of four captains. All of them wanted the chance; but there was no time to weigh their claims.

"F. and M.," he said quickly. A sharp command, emphasized by an oath, and, with a stifled cheer, two companies rushed around a bend in the road into the zone of stray bullets just as two crashing reports that seemed to minimize the incessant rattle of the rifles announced that an American field-battery had begun on the way for an advance. The zou of the Mauser bullets overhead was a signal for some instinctive ducking, and a repetition of the jesting, forced and otherwise. First Sergeant Joyce, of F. Company, was the first to fall. He was forty feet high a lot of us would be hit in the head," he remarked.

The two companies trotted up a slight incline in the road to a noisy little blockhouse that almost hid itself in the embrasure of the hill. In the shelter of the blockhouse a surgeon and two hospital stewards were working over some of the "casualties." There were white faces and hoody men bandaged, and farther on some motionless forms with campaign hats covering their glazed eyes and set features, but even where the knife glinted there was no sound of complaint.

To the right of the blockhouse was an irregular line of grey smoke-puffs where a battalion of Washington volunteers were sprawled behind a dyke in the rice fields. One of them, a few yards from the road, rose suddenly and fell forward on his face. Two of his fellows lifted him quickly, and, crouching close to the ground, half carried, half dragged him to the dressing station.

The captain of F Company threw aside his cigar and turned to Joyce, who lay close beside him. "If we've eyes seemed a bit bigger, and he gnawed his grey moustache reflectively for an instant.

"Joyce," he said, sharply, "if I get it, you're good for my little girl."

"Yes, sir," said Joyce, quietly, "and if it's my turn—tell her—you know."

The field officer in command in the blockhouse hurried out. His round face was lit with a triumphant smile. "Get ready!" The artillery's got 'em going!"

"Ready to move," cried the captain, and there was a tightening of straps. Haversacks were thrown wide open. The men wanted to rid themselves of their extra cartridges first.

"Well advance by platoons. You have command of the second—a good chance for you," said the captain to Joyce. "What's the matter?" he cried abruptly, for Joyce's face was distorted, and of a greenish hue, and he lay with his knee pressed up toward his face.

"Cramps," moaned the first sergeant, in agonized tones.

"Rush right out at command," shouted the field officer. "Get ready."

"Get up!" cried the captain, fiercely, to the sergeant. "Full yourself together!"

"I can't," wailed the prostrate man, twisting his body, apparently in the throes of the sharpest pain.

"You dirty cur—you malingering hound!"

There was an almost imperceptible lurch in the noise of the bullets.

"Forward!" shouted the field officer. The captain kicked the shaking man on the ground with savage force, and echoing his command, melted into a swirling mass of blue and khaki that fountained into the rice-field ahead of the Washington men, and separated swiftly into a skirmish line.

One of the men stopped for a fraction of a moment and clutched Joyce by the arm. "For God's sake, Billy, come!" he said, and dragged him a few feet toward the road. Then he desisted, and with a parting "Stay and be blanked to you," rushed after the company. That was Joyce's bunkie fulfilling the office of a bunkie.

Joyce dragged himself toward the surgeon, who knelt over a prostrate soldier bandaging a wound in the thigh. The man's trousers' leg had been cut off at the hip, leaving one sinewy limb bare. If the wound caused him pain he did not give evidence of it, for his face wore an exceedingly cheerful grin, and he remarked every now and then: "I wouldn't care a— but the—spoiled my only pair of pants."

The surgeon glanced at Joyce. "Where are you hurt?" he asked quickly.

"It's not a bullet. It's cramps," gasped Joyce, rubbing up and writing on the ground.

"It's a funny time to have cramps. You've got cold feet," snapped the surgeon.

Two men of the hospital corps stumbled across the road bearing a recumbent figure on a litter. The wounded man was splattered with mud from head to feet, and there were splashes on his white face. It was Joyce's bunkie.

The doctor tore open the blue shirt, revealing a circular wound on the left breast. He shook his head, and the litter-bearers quickly deposited their burden beside the motionless figure.

"For God's sake, doctor, give me something—give me—" moaned Joyce. "I'm not faking, I tell you. I can't straighten out. For God's sake give me a chance!"

"Here," said the doctor, contemptuously, throwing him a cardboard box, "and shut up or I'll kick the life out of you."

There were two pills of camphor and opium in the package, and Joyce swallowed them at a gulp. For a time that agonizing pain continued to gnaw. He lay moaning and twisting about like a wounded animal. He was on the ground. His hands were swinging sharply into the Filipino rice pits, and the American line was drawing nearer and nearer Santa Ana.

Suddenly, far to the right, across the rice field, a long line of skirmishers arose to their feet and doubled to flank the town. The men in the centre rushed forward with a cheer, and a battalion of Idaho men, with their regimental colors at their head, clattered up to the blockhouse from El Paso, and hurried by it toward the town. Santa Ana was taken.

Joyce felt the pain suddenly disappear. He straightened himself up with some difficulty, and was about to stagger after the Idaho men.

"Oh," said one of the hospital stewards. "Your cramps all right now, Mr. First Sergeant. Don't be afraid, soldier, the fighting's all over."

Joyce looked first at the outskirts of the town, then at the wounded, most of whom were grinning at him scornfully. He drew his bayonet, and inserting the point beneath the seam of one of his first sergeant's chevrons, wrenched it from the sleeve. The man on the other arm followed his mate.

"That won't save you from hearing what the boys think of you—and it won't save you from Billib, either," said a boy with a bandaged head from his own company. The youngster was hurrying with pride, for he had been "wounded in action."

Joyce looked at the group of faces that mocked and flibed and jeered, and then toward the Filipino town where the colors of the Idaho regiment disappeared into the bamboo hedge that girdled it. Across the rice fields came the sound of exultant cheering. A realization of the mesh of circumstances that had wound round him smote him so that he staggered. He clutched his hands till the nails tore through his skin in a fierce effort to check a burst of despair. The heat of the sun blinded him, and Joyce saw a girl's face. The eyes blazed scornfully like her father's.

"Catch his arm—quick!" shouted the surgeon.

But a pistol cracked, and Joyce dropped in a shapeless heap, still clutching the smoking weapon. The surgeon quickly picked up a campaign hat and covered the face.

"Guess he wasn't faking after all," he remarked, "but it was a bad time to have cramps."—Bernard Barry, in The Argonaut.

## THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE.

"Some men," said Uncle Eben, "sets down an' does a day's loafin', an' calls it bein' patient an' resigned."—Washington Star.

"Come, come, old boy, brace up! You know that faint heart ne'er won fair lady." "But she's a brunette."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Rooney—"Where did ye get the black eye, Molke?" Clancy—"Why, Tim Dolan's just back from his honeymoon—an' 'twas me advised Tim t' git married—Judge."

"Mother—Tommy, stop asking your father so many questions. Don't you see it annoys him?" Tommy—"Why, mother, it's not the questions that make him angry. It's because he can't answer them."—Punch.

"That's as good as any ten-center," said Mr. Makinbrakes, taking another puff at it, and holding it up admiringly. "It cost fifteen," said the man who had given him the cigar. "I—I take it all back," hastily rejoined Mr. Makinbrakes. Chicago Tribune.

"I wish we could discourage those cousins of yours, the Blanks," she said, wearily. "The circumstances are such that we have to invite them to dinner about once in so often, and they never by any chance decline." "Suppose," he said, thoughtfully, "suppose you cook the dinner for yourself the next time."—Chicago Post.

The Flour of the Family

Spring wheat makes strong flour suitable for bread only—lacks the delicacy and flavor of the Fall Wheat.

## Beaver Flour

a blend of both, combines the best qualities of Manitoba Spring Wheat Ontario Fall Wheat.

It is the best family flour. Makes light nutritious bread—delicious pastry.