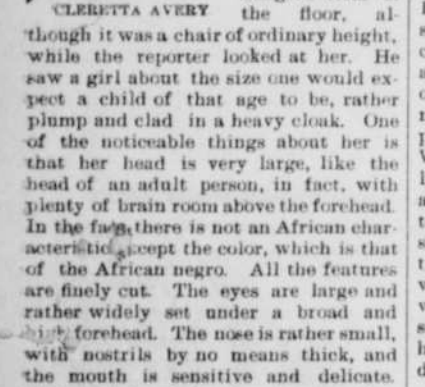


A COLORED GIRL

Wonderful stories have come from the south about the power of a little colored girl who has been converting hundreds of persons, both white and colored, from the error of their ways.

Wherever the girl preached, she stirred up a sort of religious frenzy among the people, and the mere announcement of her name was sufficient to crowd the largest halls beyond their capacity.

"You just passed her," was the reply. "She is looking after the baby. Claretta, come up here for a moment."



CLARETTA AVERY

though it was a chair of ordinary height, while the reporter looked at her. He saw a girl about the size one would expect a child of that age to be, rather plump and clad in a heavy cloak.

people, haven't you?" asked the reporter. "No, indeed. I can't convert any person. No one can do that. They must be converted in themselves by the power of the Lord.

A CRIPPLE MADE HAPPY. His Hobby of Keeping Clippings Leads to the Recovery of a Diamond.

The old adage, "Truth is stranger than fiction," received another exemplification at Marshall, Tex., a few days ago.

BIG PAPER MILL. Largest in the World to Be Erected at Sault Ste. Marie.

Within a short time the largest paper mill in the world will be erected at Sault Ste. Marie. It will be built by the Sault Ste. Marie Pulp and Paper Company, of which F. H. Clarke is president.

Woman Really Advancing. Rev. Dr. Charles H. Eaton, pastor of the Church of the Divine Paternity, New York, in a sermon on "The End of the Age Woman," speaking of the Stanton celebration, where a number of ladies gave addresses from five to eight minutes in length, remarked, "I do not believe that at any meeting of men, political or otherwise, the addresses could have been restricted to any such limits."

A Thanksgiving Song. It's comin' long—Thankgivin', with its pleas- ure an its joys— An we're all a-lookin' forward to the meetin' with the boys;

AN ARMY PORTIA.

By CHARLES KING, U. S. A., Author of "The Colonel's Daughter," "The Deserter," "From the Ranks," "Dun-rawen Ranch," "Two Soldiers."

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"It's a d—d lie," muttered old Ken- yon, under his breath. "But all the more it goes."

"Patience, lad!" he whispered. "Say nothing now. It will all come right in the end."

"I'm sure I took the utmost pains to be civil to the a—gentlemen," declared Martin, with his innocent eyes to the vacancy of the opposite walls.

"The colonel's orders, sir. Even the officers can't leave their horses in front of headquarters, sir."

"I'm glad to hear of it," said the colonel, rising slowly to his feet, as the colonel strode to the door.

Several of the officers nearest the door had risen promptly, as though in readiness to receive with due honors the colonel's guest.

There were one or two among the score of officers present who desired to see the colonel on some routine matters; these contented themselves with going over to the adjutant's desk, as he entered, and whispering their requests to him;

group seemed to find anything to say. It was Mr. Lee who gave the first ex- pression to personal opinion. He burst out into a fit of laughter.

"I'm blessed if I can see anything to laugh about in this affair, Mr. Lee," said the major, whose face was a shade moodier than ever.

"He hasn't yet, Lee, and if he should the quartermaster will have to knock down a petition, for my dipping room can only hold twelve or fourteen by severe squeezing."

"Yes," was the bitter reply, "yes, my colonel has given a glorious exhibition of what constitutes esprit de corps in the Eleventh. No captain, I would do anything for you or Mrs. Lane, but I can think, speak, dream of nothing now but the wrong that has been done me, and I would only be a drag. You will excuse me, won't you?"

Three hours later, however, with drill over and the mail in, the question of dinner became of minor importance.

"Did the orderly take one to him, do you know?" asked Mr. Lee, with a world of pent up indignation in his tone.

"Oh, only because down south they shoot a man who publishes an outrage- ous slander like that, and the jury brings in a verdict of justifiable homicide."



"I trust you will not make it necessary for me to be more imperative." The afternoon was lovely and full of sunshine. Thanks to the startling and sensational disclosures in The Palladium, the post had become an object of unusual interest to the surrounding populace, and, as the hour for dress parade approached, vehicles of every description came streaming across the bridge, and before the trumpet sounded "first call" the road in front of the officers' quarters was well filled with carriages, buggies, caryalls and light wagons, while some enterpris- ing livery stable keeper had fitted up a few open stages and placarded them with inscriptions setting forth that "To the fort and back only a quarter," was a luxury now within the reach of everybody.

straps and swords, and had even brought to the bar of justice one of their num- ber. There was the utmost curiosity to see the representative of The Palladium, and that eminent journalist, true to his principles of conforming with the views and wishes of the public, graciously ac- corded every opportunity.

"It was in passing this gentleman, sur- rounded by a gaping party of Central citizens, that the colonel somewhat ostentatiously called out, "Orderly, give my compliments to the adjutant, and say that, in view of the presence of so many gentlemen and ladies from town, I desire him to have the band ordered out at once," and went on his way amid such audible evidences of popular approval as "Ah! that's business!" "Ain't he a Jim Dandy?" "That's my candidate for brigadier!" "He ain't no stuck up second lieutenant!"

It had been the custom of the ladies at Capt. Lane's to appear on the piazza about the time that the officers came up from evening stables, and, re-enforced by the Whartons, next door, and sometimes by other fair ones, to serve a fragrant cup of tea to such of their regimental friends as had time to drop in.

Miss Marshall, standing at the win- dow, noted the inexpressible sadness and distress in Hearn's once buoyant, hand- some face. He had grown years older in one day, she thought; all the color had fled from his sun tanned cheeks and the light from his brave blue eyes; yet there was a gleam in them, as he bent his head to talk with his friend, the captain, that spoke of the smouldering fire within.

It was comfort at least that he should look up, and, as though in search of one- friendly face, search the window with his sad blue eyes. He should feel that, no matter what the press might say and the Jews might swear to, more than one among his friends believed in him through thick and thin.

CHAPTER IX. The latest and most ingenious applica- tion of the lottery principle is that devised by some of the reverend clergy, who have introduced the scheme of sell- ing the faithful tickets at 10 cents each in a lottery that has some marvel- ous prizes—nothing less than masses for the souls of the dead.

None Has Yet Appeared. However, we expect still to hear of somebody who is a candidate in the ordinary sense.—Detroit Tribune.

A VENETIAN PALACE

ROBERT BARRETT BROWNING'S BEAU- TIFUL HOUSE.

A Building Filled With Memories and Relics of Two Poets Dear to Thousands. The Owner Regards All Visitors as His Guests and is Unusually Kind.

On the Grand canal at Venice there is a singularly interesting group of build- ings. First, at the corner of the small canal which every tourist traverses on his way to and from the station is the great red pile known as the Palazzo Foscari. It is now used as a sort of business college, and young Venetians learn bookkeeping in the banquet halls of the old doge. Next to it are two gray and ancient buildings, leaning against each other and the Foscari for support.

The first trip you make on the water highway of Venice your curiosity will be satisfied in regard to this palace, and on no other point, for every gondolier knows the Browning palace. Get him to poke the nose of his gondolas between those brown posts, and if the custodian is not in sight ring the bell beside the iron gates. A rather crabbed looking man will let you in, and with a gruffness which is only, as it were, skin deep, tell you to go through the court and up the broad staircase at the rear.

In the court you will find a bronzed statue of a beautiful woman, about whose nude body a serpent has coiled its folds. She holds its head to her bosom and looks at it with a strange fondness. If you like speculation, you will begin to wonder what manner of man it was who modeled this figure, and you will climb the staircase with more than even eagerness of anticipation, for the sculptor is Robert Barrett Browning, the sole heir to the names of two great poets and the master of the house you have come to see.

The custodian unwittingly helps to ground you in the faith by leading you through one apartment after another, filled with beautiful old wood carving, old frescoes, inlaid cabinets and pictures and statues by the owner of it all. More interesting than the works of art, however, are the reminders of the two poets whose personalities are so dear to thousands of people. Here is a bust of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, modeled by her son, and her portrait by the same careful hand, and there is an earlier portrait of her, more beautiful than that, those one generally sees, and a bust of her as a young girl, with the curls in the same way that she wore them all her life. In one corner is the small writing desk she used, and near it is the bust of her husband. In a small alcove is a reproduction of a memorial tablet in Florence.

One is surprised to find how livable this big palace has been made. In the first place, the owner in addition to the kind- ness of permitting people to visit the house has added the courtesy of regard- ing them as probably honest. Most "show" houses are scrupulously swept and garnished of everything which makes them homelike and real. They contain a barren array of chairs, tables, and so on, but that is all. Mr. Browning has been kinder to the visitors, whom he evidently regards as in a way his guests. There are books on the table, there is music on the rack in the music room, and there are interesting photo- graphs of his father and mother. Be- sides, you come and go as if you were his own photograph with a kindly interest in your party, after all, that he has a palace, and that Emma Eames came and sang to him.

He is, as shown by this photograph, a man of 30 or 35, with dark hair, which in your present kindly mood you regret to see so thin on top. He has a dark mustache and seems a well built fellow, quite as capable of riding across country as of painting the pictures and model- ing the statues with which the adjac- ing hall is filled.

The dining room, looking out on the canal, has a fine big fireplace, lined with polished brass. You long to see how the light would dance in it. The butler's pantry adjoining is as large as the dining room itself, and the walls are covered with row after row of polished china and glass. The library is being made over to suit this fastidious young man and will be most attractive with the old carved pillars and woodwork he has picked up, he knows where. The floor above is occupied by bedrooms, while the ground floor is the home of the custodian, the "boathouse," and general storeroom.—Venice Cor. New York Sun.