THE GIRL WITH A MILLION

By D. C. Murray

CHAPTER I.

A little dell in the heart of a wood was deliciously dappled with leafy shadows. A loosely clad man, bearded and spectacled, and a little on the right side of forty, sat on a camp stool before a small field easel, and libeled the landscape at his ease, pausing at his work now and then and drawing back his head to survey it with an air of charmed appreciation. Near him, on the gnarled trunk of a tree and in the shadow of a moss-grown rock, sat a lady some ten or a dozen years younger, leisurely torturing thread into lace with a hooked needle.

A little way down the dell a boy was clambering among the rocks, shrieking every now and then with ecstatic news of a beetle or a butterfly. He was a sturdy, blue-eyed, golden-haired little fellow of five, the picture of health, and he was risking his limbs and chattering to all animate and inanimate nature—a delightful boy, and all alive from his golden head to his restless feet and tips of his brown little fingers. The mother snatched him to her arms and covered him with kisses. Suddenly she looked up, flushed, half piteous, with a dash of tears in her eyes.

"Austin, I feel afraid. Have I a right to be so happy? Has any one a right to be so happy? Will it last?"

"Who knows?" he answered. "Human affairs run in averages, but then the averages are not individual. We have had almost trouble enough in our time to have paid for a little joy. Let us take it gratefully."

"Sometimes," she said, "a shadow seems to fall upon it all—the shadow of a fear."

"The shadow of the past—experience. The burned child dreads the fire. We are burned children, both of us. Five years' illness and poverty out of seven years of married life is a large allowance. And, after all, our present happiness isn't phenomenal, my dear, though it looks so. We have health, and we value it because we have each missed it in turn. We have a little money, and we think it a great deal because we have been so deadly poor. And then," he laughed and half blushed, "we have a little fame, and that is all the pleasanter because we were so long neglected. Sweet is pleasure after pain."

"I am dangerously happy," she answered.

"Come, let us unpack the luncheon basket. Cold chicken. Salad. Bread. Cheese. Milk. There we are. Fall to. Sit down by your mother, Cupid. Take a pull at the milk, old man, and then you'll have an appetite. What a sudden shadow!"

A cloud had floated between themselves and the sun, and a strange quiet had fallen with the shadow on the woods.

"Austin," the wife whispered, "there is that dreadful man again. It seems as if he had brought the darkness with him."

A brown sloping path, covered still with the fir needles shed in the foregoing autumn, broke the wall of green which bounded the dell, and down this footway, between the silver steps of the birches and the reddish stems of the firs, walked a gray-bearded man, with his head drooped forward and his hands clasped behind him. He looked neither to left nor right, but went by as if unconscious of their presence, and in a little while was lost behind the thicker growth of trees. As he went out of sight the sun broke through the cloud, the leafage was inundated with life again and the birds renewed their song.

"Look," she whispered; "the shadow follows him."

"What an odd mood this is to-day!" said her husband, smiling at her. "And why is the poor old gentleman so dreadful?"

"But, Austin, do you know? You can't have heard. He is known to have hatched plots against the Czar."

"Well, yes. It is known also that he has been wifeless and childless this twenty years. His wife and his two sons died in Siberia. They went there without trial, and people who know him say that the loss of them in that horrible way turned his brain. Suppose anybody stole you and little Austin? Suppose he drove you on foot through hundreds of miles of ice and snow? Suppose he made you herd with the human off-scourings of the world, and you died after three or four long-drawn, hideous years? It might be wicked, but surely it would not be quite without provocation if I blew that man sky-high. I don't say that regicide is a thing to be commended. I don't defend the poor old gentleman's political opinions. But I do say that human nature is human nature."

Luncheon over, he returned to his painting, to find the lights all changed. He worked away, however, with great contentment for an hour or two, while the wife and the boy wandered beyond the limits of the dell. When they came back they found that he had packed up his traps and was lying at length on the moss, with his face turned to the sky.

"I do this better than I paint," he said, cocking an idle eye at his wife from beneath the soft white felt which rested on his nose. "Shall we get back now?"

"I want to carry something, papa," said the boy, possessing himself of the camp stool. They sauntered on together tranquilly through the twinkling lights which dazzled from between the leaves, and their steps were noiseless on the dense carpet of fir needles. The boy laid down his burden to chase a sulphur-colored butterfly. They had gone a hundred yards before they missed him, and when they turned to look for him he was seen at the far end of a wooded vista, seated on the camp stool.

"Look at the little figure, Lucy," said the father. "Isn't there something lonely and almost pathetic in it? He looks as if he were waiting for somebody who would never come—a figure of deserted childish patience." He hailed the child and turned away again. "He knows the road?" he asked. "There is no danger of his losing himself?"

"He knows the way," she answered. "We have been here twice a day for a month past."

So they marched on, well pleased, talking of indifferent matters, and the little fellow sat on the camp stool behind them and held animated talk with Nature.

The gray-bearded man wandered through the wood with his chin sunk upon his breast and his eyes fixed upon the ground. He was tall and gaunt and swarthy, and looked as if he had a considerable strain of the Jew in him. His nose was like an eagle's beak and ascetically fine. His temples were hollowed like those of a death's-head, and his eyes, which were large and brown and mournful to the verge of pathos, were those of a born dreamer and a fanatic by nature.

It was already dusk when the old Nihilist turned his footsteps into the wood, and having just remembered that he had not broken his fast for seven or eight hours, he had somewhat quickened his usual thoughtful pace, when the sound of a sob reached his ear and he stopped suddenly to look about him. Within a yard or two sat the lost child on the camp stool, with his back against a broad tree trunk. The old man knelt on the grass and looked at the sleeping boy. His straw hat had fallen off and lay beside him, his golden hair was tumbled and disordered, his long dark lashes were still wet, and his rosy cheeks were blurred and soiled with the traces of his tears.

"Eh! La, la, la?" said the old fellow, in a pitying accent. "Lost! Did we sleep in despair, dear little heart? In tears? In terror? And God sendeth a hand, ere yet it is night time. To the child, rescue, and to the old man teaching."

Then he took the child softly in his arms, and gathering up the hat and the camp stool, entered the wood. As he did so, a faint and distant cry reached his ears, and he stopped to listen. It was repeated once or twice, faintly and more faintly, and then died away. He started anew almost at a run, but he was old, and the lad was unusually solid and well grown for his years, so that the burden soon told on him, and brought him to a walk again. It was a full mile, from the spot to which the child had wandered to the Cheval Blanc, and when the little hostel was reached the bearer's back and arms were aching rarely. The landlady met him in the passage with a cry.

"Oh, the little Anglais! You have found him, monsieur? Jeanne, run to the woods and tell them that the child is found."

"You know him?" asked Dobroski. "Who is he? Where does he live?"

"He is the child of the English at the hotel des Postes," answered the woman, standing on tiptoe to kiss the boy. "He has been lost this five hours." Dobroski turned into the street, and the woman followed him talking all the way. "He is the only child of his parents, and their cherished. Imagine, then, the despair of the mother, the inquetude of his father! They are rich. See how the child is dressed. There is nothing you might not ask for."

The old man smiled at this, but said nothing. He surrendered his charge at the hotel, where the boy was received with such noisy demonstrations of pleasure that he awoke. Being awake, and recognizing his surroundings, he adapted himself to them with an immediate philosophy, and demanded something to eat. A second messenger was dispatched to the wood to bring back the party who had gone in search of him.

His mother kissed him frantically and cried over him, but his father set out for the Cheval Blanc to thank his rescuer. He found Dobroski seated in a little room with a sanded floor, and began to stammer his gratitude in broken and mutilated French.

"It was a piece of good fortune to find him," said Dobroski, speaking English, to the other's great relief. "I am delighted that the pleasure was mine."

"I don't know how to thank you," said the Englishman, a little awkwardly, lugging a purse from his trousers pocket. For a moment Dobroski fancied the stranger meant to offer him money, but he merely produced a card. "That's my name," said the Englishman, blunderingly. "Austin Farley. Upon my word, I really don't know how to thank you."

"My good, good sir," returned Dobroski, "what would you have had? What was I to do? It was sure to be found, and it was my good fortune to have found him."

"You must let his mother come and thank you, sir," said the Englishman. "Upon my word I really don't know what to say to tell you how grateful and obliged I am. His mother has been in the greatest anxiety. You must let her come and thank you."

"Well, well, Mr. Farley," the elder man answered, himself a little shy at the other's concealed emotion. "If you will think so mere an accident worth thanks to anybody—— But pray let us say no more."

CHAPTER II.

There was a great crowd of people at the railway station at Namur, and the Luxembourg train had no sooner steamed into the station than it was besieged by the mob, and all the carriages were taken by storm. One tourist, who had furnished himself with a first class ticket, and had shouldered himself through the crowd to the buffet, was exceedingly wroth on his return to find that the carriage he had occupied was filled by third-class excursionists. He spoke French with a fluency, and an inaccuracy in combination with it, which fairly took off his mental feet the official to whom he appealed, and in a very passion and torrent of his energy rippled audibly the accent of Dublin. He talked all over, arms and hands, finger tips, head, shoulders, and body. He talked with all his features and with an eye, and with all his might, and at last the official seized his meaning, and proceeded with inexorable politeness to turn out all the third-class passengers. The triumphant tourist stood by, serene and smiling and unruffled. He had a round, smooth face, with a touch of apple-color on his cheeks, a nose inclining somewhat upward, and an expression of self-satisfaction so complete that it aroused the irony of one of the ejected.

"He is well introduced to himself, that fellow," said he, but the tourist did not hear, or did not care if he heard. He stood tranquilly by, holding the handle of the door, until the carriage was cleared, and was just about to ascend when a slow, quiet voice spoke behind.

"Got that through, old man, eh?"

The tourist turned suddenly, and stretched out a hand to the speaker.

"What? Maskelyne, me boy. Deloyted. Where are you going?"

"I am going to Janenne by rail," said the other, accepting the proffered hand with a hearty shake, once up and once down. "From there I go on to a little place called Houfoy, to see some old friends of mine."

"I'm going to Janenne meself," said the Irishman. "Can't we ride together?"

"I suppose we can," returned his friend. "Baggage is registered." He was just as calm as the Celt had a minute or two before been eager, and his voice was distinctly American. He was very precisely and neatly attired, his figure was tall and elegant; his face was handsome but melancholy, and curiously pale. The eyes were the best feature—black, soft and lustrous, but they looked as if he had never smiled in his life. "I say, Fraser," he said, in his slow, mild voice, when they were both seated, "where did you pick up your French? I never heard anything like it."

"I've knocked about Paris a good deal," said Fraser. "I speak Jorman with the same facility, though it's probably me Scotch extraction that gives me that."

Midwa ybetween Namur and Luxembourg the two travelers changed trains for Janenne. The engine steamed lazily through a most lovely country, and the young American, looking continually out of window, seemed absorbed in contemplation of the landscape. But it could scarcely have been the landscape which half a dozen times called a dreamy smile to his soft eyes, and once a blush to the sallow pallor of his cheek. When the train drew up in front of the little red brick station, a building planned like a child's toy house and not much bigger, the blush came to his cheek again, and his hand trembled slightly as it caressed his black mustache.

"Well, it's good-by for a time, old fellow," he said, shaking hands with Fraser. "But I will see you again to-morrow or next day, most likely, if you can find time to turn from affairs of state."

"Are those your friends?" asked Fraser, looking through the window as the train crawled slowly along the platform. "An uncommonly pretty gyurl! The ould boy looks like an army man. He's waving his hand at ye."

"Yes," said Maskelyne, with his soft drawl a little exaggerated. "That is my man. Good-day, Fraser. Tell O'Rourke I'm down here and that I'll run over and have a look at him."

A minute later he was shaking hands with the young lady who had excited Mr. Fraser's admiration.

"Welcome to the Ardennes, Mr. Maskelyne," said Angela, with frank good humor. "How are all our friends in New York?"

"Thank you, Miss Butler," he answered, looking into her gray eyes with a smile which was all the brighter and the sweeter because of the usual melancholy of his countenance; "I cannot undertake to tell you how all your friends in New York may be, but the few scores of whom I have heard in one way or another since I came to Europe are very well indeed. Major Butler, I am charmed to see you looking so robust. I had not hoped to see you looking so well."

"Dyspepsia," said the major. "When I wrote you I was really ill. I am all right now. But I've been a good deal worried, and when I'm worried I get dyspepsia, and dyspepsia means despair. That your baggage? Got the ticket for it?"

At this point Fraser came up with perfect sang froid, raised his hat to the girl and accosted Maskelyne.

"I say, ould man, tell me what's the best place to put up at here?"

"Hotel des Postes," said the major. Mr. Fraser raised his hat to the major.

"Let me introduce you," said Maskelyne. "Major Butler, this is Mr. Fraser, a member of your British House of Commons."

"Delighted to meet you!" said the major, but he did not look as if this statement could be accepted.

(To be continued.)

Origin of the Union Jack.

The British union jack, the king's colors, combines three crosses—the cross of St. George, the cross of St. Andrew and the cross of St. Patrick—all on a blue field. The union of these three crosses occurred in an interesting fashion. Primarily England's flag displayed a red cross on a white field. The white cross of St. Andrew made its appearance side by side with that of St. George during the reign of James I., the Scottish king who ascended the throne of England. It was not until later, however, in 1707, that the two crosses were combined on the one banner and the white emblem of St. Andrew ran from corner to corner of the blue field and crossed the red emblem of St. George.

Nearly a century later the red diagonal cross of St. Patrick found a place on the same flag. It was after the Irish parliament was united to the British that this change took place.

In England it is stipulated that all colors, as flags are termed, shall be hand made. At first they were the work of women members of regimental families, but later the privilege was given to contractors, who number less than half a dozen, it is said. If, however, the wives and daughters of officers want to make colors for their regiments they are permitted to do so, but as a rule these regimental colors are submitted to the garter king at arms for his approval before they are presented to the regiments for which they have been made.

Joshing Her.

Mr. A.—Going downtown to select your spring hat, eh? Well, you better wait until night.

Mrs. A. (in surprise)—Night, George? Why?

Mr. A.—Didn't you say it was going to be a dream?

RELIGIOUS

Blessed by Comparison.

No one who had the slightest knowledge of the facts could imagine that Sallie Royce had an easy time of it. The eldest of three sisters left alone in the world, she had problems of moment to solve. She made not infrequent visits to the parsonage, and told her perplexities out of a full and sometimes a sorrowful heart. One day, when extra burdens weighed upon her, she came with a tale of woe.

"Trust God and don't worry," was all the minister could say. "You are doing your best. Have faith and be patient."

The advice seemed trite, and easier to give than to take.

But while she was there Miss Poxon entered. Now, those who do not know Miss Poxon ought to know what manner of woman she is. She scrubs floors, and teaches Sunday school classes, and scolds recreant husbands, and performs other useful services in connection with a settlement of the Young Women's Christian Association. She is a character the like of which one might go far to meet. "What is it to-day?" asked the minister.

"I want you to buy four tickets to the concert, and let me give them to the Mavowskis; poor things, they want to go and can't, and the profits are for the playground; and I'm going to ask Mrs. Packard to buy four more for another family; and I need some malted milk for Mrs. Petruski; they've just got their twelfth baby, and the last one not fourteen months old, and her husband sitting round the house and doing nothing, and the children all puny till they get old enough to go to work and get enough to eat.

"I should like to see the whipping-post established; 'I should faint if I had to do the whipping, but I believe I could salt them a little; and old Mrs. Wiggin—you remember old Mrs. Wiggin that you sent the cloak to? Well, she's little Mary's mother, you know, that sings; and she's down with something the matter with her thigh; it was a muscle gave way, but I guess it's some cancerous trouble.

"She sews the collars on vests, and gets three cents apiece, and when she got that hurt she got round on a cane as long as she could, and now her wrist's given out the same way; and when you come in Sunday afternoon to preach at the mission, do you suppose you can come over and pray for her?

"And there's the Hofers, you know. There's a man that's good for something, but he got hurt, and now Jimmie's had to stop school and go to work, and——"

There are no periods in Miss Poxon's conversations; she goes on until something happens. But Sallie could hear no more.

"I'm just ashamed of myself!" she cried. "And to think I came here to tell my troubles!"

"Is your rent paid?" asked Miss Poxon, and without waiting for an answer, followed the question by a string of others. "Do all your folks keep sober? Have you got good shoes? Well, then, my dear, you don't know what trouble is! And sometimes I get so tired; I had to scrub a floor this morning, and take three children to the Home for the Friendless, and a man scowled when the baby cried, and I just told him they were not my children, and where I was taking them, and I'd paid my fare and those children were going to ride, and if he didn't like it he could take another car; and I do get pretty tired, but it's lots of fun to be helping somebody; and dear, if you've got good shoes, and the rent is paid, and your folks are kind, and you can say your prayers at night and go to sleep, don't ever think you have any trouble, for you haven't."—Youth's Companion.

The Power Divine.

Whatever the trial or difficulty that may beset and hamper the christian life, there is little doubt that to consider the will power as divine instead of human would mean added strength, surer victory and stronger character. If each one believed he possesses a spark of divine will entrusted to him by the great Master, and as fast as he uses this bit entrusted to him, he may draw on the never-diminishing supply for more, would we not find ourselves relying on something so much stronger than the weak, human will that we could go out "conquering and to conquer?"

It is only by meeting all temptations and overcoming them that we learn the lessons of life. Maybe not all on this plane of existence. Maybe some things are not temptations to us that are so to others. Perhaps in forgotten experiences we have overcome them. The things we are fighting to-day, if we overcome them before the night comes, will be put as far from us as the east is from the west, and we will have time in "the eternal years," we will have energy and strength to learn new lessons.

Acknowledging God.

Addison has said: "If you wish success in life make preseverance your bosom friend, experience your wise counsellor, caution your elder brother and hope your guardian genius."

A shorter recipe is to acknowledge God in all your ways. There are two ways, in which people pass through this world, one is by remembering and the other is by forgetting God. To all of us God is out of sight. To some indeed He is out of mind. While the natural eye cannot see God, the spiritual eye can see Him. The eye of the soul sees God through faith. Walking by faith is always surer than walking by sight. There are countless false paths, but the traveller need not take any of them. Faith in God makes the mind clear so that we act wisely and rightly.—Rev. G. W. Barnes, D. D.

Let Me but Live.

Let me but live my life from year to year,
With forward face and unreluctant soul,
Not hastening to, nor turning from, the goal;
Not mourning for the things that disappear
In the dim past, nor holding back in fear
From what the future veils, but with a whole
And happy heart, that pays its toll
To Youth and Age, and travels on with cheer.

So let the way wind up the hill or down,
Though rough or smooth, the journey will be joy;
Still seeking what I sought when but a boy,
New friendship, high adventure, and a crown,
I shall grow old, but never lose life's zest,
Because the road's last turn will be the best.

—Henry Van Dyke, D. D.

He Careth for All.

There is nothing so high as to be above God's care, and nothing so lowly as to be beneath it. He Who keeps alive the unquenchable light of the star visible to a hemisphere, kindles the small taper of the glowworm that gleams in the twilight on the mossy bank. He Who piles up and loosens the Alpine avalanche, shapes the crystals of each falling snowflake. He Who guides and bridles the storm wave that breaks in thunder upon the reef, preserves each invisible coral animal that builds its lime cell beneath the booming surf. He Who sees from His glorious throne the seraph veiling his face with his wings, takes note of the sparrow falling to the ground, and careth for you.

The Light of Joy.

We all have our sorrows, and they may be very bitter. We all have to endure pain, perhaps, again and again, and it may be very hard to endure. We all have our griefs and our losses, and ofttimes our hearts may seem to break. But through all these experiences the light of joy may continue to shine within us, and our peace need not be broken. The happiness God gives is part of the life of Heaven, and in that home the light goeth not out by day, and there is no night there.—Rev. J. R. Miller.

CANADA'S USE OF NIAGARA.

Government Competes with Private Power Companies.

The development of the hydraulic power of Niagara on the Canadian side is leading to some interesting sequences, says Cassier's Magazine.

A tribunal called the Hydro-Electric Power Commission has been created, and in the hands of this body has been placed the entire domestic regulation of the power product of stations coming within government control.

In addition there has been given to the various municipalities the right to undertake the distribution of electrical energy within their respective limits.

In order that the commission may be in a position to dictate terms to the existing private companies it is important that the co-operation of the municipalities be obtained, and this appears to be partially accomplished.

The city of Toronto has already arranged for 15,000 horse-power of electric energy from Niagara, the price being $14 to $16 per horse-power for a supply for a 24-hour day, including transmission to Toronto, the local distribution to be in the hands of the municipality, and it is believed that a number of other cities and towns will make similar arrangements.

These agreements are made with the Hydro-Electric Power Commission, and it in turn must either secure the power supply from the existing private companies or else proceed to develop its own stations.

It is hardly probable that the latter alternative will be found necessary, since the result would be to leave the private corporations with the greater part of their prospective custom permanently taken away, so that the real consequence of the recent legislation is to compel the companies to supply the municipalities through the commission at prices determined by the engineers of the new body.

It is possible that such measures will prove advantageous to the public, but much will depend upon the manner in which the law is carried out. It has been intimated that this legislation will render it exceedingly difficult for promoters to induce outside capital to engage in the development of natural resources in Canada hereafter.

A Bigamist.

Little Willie—Papa, what is a bigamist?

Mr. Hennypeck—A bigamist, my son, is a—Shs-s-s-s! Is that your mamma coming up the street? No, I see it isn't. Well, a bigamist is a benefactor who prevents at least one of his fellow men from marrying.—Puck.

Earring Shaped Lake.

The Pend d'Oreille lake, in Idaho, took its name from its shape, which resembles that of an earring.

SUPERSTITION AND MEDICINE.

Some of the Queer Things Given Credence by Many.

Pet superstitions and delusions can be found in every household, says the Washington Star. "When there is a case of sickness in the house and some domestic animal dies you will find that some think the patient will surely recover. The most persistent superstitions in the world are those that are based upon the habits of animals," said Dr. J. Dudley Morgan. "If one is walking. The neigh of a horse is a portent brushes the face it is supposed to mean that a ghost is following, but in daytime it tells that a stranger is coming. She neigh of a horse is a portent of death which will come from the quarter from which his head is pointing when he neighs.

"The hair of a dog, the skin of a snake and the pelt of a black cat are believed to possess medicinal qualities, while the handling of a toad is said to give warts. German-Canadians are full of superstition. A white spider crawling toward one, the howling of a dog, the sight of a snake all foretell death. The killing of a toad or the crowing of a hen foretells rain. If the cat washes its face it means that visitors are coming. If a bee stings, kill it and the wound will not swell. The black tooth of a hog and the blood of a black hen have curative powers.

"In a certain district in Germany the touch of a corpse's hand is still regarded as curative of many local ills. Less grewsome is the remedy for hernia still applied in the marsh country. On the night of St. John the Baptist's day, June 24, a patient must be dragged through the split of a cleft ash tree. Three men bearing the name of John must perform the operation and it must be conducted in dead silence. For erysipelas a fire is lighted and a pinch of ashes from it is rubbed on the skin to the accompaniment of a saying to the effect that the ashes and the sore went over the Red sea together, the ashes came back but the sore never again.

"Recently in Georgetown a policeman was bitten by a supposed poisonous snake and the old remedy of killing chickens, cutting them open and applying them to the bite until the chickens were cold and did not turn black was tried. Twenty-six chickens were used on the policeman in extracting the poison. This remedy for cramps is used to-day in other places than Georgetown: 'On going to rest put your slippers under the bed and turn the soles upward.'

"In the wards of Garfield hospital last fall there was a patient who insisted on keeping several apples under his bed to help the dropsy. The things that people will carry within their pockets, wear around their necks or bodies or put on their fingers are legion. Have a white potato in each pocket of your trousers and you will never be troubled with rheumatism or if you suffer with cough and cold exchange the potato for a lump of camphor. No doubt there are some of us who now have a horse chestnut in our pockets or are wearing a nickel ring. Several years ago the writer was induced by an intelligent and considerate friend to wear a nutmeg for obstinate boils.

"In no other western European country is superstition so prevalent as in Austria-Hungary. Quite recently the chamberlain's office changed the number of box 13 in the Imperial opera house and the Imperial Court theater because the public objected to sitting in a box bearing this unlucky number. But this superstition reaches its height in medicine. Speaking of the health exhibition, Dr. Heinrich Grun declared that in many instances superstition, and especially local superstition, was an absolute menace to public health. In the Austrian hospitals one finds no block or pavilion 13, no ward 13 or staircase 13. Very few patients will consent to be operated on on the 13th. And in that respect Friday, too, is considered just as unlucky."

Romance of a Necklace.

Some years ago an old Frenchwoman died in a poor part of Dublin, and her little effects were put up for auction. Among other odds and ends was a necklace of dirty looking green stones. However, a shrewd pair of dealers thought there might be "money in it" and decided on purchasing, clubbing together £5 for the purpose. On taking it to a well known jeweler he promptly offered £1,500, which sum they refused and sold the necklace of purest emeralds for £7,000 in London, where Lord Rosebery on his marriage purchased it for something like £20,000. The old Frenchwoman's mother had been attached to the court of France, and the emeralds had once formed part of the crown jewels.—London Answers.

Time to Get Mad.

A member of the Philadelphia bar tells of a queer old character in Altoona who for a long time was the judge of a police court in that town.

On one occasion, during a session of his court, there was such an amount of conversation and laughter in the courtroom that his honor became very angry and confused. Suddenly, in great wrath, he shouted:

"Silence, here! We have decided above a dozen cases this morning, and I haven't heard a word of one of them!"—Harper's Weekly.

Not Missing Anything.

Maize—When summer men propose what rule do you follow?

Marie—Present company always accepted.—Kansas City Times.

There are lots of people who put up with things all their lives that other people wouldn't stand temporarily.