

AT CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

So blithe this hour, when once again
The stars glow steadfast in the sky;
So hope attuned, when human pain
Grows less, for faith - at help is nigh;

Once more, between the midnight gloom
And the pale rose of breaking dawn,
Heaven's matchless lilies wake and bloom,
And far athwart the east are drawn
The pencilled sunbeams which illumine
All pathways men must journey on.

Argin the Sages and the Seers
Bend low before a little child;
And o'er the long and stormy years
The desert spaces vast and wild,
The strife, the turmoil, and the tears,
He looks, and smiles, the undefiled.

'Tis Christmas-tide! At Mary's knee
The shepherds and the princes meet
Love-bound in their humility,
To chase the Infant Saviour's feet.
The stars are bright o'er land and sea;
The Gloria song is full and sweet.

CHRISTMAS AT "THE PLANTAGENET."

By Annie Reeve Aldrich.

It was an inappropriate name I always
said for it was the name of a princely
house, and ours decidedly was not a
noblely house. Perhaps you liked it better if
you were only one flight up; but when
you were very tired and your music pupils
had played out of tune and out of time
and had demanded to "learn a piece" when
they could not play the scale of C without
blundering, it somehow seemed a very
long way to the fourth flat left, and the
entrance looked dingy and uninviting, and
you grew to hate the sight of the rows of
brass bells and latter boxes with the names
beneath them. Still "The Plantagenet"
was not so bad, as low-priced flat-houses
go, and if you were a poor little music
teacher, with only a deaf and very grim
old aunt as a natural protector there were
times when you were thankful for your
tiny little home.

But this special Christmas I felt, lonely
and depressed and heartsick. I dispiritedly
bought a big green wreath - and some
princess-pine at the corner grocer's and
decorated the little parlor while Aunt
Barbara looked on in silent contempt. Aunt
Barbara disapproved of "fixings," con-
sidering them a wicked waste of money as
well as traps to catch dust.
Then on my way home Christmas Eve,
in a fit of reckless extravagance, I stopped
and bought a couple of red roses at a flor-
ist's. How gay the street looked, filled
with merry-hearted passers, happy child-
ren, hugging Christmas parcels to their
hearts' content, holding tight to their cheery
young mother's hands - everybody with a
box or package that doubtless contained a
gift for husband, wife, sweetheart, friend
- somebody!

It was rather hard to reflect that in all
this great city there was nobody to re-
member me this holiday season, and then
I smiled, for I had forgotten that in my
pocket reposed a silk muffler of a brilliant
and impossible hue, presented by my dul-
lest pupil, Miss Anabel McGibbon, who
had toiled three months over one simple
exercise, and still flattered triumphantly
when she should have shamed.
I turned out of the bright street into a
dark side-street, having still several long
blocks to traverse. I opened the tissue
paper cautiously that protected my pre-
cious roses from the frosty night air and
took a deep inhalation to cheer my flagging
spirits. If only Aunt Barbara were differ-
ent! It would have been so pleasant to
plan some little surprise for her, but I had
tried it on her birthday and incurred her
serious displeasure. She thought holiday-
keeping nonsense, and present-making on
such occasions inexcusable folly. How-
ever, I determined to have a little of the
holiday spirit if I could, as I bent down
and inserted my key in the big door at
"the Plantagenet's" entrance, climbed up
the three steep flights of stairs and sank
down breathless in the little sitting-room.
Aunt Barbara had evidently been ar-
ranging the furniture. The chairs stood
stiff and prim against the wall. The bits
of bric-a-brac were placed in straight
rows on the mantel. The books on the
table were at right angles to each other.
All was neat, spotless, orderly, but oh,
how unspokeably dreary! Aunt Barbara
herself looked like the room somehow,
with my tired eyes, as she sat upright by
the table knitting, in immaculate white
cap and apron. She was such a good woman!
I knew if I had had the small-fox she
would have stood unflinchingly by my
side and nursed me, with conscientious
care. She looked after my bodily welfare,
and I have no doubt she really loved me,
but of the small coin of every-day gladness
and companionship she had not a share,
and she could no more understand the
hopes and fears and vagaries of a rather
imaginative young woman than could my
gay cat, Walter, sleeping peacefully in
the corner, and you would no more, in my
place have thought of kissing or caressing
Aunt Barbara than a refrigerator. She
looked at my tissue-wrapped parcel, and
sniffed suspiciously.

"I hope you haven't been buying flowers,
Kate? Do I smell roses! The butcher
sent in his bill to-day. It was \$1.00 too
much. I put on my bonnet and went
around there and gave him a piece of my
mind. We will buy of Progers after
this. There, I believe those potatoes are
burning!" And she went hastily to the
kitchen.
I laid down my roses listlessly, and with-
out taking off my hat and ulster, I walked
aimlessly to the window and looked out. I
could see the neighboring roofs, the Christ-
mas stars, bright and beautiful in the
dark blue heavens, and a tiny crescent of a
moon added to the splendor of the sky.
Sharply and piercingly came to my mind
the memory of another Christmas Eve -
"only one little year ago." I had looked
at the same stars, but not alone! Then
had come a lover's quarrel, a girlish fit of
temper, the unyielding pride that is the
curse of my disposition, and so we had
parted. Since then I had been miserable
many, many hours, and had hated myself
for my folly, had longed to lay my tired
head in its old place on that loving breast,
but never had I so bitterly repented myself
as to-night, of my final, decisive farewell
to that country lane, of the untrue words
of anger that told him I had ceased to love
him and never wished to see him again,
with much more of the same sort.

But it was ended - over, I told myself
firmly, while the stars suddenly grew
blurred to me. Perhaps he had married.
He went to the far west soon after, and
that was the last I had heard. I tried very
hard to despise myself. I threw back my
head defiantly and assured myself that I
did not care, but it was no use. I did care,
and I knew deep in my heart that I should
care forevermore.

But even a sad young woman with a
pronounced case of heartache cannot stand
brooding by a window all of Christmas
Eve. Dinner time was near, and with a

sigh I slowly turned from the lovely night
and threw off my coat. I was just taking
off my hat when our little bell rang. I
touched the electric button, wondering
who it could possibly be, and presently I
heard a humming tread on the stairs and
a red-faced express-man deposited a box at
my door. He was very cross and out of
breath, and demanded a quarter for bring-
ing it up. I knew he had no right to it,
but in my excitement I meekly produced
my thin little purse and gave it to him.

Who could have sent me a Christmas
box? I am rather short-sighted, and the
writing of the address was rubbed and in-
distinct, but I immediately thought of my
country cousins. It was good, kind Char-
lotte, to be sure, who had remembered me,
and I cut the heavy twine recklessly and
tore open the paper in quite a glow of
pleasure. Oh, what a great plum cake!
And what hosts of rich country jumbles!
I ate one hungrily as I glancingly piled
them on the box cover. Then there were
rosy apples and a fine roasted chicken. I
sat down like a child and ate a bit of him
atop of a jumble and an apple, and then
Aunt Barbara came in just as I was taking
out, triumphantly, a layer of fat brown
doughnuts.

"Just look at what Charlotte has sent me,
Aunt Barbara!" I cried, waving my
hand over the profusion of dainties. For a
wonder she heard me the first time, and
sat down, deliberately adjusting her spec-
tacles.

"Charlotte, eh?" she said in her slow
voice, picking up the wrapping paper and
beginning to fold it mechanically. "It's a
pity you cut the string, Kate. Well, if
people must take part in this foolery of
Christmas presents, it's a good thing when
they send you something useful, at least -
Charlotte, you say -" she went on, stop-
ping to read the address. Then she took
off her spectacles and looked at me
grimly.

"Kate Imman, this box is not yours."
"Not mine!" I said resentfully, "I should
like to know whose, then!" I snatched
the paper from her hand and putting on
my eye-glasses I read: "Mr. R. Johnston."
I could only sit in the midst of the things
and gasp. Finally I said: "It is Mrs. Roy's
boarder. Don't you know, she has Mr.
Johnston come to board with her?"

Mrs. Roy lived in the flat below us, and
I remembered her boarder's name when
she mentioned it, because - just because -
Rob's name was Johnston, too. How I
used to tease him about his plebeian name.

"Whose boarder?" asked Aunt Barbara,
with her hand at her ear.
"Mrs. Roy's," I shouted, gathering the
edibles together carefully and bending the
chicken's fat legs in my effort to pack him
in as he came, and pouring the doughnuts
over him, and feeling enough of a child to
have a good cry.

You see it was all the Christmas I had.
I tied up the box as best I could and started
down the stairs with it, in confusion with
mortification to explain my mistake. It
was very heavy for me. And I had eaten
this strange man's cake and his apple, and
a bit of his chicken's breast! No, I never
would confess that!

There was a good deal of talk and laugh-
ing in Mrs. Roy's apartment. They were
jolly, cheerful people. How I prayed the
man might not be there too!
I knocked at the door of the private hall
and held the heavy box tightly, in my em-
barrassment. Some one opened the door
and the voices were hushed inside.

The box fell on the floor, the doughnuts
rolled down the hall and I do not know
where the rest of the things went.
"Rob!" I cried, starting back.
"Kate!" that dear old voice said.
And then he had presence of mind
enough to shut the door and come out into
the hall.

I tried woman-like to recover myself and
my dignity.
"I - I opened your box by mistake," I ex-
plained, with an assumed attempt at hau-
teur.

"So I see," with an amused glance at the
recumbent chicken and the scattered
doughnuts.
"And thinking it was mine," I contin-
ued, "thinking my cousin had sent it, be-
cause I am short-sighted and did not make
out the address."

And I hung my head under the light of
the eyes bent on mine, and then I felt two
strong arms enfold me.
"Oh, Kate, Kate, have we not had
enough of this? Have we not suffered
enough for a miserable little quarrel? Are
you bound to keep it up, darling?"

"Yes," I said, and clung tighter to his
neck. Whatever the strong-minded fe-
male may say, as a sex we are not consist-
ent, I fear.
"Rob," I said, after an indescribable
moment, "I ate one of your jumbles."
"You shall have them all."

"And an apple."
Bob's comment was wordless, but satis-
factory.
"And a piece of his breast," I added,
gently disengaging one hand and pointing
to the maltreated fowl with his legs in the
air.

"Thank God mother never could write
legibly!" says Bob, holding me closer and
looking at me as if he would never have
his fill. "Oh, Kate," he continues, "what
a Christmas we shall spend together to-
morrow, sweetheart!"

And then Mrs. Roy's voice was heard
near the door, and he released my hands.
The sweet bells were pealing the glad
tidings of great joy to the world when I
went to bed that night. I stood by the
window again, looking out over the peace-
ful day under the starlit sky, and again my
eyes were dim with tears - tears of happi-
ness this time.

For Christmas had brought exquisite
hope and gladness to two hearts at least in
"The Plantagenet."

Simplicity of Rural France.
In the French Breton village when the
hour of Christmas midnight strikes, the
bell of the church calls the faithful to
their devotions. They carry lanterns to
light them on their way. After the mid-
night mass is said, and as the men and
women leave the church, they give alms
to the poor of the locality who are gather-
ing at the door. The humble French Christmas
is thus observed by prayer and almsgiv-
ing. Both customs are as touching as they
are simple, and although not confined to
France, the ceremony here referred to is
in no other land more piously and dutifully
observed.

Disillusioned.
"My boy has discovered who Santa Claus
is," said Hicks.
"Well, is he delighted?" asked Dawson.
"No, he is mad. He says if his own daddy
is Santa Claus, he thinks it's pretty poor
business for Santa Claus to give toys to all
the children in the world and talk economy
to him."

Double Entendre.
"Chosen your Christmas present for
your wife, Batkins?"
"Yes."
"Was it - seal-skin sack?"
"No. I'm going to pay for her present
to me."

YULE-TIDE OF ROYALTY.

How Queen Victoria and Family Cele-
brate the Day.

Christmas at Osborne is passed in a
stately manner and quite in keeping with
the routine of Queen Victoria's everyday
life. On Christmas morning the zenith of
excitement is reached in the royal domes-
tic circle, for it is then that Her Majesty
sees everyone and gives to each his or her
gift with her own hand and also receives
the family offerings in return. During the
forenoon all the Queen's own gifts are
arranged in the library, with large cards at-
tached in the handwriting of the giver.
Attendance at church is the next feature
and no excuses hold good for anyone's non-
appearance there, even the smallest royal
baby having to be present. Luncheon is
rendered important by the enormous baron
of beef which is then served and which
forms a piece de resistance for many days
to come. A wonderful board's head, much
truffled and pistachio-nutted, usually from
the Emperor of Germany, and an enormous
paté de foie gras from the Grand Duke of
Mecklenburg-Schwerin which might con-
tain the pigmy knight, one sees in pictures
of medieval feasts who jumps out and
challenges the table.

Between tea and dinner is the busiest
time, and then the great event of the day
takes place - the grand Christmas tree in
the Indian room. Everyone in the immedi-
ate/royal circle receives a gift from it, and
each has a suitability that shows a kind
thoughtfulness on the part of her majesty.
Dinner on Christmas is always a very live-
ly meal, Queen Victoria, who is a brilliant
conversationalist, capping one story with
another and throwing the ball of clever
repartee now to one member of her family,
now to another.

The dinner is dished and served up in
the usual royal ancient style, and the roll-
ing pin is struck three times upon the
kitchen dresser by the first master cook,
which summoned the servants to carry
to the royal dining-room the Christmas
dishes.

In this nick the chief cook knocked thrice,
And the royal waiters in a trice
His summons did obey:
Each serving man, with dish in hand,
Marched boldly up with royal band
Presented and away.

The sideboards are set under chivalric
royal trophies, on which is a display of the
royal plate that vies with Belshazzar's
parade of the vessels of the temple - basins,
cans, cups, beakers, goblets, flagons
and ewers, the gorgeous utensils of good
companionship that have accumulated
through many generations of kings and
queens.

The royal bar's head, the baron of beef
and woodcock pie which are indispensable
for a British sovereign's Christmas feed
are all sent from Windsor ready cooked.
The bar's head is brought in in solemn
state preceded by choir boys singing a carol
as follows:

The queen's bar's head in hand I bear,
Bedecked with bays and rosemary;
And I pray you my people be merry,
Quot satis in convivio
Carbit aprí deterso
Reddens laude Domino.
Lord steward has provided this
In honor of the King of bliss,
On Christmas to be served
In Regimine Aprí
Caput aprí deterso
Reddens laude Domino.

The day ends, with the Christmas
"waits," composed of the choir of the par-
ish church of Whippingham. These sing
carols and madrigals for an hour or so and
then all lights are put out, and at 11 p.m.
Queen Victoria and her court are all be-
tween the sheets.

Christmas Day at Sandringham differs
from that at Osborne, but is none the less
a happy and pleasant time for the family
there. The affection between the Princess
of Wales and her daughters is more that of
an elder sister than a mother. She is
like all her own family, of a most affection-
ate disposition, which is lavished on the
few that are dear to her in a very touching
way. It has always been a joke with the
princess that her birthday coming so near
Christmas she has been deprived of the
amount of gifts enjoyed by those born in
spring or summer, but anyone seeing her
very splendid array of presents on both oc-
casions would think otherwise. The prin-
cess never gives a gift that she has not
bought or made herself and takes endless
trouble to get the right thing.

Christmas in Ye Olden Time.
Heap on more wood! - the wind is chill;
But, let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still:

And well our Christian sires of old
Loved when the year its course had rolled,
And brought blithe Christmas back again
With all his hospitable train.
Domestic and religious rite
Gave honor to the holy night:
On Christmas eve the bells were rung;
On Christmas eve the mass was sung;
That only night, in all the year,
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.
The damsel donned her kirke sheen;
The hall was dressed with holly green;
Forth to the wood did merry-men go,
To gather in the mistletoe.
Then opened wide the baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf and all,
Power laid his rod of rule aside,
And Ceremony doffed her pride.

All hailed, with uncontrolled delight,
And general voice, the happy night
That to the cottage, as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down.
The fire, with well-dried logs supplied,
Went roaring up the chimney wide;
The huge hall table's oaken ead,
Scrubbed till it shone, the day to grace,
Bore there upon its massive board
No mark to part the squire and lord.
Then was brought in the lusty brawn,
By old blue-coated serving man;
Then the grim bear's head frowned on
high,
Crested with bays and rosemary.

Well can the green-garbed ranger tell
How, when and where the mistler fell;
What dogs before his death he tore,
And all the baiting of the boar.
The wassail round, in good brown bowls
Garished with ribbons, blithely trowls
There the huge sirloin reeked; hard by
Plum-porridge stood, and Christmas pie;
Nor failed old Scotland to produce,
At such high tide, her savory goose.
Then came the merry maskers in,
And carols roared with blithesome din;
If unmelodious was the song,
It was a hearty note, and strong.
Who lists may in their murmuring see
Traces of ancient mystery;
White skirts supplied the masquerade,
And smutted cheeks the visors made;
But, oh, what maskers richer dight
Can boast of bosoms half so light!
Can boast of bosoms half so light!
England was merry England when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.
'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest
ale;
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol off could cheer
The poor man's heart through half the
year.

NEW PARLIAMENT HOUSE.

The New \$7,000,000 House Of Assembly At
Berlin is the Finest in Europe.

The new Imperial Parliament House in
Berlin, which has cost upward of \$7,000,000
is one of the most striking of the public
buildings in Europe. It was planned
to be an appropriate outward expression
of the legislative majesty of the German
nation.

When the foundation stone was laid in
1884 by Emperor William I., Bismarck, as
one of the main founders of the Empire,
struck the stone with the builder's ham-
mer. As he did so, he said:

"Be this house forever a symbol of those
indissoluble bonds which in the days of
glory and enthusiasm, united lands and
nations in the German Empire."

The palace stands on the east side of the
broad Koenigsplatz, in the centre of
which rises to a height of 300 feet the
monument of Victory, commemorating the
three campaigns (1804, 1806 and 1870)
which made Germany one. It may be said
that the building, which seems to be a
mixture of many styles, is not altogether
in harmony with the general architecture
of the German capital or with German
architecture of what it may



in harmony it makes up for in
luxuriance and in those florid details which
seem to dominate latter-day Teutonic
art.

The central dome of glass is surmounted
by a gorgeously gilded cupola. The in-
terior has been done with great elab-
oration, the carved woodwork of the assembly
hall and committee rooms being exceed-
ingly rich. The entrance hall is adorned
with a large stained-glass window em-
blazoned with the arms of all the Federal
states and free cities, and the light falls
on a rich mass of variegated colors on the
marble floor.

After the opening of the Reichstag the
other day the Emperor went to the new
palace of the Parliament to formally per-
form the ceremony of laying its corner-
stone, which was combined with the ded-
ication of the building.

There were immense crowds along the
route and outside the new building, and
they heartily cheered the Emperor and
the German reigning princes. Chancellor
Hohenlohe and Field Marshal Bil-
limalter, chief of general staff, who is
about eighty-four years old, were ac-
corded an especially warm, popular wel-
come.

The Emperor shook hands with Architect
Walton, and the Chancellor had read
the imperial letter of dedication the Em-
peror and Empress advanced to the cor-
nerstone. The Bavarian Minister Plenip-
otentiary then handed His Majesty a trowel
with mortar. The Emperor gave the
stone three taps, saying, "Pro gloria
patria."

The Empress, who was dressed in mourn-
ing and who wore the ribbon of the Order
of the Black Eagle, next tapped the stone
in a similar manner, and afterwards
the princes and other celebrities did the
same.

In his speech of dedication the Emperor
said:
"I have decided in the name of the sov-
ereigns and the free cities of the empire,
in conjunction with the constitutional
representatives of the German people, to lay
the last stone of the house in which their
legislative bodies will henceforth discharge
their labors."

The exalted founder of the empire, my
grandfather, who laid the foundation stone
of this building, was not permitted to
witness the completion of the work his
glory crowned, and his son, by God's de-
ree, was called away before us. We
bless with heartfelt gratitude these, our
predecessors in imperial dignity. So will,
we are certain, their memory continue
to live forever in the minds of all Ger-
mans."

Ten years have been occupied in the
erection of this structure to the honor of
United Fatherland, a testimony to German
industry and German strength. Be it now
handed over for its appointed purpose, and
may the fear of God, the spirit of love of
the Fatherland and concord rest within its
walls.

"Let the structure remain a monument
to the great times in which the Empire
arose - an exhortation to coming genera-
tions to preserve with inviolable loyalty
what their forefathers secured with their
blood. May God grant this."

Two copies of the Emperor's speech
were made and countersigned by Prince
Hohenlohe. One was placed under the
cornerstone and the other in the Reich-
stag archives.

After the ceremonies the Emperor in-
spected the building thoroughly under
the guidance of Herr Walton, the chief
architect.

An Appreciated Contest.
Rosa Bonheur's paintings are scattered
all over the world, and not many galleries
have more than one or two specimens. It
was therefore noted as a curiosity that at
a recent art exposition at Frankfurt-on-the-
Main there were no fewer than nineteen of
her paintings.

A Nation of White Hats.
When a member of the royal family of
Cocrea dies every grown male in the coun-
try has to wear a white hat for three
years. If he wears any other kind it is
gently taken off with his head in it.



Lady (to polite laborer who has offered
her his seat) - Oh, no! Keep your seat, my
good man; you have been working hard all
day.
Polite Laborer (sympathetically) - Take
it, ma'am. Thru, O've bin carryin' th'
hod all th' day, but you've bin shoppin' -
Puck.

CHRISTMAS MORN.

Up, Christian! hark! the crowing cock
Proclaims the break of day!
Up! light the lamp, undo the lock,
And take the well-known way.
Already through the painted glass
Streams forth the light of early morn.

Our altar! oh, how fair it shows
Unto the night-dimmed eyes!
Oh! surely yonder lamp that glows
Was pluck'd in Paradise.
Without, its snows; the wind is loud;
Earth sleeps! wrapp'd in her yearly shroud.

Within, the organ's searing peal,
The choir's sweet chant, the bells,
The surging crowd that stands or kneels,
The gl'rious errand tells,
Rejoice! Rejoice! ye sons of men,
For man may hope for heaven again!

'Tis but a step, a threshold cross'd,
Ye such a change we find:
Without, the wind riaz worldling toss'd
By every gust of wind;
Within, there reigns a holy calm;
For here abides the dread "I Am!"

FLOTSAM OF ANTIQUITY.

Roman ladies had safety pins closely re-
sembling the modern article.
The British museum has coins or medals
of every Roman emperor.

The Chinese claim to have specimens of
writing dated from B. C. 2300.
Many Roman bracelets had the form of
serpents coiled about the arm.

Plates for table use are among the
articles dug from the soil of Rome.
Breastplates inlaid with gold were
found in an armorer's shop in Hercu-
laneum.

Ancient needles were all of brass, and it
size approximated our darning needles.
Several dozens of wooden and metal
spoons have been found in Roman graves.

An onyx seal ring, belonging to an an-
cient Athenian, was lately dug up near
Athens.

Needles of bone, very delicately made
have been found in the Swiss lake dwell-
ings.

A drum of wood, with one drumstick
was not long ago found in a royal tomb
near Thebes.

Blacksmith's tongs and pinchers, to-
gether with hammers, have been unearthed
at Pompeii.

Many pairs of sandals have been recover-
ed at Pompeii. The soles are fastened
with nails.

Schliemann found at Troy three silver
vases, each six inches high and beautifully
engraved.

Over six hundred breastpins in the shape
of shields have been dug up in various
parts of Rome.

EXPERIMENTAL SCIENCE.

Denmark has determined to thoroughly
examine the Greenland and Iceland seas
during the summers of 1895 and 1896.
Commander Waendell will have charge of
the expedition.

Artificial whalebone is now being made
from leather, which is soaked for two or
three days in sulphate of potassium, then
stretched, slowly dried, subjected to a high
temperature and then to a heavy pressure,
which makes it hard and elastic.

A short time ago a physician recom-
mended that cologne water be inhaled
through the nose and mouth for curing
short colds in the head and chest. Fifty
drops on a handkerchief inhaled four or
five times a day is said to have a good
effect.

Two guinea-pigs were born at Oxford
recently, each of them with a well-marked
droop of the left upper eyelid. They were
the offspring of parents in whom the de-
fect had been produced artificially to test
the theory of the inheritance of acquired
characteristics.

FOREIGN PERSONALS.

Grimaldi, the clown, is to be kept im-
mortal by having a street in London
named after him.

"Blind Aleck," an old beggar of Sterling,
Scotland, knew all the Bible by heart. If
a person named chapter and verse of any
part, he could from memory give the pas-
sage.

Mlle. Pauline, of Holland, is probably the
tiniest woman on the planet. She is
eighteen years old, weighs less than nine
pounds and lacks four inches of being as
high as a two-foot rule.

A first cousin of the grandfather of the
new president of France, Mme. Duchesse
(Perier), came to America in 1817 and
founded in this country the Order of
Ladies of the Sacred Heart.

The mother of Abdul-Aziz, the new
young sultan of Morocco, bids fair to have
as much sway as does the empress of
China. She is a woman of great talent
and boundless tact, and her son is said to
consult her before taking any political
step.

A Society Man's Predicament.
"A very amusing story has just reached
me concerning a prominent young society
man, who has just returned from Chicago.
He was boarding at the home of relatives
while there, and as large crowds came flock-
ing in during the last week he was so ac-
commodating as to give up his room and
sleep on a sofa in the parlor.

One morning he overslept himself, and
as his door was unlocked what was his sur-
prise to find three pretty Louisville young
women enter the room. He had presence
of mind enough to roll under the sofa and
back into a dark corner before they threw
open the shutters. But, although he had
tucked himself away, he had neglected to
hide his clothes, which were thrown across
a rocking chair.

The girls saw the clothes, but believing
they had been left there accidentally by
the lady of the house thought nothing
about them and began a lively chat about
the matters of the day. The young man
did not mind his imprisonment at first,
but grew very nervous as the minutes
lengthened into an hour.

He stood it for two hours, but at last
grew so exasperated that he thumped upon
the floor and meekly put his head out from
under the sofa and asked the young women
to leave him until he put on his clothes.

It is needless to say that their embar-
rassment was great and that none of them
mentioned it while in Chicago, but as the
young man has since recovered from the
shock he has been unable to restrain him-
self from telling a few friends of his awk-
ward predicament. - Louisville Courier-
Journal.

Nature's Curiosities in Brazil.
One of the curiosities of Brazil is a tree
whose wood and bark contain so much
silica that they are used by potters. Both
wood and bark are burned in equal por-
tions with clay, producing a very su-
perior ware. The tree grows to a height
of 100 feet, but does not exceed a foot in
diameter. The fresh bark cuts like sand-
stone, and when dried is brittle and hard.