

CRUEL WAR FORCES US TO USE HOMESPUNS

Monsieur Is Busy Cutting Down Enemies—Has No Time For Fashions.

If this war lasts for several months or a year and if the Germans succeed in entering the city of Paris and the Parisian modistes, designers and milliners are so busy in the affairs of war that they have no time to devote to their chosen work and if the supply of Parisian gowns and hats is completely cut off, what will the stylish girls going to wear this fall and winter?

These are the questions mere man is asking. Just imagine what life will be like when the French modistes are unable to make vigorous demands upon the purse. Picture the dismay that will overcome the members of our most dressy families when they realize that there isn't even the slightest possibility of making their associates believe their fall suits bear a Parisian label and that the only remaining source of supply is the mere American shops where even the families that keep only two scullery maids and one car may also buy their frocks. Life certainly will be full of primeval privations.

Protecting Own Dome.

There'll be no new French styles coming along until the war is over. As long as the designer is totting a "gat" on his shoulder at about six francs a month, he can't be expected to do anything he can do to keep his uniform in condition for dress parade and he will naturally be obliged to allow the wants of stylish American women to hang as they say in penitentiary strings. And the same is true of the latter designers of the great American lid. No patriotic Frenchman would think of wasting his time and talent on a feather-and-frills crown sheet for an Iowa society leader when he's already overworked with designing and making cover and refuting German bullets the right to punch hatpin holes in his hat. The same applies to Paquin, Worth and other famous designers.

If Monsieur does get back from the war in time to resume his scissors, needle and thread and tapeline his mind will doubtless stray far from his work. We can expect such creations as Belinda's month, with German schrapnell, light bonnets à la Scherzer and Servian skirts with Austrian hobble effects. Crimson will probably be the ruling color chosen with a strong leaning toward other loud colors and smoke effects. However there's one consoling thought in the morbid situation. If France succeeds in enlisting all its clever designers and dressmakers, it will have the means of bringing to an end this unbecoming imitation of the Venus de Milo style of gown. For it is doubtful if any American dressmaker has the supreme talent necessary to plan the removal of even an extra seam from the 1914 gown and still allow the wearer to get by the rulings of the National Board of Censorship.

They May Keep Warm.

So with all hopes of surpassing the French in their own line gone glimmering, it is possible the American designer will start a style of his own, and in the opposite extreme. Perhaps he will decree that stylish women will wear sufficient clothing to keep warm this winter—and perhaps he won't.

But if the war continues for six months, American dressmakers will obtain such a standing with native women that it will take the French a long time to regain the footing they have before. The war broke out. It will mean a heavy demand for United States style and workmanship and the satisfaction will be general. Such, at least, is the view held by those engaged in the retail end of the style game.

Of course, the Parisian gowns will be seen this fall. These that were shipped to the United States before war was declared will be on display and American designers who went to Europe to study the advanced season probably will be able to bring back a few samples of advanced styles. But the quantity will be far below that of other years.

Users of linen also will find that this commodity is becoming scarce because of the war. Shipments have ceased entirely and when the present supply is exhausted a substitute must be found. This problem is already solved, however, as cotton has been found to be an excellent substitute for linen. No increase in the price of cotton is expected.

Jars Start With Money Matters?

In the American Magazine a man who had 25 years matrimonial experience writes "My husband's Story," in which he tells about a party that money plays in marriage. Following is an extract:

"I have heard many persons say, with serious cant, that money does not bring happiness. I cannot recall any quarrel or disagreement or misunderstanding that could not be traced directly to money matters."

Looks Crazy.

Tommy—Say, papa, isn't mamma just a trifle crazy?
Papa—Why do you think so, my son?
Tommy—Well, the other day I was playing in the rain and she made me come in and take a bath.

Bill Sulzer Again.

That sound like Sulzer siphon in action is "the same old Bill" and the timid up-state voters that a ballot for him is a ballot for the bosses.

The diseases to which caisson workers are subject, according to a French authority, are due to the fact that, when air is compressed hydraulically it loses nearly one-fifth of its oxygen.

Lifters and Leathers.

There are two kinds of people on earth to-day:
Just two kinds of people, no more, I say:
Not the rich and the poor, or to count a man's wealth by the number of his shoes.
You must first know the state of his conscience and health,
Not the humble and proud, for in life's little span
Who puts on vain airs is not counted a man.
Not the happy and sad, for the swift flying years
Bring each man his laughter and each man his tears.
Not the two kinds of people on earth I mean,
Are the people who lift, and the people who lean,
Whoever you go you will find the world's masses
Are always divided in just the two classes.
And, who's rich enough, you will find, too, I wean,
There's only one lifter to twenty who lean.
In which class are you? Are you easing the load
Of overtaxed lifters who roll down the road?
Or are you the leaser, who lets others lean?
Your portion of labor, and worry and care?

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

A Romance of Extraordinary Distinction

THE MARSHAL

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

Author *The Perfect Tribute, etc.*

Copyright, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

(CHAPTER XXVIII—Continued.)

Francois stood regarding her, with frank admiration in every muscle of his face. He smiled, the same gentle amused smile with which he had addressed the portrait. "You never talk too much for me, Mademoiselle. It is a pleasure to me always to hear your voice," he answered in the deep tone of a Frenchman, the tone that has ever half not of truth, as of some recollection which centuries do not wipe out. "Only," he went on speaking in French, "one must not talk English. That is breaking the law, you remember, Mademoiselle."

She answered very prettily in his own tongue, in words that halted a little. "Very well, Monsieur. I will do my best." He still gazed at her smiling, without speaking. One could understand that, to a girl of more self-consciousness, this open homage of manner, this affectionate gentleness, might seem to mean more than a brotherly loyalty. The girl's pulse was beating fast as she made an effort for conversation. "What were you thinking of as you looked at the fire when I told you, Monsieur? It had an air of being something pleasant. Did I not say all that beautifully?" she finished in English.

He corrected a lame verb with serious accuracy and she repeated the words in a happy tone.

"But you haven't said yet what you were thinking about."

The large brown eyes turned on hers. "It was of my old home in France, Mademoiselle, when I was very little. I said simply, 'A fire of logs makes me think of that.'"

"Tell me about it," she begged with quick interest. "Will you? Was there always a fire at your house?"

"But no, Mademoiselle—not, of course, in the summer. It was of the winter time I thought, when the neighbors came, in the evening, and we sat about the hearth, sometimes 20 people, each at his different duty, and my brothers and sisters were there, and the dear grand-mere was there and—"

"Does Mademoiselle really wish to hear how it was in that old farmhouse of ours, in the shadow of the Jura mountains?"

"Indeed, Mademoiselle wishes it," she assured him. "It will be a trip to Europe, and sure I shall speak better French for going to France for a few minutes, and being among the French people, your friends. Wait now, till I am comfortable." She turned a deep chair so that it faced him, and dropped into it. "Put a footstool for me," she ordered, and the woman, who had been tending the fire, brought one and the men they care for—and the men they do not. And she settled back with her little feet on it and smiled at him. For a moment the man's brilliant gaze rested on her and the girl saw it and thought, "Now, Monsieur, I am speaking to myself." A picture of many times painted in home-like colors on his brain. Many a night in the winter I have sat, a little boy, by the side of my grand-mother, at that great hearth, and have looked and have seen all the faces, have heard all the voices and the fire crackling, and the spinning wheel whirring, even as I see them and hear them tonight. I was always close to the grand-mere, for I was the dearest of the children, and she sat there, so long after my bed time I sat there, but very quietly, for fear that my mother might remember and send me to bed; yet she liked to please the grand-mere, so she often lingered longer than the others. It was a great room, and across the corner was the hearth which was raised like a throne, mademoiselle, from the floor, 12 feet wide. One burned logs six feet long within it, and from the chimney swung a dozen small kettles. It was the house of a peasant, mademoiselle knows, yet it was the best house in the village. Often, of a November night, the neighbors would come in, perhaps a dozen, and more, and the young men had their work—they arranged the flax for spinning, it might be—and the young girls prepared apples to dry, and the mothers knitting needles flashed back and forth on the stockings of the winter wear, and the grand-mere would be spinning linen threads for our clothing—whirr, whirr—I can hear the low sound of her wheel. And always I, Frayser, would be on the stool at her side, watching and listening. For my father was a great raconteur, and he told stories of the war and of the legends of that country. It was an ancient country you must know, mademoiselle, and the name of our village itself was from the Roman name. Vindis was the name, and that as you know, mademoiselle, comes from the Latin word vindis, a village. So that there were old castles in ruin in those parts where lay the ruins of the great towers and the great towers in armor guarding it, and great ghosts that breathed flame, and other things pleasantly horrible to the ear of a little boy. On the cold nights, as the fire roared up the chimney and the grand-mere whirred softly, my father and the other men told these tales, and I listened, quiet as a mouse in my corner, and from time to time I saw a young man lean over and whisper in the ear of one of the girls, and I wondered why her face became red as the firelight.

"And from time to time one of the men, as he talked, rose up and strode across the room to the great oak table where lay always a wooden plate, a long loaf of glass bread, with a knife, and always a glass and a bottle of eau-de-vie—brandy. And I remember how many it looked to me, watching, when I saw him take the loaf under his arm and hold it, and slice off boldly a great piece of the fresh rye bread, and pour out a glass of brandy and toss it off as he ate the bread. The stories seemed to grow better after the teller had done that."

"And always I waited, even through the tale of the ghost and the fire-breathing hound, till the talk should swing round, as it did ever toward the end, to the stories of Napoleon, the grand-mere's favorite. It was in those days. It was as if I sat on needles before my bedtime came, yet I did not dare to be restless and move about for fear that my mother might send me suddenly to bed. But I always gave a sigh of content and always the grand-mere patted my head softly to hear it, when my father cleared his throat and began—"

"There is a small thing that happened when the emperor was marching into—and then he was launched on his tale."

A great hickory log fell, rolled out

toward the hearth. The carved nymphs and shepherds seemed to stir, and the fire crackled at its irregularity, and the girl in the deep chair smiled, but the man sprang up and put the log back in place with quick efficiency. He stood silent by the tall mantelpiece, deep yet in his eyes, perhaps a moment, but yet he hid in abeyance, a right. My family did not agree with me. My father, who was very practical, thought that it was a mere joke of the emperor's—or if not a joke, then a caprice which carried no weight. But the seigneur, the General Gourgaud, who was one of Napoleon's officers, and others, mademoiselle, believe as I do. And to my mind it is impossible that the emperor's word should carry no weight. There has never lived on earth a man of so enormous a force, and even the smallest acts of his were history. If the emperor ordained, then, that a little child of the people, a peasant, should be a noble—why, it was well within his power—it was done. And I am that child."

The glance of his brilliant eyes met hers with a frank calmness which showed that he claimed nothing which he did not feel that this haphazard nobility had lived in his soul and grown with his growth, and come to be part of him. With a gentle humility, very winning as it sprang from his gentle pride, he went on.

"I know, mademoiselle, that I am a peasant and that I must be content with a small place in life at the present time. But I have a great ambition which I have more than my brothers. For you must know, mademoiselle, that the others grew up to be farmers or tradesmen." He hesitated, and then in a few words told her of his own life, of his own growth, and how he had given up the peasant boy all the opportunities which his own soul could have had. And as he talked he remembered how, after his father's ruin, he had stood inside the bare, lit-upon window his mother watching through the gate and talking to the seigneur, who held Lisette's bride. It seemed to him he could see the dark braided hair of La Claire, coiled around her head, and the deep, cold, white neck handkerchief, and she stood with her back to him, and the big bow of the apron tied about her waist. The picture came vividly. And it opened his heart so that he talked on, and told this strange tale of his own life, and how he had had his own close and silent life, and how he had heard the general's gruffness, which could not hide his goodness; and how he had come to be the child of the castle as well as of the farm; and how he had heard the old man, but he did not mention it.

"You spoke of three children, Monsieur; who was the third?" asked Lucy.

"Francis went on as if he had not heard the question. "It was a happy life, mademoiselle," he said. "And it was a life of peace, even for the most part, in the old home, and at times if the world is all filled with such kind people as I have met, or if it is just my good luck."

Lucy Hampton had been reading along to her black mammy that day, and some of the words of the book she had read came to her, and seemed to fit. "The kingdom of God is within you," she quoted softly, to Francois. Then she considered a moment.

"Monsieur, would it be impertinent for me to ask you—a question a personal question?"

"I think not, mademoiselle," he smiled at her.

She went on, hesitating a little. "Father, in talking of how Prince Louis Bonaparte came to France, a few years ago, with the Italian revolutionists, I wondered if—by chance you had fought under him?"

He shook his head. "I had not that happiness, mademoiselle."

"And he made an attempt on the city of Strasburg, a few months ago, and talked about it so much that—father help knowing a little about it, but I don't remember distinctly."

"But certainly, mademoiselle, it was the prince."

"Then, haven't they just done something to him? Just here something people are interested in just now about that Prince Louis?"

The grave bright smile flashed out at her. "In truth, mademoiselle, there is. The prince was shipped by his jailers on the frigate *Andromede* more than four months ago, for what port is unknown. One has heard of him lately, and there are fears that he may have suffered shipwreck. But I do not fear. It is the hope of France, it is France's destiny which the *Andromede* carries. It is the prince, that cargo safely and in good time, that will save his own, and I—and perhaps you, mademoiselle—knows?—will cry for him 'Vive l'Empereur!'"

The tone full of feeling thrilled through the girl. She flushed and stammered as she went on, but Francois, carried away by his enthusiasm, did not think of it. "If you will let me ask you just one question more, monsieur, I will promise not to ask any after."

The flicker of amusement lighted his face. "A me 1,000, mademoiselle."

"No, only one. Did that seigneur—that General Gourgaud—did he have any—any daughter?"

words. His voice shook.

"Rise Chevalier Francois Beaupre, one day a marshal of France under another Bonaparte," he cried, thrilled with the words which he repeated.

The girl leaning forward, watched him; with a gasp she spoke. "Then—that is why you are really Chevalier Beaupre? Did the emperor have the right to give you that name?"

"But yes, mademoiselle," Francois answered with decision. "I have studied the question, and I believe that the accolade—the knighting—was always a right of the monarchs of France, disused perhaps a time, but yet he hid in abeyance, a right. My family did not agree with me. My father, who was very practical, thought that it was a mere joke of the emperor's—or if not a joke, then a caprice which carried no weight. But the seigneur, the General Gourgaud, who was one of Napoleon's officers, and others, mademoiselle, believe as I do. And to my mind it is impossible that the emperor's word should carry no weight. There has never lived on earth a man of so enormous a force, and even the smallest acts of his were history. If the emperor ordained, then, that a little child of the people, a peasant, should be a noble—why, it was well within his power—it was done. And I am that child."

The glance of his brilliant eyes met hers with a frank calmness which showed that he claimed nothing which he did not feel that this haphazard nobility had lived in his soul and grown with his growth, and come to be part of him. With a gentle humility, very winning as it sprang from his gentle pride, he went on.

"I know, mademoiselle, that I am a peasant and that I must be content with a small place in life at the present time. But I have a great ambition which I have more than my brothers. For you must know, mademoiselle, that the others grew up to be farmers or tradesmen." He hesitated, and then in a few words told her of his own life, of his own growth, and how he had given up the peasant boy all the opportunities which his own soul could have had. And as he talked he remembered how, after his father's ruin, he had stood inside the bare, lit-upon window his mother watching through the gate and talking to the seigneur, who held Lisette's bride. It seemed to him he could see the dark braided hair of La Claire, coiled around her head, and the deep, cold, white neck handkerchief, and she stood with her back to him, and the big bow of the apron tied about her waist. The picture came vividly. And it opened his heart so that he talked on, and told this strange tale of his own life, and how he had had his own close and silent life, and how he had heard the general's gruffness, which could not hide his goodness; and how he had come to be the child of the castle as well as of the farm; and how he had heard the old man, but he did not mention it.

"You spoke of three children, Monsieur; who was the third?" asked Lucy.

"Francis went on as if he had not heard the question. "It was a happy life, mademoiselle," he said. "And it was a life of peace, even for the most part, in the old home, and at times if the world is all filled with such kind people as I have met, or if it is just my good luck."

Lucy Hampton had been reading along to her black mammy that day, and some of the words of the book she had read came to her, and seemed to fit. "The kingdom of God is within you," she quoted softly, to Francois. Then she considered a moment.

"Monsieur, would it be impertinent for me to ask you—a question a personal question?"

"I think not, mademoiselle," he smiled at her.

She went on, hesitating a little. "Father, in talking of how Prince Louis Bonaparte came to France, a few years ago, with the Italian revolutionists, I wondered if—by chance you had fought under him?"

He shook his head. "I had not that happiness, mademoiselle."

"And he made an attempt on the city of Strasburg, a few months ago, and talked about it so much that—father help knowing a little about it, but I don't remember distinctly."

"But certainly, mademoiselle, it was the prince."

"Then, haven't they just done something to him? Just here something people are interested in just now about that Prince Louis?"

The grave bright smile flashed out at her. "In truth, mademoiselle, there is. The prince was shipped by his jailers on the frigate *Andromede* more than four months ago, for what port is unknown. One has heard of him lately, and there are fears that he may have suffered shipwreck. But I do not fear. It is the hope of France, it is France's destiny which the *Andromede* carries. It is the prince, that cargo safely and in good time, that will save his own, and I—and perhaps you, mademoiselle—knows?—will cry for him 'Vive l'Empereur!'"

The tone full of feeling thrilled through the girl. She flushed and stammered as she went on, but Francois, carried away by his enthusiasm, did not think of it. "If you will let me ask you just one question more, monsieur, I will promise not to ask any after."

The flicker of amusement lighted his face. "A me 1,000, mademoiselle."

broaded chicken and bacon and hot bread, and now as he, late for breakfast always, followed in her wake, he read the Norfolk & Portsmouth Herald, with which a colored boy had that morning ridden out from Norfolk, eight miles away. It was before the time of daily papers, except in a large city or two, and this of once a week was an event; a boy was sent into Norfolk the day before his publication that the colonel might have it at the earliest moment.

The colonel's heavy-dragon type of face was handsome and weak; a bushy mustache jutted from beneath his fine nose, as in an effort to make it solidly and masculine. The features were modeled on the big-nosed, lean features of men who had done things; only the spirit was left out. It was as if a man who inherited his ancestor's massive silver platters had no meat to put on them. His eyes, which were of his splendid brows, wandered from column to column of the little sheet, leaving this and that article unfinished, and as he read he reported bits of news to his daughter.

"How would you like to see a live prince, Lucy?" he inquired. "The Herald states that we have one with us, not 10 miles from Roanoke. Prince Louis Napoleon was landed from the *Andromede* in Norfolk, only yesterday. Poor young man," he went on contentedly, "he has no money, I understand, and here he is stranded in a strange country with his fortune to make, and no assets but a title. It's hard that will help him in the states!"

Colonel Hampton glanced over to see if she were listening to his words of wisdom; he liked an attentive audience. He was enchanted with her expression. She had dropped knife and fork and, with her blue eyes stretched wide, her white teeth shining, was drinking his sentences.

"Father! Is Prince Louis in Norfolk? How can it be? Monsieur Beaupre was talking to me about him last night, and he did not dream of his coming here. Surely he would have known if the prince were expected."

Colonel Hampton smiled sarcastically. "You will find that your father occasionally knows more than even Monsieur Beaupre, and even on French questions," he announced, "from a mountain height." But at that point you are right, my dear. The prince was not expected by any one, not even by the great Chevalier Beaupre. He was exiled from France, as you may or may not know, some four and a half months ago, on account of his attempt on Strasburg, and was sent out on the *Andromede*, with sealed orders. No one knew his destination until he landed on the 29th, in Norfolk. There he got up and walked to the fireplace and stood in his boots back to the blaze, and his legs far apart, masterfully. "There my dear, I have given you a dose of history for a female mind. How are you going to accuse your little self today?"

The female mind paid no attention to the digression. Lucy had long ago, finally if unconsciously, put her father's personality into its right place. "Father, is the prince really poor and alone in this country?"

"Poor—yes, I fancy—I am quite certain, in fact. Alone—that depends. The authorities of Norfolk received him with some distinction, the Herald states, but he is putting up at the inn—would you conclude that he was not an invited guest at many of our great houses?"

Lucy flew like a bird across to the fireplace. Her hand went up to either side of the colonel's face. "Father, don't you think he is a very nice fellow, in—quick, father—and bring the prince out here to stay with us. Give the order to Sambo, or I shall."

Colonel Hampton's eyes widened with surprise. "Why, but why," he stammered. "Why—but why should I? What claim have we—"

"Oh, nonsense," and Lucy shook her head impatiently. "Who has more? Aren't we Virginians of the James river princes in our own country, too? Haven't our family reigned in Roanoke longer than even the kings in Europe? Haven't we enough house room and servants to make him as comfortable as in a palace? But that isn't the most important. It is a shame to us all, before that, that a stranger in Europe, of high station should have to lodge at an inn. Why hasn't Cousin George Harrison asked him to Brandon? And the Carters at Shirley, and the people at Berkeley—what do they mean by not asking him? But we won't let Virginia hospitality be stained. We will ask him. You will ride to Norfolk at once, will you not, father dear?"

The touch on his cheek was pleasant to the vain and affectionate man, but the spirit of the girl's speech, and the suggestion of the courtesy due from him as a reigning prince, to this other prince forlorn and exiled, this was pleasant. He pursed his lips and smiled down.

Out of the mouth of babes he remarked, and drew his brows together as if under stress of large machinery behind them. "My little girl, you have rather a sensible idea. I had overlooked before, that—"

"He cleared his throat and black Aaron sprung his hand in hand across the room, jumped and dicker his eyes—"that," he continued, "a man of my importance has duties of hospitality, even to a foreigner who comes without introduction into the country."

"Introduction—bother!" remarked the daughter. "The idea of a nephew of the emperor of France needing"—she stopped. This was the wrong line of argument. "I think he will be delighted to come to Roanoke, even in winter," and she looked proudly about the fire room and the portraits on its walls looked back at her proudly too.

"Many distinguished guests have been delighted to visit Roanoke," Colonel Hampton answered stiffly. "The bankrupt sprig of a parvenu royalty—"

"Father—what horrid big words! I haven't any idea what they mean," the girl interrupted, "except that you're abusing Prince Louis, who is probably having a bad breakfast in that stuffy inn. Go along, father, bring him out to Roanoke, and we'll show him what Virginia breakfasts are like."

Colonel Hampton's sense of importance was tickled by the thought of having for a guest a scion of so famous a house; his genuine instinct of kindness was aroused; moreover, time hung on his hands these late winter days, and the plan appeared to him as a diversion.

"Aron, tell Sambo to saddle Thunder," he ordered.

small, young man rode out from the city by Colonel Hampton's side, sitting his horse like an accomplished cavalryman, more than one citizen turned to look with comprehending interest. It, a southerner he would seem not out of proportion that the czar of Russia and the monarchs of England and France should together visit his city, and in offering them his best he would rest content as in the love of a saint. Which is surely the well-bred attitude. So that the good people of Norfolk who stopped to gaze a moment at the future emperor of France, the kinsman of one of earth's greatest conquerors, were not unduly impressed. One and another lifted his hat and bowed deeply to Colonel Hampton with a smile of approval. It was right, it was traditional, that the Hamptons of Roanoke house should take charge of a distinguished stranger, and, moreover, it was extremely proper, as the stranger, and impressive Prince Louis, who appeared to look at nothing, missed neither the self-respecting interest of the citizens in himself, nor their wish to comprehend the importance of his honor, which he had passed within range of those dull gray eyes which was not fled away for reference in the mind behind the mask.

Out they rode through the sun-lighted, wind-whipped country, dozing peacefully through his last winter's nap, stirring already at the step of lively April on the threshold. The air was sharp, and nipped at the prince's fingers and toes, but it was exhilaration to be across a horse again, and the cold's spirit—the case-hardened heart of steel which failure and misfortune never broke till it broke forever at Sedan—grew buoyant. That "something about the outside of a horse which is good for the inside of a man" worked its usual charm on this finished horseman as the horse loved, and he was gently responsive as the colonel talked fluently on.

It was on his own affairs that the colonel talked, of his thousands of acres, his hundreds of slaves, his methods of raising his tobacco, and then of his family and their home in Virginia, and at last, most absorbing topic of all, he talked of himself. He explained to the prince how it was that he came to speak French so well, and how a gleam in the filmy gray gaze betrayed the prince of a pause came in the stream of words, and Prince Louis' resonant voice filled it.

"Does it so happen, Monsieur le Colonel, that in these parts a Frenchman of—of instruction—a man whom I might use as a secretary? I shall have need tomorrow to write letters. Would you know of such a man, Monsieur le Colonel?"

Nothing pleased Monsieur le Colonel more than to be master of the situation. "Most certainly," he answered boldly and felt that the prince must notice how no demand could find Colonel Hampton at a loss. "Most certainly. My daughter's French master would be the very fellow, an intelligent and well educated, and what is more he is a most ardent adherent of your family, prince. He has talked to Miss Hampton with such a vehement enthusiasm that, by the Lord Harry, I believe she expects to see you with your wings, sir—I believe she does," and the colonel laughed loudly and heartily. It was as good a joke as he had ever made.

A vague movement twisted the muscles of the prince's mouth, but it was a regretful smile. He was wondering if the inn parlor would not have been better than this fine landscape and good horse with Colonel Hampton's steady conversation. But he had not time to dwell on the matter, for the good of mademoiselle to give me her favor," he said graciously. "Mademoiselle is young—a little girl!"

(Continued next week.)

Always Travel First Class.

From the Wall Street Journal.

An employee of a brokerage firm about to go abroad for a brief vacation, was considering whether he would not for a first class passage on the steamer, or travel second class and thereby save about \$250. His dilemma reached the ears of one of his principals, who undertook to settle the question.

"My boy, always travel first class when you can afford it. It pays, sometimes," was the advice, backed up by practical illustration. "One of the largest silk mill owners in this country, who has been in the business for 25 years ago, was precisely in your position. He then represented in this country a Scotch firm of cotton thread manufacturers. His firm wanted to have a consultation with him regarding an extension of the business in the United States and Canada, and summoned him to the home office for that purpose, all expenses to be defrayed by the firm. He was of the thrifty Scotch character, and was very particular about traveling in the saloon, even though he expected him to do so, until he got the advice of a friend—"it pays to travel first class."

On his way over to Glasgow he met a traveling companion of the silk manufacturer from Paterson, N. J., in the course of the 10 days' voyage he had many heart to heart talks, from which the silk mill owner learned what the young man had accomplished for the thread manufacturers and the subject of his trip to Scotland. Finally the silk manufacturer asked him what salary he was getting, and he frankly answered "\$40 a week." Well, said the silk mill owner, my mission abroad at this time is to get a man for my mill, as well as to buy raw silk. I do not want to influence you in your action with your firm, but my opinion is that they are not paying you what you are worth. If you will accept my offer, I will advance your salary before you leave Scotland again, but if they offer you anything less than \$10,000 a year you can have that amount from me, and the position as manager of one of the largest silk mills in the United States.

"The young man pleaded that he did not know anything about silk manufacturing, but his would-be employer replied that that did not matter; he could soon learn all that was necessary about it for his position. When he arrived in Glasgow he told his employers of the offer he had had, and they strongly advised him to accept it. He is now part owner of that silk mill, which has grown considerably since he became manager." The tale carries its own moral.

Making a Great Nation.

Not serried ranks with flags unfurled,
Not dotted shores that gird the world,
Not hoarded wealth or busy mills,
Not cattle on a thousand hills,
Not sage wise, or schools, or laws,
Not boasted deeds in freedom's cause—
All these may be and yet the gate
In eye of God be far from great.
There is a great which knows the Lord,
Whose sons are united by His word,
Where love controls in his active plan,
Where each finds joy in his own prayer—
Thus may our country good and great
Be God's delight—man's best estate.
—Alexander Blackburn.

The diseases to which caisson workers are subject, according to a French authority, are due to the fact that, when air is compressed hydraulically it loses nearly one-fifth of its oxygen.

Mrs. Sarah E. Stewart, age 88, has held an uninterrupted membership for 32 years in the Belfast, Me., Methodist Sunday school.