

**A CHRISTMAS STORY.**

IN THE house, a big hive of work-people, situated in the Rue Delambre, where for six months Tony Robec had occupied a room, every one thought that he was a widower. He could not have been a widower very long, for his little boy, Adrien, who lived with him, and who was always well-cared for, was not more than six years old. Yet neither of them were mourning.

Early every day, Tony Robec, who was employed as a compositor in a printing-house in the Quartier Latin, left his room, with the child still half-asleep on his shoulder. He left the little one at school, and called for him again at night, when returning from work. Then they went shopping together, after which they shut themselves up in their garret, and nothing more was seen of them until the following morning.

The kind-hearted gossips were full of pity for the poor fellow. He couldn't be more than forty, and was still good-looking, although sad and pale, and with silver streaks in his black beard. Behind his back they said: "That man ought to marry again."

They wished to make his acquaintance. Generally this is not difficult in such a house, where the tenants live with open doors. But Tony had a very reserved manner, and bowed so distantly and so coldly—although politely—to his neighbors, when he met them on the stairs, that they were afraid to approach him.

"No, ladies," said the door-keeper, who was inclined to be sentimental, "that widower will never marry again, mark my words. The other Sunday I passed him in the cemetery at Montparnasse. His wife is doubtless buried there. It cut me to the heart to see the poor man with the motherless little chap at his side. He must have doted on his wife."

Certainly Tony had been very devoted to his wife, and would not be consoled now that he had lost her—but he was not a widower.

His life had been simple, but not by any means happy. Although a conscientious workman, he was not particularly good at his trade, and therefore until he was thirty he had not succeeded in making a tolerably good living, and could not think of marrying. When he did resolve to marry, he ought to have chosen a sensible, economical wife, who had known want as he had. But love does not occupy itself with such trifles. Tony lost his head over a pretty, light-minded, light-hearted flower-girl of nineteen, honest, doubtless, but frivolous, and thinking more of her toilet than of anything else under the sun. It must be admitted, however, that she could make a dress out of a few scraps of stuff.

He had saved a little money with which to start housekeeping. Among other things he bought a big cupboard with a glass door, in which his wife could admire herself the whole day.

They were married, and at first lived very happily. They had two modest rooms on the fifth floor of a house in the Boulevard de Port Royal, with a little balcony from which they had a bird's-eye view of Paris. Every night, on leaving work, Tony Robec disguised

Tony sold the greater part of his furniture in order to pay his debts, and moved into the Rue Delambre.

Toward the end of September he received a letter from his wife—four incoherent and desperate pages, plentifully washed with tears—in which she announced that she had repented and implored pardon. This was all very painful for Tony, but he was proud, and the letter remained unanswered.

He heard no more from Clementine. On Christmas eve he went, as was his custom, to the cemetery at Montparnasse, there to place on the grave of his dead child a few frozen violets and roses. For the first time Tony went alone with the child, and, strange as it may seem, on entering the cemetery he suffered more poignantly than ever before from the absence of that wife who had so cruelly deceived him. "Where is she now, and what is she doing?" thought he.

On arriving at the grave, he started, for at the foot of it were strewn several little playthings such as the poor give to their children—a trumpet, a jack-in-the-box, and a whistle. They had evidently just been placed there, for they were quite new.

"Oh, what pretty playthings!" cried little Adrien excitedly. But his father, having detected a scrap of paper pinned to one of the toys, opened it and read: "For Adrien, from his brother Felix, who is now with the child Christ."

Suddenly he found the boy pressing against him, and murmuring, "Mamma." There, only a few paces away, under a clump of cypress trees, knelt the mother. She was clad in a wretched dress and a thin shawl. Her eyes were sunken and her cheeks hollow and pale. She was looking at her husband, and her clasped hands were stretched toward him in supplication. Tony pushed the boy gently toward her, saying, "Adrien, go kiss your mother."

The poor creature strained the child convulsively to her breast, and covered him with kisses. Then rising and turning toward her husband, but always with the air of a suppliant, she said, "How good of you!"

But he, already at her side, said huskily, almost harshly, "Don't talk. Take my arm."

It is not far from the cemetery to the Rue Delambre, and they walked quickly, and without uttering a word. The child, engrossed in his newly-found treasure, trotted along at their side, thinking only of his toys.

When they reached the house, the door-keeper was standing on the steps. "Madame," said Tony to her, "this is my wife. She has been six months in the country with her mother, who was ill, and now she has come back to live with me."

When they reached the room, Tony made his wife sit down in the only arm-chair, placed the boy in her lap, and opened a drawer, from which he took an old card-board box. Out of this he took the wedding-ring, which he pressed on his wife's finger. Then, without a word of reproach or bitterness about the sorrowful past, silently, gravely, with the overflowing generosity of a simple, childlike heart, he gently pressed his lips to her forehead as the seal of his forgiveness.

**The Pompadour Coiffure.**  
The pompadour fashion of wearing the hair has been adopted by two of our most talked of brides this year, Miss Anna Gould and Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt. This style of hair dressing seems essentially natural, but a false pompadour may be bought in varying lengths and prices to suit the purchaser. One for the forehead alone costs \$10; one to extend to the ears, \$16, and a complete wig in this style over \$40. So it is not cheapest.—Ex.

**Done by Missionaries.**  
King Leopold of Belgium, chief of the Congo Free State, recently expressed, in a letter, his high appreciation of the services rendered to the state by a grammar of the language which Mr. Bentley, a Baptist missionary, had prepared. Another Baptist missionary, Mr. Grenfell, was knighted by the king.

**Going to Be a Hard Winter.**  
If there is any truth in the old saying that a season of abundant wild fruits and nuts presages a cold and snowy winter, severe weather may be expected to March next. All the wild fruits have been unusually abundant and there is promise of an equally abundant nut crop.—Albany Times-Union.

**PERSONAL.**  
The ex-Empress Engenie has purchased a small estate at Braemar, and will have a lodge built there.  
Colonel Cockerill has been called home from Japan to become managing editor of the New York Herald.  
Samuel Shaw, a wealthy farmer of Amsden, O., has married for the fifth time and is not over 50 years of age.  
Phil May, the artist of London Punch, finds his greatest delight, outside of art, in witnessing a good horse race.  
Captain Von Schellwitz, formerly editor of the Almanach de Gotha, has been appointed private secretary of Prince Bismarck.

Frederick Harrison, who is writing a life of William the Silent, has gone to The Hague to gather further materials for his work on the spot.  
William Winter, the critic and author, is to dedicate the cornerstone of the new Staten Island academy building at St. George, S. I., on November 14.  
Horace Manvill of Woodbury, Conn., thinks he is the oldest church member in the country. He is 101 years old and was received in the church at Middlebury, Conn., in 1815.

Francisco Basaine, a son of the great marshal, died in Cuba recently of illness contracted in the campaign against the patriots. He was a post-office in the Spanish expeditionary army.

**THE LITTLE DUCHESS.**

**WHO MAY YET RULE OVER ALL THE RUSSIAS.**

**Famed Olga by Her Mother—Beautiful Character of the Czarina—America Feels a Friendly Interest in the Progress of Russia.**



HE mother of the little grand duchess of Russia has given her the name of Olga. If the Romanoff dynasty continues to reign Olga will one day become empress of all the Russias. That country is now the largest empire in the world ruled by one government. Americans will take great interest in the progress of the nation that emerged from a state of semi-barbarism at the same time that this nation was born. The first act done by civilized Russia was to materially assist the United States in subduing England in the war of the revolution. In all our wars Russia has been our friend. And in turn this country has been Russia's friend. When her treasury was empty we gave her gold, we have given her soldiers and railroad builders. Now Russia is about to adopt our common school system. So it is quite natural that Americans feel a friendly interest

cess Alix a difficulty arose. She refused to say that her "former religion was accursed; that her conversion to the Russian faith was due to her conviction that her own religion was not founded upon truth," as the law of the Russian church required.

Never before had the holy synod of Russia had to face such a refusal. Argument was in vain. "I merely join the Greek church that I may be of one faith with my future husband," she said firmly. And the holy synod of Russia had to make this highly important and unprecedented concession to the young German girl, who not even for the crown of an empire would condemn the religion of her forefathers. At her baptism in Russia she received the names Alexandra Feodorovna, and the czar afterward conferred upon her the rank of grand duchess of the empire.

The firmness of character which the czarina possesses has never overshadowed the more graceful qualities of her disposition. She is not stiff, but lively, graceful, and "elegant," in the Parisian sense of the word; she is sensitive, impulsive, sympathetic, and witty. She is beautiful, of the refined, fair-haired, blue-eyed type of beauty, with finely chiseled features, a clear complexion and large, bright, laughing eyes. Her accomplishments are more than ordinary. She is an admirable linguist, expert at needlework, very musical, a good player on the pianoforte, and an excellent artist. She is a skillful rider, and, after the fashion of young Englishwomen, was devoted to outdoor sports,



THE CZARINA OF RUSSIA.

in the progressive strides being made by Russia.  
The czarina is one of Queen Victoria's many grandchildren. She is the youngest child of the late Grand Duke and Duchess of Hesse-Darmstadt. Her mother, Princess Alice, perhaps the most popular member of the English royal family, died when the little Alix was only six years of age, and from that time the child was cared for almost exclusively by her grandmother, Queen Victoria, whose special favorite she has always been. She was surrounded by nurses, attendants and governesses, selected at Windsor and Balmoral, with the result that the future

de-lighting in tennis, boating, and skating. In Darmstadt, the Hessian residence, her popularity was unbounded.  
Krasnoe Zelo, "the red hamlet," where the czarina now lies, is a village some fifty miles from St. Petersburg, on the borders of Finland. It is full of little toy cottages, which recall memories of Trouville and Dieppe. There is a military camp there, and in the village is situated the Imperial School of Pages, where the scions of Russian nobility are educated, and from which they pass as officers into the guard regiments. The imperial palace was built by Catherine II. It stands in the midst of a magnificent park, and in its general appearance is suggestive of Versailles. It is one of the most magnificent palaces in the world, and is full of most costly art treasures.  
DAVID HALFORD.



**NICHOLAS OF RUSSIA.**  
czarina grew up more English in sentiment and training than many of her English cousins. Princess Alix was called by this curious modification of her mother's name because Queen Victoria found that the name of Alice was so badly pronounced by the Germans. The little princess received in addition the names of her aunt, Helena, Victoria Louise, and Beatrice. In her childhood she was called "Sunny," for the brightness of her temperament, but after the loss of her mother and father—the grand duke died in 1892—she became more serious. From childhood she was remarkable for a distinct character and individuality of her own, and this was shown last year in connection with her entry into the Eastern Orthodox church. For the last seven centuries nearly all the czars have gone abroad for their brides, who, in every instance, have been baptized into the Russian faith. In the case of Prin-

**Without Food or Sleep.**

**THE TORTUROUS TRIAL OF MISS CALIE HUMMEL.**

**Doctors Said Her Mind-Chronic Trouble of the Stomach and Could Not be Cured. She Has Now Recovered Her Good Health and Spirit and the Neighbors Say It's a Miracle.**

From the New Era, Greensburg, Ind.  
The editor of the New Era has heard that Miss Calie Hummel, of Sumner, Ripley Co., Indiana, had been cured of a severe case of chronic stomach trouble and dyspepsia. As the story sounded almost improbable we determined to learn the truth of the matter, and went to Sumner the other day for that purpose. We called on Miss Hummel and found her to be a beautiful and charming young lady still in her teens and quite intelligent. The glow of perfect health appeared on her ruddy cheeks, and she was not the least disinclined to relate her marvelous experience:

"I had stomach trouble and dyspepsia nearly all my life," she said, in her pleasant way, "and the older I got the worse it grew on me and the more severe it became. I could eat scarcely anything and sleep was a rarity with me, my trouble was so painful. After doctoring with my physicians here for several years, he failed to do me any good beyond the reach of medical aid. I went to Cincinnati where I was treated by the ablest physicians without the least success. Discouraged and distressed, I returned home and began trying many different medicines which I never advised, but not one did me the least noticeable good. My trouble steadily grew worse, and, in almost unbearable misery, I became sadly despondent and grew pale and thin as a skeleton for want of sleep and food, but neither could I enjoy. My mother saw an article about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and their marvelous cures and they were a God-send to me. I had lost all faith in medicine and had given up all hope of recovery, grim death staring me in the face. She would not let me rest, however, till I had tried a box of the Pink Pills. With the first box I began to feel better, my appetite was partially restored and I could sleep. Within a short time I had taken some seven or eight boxes and I was, as you see me today, in perfect health, and able to sleep soundly enough, with an appetite that I can eat almost anything without reluctance. I feel that I owe everything to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and do not hesitate to recommend them through your paper to suffering humanity. I earnestly recommend them for building up the blood, for they proved a great wonder for that in my case."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are now given to the public as an unfailing blood builder and nerve restorer, curing all forms of weakness arising from a watery condition of the blood or shattered nerves. The pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price (50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50—they are never sold in bulk or by the 100) by addressing Dr. Williams' Med. Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

Bronson Howard's new comedy is still without a title, although the play was finished six months ago. It is now known simply as "A Play," that title appearing on the manuscript.

"Mason's Magic Cure Salve."  
Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 25 cents.

For stains in matting from grease wet the spot with alcohol, then rub on white castile soap. Let this dry in a cake and then wash off with warm salt water.

A young woman... Cleanse plaster of Paris ornaments with wet starch. Brush off when dry.

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Some say that the hypophosphites alone are sufficient to prevent and cure consumption, if taken in time. Without doubt they exert great good in the beginning stages; they improve the appetite, promote digestion and tone up the nervous system. But they lack the peculiar medicinal properties, and the fat, found in cod-liver oil. The hypophosphites are valuable and the cod-liver oil is valuable.

**Scott's Emulsion**  
of Cod-liver Oil, with hypophosphites, contains both of these in the most desirable form. The oil is thoroughly emulsified; that is, partly digested. Sensitive stomachs can bear an emulsion when the raw oil cannot be retained. As the hypophosphites, the medicinal agents in the oil, and the fat itself are each good, why not have the benefit of all? This combination has stood the test of twenty years and has never been equalled.

W. N. U. CHICAGO, VOL. X, NO. 30  
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TASTE GOOD. USE IN TIME. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. 25 CTS.

**Timely Warning.**  
The great success of the chocolate preparations of the house of Walter Baker & Co. (established in 1780) has led to the placing on the market many misleading and unscrupulous imitations of their name, labels, and wrappers. Walter Baker & Co. are the oldest and largest manufacturers of pure and high-grade Cocoa and Chocolates on this continent. No chemicals are used in their manufactures. Consumers should ask for, and be sure that they get, the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods.  
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