And what is Mexico today? A nation ever in a doze, there slumber holds eternal eway Whether or no the cyclids close, —Lee Fanchild in Overland.

A VENDEAN HEROINE.

It was a pretty little windmill, with its big round tower capped by a weather vane, its long arms or blades which rattled in the west wind like the sails of a boat in stays, and its little round windows looking over the hills of Anjon like the telescopes of an astronomersuch was the windmill of Bernardeau, and when it was working all the windmills around the neighborhood looked like white sea gulls pursued by a bird of prey. It was situated on the slope of the Guigne at the end of a little crooked pathway hardly wide enough for the mill donkey, and in which one might search in vain for traces of human footprints, because it was so dark under its vault of shrubbery, so muddy and rugged that the woman of the mill always took to the vines when on her way to Ancenis on foot.

And a landsome woman, too, was this lady of the mill. She was 25 years from there fell either killed or wounded old, with a well rounded form, a little hand, flashing dark eyes, lips as red as of the Vendeans. One brigadier manwild cherries and a well turned leg. She was smart in her attire, and there was little in her appearance to reveal the fact that she was a widow. When she came into the village mounted upon the donkey that carried her bags of flour, all the young fellows came out to admire ber fine figure and the beautiful limbs which appeared below her short skirts.

Even the donkey himself seemed proud of his mistress. He traveled along at an easy galt, tossing his head and cocking his ears, as if to say to everybody: "Here she is. You have only to look at her. This is la Meunière of Bernardeau. There isn't another woman like her in all the country!" And that was the truth. But she was the subject of a great deal of gossip. How the tongues did wag on her account! It was said that since the death of her hustaken her without a cent from a farm and left her all his property, she frequently tossed her cap over the blades of her windmill. Whether this was true or not, the blades certainly never told, but one thing is certain, and that is that she did hang up her cap there publiely on one occasion, and it cost her her life. Here is her story

The first thing the Vendeans did when they rose in revolt against the republic was to make use of the wind-Nothing could be better suited for signaling or more troublesome for the enemy. Where the Blues could only see white wings turning round in a melancholy fashion, the Chouans possessed a perfect telegraphic system, which told them of the movements of the republican army.

The windmill of Bernardeau was one of the principal vedettes on the Loire. Three days before the attack upon Nantes, Cathelineau came to the mill of Bernardeau and asked for shelter. It was the 22d of June, 1793. Bonchamp was at Ancenis since the 17th awaiting the main body of the army. The weather was magnificent, and the Vendeaus camped in the open air. When Catnelineau at the end of a little road found himself face to face with the beautiful woman of the mill, he asked her if she was a royalist.

to serve under so handsome an officer as you," said she.

"Good enough! Then let me have shelter here tonight.

The meuniere cheerfully welcomed him, and Cathelineau slept that night in the mill. The next morning when he was leaving she sent to him from the threshold of the mill a perfect volley of kisses, after which she went up to the highest little window in the mill and

waved her little white bandkerchief. Eight days afterward Cathelineau, mortally wounded, was coming from Ancensis in a carriage, and as he passed by the mill he cast a long and sad look at it. According to the order, its blades were arranged so as to announce the approach of the soldiers of Canclaux.

From the 17th of October to the 17th of December, during the 60 days which separated the two retreats of the Vendean army on the Loire, the mill of Bernardeau continued its signals of intelligence with those of La Vendee. But the 17th of December was its last day.

Harassed by the Mayencais, that crushed them at the battle of Mans, the Vandeens reached Ancenis and endeavored to cross the Loire, but for want of sufficient rafts a considerable number of them were obliged to abandon the effort and to advance through the country, in the hope of escaping the enemy. At sight of this old mill, which they

immediately recognized as an ally, about 20 men took refuge in it just at the moment when Westermann came to the heights of Bel Air.

Suddenly a puff of blue smoke rolled from one of the upper windows of the mill. The menniere herself commenced the fight.

"Good shot!" she said. "There is one less now. "

Westermann ordered a company of nussars to surround the old mill. He was in too great a hurry to finish with La Rochejacquelin to bother himself with windmills. The hussars had hardly arrived at the mill before his flying artillery began to cannonade the few rafts of the Chouans, who were endeavoring to cross the Loire. The officer who was in command of the company sum-

The meuniere opened a little window, fastened her lace cap on the point of one of the blades and shouted out,

moned the occupants of the mill to sur-

"Come and get it, you ill shaped pup-

py! A volley from the hussars was the only answer to those insolent words. The window panes were broken to frag-ments. The Vendeens inside returned the fire and dropped five of the horsemeg. The company then dismounted and rushed against the door of the mill, which they broke with the butts of their guns.

Surrender, you secondrels, or in a few moments you'll all be dead?' shouted the officer

"You are the sceundrels!" yelled the woman of the mill "Let me see if you

are able to get my cap The hussars entered the lower story, but the ladder was removed by the Vendeens, who now fired upon them from the story above and made terrible ravages in their ranks.

The woman of the mill busied herself with the work of loading the guns, a task which she performed with aston-ishing rapidity The Chouans, sheltered behind the flour sacks, cared little for

the fire of the Blues.
"Take good aim!" cried la menniere.

"Don't let a single one escape. The officer, seeing his men fall all around him, ordered them to come out and take the place by storm, scaling the arms of the mill. It was a magnificent assault. Twenty hussars clambered up the blades. With their carbines thrown across their backs they clambered up like sailors to the story above, and under the balls or the bayonet thrusts aged to get up to the roof by making a rampart of the bodies of his comrades, who held on to the arms like drowning men to planks.

"We are all right, my friends!" cried "Guard well the entrance of the mill!" After planting the color of the company on the weather vane he bored a hole in the roof to admit the barrel of his gun. Three times he fired and mortally wounded three men. This threw the besieged into a panic. Resistance was becoming impossible, and the Vendeans were already raising the butts of their guns in the air, when la mechiere pushed down the ladder and cut off their retreat. "Now die like men!" she shouted. Then there commenced a perfect massacre. Attacked above and below, the Vendeans fought like imprisoned lions. When the ammunition was exhausted, they threw down the sacks band, a poor goose of a fellow who had of corn and flour, and, clubbing their muskets, .jumped down among the co Examiner. Blues, who received them on the points of their bayonets. It was a horrible spectacle

"Where is la menniere?" shouted the

"Here she is, citizens," said she as she let herself slip along the shaft of the "I have given to you no quarter, mtil. and I don't want any mercy from fellows like you!"

"All right," said the officer. "We'll settle your account in short order. Place yourself against that wall.

There was something singularly graceful and proud in her bearing and a glance of withering contempt in her eye as she advanced toward the wall. Her splendid black hair was now floating in disorder upon her shoulders. She gathered it modestly around her breast, so as to hide her torn corsets. Then she stood against the wall.

"Now fire and be d-d!" said she. This piece of feminine boldness made the officer hesitate. "How old are you?"

"Twenty-five." "Your name?"

"I am la meunière du Bernardeau."

"Do you want to live?" No. I'd rather die than receive mer

cy from you." 'Come now, simply shout 'Long live 'One might easily become a royalist the republic!' and I'll let you go free.'

"Long live the king!" she cried in a vibrating voice.

A moment afterward there was the rolling sound of a volley. That was the last of the meuniere of Bernardeau. 'She was a plucky piece of flesh, all

the same, " said the soldiers. Westermann's hussars lost in that attack 29 men and 8 wounded.

Since then the mill has remained abandoned as if it were cursed. Open to all the winds of heaven, without a roof, without arms, it stands. Occasionally a tramp passing through the country takes shelter there and sleeps with the swallows and the bats. Following its well known habit, the ivy, which seems to be in love with ruins, gradually intwined itself around it, and from a distance the uncrowned tower has the aspect of a ruined fortress.

How many times have I wandered through that section of the country seeking for details of the dramatic scene which I have endeavored to picture, but la menniere of Bernardeau had so bad a reputation in that country that her heroic death was not sufficient to cover over, at least in the minds of the peasantry, the faults which she had or which were attributed to her. - Figaro.

Writing With Both Hands.

A curious and so far as we are aware hitherto unpublished fact about the expremier is narrated by Mr. Lancelot Strong in The Woman at Home. In the sourse of a vivid description of Mr. Gladstone's manner of conducting his correspondence in the house he says, "He would take the blotter and begin to write, often with an inditing pen in one hand and a corrective pencil in the other. " We are reminded of a recently published satirical cartoon in which Mascagni is represented as busily composing operas with both hands and both

Geneva's Big Fountain. Geneva, in Switzerland, has the larzest fountain in the world. It is situated on the shore of Lake Leman. The water rises in a column 300 feet high. It is turned on every Sunday, and in the vening the main fountain is divided into a number of smaller sprays, which are illuminated by electricity in colors. the same as was the big fountain at the World's fair.

AMERICAN CAMELS.

Increasing Despite the Fact That They Are

Butchered and Sold as Beef. M. F. Campbell, who has been for some time at the famous Gunsight mine, near the line of southern Arizona, says the camels of the desert are increasing very rapidly, and that there are now between 300 and 400 of them. This is surprising, he says, considering the large number that have been killed and palmed off for beef in the past few years and the inroads made upon the bands by passing showmen. Mr. Campbell gave some interesting details of these tawny denizens of the waste places, introduced so many years ago by Ben Butterworth, and now grown wild.

"These hulking animals," he said, roam mainly between the Gila and Colorado rivers, in a stretch of the low Eagle Tail countains and the desert adjoining. There is very fine bunch grass in that region, and the camels keep in good condition. I have several times seen as many as eight or ten in a band, and most of them are very large.

"Different persons have been there from time to time catching them for the circuses. That is the source of supply now for all the shows. The hunters go out in bands of half a dozen on mules, as horses would be of no account. The camels, cumbersome as they look, run very fast, and only mules are enduring enough in that tough country to wear them out. The hunters stretch out, surround a band, and out of ten or a dozen managq to cut out and stay by a couple, wearing them out and catching them finally with lassos. The camels are very wild at first, but speedily tame down, and the showmen can do anything they please with them.

"I was for nearly two years there mining, and myself and men were furnished with camel meat right along and thought it very good. We paid 25 cents a pound for a good deal of it, and we thought it as good beef as we had usually eaten. The old prospectors, who had furned to peddling meat, never said a word to us, but took their pay regularly to go away and come back again. At the last we found out it was nothing but the camel's meat which they were furnishing us. Then we began to draw the line.

"If the meat sellers and circus people would let the camels alone for awhile, they would increase much faster. The animals are interesting to see on the desert and do no barm."-San Francis-

. HAS TWO HEARTS.

A Physician's Report on the Most Remarkable Case of William King.

William King, the negro who has two hearts and is able to control the pulsations of either at will, and who secasionally excites the medical associa tions of the Atlantic coast by making an exhibition of himself, has been examined by Dr. C. A. Jackson of Pittsburg, who reports as follows:

The man has two distinct hearts, connected only by the larger blood vessels and a very elastic pericardium. He has the peculiar power of moving either of these two hearts independently and can hold one up under the ribs while the other is let down into the groin, where it can be felt pulsating even more plainfy than when in its natural position. He can stop one or both from beating for a period of one minute and probably longer, but he has been told that to extend the time beyond that limit, would probably endanger his life. The stoppings of either heart silences the pulse beats on the corresponding side, but does not affect the other. If can be detected in any part of the body.

"The left heart is the larger of the two, being about the size of a cocoanut, which is very large for a man of King's The right one is no larger than

a good sized goose egg. "When one heart is down in the flank and the other in normal position, they are separated by a distance of about 14 inches. As they lie ordinarily in the chest they are only about two or three inches apart.

"The most remarkable thing about King's case is the fact that each heart appears to be complete in all its details and furnished with sufficient blood for use on its own side of the body.

"In some species of lower animals there are two distinct hearts, but in them the right side sends blood to the lungs, while the left does the work for the general circulation of the whole body. '

Buried Alive.

President George T. Angell of the American Humane society has sent the following to the legislature of every state: "It is well known to the American press that many persons-and how many no one can tell-have been buried alive. The father of the undersigned came very near being buried alive, being declared by his physician dead, and all preparations made for his funeral before he could give visible signs of life. The object of this petition, which I hope you will cause to be properly presented, is to call public attention throughout our entire country to this important subject, and I take pleasure in sending a marked copy of it to the editors of every American newspaper and magazine north of Mexico, asking their assist-

The Bishop's Laboratory Beer.

The laboratory that supplies Bishop Fallows' home brewed nonalcoholic beer is working overtime in order to keep up with the demand. The drink, as de scribed by a connoisseur, tastes like old fashioned "yarb tea," and appears to be a preparation of roots, berbs, barks and gums, such as the grandmothers of the present generation used to give to "clean out the system" after an attack of boils, carbuncles or spring fever. There is a general feeling that Bishop Fallows would not spring any unwholesome or unrighteous beverage on a trusting community, and the Home saloon is doing a tremendous business.—Chicago TribTHE NEW CUP CHALLENGER.

Charles Day Rose Is Half Canadian and Half Yankee.

Charles Day Rose, who has attained worldwide notoriety at a single bound by challenging for the America's cup directly on the heels of Lord Dunraven's withdrawal in disgust from the races with Defender, is the second son of the late Sir John Rose, a Canadian baroner, and is really half Yankes because of the fact that his mother was Miss Emmett Temple of Rutland, Vt. This fact, however, does not seem to have dampened his English patriotism, for he is very much in earnest about capturing the America's cup and taking it back to dear old "Lunnon." What further detracts from the enterprise as a purely British affair is the fact that an Amerman horseman named Lowe is also in



CHARLES D. BOSE terested in the syndicate which is planning to build the Distant Shere, a. the new challenger will be named.

Rose is well known on the other side as a horseman and as the owner of the fast yacht Satanita, which was designed by J. M. Soper, the expert who has been commissioned to build the Distant A number of years ago Rose was one of the notable athletes of Montreal, He was a first runner and ranked as the best man at a mile in the vicinity of Montreal. One of his opponents was the late C. D. Armstrong, an athlete considered one of the fastest men in Canada inside of 600 yards during his best days.

Rose is a untive of Montreal and is a man about 45 years of age. His father was born in Scotland, but was educated in Canada, and there began his very successful business career, the fruits of which now enable his son to indulge in the expensive luxury of international yachting. Sir John Rose removed to England about 15 years ago and assumed the management of the Prince of Wales' financial affairs in the duchy of Cornwall. He was a shrewd business man, and, it is said, greatly improved the financial condition of Albert Edward during his regime in Cornwall. That his son is a thorough sportsman is evidenced by the fact that his challenge is absolutely unconditional.

YOUNG PULLMAN'S FIANCEE.

Miss Felicite Oglesby, Her Common Sense Education and Her Love of Music.

Miss Felicite Oglesby, who will soon wed George M. Pullman, Jr., son of "I trust you will not be disappointed. the Pullman palace car magnate, is the an of 20 and is just a year younger than over, excelled .- New York Herald. her prospective husband. She is a brown eyed, brown haired girl, with a round, full face and the resolute chin of Kitchen Odors and Flebetan Blood Offend her soldier father. She has never atboth are stopped at once, no pulse bent tended school, except for six months while in Paris, and her education has been given her by private tutors. In the asual American way she has been "finished" by travel in Europe and is particularly well versed in music. She plays the harp and sings admirably, and she is also an accomplished pianiste. At Ogleburst, the palatial home of her father in Elkhart, Ills., harp, violin and a large pipe organ are evidences of the love Miss Felicite and her brothers have for music.

Like many other strong, healthy girls, she is fond of outdoor sports and is a graceful and fearless horsewoman, She plays tennis with skill, speaks



G. M. PULLMAN, JR. MISS OGLESDY French fluently and is an excellent msewife. Mrs. Oglesby believes that higher education for women is all right for those of the sex who seemed destined to become women of affairs, but she has never been of the opinion that Miss Felicite belongs to this class.

George M. Pullman, Jr., is a promising young man, who is at present preparing himself for the great task of continuing his father's business by a course at Cornell university. He has two sisters and one brother, Sanger Pullman, who is named ofter his mother's family. George M. and Sanger are twin brothers and will doubtless inherit a large share of their father's great fortune. The courtship of young Pallman and Miss Oglesby has been of long duration, and it is said that but for their youth the engagement would have been announced several years ago. The wed ding will occur at Oglehurst and will, without doubt, be the grandest affair of the kind ever held in Illinois.

Public Schools In Japan.

There are something like 40,000 pub-He schools in Japan. The buildings are comfortable, and education is comput-

What the Established Church Costs. The total income of the Church of England is about £200,000.

HE MET JOE JEFFERSON.

Happy Result of Richard Mansfeld's Introduction to the Famous Joseph Jefferson and Richard Mansfield met for the first time recently, and

the members of the Twelfth Night club new reckon events from that time It happened in this way: Mr. Mansfield had volunteered to take part at their recent benefit at the Empire theater, but a few days before the event sent word that it would be impossible for him to appear. The Twelfth Nighters do not like to cause any disappointments, so the young women were thrown into a great flurry. Mr. Mansfield was one of the strongest cards of the event.

Miss Beatrice Cameron, who is Mrs. Mansfield in private life, and who is also a loyal member of the Twelfth Night, was appealed to by her fellow escubers and it appears that under her influence Mr. Mansfield declared that he would appear without fail.

It is conceiled, even by his opponents, that Mr. Mansfield has genius. Genius, too, has its occentricities, and this may explain why Mr Mansfield, on the very day of the entertainment, made it known that he positively would not ap-

Another reason advanced is that a comic opera comedian between whom and him existed an arctic void was on the bill, and Mr. Mansfield felt that he couldn't consistently appear on the same stage. But this is more gossip-folks will talk, you know.

Whatever the facts, the leading Twelfth Nighters who were on the stage nearly fainted when they heard this final decision. There sat Mr. Mansfield in a box, looking at the performance as coolly as though he was to have had no part in it at all. Miss Alice Fischer, who is the vice president of the club, had some one bring him behind the

This was just after Mr. Jefferson had contributed his share to the entertainment and Mr. Mansfield had heartily applauded the dean of the American stage. Mr. Mansfield, after leaving his box, was surrounded by a buvy of young women, but all their pleadings didn't have the slightest effect on him.

Miss Eischer saw this and realized that some master stroke must be made, and quickly at that. She caught right of Mr. Jefferson. Her mind was made up in an instant. She ran to him.

"Oh, Mr. Jefferson," said she, some with me. I want you and Mr. Mansfield to meet.

And with a cheery smile the old actor readily assented. The younger actor was just tearing himself from an almost sobbing circle of women when Miss Fischer came to save the day. She introduced the men.

'I am charmed to meet you, Mr. Jefferson," said Mr. Mansfield, cordially shaking the hand of Rip Van Winkle

"A like pleasure is mine," said Mr. Jefferson. "I have heard much of your art, and this will be the first time 4 have had an opportunity of seeing you, and I have looked forward to it with the keenest enjoyment.

There was nothing but sincerity in the speech, and the young women who had been pleading in vain stood expectantly to one side awaiting the answer.

"Thank you," replied Mr. Mausfield, And neither was he. It is said Richonly daughter of ex-Governor Richard and Mansfield walked on the stage and J. Oglesby of 11 ...ois. She is a very at gave a brief performance which for briltractive and well educated young wom- hancy of execution has been seldom, if

SOCIETY IMPERTINENCE.

the Daintiness of Gotham's 400.

The season of Italian opera end none too soon, according to some very interesting stories which reach my ears. On the last Friday night of the performances a strong smell of grease and cooking was traced to the box of a very well known ex-commodore of the New York Yacist club, and upon investigation it was found that in the goodness of his heart he had permitted his fat old cook and her staff of assistants to occupy the family places.

Women in the neighboring boxes, who were decked out in all their finery, were naturally highly indignant that a party of household servants should have en thrust in among them.

People who did not wish to use their boxes for matines performances have more than once sent their servants. which was sufficiently importment, but to send the cook and scallery maids to an evening performance was either that display of a total luck of savoir faire or was intended to be a direct affront upon the adjacent boxholders -Cholly Knickerbocker in New York Recorder.

A Blow at Texas Bachelors.

Representative Moroncy has introduced in the house a bill providing for the levying of a \$50 annual fax upon all unmarried men of 30 years of age who under oath swear that they have not exerted due diligence in trying to get married. He shall be exempt from the fine, however, if he can produce evidence to show that he tried to get married. To be exempt from this act, however, if he remains single, he must proauce the affidavit of some reputable woman that at least once a year he has made a proposal of marriage to her .-Austin (Tex.) Dispatch,

Yndkin, the Versatile.

Of Yudkin, the Ansonia (Conn.) jeweler and pawnbroker, a local paper says: "It has been Yudkin, the peddler; Yudkin, the pawnbroker; Yudkin, the dealer in secondband furniture; Yudkin, the liveryman; Yudkin, the shoe dealer; Yndkin, the undertaker, and to the list is now added Yndkin, the barber. He carries on, at the present, all of the above kinds of business.

Choosing Retween Two Pertia.

During the past two weeks 21 persons have been baptized at Prineville in the cold waters of Ochoco creek, and others are waiting for warmer water, taking their chances meanwhile with other sinners. -- Portland Cregonian.

AN ARGENTINE SENSATION

A Deadly Bool That Bas Greatly Luc. the Southern Republ

The mails from the Argentine Repa lie bring news of a terrible trace which has caused an unprecedented a sation in that country.

Dr. Lucio de Lopez, one of the lat. Dr. Lucio de Lepez, one of the lat-ing financiers and most influential in the republic, who was appointed to the government to investigate to a fairs of the Provincial bank of Boa Ayres, made a report to the com-which caused the arrest of Colonia miento, a son of the late President to miento, whose memory is revered in that of Lincoln in this country. He was once minister to the United States as is said to have afterward Americania is said to have afterward America the Argentines Colonel Sarming convicted in the court of the first is stance and appealed to the supris court, where there was a mistrial in judges voting to confirm and two tenverse the decree of the lower court. then published a bitter personal small upon Dr. Lopez in La Prensa, one of the leading newspapers. Acting under the advice of fosial friends, Dr. Lopez sent him a challen

and on Dec. 27 a duel was fought at the Belgrano hippodrome in the submit of Buenos Ayres. Dr. Lopes was attended by General Mansilia of the Argentia army and Francis Benzley, assistan secretary of state. Sarmiento was a tended by General Beach of the arm and Rear Admiral Soliar of the may Shots were twice exchanged at a detance of 12 paces. At the second discharge Dr. Lopez fell wounded, the hall passing through his abdomen. He was taken in an ambulance to his hoss, where more than 200 of the leading citzens of Buenos Ayres were assemb anxiously awaiting the result of the duel. The wounded man died next day, but Colonel Sarmiento had not been ge rested when the steamer left Bures Ayres. Eighty years ago a decre va but it has been a dead letter for may years, although appeals to the code has been common.

makes the sensation the greater, and there is as much excitement in the Argentine Republic today as there was in shot Alexander Hamilton -Chica-Record

The prominence of the parties engage

DIDN'T SNUB THE PRINCE The Right Honorable Joseph Chamberlay Is Not That Kind of a Man.

The Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlan, ex-radical home ruler, whom peers and princes now delight to honor, has been genuinely annoyed by the circulation of story that he treated the Prince of Wales with great rudeness at them tings of the royal commission or the aged poor, of which both are member. The tale ran that the prince, on beng asked why he did not complain to the chairman of Mr. Chamberlain's be-

havior, replied: "You see, I sit between Mr. Cham-berlain and the chairman, and the latter is rather deaf."

Mr. Chamberiain has deemed it worth

while to get an authoritative contrade tion of this libel published. From the we gather that though the chairman of the commission, Lord Aberdare, now decreased, was undoubtedly deaf, by rarely presided at the meetings, owns to ill health, his place being takenly Lord Playfair, who is remarkably ken of hearing, and that anyhow the Prism of Wales, if offended, would have take care to let it be known to the offender himself. The latter argument is non-convincing to those who know his repli-highness and his emphatic way of letting his displeasure be known. The story also shows a lack of knowledged Mr. Chamberiain's character. He is the last man in the world to give offense to any prince, much less the heir to the British crown. - London Correspondent

The World's Pair Miniature.

One of the most attractive features of the Cotton States and International erposition will be the reproduction of the World's Columbian exposition in min-ature by Mr. G. W. Ferris, the builder of the Ferris wheel. The great World's fair will be reproduced in its entirety, complete in every detail, on a scale of one one hundred and fortieth. This makes the Manufactures and Liberal Arts buildings about 10 feet long and the whole exposition 75 feet long. Scarchlights will be shown on the battleship and the various buildings, the intramural railways will be seen with cars in motion, the whaleback steamer will be seen arriving and departing, and Lake Michigan will uppear in the fair will be reproduced in its entirety. and Lake Michigan will appear in the distance. By electrical and mechanical effects sunrise, daylight, moonise and the White City by moonlight will appear in succession. - Exchange.

A Man Without a Country.

If your father is a Belgian, year mother Dutch and you were born in France, where are you to live? That is the problem which presents itself to a man who was arrested at St. Denis the other day for disobeying an order of expulsion. He has been expelled from Bel gium for being a Frenchman, from Rel land for being a Belgian, and now be has to leave France because, whatever he may be, he is not a Frenchman Really parents should be more careful -Pall Mall Gazette.

M. de Morgan's Great Discovery. M. de Morgan, continuing his dig gings at Daschur, has discovered the tombs of Princesses Khonmit and Ita o the twelfth dynasty. These tombs are intact. They contain treatures, diadens, jewels and relics. Great historical improvements of the contains the c portance is attached to this discovery

-Paris Temps. Three Little Words

Don't forget three little words-"I you please. Life is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of him hings, of which smiles and kindus and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart and secure comfort. - Humphry Davs.