The Story of Henri.

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The child lived in an old chateau, built of some soft, gray stone that time had mellowed to exquisitely tender tints. Old poplars rustled drowsily, broad terraces, kissed by the sun, sloped down to a clear brook that loitered through the green fields and the woodlands until it sharply turned towards the village. The child often sat on the bank in moonlight nights and watched the stars, reflected in the stream. Then he would wonder whence it came and whither it would go and wish it would tell its secrets to him instead of to the round, white pebbles in its bed and to the waving blades of grass, that bent to listen. But in daytime he would wander noiselessly through the darkened rooms of the chateau. In the picture gallery a ray of sunshine sometimes stole through the barred shutters and danced on the opposite wall. The child thought that the boys and girls in the dark frames must be tired of their fixed positions. Their elders, doubtless, liked the dignified repose but surely little Marie-Eustachie, in the pink brocade, would sometimes long to lay down her rose and the small Charles Louis would gladly take his hand from the sword-hilt he had pressed so long. The child knew the names of all. Tante Amelie had told him—Tante Amelie, who, in her sunny room at the top of the tower, continually mused and prayed. But sometimes she would speak of the saints, their holy lives and blessed martyrdoms.

"Are there saints now?" he once asked.

"Oui, mon enfant, holy men of God driven forth from their flocks, hunted like wild beasts. And a martyred king, the son of Saint Louis."

These stories thrilled him with a mixture of exaltation and awe. He knew they dared not venture to the village lest evil men should harm them. And in the long days and nights he dreamed of martrydom, of the short, dreadful wrench from life and its quiet round, then of the celestial joy and the peace of God that passeth all underatanding.

* * *

The whole commune was gathering around the door of the blacksmith's forge. Women, holding their babies, were gossiping shrilly, peasants home from a long day's work in the wheat were gathered in small groups, vaguely curious as to the cause that had brought a municipal officer from Strasburg to their peaceful village. Jean Walther, the blacksmith, stood in his doorway; his tall figure in all its awkward strength loomed dark against the red glow of the fire behind him. The Maire was the strongest man for miles around, none but himself could lift the large hammer which he always called "mon fils," and now he towered over the small figure of his visitor.

"Friends," he shouted in his big voice, "the citizen here has something to say to us."

The "citizen here" paused for a moment, then began in a thin, high-pitched tone that sounded like the echo of the Maire's shout. He told of the good fortune the Revolution had brought, the glories of "Liberte, Egalite, Fraternite," then continued:

"And now that our liberty is won now that we, a free people, rule a free country, it is our duty to cleanse ourselves of the old stain. Priests, spies, ci-devants, the emissaries of foreign tyrants, all must be exterminated. With sorrow we have heard that you, citizens, are harboring conspirators against the nation. That den of iniquity," he pointed towards the chateau, "that lurking-place of oppressors holds a dangerous band of plotters, who would bring back the priests who cheated us with lies and the profligates who fatten on the spoils of their fellowmen. Will you suffer this crime? Nay, rather shall we fire that accursed house of traitors and drag the evil-doers to justice."

There was no answering murmur, much to the orator's surprise. He scorned these simple peasants and their lives of unchanging toil. They had no smouldering sense of injury that a breath could kindle into flame; the Revolution had abolished the ga-

The "Citizen."

belle and torn down the pigeon-cote at the chateau, it had no further meaning to them. To some the speaker's denunciation of the priests seemed blasphemy. But gradually their slow minds seized on the fact that they were threatened with some indefinite loss and they were roused to a state of fear, rage and violent patriotism. Arms were collected, scythes, pitchforks, old muskets from the days of "Malbrook," and Jean Walther, brandishing "mon fils," led the van. Several women marched with the men but all shrank from a sinister recruit, La Mere Margot, the witch, who rose like a mist from behind a bush and joined their ranks. Someone began "La Marseillaise" and the rest shouted a fierce chorus. Men, drunk with the song and the wild madness, waved torches that shot little, fiery stars on the dusty road, where they were trodden out by heavy feet. The mob straggled up a hill and crashed headlong through briers and underbrush to the sleeping brook. The water woke into sudden life, sullen, red ripples stained its surface, strange, distorted shadows seemed to mock their own reflection. Still the peasants pressed on up the terrace, cutting the velvet grass with their sabots. As they approached, the dark mass of the chateau sprang from the shadow and the windows of the front sent back the torches' light. Jean Walther thundered on the door with "Mon Fils."

"What would you?" quavered a voice from above.

"Come down, Suzon," shouted the Maire; "we must search the chateau."

"Eh, hurry," called Pierre Dreslaer,

the carpenter; "this house is the nation's property. The sovereign people would inspect its own."

"Silence," commanded Walther.

The bolts screamed as the door grudgingly opened.

"There are none here," began old Suzon tremulously.

"Stand aside in the name of the nation," cried the man from Strasbourg, pushing past her.

The huddled crowd flocked in, staring stupidly around them. Then, as their wonder lessened, they were ready for pillage. One man flung a mirror to the floor, his friends applauding as it shivered into a thousand fragments. That was the signal. Some prodded the chairs with their pikes, others laughing boisterously, pulled down the tapestry and wrapped themselves in trailing mantles. The women had their arms full of spoil. Old Margot silently passed from group to group, at her approach boasting and wrangling ceased.

"Tiens, mon ami," bawled Dreisler, bringing his fist down on an inlaid table, "this night's work will rejoice the hearts of our friends in Strasbourg."

"The conspirators will escape," cried the municipal officer shrilly. "On, citoyens, forward."

The citizens, enriched with the plunder of the chateau, had small time to waste on conspirators. But, obedient to their maire's orders, they tramped through the empty rooms, rousing unaccustomed echoes. They were sated and their excitement had in some degree cooled.

"Look at Margot," whispered the women; "she's talking to something unholy."

The witch's figure seemed taller, her dry lips were moving feverishly.

At last they came to the picture gallery. The pompous, calm state disdained the strange visitors, their insults and the wounds they inflicted.

"Suzon's right," the invaders growled; "there's no living soul here."

Then, at the upper end of the room, a little figure, vaguely outlined in the moonlight, advanced to meet them. The child had stolen away from the sobbing women, and had come to defend his home, perhaps—his heart beat fast—perhaps to die.

There was a moment's silence. Then, as their fright wore away, the Maire, a kindly man, spoke:

"Your name, mon petit?"

"Henri," answered the child steadily. "I will not sacrifice to Jupiter."

A laugh arose, a sign that the tide of feeling had turned.

"Who lives here?" continued the Maire.

"Tante Amelie and Suzon. I am ready to die, but they have done no harm."

Jean Walther, turned to the man from Strasbourg.

"Here are your conspirators," he said.

Then Margot the witch, coming forward, took the child's hand.

"Thou shalt not die," she crooned. "I see thy fair life in the years to come and I see thy honored end."

The child stood still. He was not to have the glory of martyrdom; he felt small and weak and very tired.

The blacksmith picked him up and carried him to Tante Amelie.

"Le petit and you can live here in peace," he said gruffly; "train him to be a good citizen."

But the child grieved at his own unworthiness.

The Parliamentary Loom.

The king—It seems to me, my men that this machine of yours wants looking to.

Engineer Sallabury—Perhaps, your majesty, it would be all the better for a bit of overhauling. And we will be particularly careful to see the cranks are kept well oiled.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Prohibition in Georgia.

There are 137 counties in the State of Georgia and in eighty-seven of these absolute prohibition exists.

NEW FURS FROM RUSSIA.

Skins of Ponies and Calves for Use by Automobilists.

Russia is sending us a couple of very novel pelts, the skins of ponies and of calves for making motor-car dresses and coats, and the Russian blouses wealthy women are wearing so much this winter.

The skins of the ponies are not very large, but they are forwarded, manes and all, to the furriers, but so far the manes have not been made useful. Perhaps the toy trade will eventually profit by them, and the fiery nursery steeds of the rocking-horse and Gray Dobbin persuasion be equipped with the long silky hair of these creatures.

Any one who has traveled in Russia will know the pale, tawny shade of the native pony, almost lion-like in color. It is also the commonly met hue of the little Scandinavian horses driven in Norway almost exclusively, and much seen, too, in Sweden and Finland. The skin dyes brown and a lovely jet black most successfully, and is so strong that it is uncommonly suitable for rough-wear wraps.

Nor is it outrageously expensive. A Russian blouse made of it comes to 8½ guineas. Motorists in the feminine world are wearing enormous coats still but newer than these are short, jaunty fur skirts and pouched boleros to match.

Russian pony suits are certain to please them, and fur caps of the pelt are sent out with the toilette, so that the whole picture is complete.

The Russian calf makes very pretty snow-white coats, tufted with black, and charming reverses, cuffs, ties and muff for cloth redingotes. To some eyes this pelt will resemble miniver, but there is a huge monetary difference between it and ermine, as well as a visible one, especially as miniver—which is really ermine tufted with black tips of the tails only instead of the tails themselves—is daily going up in price, in view of the coronation and its requirements.

PARIS UNDERTAKERS LAMENT.

Fewer Costly Funerals Now than in the Good Old Times.

The last Paris exposition has been blamed for many things, but few people suspected that it has earned a grudge on the part of the undertakers.

Such, however, proves to be the case. A few days ago I was informed by a member of this somber fraternity that 1901 had been one of the worst years in his line that he could remember, and official statistics support his statement.

During last year the number of deaths in Paris was 2,500 fewer than the average, and one large firm of undertakers did 8,000 less business than in 1900, while another showed a decrease in receipts of £1,600. The prospect grows less promising every year.

Every Sunday there is an average of 260 funerals in Paris, but last Sunday the number was only 169. The reduction in profits is attributed by the undertakers to the exhibition, bad trade and the increased cost of living, all of which have tended to keep Parisians away from the capital and make them practice economy even in funerals.

The cheapest funeral in Paris costs 11 shillings, but, if one feels inclined, one may spend as much as £12,000 on being buried. Among the costliest obsequies that France has known was that of the Duc d'Aumale, which cost £2,400; the Emperor of Brazil, £3,200, and that of the late Mr. Mackay, son of the silver king, the bill for which amounted to £8,000.

The "Petticoat Insurrection."

Perhaps the first "woman's right" movement in America was connected with the early history of the settlement of Louisiana, for there early in the century occurred the famous "petticoat insurrection." The French girls who had come to settle in the country under allurements which proved deceptive were particularly indignant at being fed upon corn. Bienville, this reports the matter in one of his dispatches: "The males in the colony begin, through habit, to be reconciled to corn as an article of nourishment, but the females, who are mostly Parisians, have for this kind of food a decided aversion, which has not yet been subdued. Hence they inveigh bitterly against his grace, the Bishop of Quebec, who, they say, has enticed them away from their home under the pretext of sending them to enjoy the milk and honey of the land of promise."—Pearson's Magazine.

The Same Race.

To-day we are the same race, with the same impulse, the same power and, because there is no longer a frontier to absorb our overplus of energy, because there is no longer a wilderness to conquer, we remember the old days when our ancestors before us founded the outlet for their activity checked and, rebounding, turned their faces eastward, and went down to invade the Old World. So we. No sooner have we found that our power was thwarted than, reacting eastward, we are at the Old World again, marching against it, invading it, devoting our overplus to its subjugation.

But though we are the same race, with the same impulses, the same blood instincts as the old Frisian marsh-people, we are now come into a changed time and the great world of our century is no longer war but trade.—The World's Work.

The Chaperon in Samoa.

The chaperon is an important person in Samoa. She is the constant companion of the taupou, or village guide, who is appointed to entertain strangers, and show them the various sights. Each village in Samoa elects a girl for this office, and it is necessary that she should be the daughter of a chief. Her house is provided for her by the village, and she is surrounded by a court of native girls. No man who lives in the village is allowed to enter the guests' precincts, and the taupou goes nowhere without an elderly woman. If the taupou resigns her office, the chief can appoint another damsel of high degree.

Religious Services Are Short.

The Prussian prayer book enjoins that the whole of the service, including the sermon, shall not last above one hour.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

FAMILIAR ILLUSTRATION PRECEDES AN ELOQUENT DISCOURSE.

Text Matthew XXIII, 37: "Even as a Hen Gathereth Her Chickens Under Wings and Ye Would Not"—Christ as Refuge from Danger and Temptations.

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Washington, March 2.—A familiar illustration from the barnyard is employed in this discourse by Dr. Talmage to show the comfort and protection that heaven affords to all trusting souls. The text is Matthew xxiii, 37, "Even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings and ye would not."

Jerusalem was in sight as Christ came to the crest of Mount Olivet, a height of 700 feet. Spread out before his eyes are the pomp, the wealth, the wickedness and the coming destruction of Jerusalem, and he bursts into tears at the thought of the obduracy of a place that he would gladly have saved, and apostrophizes, saying, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!"

Why did Christ select hen and chickens as a simile? Next to the appositeness of the comparison, I think it was to help all public teachers in the matter of illustration to get down off their stilts and use comparisons that all can understand. The plainest bird of earth is the barnyard fowl. Musicians have written out in musical scale the song of lark and robin redbreast and nightingale, yet the hen of my text hath nothing that could be taken for a song but only cluck and cackle. Yet Christ in the text uttered while looking upon doomed Jerusalem declares that what he had wished for that city was like what the hen does for her chickens.

There is not much poetry about this winged creature of God mentioned in my text, but she is more practical and more motherly and more suggestive of good things than many that fly higher and wear brighter colors.

I am in warm sympathy with the unpretentious old-fashioned hen because, like most of us, she has to scratch for a living. She knows at the start the lesson was given to her people of good sense are slow to learn—that the gaining of a livelihood implies work and that successes do not lie on the surface, but are to be upturned by positive and continuous effort. The reason that society and the church and the world are so full of failures, so full of loafers, so full of deadbeats, is because people are not wise enough to take the lesson which the hen would teach them, that if they would find for themselves and for those dependent upon them anything worth having they must scratch for it. Solomon says, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard." I say, Go to the hen, thou sluggard. In the Old Testament God compares himself to an eagle stirring up her nest, and in the New Testament the Holy Spirit is compared to a descending dove, but Christ in a sermon that many men with cutting sarcasm for hypocrites and ends with the paroxysm of pathos in the text, compares himself to a hen.

One day in the country we saw sudden consternation in the behavior of old Dominick. Why the hen should be so disturbed we could not understand. We could see nothing on the ground that could terrorize, and we could see nothing in the air to ruffle the feathers of the hen, but the loud, wild, affrighted cluck which brought all her brood at full run under her feather pinions was again and again and above us, when we saw that high up and far away there was a rapacious bird wheeling round and round and down and down, and, not seeing us as we stood in the shadow, it came nearer and lower until we saw its beak was curved downward, and it had two flames of fire for eyes, and it was a hawk. But all the chickens were under old Dominick's wings, and either the bird of prey caught a glimpse of us or not able to find the brood, huddled under wing, darted back into the clouds, so Christ, with all great earnestness to all the young, Why, what is the matter? It is bright sunlight and there can be no danger. Health is theirs. A good home is theirs. Plenty of food is theirs. Prospect of long life is theirs. But Christ continues to call, and his more emphatic and urgent haste and says not a second ought to be lost. Oh, do tell us what is the matter. Ah, now I see; there are hawks of temptation in the air, there are vultures wheeling for their prey, there are beaks of death ready to plunge, there are claws of adamantine ready to clutch. Now I see the peril. Now I understand the urgency. Now I see the only safety. Would that Christ might this day take our sons and daughters into his shelter "as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wing."

The fact is that the most of them will never mind the shelter unless while they are chickens. It is a simple matter of indefensible statistics that most of those who do not come to Christ in youth never come at all. Fathers, mothers, older brothers and sisters and Sabbath school teachers, be quick and earnest and prayerful and importunate and get the chickens under wing. May the Sabbath school's of America and Great Britain within the next three months sweep all their scholars into the kingdom. Remember, your children will remain children only a little while. What you do for them as children you must do quickly or never do at all.

My hearers, if we secure the present and everlasting welfare of our children, her chickens belonging to us are of but little comparative importance. Alexander the Great allowed his soldiers to take their families with them to war, and he accounted for the bravery of his men by the fact that many of them were born in camp and were used to warlike scenes from the start. Would God that all the children of our day might be born into the army of the Lord!

But we all need the protecting wing. If you had known when you entered upon manhood or womanhood what was ahead of you, would you have dared to undertake life? You are not at forty or fifty or sixty or seventy or eighty years of age. Where you thought you would be, I do not know, my young friends, but I do know that it has been a happy surprise. I never expected anything, and so when anything came in the shape of human favor or comfortable position or widening field of work it was to me a surprise. I was told in the theological seminary by some of my fellow students that I never would get anybody to hear me preach unless I changed my style, so that when I found that some people did come to hear me it was a happy surprise. But most people, according to their own statement, have found life a disappointment. Indeed, we all need shelter from its tempests.

The wings of my text suggest warmth, and that is what most folks want. The fact is that this is a cold world whether you take it literally or figuratively. We have a blue planet called the sun, and it has a very hot fire, and the stokers keep the coals well stirred up, but much of the year we cannot get near enough to the fireplace to get warmed. The world's extremities are cold all the time. Forget not that it is colder at the south pole than at the north pole, and that the arctic is not so destructive as the antarctic. Once in a while the arctic will let explorers come back, but the antarctic has never. When at the south pole a ship sails in, the door of ice is almost sure to be shut against its return. So life to many millions of people at the south and many millions of people at the north is a prolonged shiver. But we are not this life a cold world I chiefly mean figuratively. If you want to know what is the meaning of the ordinary term of receiving the "cold shoulder," get out of money and into sorrow. The consolation may have been almost tropical for insurance of thought and speech, but suggest your necessities, and see the thermometer drop to 50 degrees below zero, and in that which till a moment before had been a warm room. Take what is an unpopular position on some public question and see your friends fly as chaff before a windmill. As far as myself is concerned, I have no word of complaint, but I look off day by day and see communities freezing out men and women of whom the world is not worthy. Now it takes after one and now after another. It becomes popular to depreciate and defame and excoriate and lie about some people. This is the best world I ever got into, but it is the worst world that ever any one got into. The worst thing that ever happened to them was their cradle, and the best thing that will ever happen to them will be their grave.

What people want is warmth. The trouble is that in our efforts to save the soul there is too much coldness and icy formality. Give warmth of sympathy, warmth of kindly association, warmth of genial surroundings. The world declines to give it and in many cases has no power to give it, and here is where Christ comes in, and as on a cold day, the rain beating and the atmosphere full of sleet, the hen clucks her chickens under her wings, and the warmth of her own breast puts warmth into the wet feathers and the chilled feet of the infant group of the barnyards, so Christ says to those sick and frosted and disgusted and frozen of the world: "Come in out of the March winds of the world's criticism, come in out of the sleet of the world's adversity, come in out of a world that does not understand you and does not want to understand you. I will comfort and I will soothe, and I will be your warmth, as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wing." Oh, one touch of the love of God is ready for all those to whom the world has given the cold shoulder.

But notice that some one must take the storm for the chickens. Ah, the hen takes the storm. I have watched her under the pelting rain. I have seen her in the pinching frosts. Almost frozen to death or almost strangled in the waters, and what a fight she makes for the young under wing if a dog or a hawk or a man come too near! And so the brooding Christ takes the storm for us. What flood of anguish and temptation and trial would have ingulfed my soul? What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Cerberus of hell was not let out upon him from the scarlets? Yes, the hen takes the storm for the chickens, and Christ takes the storm for us. The wings under which we come, the scarred, gory, the blood spattered wings, are night shadowed wings, are tempest torn wings. In the Isle of Wight I saw the grave of Princess Elizabeth, who died while a prisoner at Carisbrooke castle, her finger on an open Bible, and pointing to the words, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Oh, come under the wings!

But now the summer day is almost past, and the shadows of the house and barn and wagon shed have lengthened. The farmer, with scythe or hoe on shoulder, is returning from the fields. The oxen are unyoked. The horses are crunching the oats at the full bin. The air is bewitched of honeysuckle and wild brier. The milkman, pail in hand, is approaching the barnyard. The fowls, keeping early hours, are collecting for the night. Cluck, cluck! Cluck! Cluck!" And soon all the eyes of that feathered nursery are closed. The bachelors of the winged tribe have ascended to their perch, but the hens, in a motherhood divinely appointed, take all the risk of a slumber on the ground, and all night long the wings will stay outspread, and the little ones will not utter a sound. Thus at sundown, lovingly, safely, completely, the hen broods her young. So, if we are the Lord's, the evening of our life will come. The heats of the day will have passed. There will be shadows, and we cannot see as far, but the close of life will be about ended. The hawks of temptation that hovered in the sky will have gone to the woods and folded their wings. Sweet silences will come. The air will be redolent with the breath of whole arbors of promise-sweeter than jasmine or evening primrose. The air shall be a little still, but Christ will call us, and we will know the voice and heed the call, and we will come under the wings for the night, the strong wings, the soft wings, the warm wings, and without fear and in full sense of safety, and then we will rest from sundown to sunrise. "As a hen gathereth her chickens under her wing."

Dear me! How many souls the Lord hath this brood! Mothers, after scolding come back, tireless and thoughtful, watchful afterward over wayward sons and daughters, as a hen broods her brood a happy surprise. I never

Business men, after a lifetime struggling with the uncertainties of money markets and the change of tariffs and the underselling of men who because of their dishonesties can afford to undersell, and years of disappointment and struggle, at last under wings where nothing can perturb them any more than can a bird of prey which is ten miles off disturb a chick at midnight brooded in a barnyard.

My text has its strongest application for people who were born in the country, wherever they now live, and that is the majority of you. You cannot hear my text without having all the rustic scenes of the old farmhouse come back to you. Good old days they were. You knew nothing much of the world, for you had not seen the world. By law of association you cannot recall the brooding hen and her chickens without seeing also the barn and the haymow and the wagon shed and the house and the room where you played and the fireplace and the old backlog before which you sat and the neighbors and the burial and the wedding and the deep snowbanks and hear the village bell that called you to worship and seeing the horses which, after pulling you to the church, stood around the old clapboarded meeting house, and those who sat at either end of the church pew and, indeed, all the scenes of your first fourteen years, and you think of what you were then, and of what you are now, and all these thoughts are aroused by the sight of the old henroop. Some of you had better go back and start again. In thought return to that place and hear the cluck and see the outspread feathers and come under the wing and make the Lord your portion and shelter and warmth, preparing for everything that may come and so avoid being classed among those described by the closing words of my text, "as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not." Ah, that throws the responsibility upon us. "Ye would not." Ah, for the "would, nots!" If the wandering broods of the farm heed not their mother's call and risk the hawk and dare the frosts and expose themselves to the frost and storm, surely their calamities are not the mother's fault. "Ye would not!" God would, but how many would not?

When a good man asked a young woman who had abandoned her home and who was in great and wretched weakness why she did not return, the reply was: "I dare not go home. My father is so provoked he would not receive me home." "Then," said the Christian man, "I will go at this." And so he wrote to the father and the reply came back, and in a letter marked outside "Immediate" and inside saying, "Let her come at once; all is forgiven." So God's invitation for you is marked "immediate" on the outside, and inside is written, "He will abundantly pardon." Oh, ye wanderers from God, and happiness and home and heaven, come under the sheltering wing. A vessel in the Bristol channel was nearing the rocks called the Steep Holmes. Under the tempest the vessel was unmanageable, and the only hope was that the tide would change before she struck the rocks and went down, and so the captain stood on the deck, watch in hand. Captain and crew and passengers were pallid with terror. Taking another look at his watch and another look at the sea, he shouted: "Thank God, we are saved! The tide has turned! One minute more and we would have struck the rocks!" Some of you have been a long while drifting in the tempest of sin and sorrow and have been making for the breakers. Thank God, the tide has turned. Do you not feel the lift of the billow? The grace of God that bringeth salvation has appeared to your soul, and, in the words of Boaz to Ruth, I commend you to "the Lord God of Israel, under whose wings thou hast come to trust."

GEMS OWNED BY NEW YORKERS.

Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont Has Pearls Once Worn by Marie Antoinette.

The three families of enormous wealth that with the addition of the Rockefeller, constitute the most widely known of American multimillionaires, have not been exceeded in splendid jewelry owned in the metropolis; but it would be wearisome to name, piece by piece, the gems of even a few of the remaining hundreds of well-known women in New York's most exclusive society.

Glancing hastily around the circle, one is forced to recall, nevertheless, such quantity of costly and beautiful bits of bijouterie as Mrs. T. Suffern Taller's diamond chrysanthemum, sometimes fetchingly worn at her shoulder; Mrs. Belmont Tiffany's point lace fans, one studded with various jewels, the stick of the other bearing her initials set in diamonds; Mrs. George W. Vanderbilt's necklace of 170 diamonds; Mrs. Frederick W. Vanderbilt's diamond-bodied and ruby-eyed serpent that half encircles its owner; Mrs. Clarence H. Mackay's sapphire, the most perfect and beautiful known in the world, and Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont's chief treasures, her string of pearls, once worn by Marie Antoinette, and an ever-shimmering gorgeous chain of diamonds, seven and a half feet in length, formerly owned by the Empress Catherine of Russia.

The pearl jewelry of Mrs. Perry Belmont, formerly Mrs. Henry Sloane, says a writer in Ainslee's, is the most costly and beautiful in America, and the jewels of her niece, Mrs. James Abercrombie Burden, are noted for their splendor and bizarrerie.

Well Worth the Trouble.

It is only half-rate people who ignore cost and shrink from calculation, says an intelligent woman who carries her intelligence into everything, the corners of her pantry and the depths of her flour barrel. In her opinion, you have no more right to cheat yourself out of the quality and quantity of good your income should yield than you should cheat your neighbor, says the Philadelphia Public Ledger. The comfort of knowing one is fairly dealt with is worth occasional trouble. All good dealers respect a customer who sees for herself to such matters. Too many shops will take advantage of a careless buyer, while they correctly deal with one who demands her dues.

Short-nailed persons make good critics; they are sharper and more logical than long-nailed people and usually more positive in assertion.

1,213 BUS. ONIONS PER ACRE.

Salzer's New Method of onion culture makes it possible to grow 1,200 bus. per acre. There is no vegetable that pays better. Mr. Salzer annually distributes tons of nearly eighteen of a million lbs. of onion seed. Write him about it and up per lb.

For 10c. and this notice, John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., will mail you their mammoth catalog, together with 100 kinds of flower and vegetable seeds. Market gardeners, his page is for you. W. N. U.

In obedience to the expressed wish of Parliament, the Swedish government has ordered commanders in the army enforcing the new compulsory law to permit conscientious objectors to military service to be exempt from wearing uniforms and carrying arms, but to perform instead clerical and other useful work in connection with the army.

"To the Shade of the Palms."

The C. H. & D. Ry. have inaugurated through car service from the north to St. Augustine, Fla., commencing January 7th. Through cars will leave Detroit, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday during the Florida Resort season. The trains are made up of through Pullman Sleeping, Buffet and Cafe cars, offering the public the finest type of modern train service. For particulars and rates address J. A. Williamson, D. P. A., Toledo, O

Fear for Indian Wheat Crop.

Mild weather of the past few days has practically removed the snow from the wheat fields and Indiana farmers report the plant as coming out badly injured. With the ruined corn crop of the last season they are very apprehensive and fear the wheat crop is the next to suffer.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, price 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

If you would sleep well at night, be wide awake when a stranger seeks your confidence.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES are as easy to use as soap. No muss or failures. 10c per package. Sold by druggists.

A good man on his knees weighs more than the biggest giant in the devil's army.

ALWAYS USE RUSS BLEACHING BLUE, as unequalled. Sold by leading grocers. The Russ Company, South Bend, Ind.

THE DONKEY DRANK BEER.

Billy and His Rider Afforded Fun to Tenderloin Pedestrians.

Tenderloin pedestrians were highly entertained late last evening by the spectacle of a diminutive donkey, bestridden by a large man, standing in the shadow of the Greeley statue, while Policeman Gallagher of the Broadway squad was vainly trying to get them to move along. The donkey is known through the region as "Billy the Booze." He belongs to James Carroll of 156 West Twenty-Ninth street, while his rider was James Tifer of the same address, better known in near-by resorts as "The Senator."

The little animal had his ears flat, and was ready to pitch that drowned the roar of Broadway in his immediate vicinity. The pleasure of the crowd rose to ecstacy when the policeman passed behind and the tiny hoofs flew out, nearly kicking him in the head. Tifer admitted that both he and the donkey had imbibed drinks, and the policeman threatened to lock them both up on a charge of being drunk and disorderly, when the man sent for a pail of beer. The donkey swallowed it greedily, the ears resumed a pleasantly erect position, and he trotted amiably home again.

Billy's latest notorious exploit was on New Year's night, when, after a carouse with some human acquaintance, he ascended two flights of stairs in a strange house and terrified two women upon whom he came unannounced. His entrance stopped drinking at the saloon