

A PRETTY COMPANION

By Louise Bedford.

CHAPTER IV.

Janetta only stayed long enough to listen to a few polite inquiries as to whether she had suffered any inconvenience from the accident, then rose and asked leave to retire for the night. "You can go if you wish," said Harry; "but please don't imagine that Harry and I always need to be left together. I am generally down in the drawing room in the evening. Tonight was an exception, Good-night. Tell me if you are not comfortable."

like Captain Merivale was intellectually invigorating. They were racing along the broad road that stretched like a white line for miles along the top of the cliffs when Janetta began to slacken speed. "Tired at last?" cried Harry, with a triumphant laugh. "I thought I would just let you have your fling. You must be magnificently strong to keep up a pace like that."

my true position; but I must remember my own, and respect its conditions. It does not seem fitting to take your gifts and call you by your name when I am really your paid companion. We are not on equal terms."

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

MARKS OF THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

On Christian Heroism—The Great Reward That Comes to the Faithful Soldier of the Cross—Heroes and Martyrs of Everyday Life. (Copyright, 1901, by Louis Klopfch.) Washington, Feb. 24.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage praises Christian heroism and tells of great rewards. The text is Galatians vi., 17, "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus."

Martyrs All Around Us.

People think they must look for martyrs on battlefields or go through a history of tortures on racks when there are martyrs all about us. At this time in this capital city there are scores of men wearing themselves out in the public service. In ten years they will not have a healthy nerve left in their body.

thought what was those marks on the heavenly world? What were those of glorious remembrance in that world you will sit together and talk of earthly experiences. "Where did you get that scar?" saint will say to saint, and there will come back a story of hardship and struggle and persecution and wounds and victory through the grace of the gospel. Another spirit will say to listening spirit, "Where did you get that hurt so plainly marked?" And the answer will be: "Oh, that was one of the worst hurts I ever had. That was a broken friendship. We were in sweetest accord for years, together in joy and sorrow. What one thought the other thought. We were David and Jonathan. But our personal interests parted, and our friendship broke, never to be renewed on earth. But we have made it all up here, and our understandings are gone, and we are in the same heaven, on neighboring thrones, in neighboring castles, on the banks of the same river."

MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE.

The Only Man in the British Cabinet Who Could Speak French. When the Marquis of Lansdowne was governor-general of Canada he had to make a speech to the French-Canadianians, says M. A. P. With all its loyalty to the English connection, this little bit of transported France adheres very rigidly to many things French, and especially to the purity of the French tongue—at least as it was spoken in the eighteenth century. Few viceroys have ever ventured accordingly to leave the safe security of the English tongue, and it was with some trepidation that Lord Lansdowne was going to deliver a speech to them in their own language. But he had scarcely uttered the word "messieurs" when the whole audience burst into cheers; they recognized at once the accent of the true French tongue, the accent only possible to a man of French blood, and one who had spoken French as his mother tongue. It is perhaps this accomplishment which had something to do with Lord Lansdowne's latest appointment. When some one remonstrated with Lord Salisbury for retaining the two offices of prime minister and foreign secretary, his reply was that he could not help himself, there was but one member of his cabinet who could speak French, and that was Lord Lansdowne. And now Lord Lansdowne will receive the foreign ambassador every Wednesday afternoon, and whatever else may be found fault with, his French will be faultless. Lord Lansdowne's mother was a daughter of Gen. Flahalt, one of Bonaparte's officers.—Toronto Star.

Book Made of Money.

A devout Spanish lady, who was an enthusiastic admirer of the Pope, recently sent him a present of a book. It consists of 250 leaves, elegantly bound. Each leaf is a duplicate of its brother and is simply a thousand-petaled rose.

A HISTORIC HOME.

Rousseau's Famous "Les Charmettes" Ready for a Purchaser. In all literature there is hardly any house more famous than Les Charmettes, that modest dwelling in Chambray where Jean Jacques Rousseau, the renowned French philosopher, spent the happiest years of his life, and therefore it is no wonder that the reading public of Europe was considerably surprised and somewhat shocked when it heard the other day that it had been advertised for sale, says the St. Louis Star. The advertisement read as follows: "For Sale—Les Charmettes, the historic home of Jean Jacques Rousseau, together with furniture, fields, and orchard." In 1600 the house was built, but it first became historic on July 6, 1738, that being the day on which Mme. de Warens, Rousseau's friend, purchased it, together with a barn, meadowland, orchard, glenland, vineyard, two oxen, two cows, ten sheep, seven hens, and a cock. The new owner occupied it at once and Rousseau joined her there later in the same year. Of his life there one of his French biographers says: "To Mme. de Warens the world is infinitely indebted since it was she who provided this man, the son of a Geneva watchmaker, with a home in which he had ample opportunity to improve himself and to develop his many talents. Since 1763, the year in which Rousseau's 'Confessions' were published, Les Charmettes has been a Mecca for thousands of his admirers from all parts of the world, not a year since that time passing in which hundreds have not visited it and reverently taken away from the little flower garden some buds or leaves in memory of him."

Nature knows no pause in progress and development, and attaches her cure on all inaction.—Gautier.