

# A Flag Of Truce

By MARTHA McCULLOCH WILLIAMS.

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MAJOR HILLIARD sat in the chimney corner puffing big clouds from his pipe. His feet were tucked under him. His hands were clasped in his lap. He was looking at the clock. It was a quarter of twelve. The door opened. "Come in," he called. "What is it?" "The lady has just called," said the maid. "The lady?" "The lady who lives in the next house. She says she has a message from you."

"What message?" "That you are to be married. The lady says she is very glad for you. She says she has a message from you."

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## THE AMERICAN FLAG.

As It Appeared Long Before Betsy Ross Made One.

Few persons have noticed the interesting evolution on our flag of the stripes and stars as depicted in the arms of the Ancients at the top of old Faneuil hall. Most persons are familiar with the story of Mrs. Ross and the making of the first flag of the free. But evidently it was not Mrs. Ross who originated the idea of the stripes.

Down in the armory of the Ancients you will see first the broad red flag with the old English cross in its field. Next a very similar flag, except that the broad red becomes blue, with no red but in the cross itself on the white field. Next the white flag, with its pine tree and "Appeal to Heaven," whence came our own state banner.

"I-I reckon so," Swan said, fumbling with the ribbon at her throat. "That is why you don't want him to be poor?" the major asked.

Swan nodded, gulped, then said slowly: "He—Morris—ain't fitted for that. He ain't no mo' fitten 'n a racer's fitten ter be a mule. 'Tain't nice to be po'. I know all about that."

"No; it is not nice. You don't want to be poor all your life?" the major interrupted. Swan shuddered a little and swallowed hard. Suddenly she flung up her head, her whole face subtly hardened.

"No; I don't want to be po' always," she said, "ner I don't mean ter be neither. Ef I ain't have Morris an the money—"

"You'll take the money?" Major Hilliard supplemented as she choked and grew silent. "That is very wise. I am glad indeed to find you so sensible."

"I ain't sensible. I am drove ter death," Swan cried, hiding her face in her hands. For a minute gusty sobs shook her whole frame. All at once she

The exceptional powers of vision attributed to uncivilized men and to civilized men who pass their lives in the open air, supposing they exist, are easily explained. They are only manifested while looking at familiar things which the supposed possessors of such sight have been long trained to see.

The shepherd distinguishes sheep where the town dweller sees nothing. "I-I reckon so," Swan said, fumbling with the ribbon at her throat.

"That has nothing to do with the case," Major Hilliard said diplomatically. "See here. I want figgers. Sentiment's good, but gimme dollars an cents."

"Dollars an cents in er lump, or big lump at that," he went on. "Yer may come yer soft sawder over that that fool gal, but yer don't come it over me."

Major Hilliard looked at Swan as though old Nat had not spoken. "I will settle \$10,000 on you if you leave the state and never come back to it," he said, "and give your father half as much tomorrow upon the same condition."

"That ain't much fer er high toned gentleman when yer er plain lickin' nigger's wuth fifteen hundred," old Nat began. Swan stopped him with a violent cuff and rushed away in a passion of tears.

An Important Alteration. Apropos of the report that some American modistes clothe fashionable patrons gratis in return for the advertisements of their wares the London Chronicle declares that D'Orsay, "the last of the dandies," was much sought after to advertise the goods of the London tailors of his day.

Mrs. Pitt Byrne also says in her somewhat malleous "Gossip of the Century": "Such was the count's prestige that tailor to the Comte d'Orsay was a far more privileged title than a tailor to his majesty. It was said, moreover, that the client whose custom was so profitable did not disdain to share his advantages. By a delicate arrangement, each time the integuments of the exquisite were sent home he was to find a bank note of a certain amount in the pockets. One day the tailor sent in a suit pur et simple, with nothing but its own merits to recommend it. D'Orsay's surprise was extreme on discovering this departure from the established custom, but he was equal to the occasion. Calling his valet, he told him to have Mr. Stutz's parcel returned to him for alteration, with a message to the effect that 'he had forgotten to line the pockets.'"

Tradition of Scotland's Thistle. Queen Scotia had led her troops in a well fought battle, and when the day was won retired to the rear to rest from her toils. She threw herself upon the ground where, as ill luck would have it, a bristly thistle grew. Whether the fair amazon fought in the national costume of Scotland or not the tradition fails to say, but at any rate the spines of the offending plant were sufficiently powerful to penetrate the skin in a very painful manner. A proverbial philosopher has said that "he that sitteth upon nettles riseth quaker," and the same remark holds good with thistles.

Queen Scotia sprang to her feet and tore the thistle out by the roots. She was about to step aside when it struck her that the prickly herb would henceforth be ever associated in her mind with the glorious victory which she had just gained. Her intention was changed. She placed the thistle in her case, and it became the badge of her dynasty.

In the thirty odd thousand dead letters forwarded to Washington from New York were 20,000 "arguments to voters" sent out by the campaign managers of the late election, but improper addressed or sent to men who had died.

## SAVED BY DUST.

How a Handful of Soldiers Fooled General Early.

"Did I ever tell you how clouds of dust once saved Washington city from what many people believe would have been certain capture at the hands of the Confederates?" asked a member of the old Veterans' Reserve corps, which was on duty at Fort Stevens during the war.

"It was when the Army of Northern Virginia was just outside the Capital City. You may remember that General Early, who was in command of this particular division of the Confederate forces, in writing to refute statements published in northern papers to the effect that he could easily have marched into Washington, said: 'I knew the defenses were weak when I arrived, but my troops were so exhausted from the forced march that a halt was absolutely necessary, and the next morning I knew, by clouds of dust, that reinforcements had arrived.'"

"That dust, gentlemen, was raised by a few men, not exceeding 100 of the Veteran Reserve corps. The temporary commander of this company, a stout man of medium height, whose name or rank I did not learn, because he wore no blouse or insignia, placed the men in line in the rear of and between Fort Stevens and Fort Slocum. After making a short speech in which he urged every man to do his best he directed us to march down some distance on the grass past Fort Stevens. Once there he told us to break ranks and right about, returning in the middle of the road and kicking up all the dust we possibly could."

We doubled on the line, marching down on the grass and coming back in line in the rear of the fort. We made the dust fly, I tell you, and it is no wonder General Early thought reinforcements by the thousands had come to the relief of the handful on duty at the forts."—Washington Star.

LADIES AT DINNER. From the Position of Carver to the Principal Seat.

The presence of ladies at dinner was brought about by necessity more than by the gallantry due to their sex. Servers and waiters were superseded by lady carvers, who worked at a side table. In Elizabethan times at private dinners it became usual to place the principal joints and grand pieces at the upper end of the table, above the salt, so the chief guests could see the joints and secure choice helpings. We have something of this kind in the habit which prevails at restaurants of first showing the game, poultry, etc., to the diners before carving. The plan which came to the fair sex from necessity was soon claimed by them as their right, and they passed from the mental position of carver to the occupiers of the principal seat. The lady had helpers who deemed it an honor to serve her in their turn.

In this duty of semiprofessional carver she one of the first causes of the paper fills for legs of mutton, etc., for it was used in every case where the operator had to grasp some tangible part of the joint with the left hand. In 1653 a grand dame suggested that it would appear "more comely and decent to use a fork," this in spite of existing prejudice.

It was at this time, too, that travelers from Holland introduced into England the fashion of seating men and women alternately, the adoption of which put an end to lady carvers. The author of "The Cook's Oracle" suggested that joints and large birds should be carved before they came to table, thus starting the now prevailing fashion of carving at the side table.

Gifted With No Fatal Dover. Some months ago the father of a young man who had recently entered the married state had occasion to dispart his faithful but somewhat out-of-spread old servant to his son's residence.

When he returned, eager to learn the old man's opinion of the lady, he asked "Well, you saw the bride, Thomas?" "Yigh, Aw seed her."

"She's a very rich lady, Thomas."

"Yigh, so she is, Aw've yerd."

"Well, then, what's your own private opinion, Thomas, eh?"

"Aw think she's a reyt bonny wench to tawk to, as well as bein' rich and clever; but, unluckily, I'll be bound to say she wain't half that to answer for!"—London Spare Moments.

Easy to Settle. A famous lawyer once had a singular case to settle. A physician came to him in great distress. Two sisters, living in the same house, had babies of equal age, who so resembled each other that their own mothers were unable to distinguish them when they were together. Now, it happened that by the carelessness of the nurses the children had become mixed, and how were the mothers to make sure that they received back their own infants?

"But, perhaps," said the lawyer, "the children weren't changed at all."

"Oh, but there's no doubt they were changed," said the physician.

"Are you sure of it?"

"Perfectly."

"Well, if that's the case, why don't you change them back again? I don't see any difficulty in the case."

A Translator's Story. An interesting little story attaches to the volume of Swedish fairy tales which Mr. H. L. Brackstad has translated. Years ago a Swedish friend gave Mr. Brackstad a book saying, "Here is something you will like." He turned over the pages with the remark, "It isn't Swedish, is it, for I know Swedish." "Not Swedish," was the reply, "but Swedish dialect." "Ah," said Mr. Brackstad, "can I manage to read it?" He tried several times, not very successfully. But one day he began to read the dialect aloud, and then he understood it at once. It resembled the dialect of a part of his own country, Denmark, and had been taken down phonetically.—London Chronicle.

Both Girls Happy. "How is your daughter Edith, Mrs. Lakeside?" "She is well and happy. You know she is to be married on the 20th."

"Indeed, and how is your other daughter, Florence?" "She is also well and happy. You know she got her divorce on the 10th."

## SALT AND PEPPER.

Many Think They Are Only of Value In Seasoning Food.

Salt and pepper, as generally considered, are of value in bringing out the flavor of the food to which they are added. That they have any value from a health standpoint is not so generally recognized. You may know that a lump of salt is good for a horse, but you do not stop to consider how important salt is for your own well being.

In eastern countries the condiments, such as pepper, are used to profusion in all foods. Gastric troubles common enough in other countries are conspicuously absent, and the free use of salt and pepper work against fermentation. When the stomach is out of order, or, as the common saying is, upset, it is in a state of fermentation.

A certain very wise physician who has advanced to the point where drugs seem the unimportant thing and common sense the important in making the sick well is advocating the use of pepper and salt even in a glass of milk. It improves the flavor to a remarkable degree, a fact you can prove to your own satisfaction by taking two glasses of milk, one in its original simplicity, the other changed by the addition of a pinch of salt and a dash of pepper, then sip a little of each. The chances are that you will prefer the seasoned milk. Besides improving the flavor and overcoming the tendency toward fermentation the pepper will practically disable any microbes that may be floating in the fluids. Thus the gastric juices will perform their perfect work of changing microbes to food.

One of the best remedies for a disturbed digestion is hot water to which have been added salt and paprika. If taken a full hour and a half before breakfast, a cupful of this very palatable drink will completely cleanse the stomach and leave it in good condition. Out of a hundred persons selected at random it is no exaggeration to say that eighty eat too much and also that these same eighty fail of proper mastication. Weakened digestions are of course the direct result of overeating and insufficient mastication, and weakened digestion means undermined systems. At the extremes of life, youth and old age, it is wisdom to make the diet much the same. A child's nourishment should be very simple, so in old age it should grow plainer and plainer.—Chicago Tribune.

Never Loses a Servant. Every one acquainted with a certain practical millionaire living in a cross street not far from the Flatiron building wonders how he manages never to lose a good servant. He explains his system in a few words: "I pay fair wages, tip my servants when they deserve it and encourage my guests to do the same. If you dine with me this evening and are particularly pleased with your waiter, Armand, you are at liberty to remember him to the extent of a dollar, no more. Make the tip a quarter, a half, three quarters, if you please, but never more than a dollar. If you do, he will give me the surplus, and I shall have to return it to you. Tip my butler, my cook my maids, if you will, but not on the sly. Do it openly, as they are taught to avoid deceit."—New York Press.

Belonging Her Round. Bingo (tipping into his wife's room, in a whisper)—I've brought three friends home to dinner unexpectedly. Mrs. Bingo (aghast)—What? Mrs. Bingo—Yes, I have. They're down stairs. Mrs. Bingo—You wretch! Mrs. Bingo—Now, my dear, I couldn't get out of it. Mrs. Bingo (haughtily)—Then you'll have to take the consequences. Bingo—But— Mrs. Bingo—You'll have to put up with practically nothing. Bingo—That's what I told them. Mrs. Bingo—You did? Bingo—Yes, I told them that they needn't expect a single thing; that we'd scrape round in the kitchen if necessary and pick up whatever we could, and that, as I hadn't let you know, that was the best we could do. Mrs. Bingo—What did you tell them that for? Bingo—It's the truth, isn't it? Mrs. Bingo—Certainly not. As if it makes any difference to me how many friends you bring home! I'll show you.—London Tit-Bits.

Calling Up Fish. The other day several New York brokers received telephone orders to buy a certain stock and notify Mr. Fish at a given telephone number. Calling up that number, the response was invariably, "Which one is wanted?" Then followed this conversation: "How many of them are there?" "Several hundred, large and small." "I want the head of the firm." "Oh, then, you want Colonel Jones." "Colonel Jones? No, I want Mr. Fish. Who is in charge of the firm?" "The Aquarium?"

The Coming Race. "I see that some English doctor or something says that we are developing into a less race." "How could there be a race without legs?" "Easy. What's the matter with a steamboat race? At the same time, it looks as if a legless race would be a great boom for politics." "How so?" "Everybody would be going on the stump."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Intelligence and the Suffrage. Symonds—So you object to woman suffrage? I should like to know upon what grounds, if you have any reasonable ones. Belcher—I've heard more than a hundred women say the men are all alike. With such an idea in their heads, how can you expect an intelligent use of the suffrage from them?—Boston Transcript.

Of Course They Do. Hixon—Do you believe that man originally sprang from the monkey? Dixon—No; but I believe that all women spring from mice.—Chicago News.

Not He. Minnick—Oh, you're prejudiced against him! There's this much about him anyway—he wouldn't stand idly by and hear a friend abused. Sinnick—Certainly not. He'd join right in.—Philadelphia Press.

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BRIGHT'S DISEASE. The largest sum ever paid for a prescription, changed hands in San Francisco, Aug. 30, 1891. The patient involved in coin and stock \$15,000.00 was paid by a party of business men for a specific or Bright's Disease and Diabetes, hitherto incurable disease. They commented the success investigation of the specific Nov. 15, 1893. They interviewed each of the cured and tried it out on its merits by putting over three dozen cases on the treatment and watching them. They also got physicians to name chronic, incurable cases, and administered it with the physicians for judges. Up to Aug. 25, eighty-seven per cent of the test cases were either well or progressing favorably. There being but thirteen per cent of failures, the parties were satisfied and closed the transaction. The proceedings of the investigating committee and the clinical reports of the test cases were published and will be mailed free on application. Address JOHN J. FULTON COMPANY, 420 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

Most Healthful Coffee In the World. All the world knows that coffee in excessive use is injurious. And yet the coffee lover cannot stand tasteless cereal. There has to this time been no happy medium between Café Bland and still retaining the rich coffee flavor. To those who suffer with the heart, to dyspeptics and to nervous people Café Bland is especially recommended as a healthful and delicious beverage, so satisfying that only the member of the family making the change in the coffee knows there has been one. More healthful, richer and less expensive than straight coffee. Better in every respect. 25 cents per lb. Your grocer will get it for you. Ask for

Café Bland. Pronounced ca-fay-land—accent on last syllable. The Little Girl Paid. I heard an interesting anecdote of Jacob Grimm the other day. One of his prettiest tales ends with the words "whoever refuses to believe this story owes me a thaler."

One winter morning a little Jewish girl rang the doorbell and asked the servant if Herr Professor Jacob Grimm was at home. When informed that he was not, she said politely: "Will you please hand him this thaler when he returns?" The servant took the coin, glanced at it curiously and acquired who sent it and what it was for. "I owe him the money myself," said the little girl. "Why? What for?" "Because I don't believe the story about the wolf."—Berlin Letter in Chicago Record-Herald.

A Queer Provision in a Will. The following will, though not especially curious in itself, throws a curious light on the streets of London in the seventeenth century. John Cooke, among other bequests, left £100 for the maintenance of a lantern and candle, to be light in the pound at least, to be kept and hung out at the corner of St. Michael's lane, next Thames street, from Michaelmas day to Lady day, between the hours of 3 and 10 o'clock at night until the hours of 4 or 5 in the morning, for affording light to passengers going through Thames street or St. Michael's lane.—All the Year Round.

Must Look Out For Herself. "No," Mr. Goldrock said gently, "I have not the slightest objection to your asking my daughter in marriage." "Thank you, sir," said the young man with a title, but no cash. "You go right ahead and ask her." Goldrock said meditatively, "I have given the girl a fine education and have taught her to read the newspapers. If she does not know enough to say 'No,' she doesn't deserve any better luck."—New York Times.

Likely to Have It. "He likes excitement," said the young man. "So I supposed," replied the dear girl. "Why?" "Well, his choice for a wife made that natural inference."—Chicago Post.

Wall Street Methods. City Nephew—Where is uncle this morning? His Aunt—He's out in the barn watering the stock. City Nephew—I'll go out and help him. Aunt—He's all about that in the broker's office where I work.—New York Herald.



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