LIMITATION

or all philosophy may teach, air so far can knowledge reach, if that we know, from breath to breath, if that we know, from breath to breath, Life and its great question—Death, Frank D, shorman in Lippincott's.

ASTE OR DIAMOND?

Yes, it belonged to poor Tusonne,"

Wese as he pulled the ring from finger and handed it to us for in-"He left it to me by his will, I keep it in memory of one of the actors and one of the best men I

Meanwhile the ring was passing from and to hand, and the universal verdict a that none of us had ever seen a finer

Turenne was rather a wealthy man, one of our little circle, "but I that think he could have afforded or ald have cared to spend so much ancy on an ornament as that ring must

He wanted it for some special purwhich afterward fell through," remed Wyse. "I know all about it, for ought it for him myself. I had quite inte adventage on the occasion.

"Tell as the story," we cried. Well," said Wyse, taking a pull at s eight and settling himself back in wchair, "it is a good many years ago w. I was playing high comedy charters at the old Princess, and as I had m working very hard I set off for the sed. It happened that Turenne, who to me, al proved himself a true friend to me, anted a good diamond for a purpose I dn't trouble you with, and before I st out on my travels I told him that if met with a particularly fine one at a derate price I would buy it for him, of he, being too busy at the time to atsal to the matter binnels, gladly consted. I was staying at Nice when lefe came to the hotel one of those tail, sacious Americans who are now so

On the evening after his arrival a her the convergation turned on the bject of diamonds.

is, except that he was vuigar himl

mally talking about the United

I don't know much about the busimyself, said the American but ten sees on the floor of a billiard room. m told by good judges that thar's at as good a stone as you'll see in a is a round.

So saying be drew a ring from his ager and handed it to me, who hapand to sit next him. It was indeed a guideout brilliant, set in a ring of a moved, it seemed to gather into itself he light out of the semidarkness and gottered like a bit of broken glass in it away when he parted with the ring. be supeblue. 'What is it worth?' asked s of the men present.

"That I can hardly tell you," anexered the American, 'scein a friend at Paris, 'Paris!' said I to myself. kenos sent it to me direct, and I had sent myself. But I'm tired of it and

I might, answered the American, me out faster than I expected, and 1 ant want to go home to Vermont skinned as neatly as a cod. Yes, you should say.

I looked at the stone again, and the temptuous word: leager I looked at it the more I liked Eighty pounds was quite as much my friend wished to pay for a stone. tot what if I could get one for him worth £100 for £807

Will you trade?' he asked.

" I am not a judge of diamonds myelf, said I, returning the stone to its owner. 'I'm afraid I couldn't buy withest taking a lapidary's opinion as to its

All right, said the American carelessly: 'if you care to bev it, we can go round to a jeweler's in the mornin. And if he puts a lower value on the stone than I did you can hev it at the price he names, if you like to buy. I san't say tairer than that."

"The offer did indeed seem a very fair one, and I went to bed that night determined to secure the jewel for my friend if the expert reported favorably on it.

Next morning the American and I strolled down to the shop of the chief peweler of the town, and when we entered the place I first of all paid my feeting by purchasing some trifle, and then taking the ring from the hand of my new acquaintance I placed it before the jeweler and asked him to give me an opinion as to its vaine.

'A ver' fine stone, sir, ' said the Frenchman. 'I congratulate you on the session of so fine a diamond." 'It is not mine. It belongs to my

triend here. "Ah, if that be the case, then I con-

gratulate beem, said the polite trades-What do you suppose it is worth?"

'Oh, it is difficult to say,' said the

Frenchman, shrugging his shoulders. Von gentl-man sinks von price mor for him; another sinke'-Yes, but what would you give it

You were to buy it? Would you give L800 francs? The jeweler did not reply for a few

seconds. He popped his microscope once more into his eye, held the ring up to the light, examined the setting and fell to making elaborate calculations with a pencil on a sheet of paper.

do not often buy such large tiones, but I will give you 2,500 france for this one.

The Yankee did not reply, and the Frenchman, assuming that his offer was excepted, claced the ring on a little ledge behind him and opened his desk for his checkbook.

'Not so fast,' said Brother Jonathan. 'The diamond's not for sale.' Two thousand six hundred francs, was the Frenchman's reply.

The American shook his head. 'Seven hundred-eight hundred!'

" 'Nine bundred-3,000 francs! That is my last offer. Pause, I beg of you, monsieur, before you refuse it. It is a large sum - 3,000 francs.' And se if he were convinced that no one could refuse such a price he put the stone once more among his own treasures and again

turned round for his checkbook. Thunder, exclaimed the Yankee, what do you take me for? I tell you I can't and I won't sell you the ring. It was as good as sold to this British gentheman last night, and it isn't mine to sell any more. Give me the ring.

"So saying the American took the ring rather sharply from the jeweler's hand and replaced it on his finger. The Frenchman next made me an offer for the trinket, but as I had not bought it tor myself of course I could not sell it. and we left the shop.

My mind was clear now as to the prodence of giving £80 for the diamond. had heard the best jeweler in the town offer 3.000 france, or £120, for it.

"Well, I must say you have acted most honorably, said I to the American when we reached the street. 'After all, a bargain can't be all on one side, and I had never promised to buy the ring, so you had a perfect legal right to sell It to the Frenchman.

You needn't say no more, stranger, 'said the Yankee as if he were tired of the subject. 'You can hev the stone now if you choose at the price we fixed France as soon as the season on last night.' And he held the ring out

But I had to get my letters of credit cashed, and I agreed to meet the American in the billiard room in an hour's time and conclude the transaction.

No one was in the billiard room when I entered it, for it was still early in the day, except the American, who was standing by the empty fireplace. The transfer did not occupy more than five seconds, and the Yankee immediately proposed drinks. These being discassed, we separated, and I saw no more stiful allever Europe. There seemed be nothing objectionable about the of my friend from the States that day.

That evening after dinner I hap pened to be sitting not far from the fire-place in the billiard room when I noticed a small round object lying just w of us happened to be sitting in the inside the marble fender. Curious to alliard room, and by some chance or know what it was, I left my seat and picked it up. It was a jeweler's ringcase, not an uncommon article certain ly, yet hardly the sort of thing one of-

'Sudderly I remembered that the American had been standing close to the spot where I found it when earlier in the day I had exchanged my 2,000 france' worth of notes for his diamond. An uncomfortable feeling crossed my What did he want with a ringsentiar pattern. When the lamp was case? He had been wearing the ring he mind. sold to me. He might have kept a case for it of course and might have thrown

"I opened the case. The maker's name was inscribed in gilt letters inside the lid, and the address given was said the ring had been bought in Brazil. There was no real ground for suspicion. yet I was nneasy. I went up stairs and Would you well it? I inquired out took out the ring. The pattern-you see it is a peculiar one—I remembered well. Somehow I judged or funcied that specially as this European trip is clean- the diamond did not shine as brightly as it had done the night before.

Next morning I took the ring to a second jeweler and asked him his opiumay have that diamond for £80 of your | ion as to its value. He examined the soney, stranger, and dirt cheap at that. diamond carefully and laid it down on but I could not help that. the glass case before him with one con-

" 'Paste!' I echoed, 'Impossible!' " Certainly paste, and a very good imitation, he replied, turning away. My heart sank within me. Eighty counds was a sum I could ill afford to

With a faint hope that the second expert had been mistaken, I took the ring to the jeweler who had offered the

American 3,000 francs for it. He seemed pleased to see me, but as soon as he had glanced at the ring his face changed.

This is not the same ring you showed me yesterday,' he said in a tone that made it plain that he thought I meant to cheat him. 'At least,' he added, 'it is not the same stone. This is not a stone at all-it is paste.

'So I have been told,' I said sadly, Are you sure the jewel I showed you yesterday was a genuine diamond? 'I am certain of it,' he answered.

"The honorable conduct-as I had thought it-of the stranger in refusing to sell to the jeweler was now intelligible. The jeweler meant to keep the real stone. It was not difficult to see how the fraud had been managed. The swindler had had two rings made exactly alike of a striking and peculiar pattern. In one of them he had placed a genuine and very fine diamond. was the decoy. In the other he had put a false diamond, closely resembling in size and shape the genuine one in the first ring. The one he were and offered to sell was the true stone. When he got it back from the jeweler, he had kept it and had given me the sham one in exchange for my £80. What was I to do?

The first thing was to ascertain whether my friend had lett the botel. Of course he had-on the afternoon of the previous day. Still the scent was so hot that I fancied I should have little difficulty in tracing him. But when I tound him my difficulties would only begin. Of course he would swear that he had sold me the ring with the stone which the jeweler had declared to be gem. genuine, I might conceivably have substituted paste for the true gem as well as he, In any case, when I thought of the difficulty of getting back my money from an American wandering about Europe, my heart sank within me. Even if the proceed to help me. taking my word against his, even if the rogue were convicted, how was I to re-

cover the 2,000 francs? "These thoughts passed through my mind as I hurried back to the hotel. Certainly the prospect was gloomy. on his besutiful d. "I easily ascertained that the Amer ing."—Exchange.

tean had taken the train for Paris the day before, and I determined to follow him at once. I did not despair of find-

at one of the good hotels. "On the way up to Paris I could think of nothing but my loss. This fellow I saw had hit upon a very safe and profitable method of swindling. In nine cases out of ten the cheated man would not discover his loss for years after he had seen the last of the American, if indeed the trick was discovered at all, for the paste was quite good enough to dereive a casual observer, and the owner would of course be actuated by a profound faith in his diamond straight from Brazil. Had it not been for the incident of my finding the ringcase, which the rogue had accidentally dropped, I should in all probability have un wittingly cheated poor Turenne out of his money, and he might afterward have been supposed to be trying to

ing him, as he would probably put up

a living, and a very good one, by going about Europe and practicing this trick. This idea sent off my thoughts on a new track, and by the time I had arrived in Paris I had decided on my course of action.

palm off a spurious diamend for a real

gem. In all probability the fellow made

First of all, I made careful inquiries at the railway station as to a tall American who had arrived from Nice by a certain train on a preceding day, and by the help of some 5 franc pieces 1 found the cabman who had driven him to his hotel-the Continental.

"This being ascertamed, I chose a quiet, unpretending hotel for myself near one of the railway stations. I emptied the contents of a light bag on my lei, and taking it empty in my hand went to a theatrical costumer's, and saying I intended to take part in some private theatricals I bired the costume of a French abbe. It was a part 1 had often played in a piece that had a pretty long run in London some eight years ago, and I had little doubt that I should be able to acquit myself in it fairly well. I got the proper dress, wig. powder and everything complete, and having put all the articles into my bag I went to one of the railway statious and took a return ticket for a station a little way out in the country.

To my disgust I found it impossible to get a compartment to myself. The train was too crowded, but I reflected that the trains returning to Paris would probably be much less crowded in the afternoon than those going into the

In this supposition I was right. I hung about the suburban railway station till a return train was about to start. It was nearly empty, and a douceur to the guard secured me the privacy I needed. By the time I returned to Paris I was a stout, benevolent looking French priest in comtertable circumstances. My suit of tweeds I had placed in my bag, which I took care to leave at the railway station. Then I made the best of my way to the Hotel Continental.

"I was just in time for the table d'hote, and as I took my seat I noticed with great satisfaction that my transatlantic triend was sitting not far off, and that he had not a suspicion of my identity. Nothing, I knew, could be done until after dinner, so I waited through the tedious procession of courses as patiently as I could, and when at last they came to an end I followed the American and a little group of men who surrounded him to the smeking room. It was not exactly the place for a priest,

"I sat down by a little round table near the American, but slightly behind him, so as to be able to hear the conversation without joining in it wished. From time to time I offered a remark, speaking of course in French. to the man who sat next me, but for the most part I smoked my cigar and sipped my coffee in silence.
"As I expected, it was not long be-

fore diamends became the subject of conversation.

" 'I don't know much about diamonds myself, ' said the American, speaking in his native tengue, 'but I'm told by good judges that ther's about as good a stone as you'll see anywhere round.' Almost exactly the phrases, I said to myself, which the fellow used to me at Nice!

You kin take a look at it, he added carelessly, drawing off the ring and handing it to one of the group. I bent forward, so as to see more clearly what was going on. One after another the men who were sitting near examined and admired the ring. The man next me was the last to look at it.

A friend I bey at Buenos Ayres sent it to me, and I had it cut myself." "At this point I noticed that my neighbor had finished his examination of the diamond, and I touched him, intimating that I, too, would like to have a

look at it. He handed it to me as a matter of course. It was the very ring which had been exhibited in the same way at Nice. 1 had the imitation one which had been palmed off upon me ready in my hand, and under pretense of trying the effect of the gem on my finger I easily substitued the one for the other, slipped the talse ring on my finger, admired it, as in duty bound, and then pulling it off handed it back to my neighbor, who in turn gave it to the American.

I put the real diamond, which I had secured, into my pocket and finished my coffee hastily just as Erother Jonathan was making an appointment with a rich young I renchman to meet at the shop a tachionable jeweler next morning and take his opinion on the value of the

'And since it has taken your fancy,' said the nosuspicious American, 'you shall hev it tor the same sum the jeweler offers me for it. I can't say fairer

than that now, can I?" I went back to the railway station, got my bag, changed my hat and coat in the waiting room, slipped into the hotel and next day set off for Cannes.

My only regret was that I was unable to make a study of the American's tace when the Paris jeweler put a price on his benutiful diamond next morn-

A HISTORIC CHURCH.

INTERESTING ANNALS OF DR. TAL-MAGE'S NEW CHARGE.

The First Presbyterian Church of Wash ington Has Had Many Famous Statesmen Among Its Members-For Forty Years Dr. Sunderland Has Been He Paster.

Although Dr. Talmage, who is soon to begin his ministrations at the First Presbyterian church at Washington, is probably better known to more people than any other American minister, his predecessor, the Rev. Byron Sunderland, D. D., who will also be his condjutor, has probably been the regular paster of a much larger number of prominent persons than Dr. Talmage or indeed any other American minister. Dr. Sunderland went to the First Presbyterian church in 1853, and the fortieth anniversary of his first sermon there was celebrated on Feb. 5, 1893. Only four besides him were present who were also present on the Sunday he began his laes there. Then he was a young man. His hair was dark, and his eyes were bright. Now he is an old man, but his eyes still sparkle. His voice is yet round and full, and, although it has been found necessary to divide his work, his popularity with his congregation is still so great that his leaving is not to be thought of.

Four presidents-Jackson, Pierce, Polk and Cleveland-have sat under his



PIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, WASHINGTON. have all been Democrats, When Dr. Sunderland began his pastorate, the part of the city in which the First church stands was the most fashionable in all Washington. It is not so now, and there was some surprise when President Cleveland selected it as his favorite house of worship. Perhaps he was so moved because he had heard the doctor preach nearly 50 years ago at Fayetteville, N. Y., near Syracuse, where the Rev. Stephen Cleveland was then displaced as paster by Dr. Sunderland. At all events, it is certain that Grover Cleveland, then but a lad, was greatly impressed by the Rev. Mr. Sunderland's first sermon at Fayetteville. Its subject was the fidelity of the eagles in watch-

ing over their young.

There is nothing showy about the First Presbyterian church of Washing-It is a square box, prim and severe in all its lines. The singing is congregational, but is led by a quartet composed of young men whose music reminds the listener of a college glee club, Dr. Sunderland's sermons have been long, but not dull, for he is a sensible man and possesses a fund of dry Scotch humor which the president much appreciates. Out of the pulpit the doctor is companionable and pleasant, and his popularity with his acquaintances is not excelled by any Washington paste

Although, as stated, the First Pres-yterian church edifice still retains its A stage on Which the Booths Acted to simple lines of architecture, it has been enlarged by the addition of a second story and is now lighted by electricity. while its aged and infirm attendants are relieved of climbing stairs by an elevator, which was put in some years ago. Immediately before and during the civil war this church was the acknowledged center of Union sentiment in the nation's capital, and the loyalty of the pastor to the federal government aroused extremely bitter hostility on the part of some of the church members. In 1866, when Frederick Douglass secured the use of the church for a lecture on the assassination of Lincoln, the street in front came near being the scene of a riot. Chief Justice Chase presided at that lecture, and several members of the congregation withdrew from the church because of it. In explaining why he consented to the use of the church for that purpose Dr. Sunderland said:

"Douglass' lecture was really the toc sin of free speech for the negroes, and there was no roof but that of the First Presbyterian church to shelter him."

During the early years of the civil war Dr. Sunderland's exertions were so severe that in 1863 he broke down completely and went abroad, spending some time in Paris, where he took charge of the American chapel. It is understood that he offered then to resign, but his Washington congregation refused have it so and gladly welcomed him back when his health was recovered. His extra work consisted largely of his services as chaplain of the senate and of sermons preached at the military camps around Washington. It was Dr. Sunderland who preached the first sermon to the famous Seventh regiment of New York after its arrival at the capital. This sermon was preached in the house of representatives, where the regiment was then quartered, and the text "Endure hardness as a good sol-

Naturally enough, Dr. Sunderland's memory is stored with reminiscences of the republic's great men. He lives in the house on C street which was once occupied by General Fremont, the Pathfinder. Seward and Broderick, Chandler and Sumner sat under his ministrations in their day, and Stewart, Toucey, Webster and Benton were all his neighbors. Besides he has been personally acquainted with almost every prominent American statesman for the last four decades, and he pronounced the words that made Grover Cleveland and Frances Folsom one.

ON THE RIVIERA

Democracy of Distinguished People as It Appears to a Plain American.

Balland Smith writes to the New York World from Beaulieu: This narrow little strip of France-40 miles or so from Caunes to Mentone and not above four or five miles wide anywhere between the blue sea and the practically impassable mountain chain beyondmight be called during any winter sea son the Republic of the Great From All Lands.

The democratic fashion of it is a little startling to the newcomer. You may sit at the next table in a restaurant to an ex-president of the republic. You may come suddenly in a public pathway upon an emperor and empress walking arm in arm together; you sit in the next chair in a hotel meeting room to the great ex-premier of England. Politicians from all countries, serene highness from every monarchy in the world, great artists-their faces become as familiar to you as those of the conventional people whom most of us have the fortune only to be brought in daily contact

It has happened to me, a very plain American citizen, to have had the three experiences mentioned above within the space of 24 hours, together with some others as interesting, and the fortune of it ail, the reader being the judge of what measure of fortune it is, may come to any other plain citizen of any land who forms a part of this little republic within a republic.

in a former letter I described how ab solutely democratic is the daily walk here of Casimir-Perier, until only the

other day president of France. In the rotunda of the Hotel Cape Martin we are to see a greater man than any hereditary king or emperor or potentate of today, of yesterday, of the century. Luncheon is just over when Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone come down from their rooms and take seats among the other guests before the fire, awaiting their carriage. The venerable states-man looks much older and more worn than when I saw him in London as he started for the Riviera.

The armous journey in the bitter cold weather which met him in France and its extraordinary continuance here in the Riviera have evidently been most prejudicial to him. He walked very feebly to his carriage, escorted on the one side by his faithful wife and on the other by the hardly less faithful Mr. George Armistead-many times millionaire, who seems to have no object in life beyond this friendship and almost constant attendance-and now for the first time in his adult life looks all his

I had come to the hotel hoping that Mr. Gladstone might wish to say something more to the American public on the prospects of home rule in Ireland, but Mr. Armistead pleads that the statesman is in too feeble condition to talk upon politics, and that his restoration to health demands absolute rest from all political concerns for the pres-

The ex-Empress Engenie is another guest at the hotel, except that she ocenpies a cottage in the grounds, and she, too, takes her daily walk abroad with a single attendant, or more often alone, She also seems very feeble and looks very old, supporting herself with a strong crutch stick. She has lost every trace of her former beauty and graceful carriage.

END OF AN OLD THEATER.

Make Way For a Furnit The Richmond theater, the oldest

playhouse in this city and one of the oldest in the country, will very probably in a few days be converted into a furniture store.

Some of the greatest actors this country ever produced began their career upon the stage of the Richmond theater, and it was at one time the home of the best stock company in the United States, of which John Wilkes Booth was a member. The late Edwin Booth and William Florence both began their careers on this stage, and Creston Clarke, a nephew of Booth, made his first appearance at this theater.

Before the war it was known as the Marshall theater. In 1862 it was destroyed by fire and was rebuilt, the materials being brought through the blockade. The scenery for the new building was brought from England. The building is now out of repair and unfit for a place of amusement, though it has been conducted as such up to the present time. -Richmond Dispatch.

A Senseless Flirt. At one of the suburban stations along the line of the Reading railroad an enterprising soap manufacturer has erected a factory and warehouse. Facing the railroad is the large bulk window of the main salesroom. In this window one day a few weeks ago there appeared to the riders on the early morning trains a very pretty girl, who appeared to have paused in the midst of her labor of washing the window to flirt with the travelers. Nearly every male rider who saw her proceeded to flirt with her, and the male riders on all trains that passed during the day did the same. In fact, she has been flirted with ever since, although most of the regular riders have long since learned that the beautiful young girl in the window is but a waxen figure. - Philadelphia Record.

Working a New Trick on Farmers.

Farmers in the vicinity of Frankfort are being caught on the billboard privi lege racket. Two men paint a sign on the farmer's fence and give him a few dollars to guarantee them that no one else will be permitted to paint signs over them. The farmer is asked to sign a receipt acknowledging the payment of money in order that they can return the same to their employer. The receipt which be signs turns out to be a promis sory note for \$200 or \$500, as the case may be - Indianapolis News.

KISSING ON THE STAGE.

An Accomplished Actrons Protests Against The question whether real kissing is permitted on the stage is being holy-discussed in the press and theatrical cir-cles in Vienna. During the ten repre-sentations of a new piece all went well. The actress Fran Leuthold, a married lady, allowed herself to be kissed as required. But before the curtain rose on the eleventh evening she declared that her husband had forbidden real kissing. When the scene came on again, she held both her hands before her face, and the actor forcibly took them away to imprint the kisses on her cheek, a contre-temps which of course ruined the effect. The role was then taken from Fran Leuthold. She also refused to allow any real kisses in another piece where they were also deemed essential, and accord ingly she was dismissed, though she was one of the most talented and also one of the prettiest members of the company.

ago, and since then the question "to be kissed or not to be kissed" on the stage has monopolized public attention. Nearly every actress of renown has been asked her opinion by the Vienneso newspapers. It is curious to note that nine-tenths of the female artistes, including the most celebrated on the contemporary German, Hungarian French stage, are in favor of real kissing and refuse the sham article. "It is nly part of our duty," they say Moreover, the kiss is washed away with the rouge. A kiss on the stage is no kiss at all. It is only part of the stage parapherealia, like the dresses and the drop scenes. Before the scenes kissing comes as part of our duty. Behind the scenes it is exactly the contrary.

Her dismissal occurred only two days

A Hungarian tragedienne says, "An actress who so far forgets her role as to find anything objectionable in a stage kiss, I mean a real kiss, does not de-serve to be called an artiste at all. "The voices on the other side are, up to the present, very few. The feelings and position of the husband of any actress who has to be kissed on the stage night after night by the same partner is altogether neglected. - Vienna Cor. London Stand-

ROMAN NOBLES DUPED.

Count Visoue, a Trusted Diplomacist, fa as Ugiy Card Scandal.

French and Italian newspapers have been referring mysteriously this week to a new card scandal in Rome. The offender is Count Visone, son of a former minister of the royal bousehold and for some time past secretary of the Italian embassy in Berlin. He went to Rome on a visit last week, and as usual spent a good deal of time at the Nobles' club, where play runs high. One evening the count lost 15,000 francs and nonchalantly drew a check on his Berlin bankers for 25,000 francs, which he handed

to the club steward, saying: "Pay 15,000 francs to these gentle men and give me the difference.

This was done. The count paid several other visits to the club, but the day before the check was due back from Berlin he vanished. It turned out that his account at his Berlin bankers amounted exactly to 63 francs, and the check was of course dishonored.

The affair caused a great stir at the foreign office, for Count Visone was a trusted diplomat, who only recently, for over three months, acted as charge d'affaires at Berlin. Baron Blanc, the foreign minister, immediately dismissed the count from the diplomatic service, and it is hoped that the scandal will soon be forgotten, but this is not likely, because it has been utilized as a means of attacking the entire system in accordance with which the I lomatic service is filled with impecunious young sprigs of nobility, whose families consider it beneath their dignity to allow their sons to engage in commerce or even to enter any government employment other than the diplomatic service as secretaries of embassies and legations. They of course have entrance into the highest society wherever they are stationed, and as four out of five of them are inveterate gambiers the results are disastrous and fruitful of scandals like that of Count Visone. The matter is occupying the personal attention of King Humbert and may result in some kind of action on his part with a view to putting a stop to high play among the Roman nobility.-London Letter in New York Sun.

Metal Ceilings.

The evolution in the last few years, in the preparation of metal ceilings, has witnessed the improvement from crimped or corrugated sheets to the handsome and architectural designs that mark the product of newer methods and improved machinery. The raised designs on the metal enable the decorator to obtain these beautiful effects of lights and shadows which are so essentially necessary to give life and character to the work, and as the designs are executed to conform with the many different styles of decorations there is scarcely a limit to the effects to be obtained, and at much less cost than can be secured from other and less durable materials. They can be applied to any form of room and are of special churches, courtrooms and theaters on account of acoustic properties and rich effects, which are obtained at a mintmum cost. They are also of special value on account of ventilation. - National Builder.

Cultured Boston.

A morning local contemporary gives this valuable information to its rea 'Candles are used for lighting dinner tables chiefly because the light is supposed to be softer and more becoming. These are placed either in single candle sticks or in low candelabra." tice of sticking them in apples or potatoes is no longer observed in the most refined society.-Boston Journal.

Birth stones are having a certain vogue. They are mounted according to the desires of the wearer, as stickpin. ring or charm.