

was only following a will-o'-the-wisp, that I had no real chance of winning

you, try as I might to be steady and sober

If you would promise me something def-

"You don't mean to marry you?" she

Would you promise that if I asked

not going to ask that. I know I am not

worthy of you, that it would only be

dragging you down with me. Nothing

The tears were streaming down her

"Oh, Jacob, let me help you-let me do

"My pretty one, your sympathy does

me more good than you can know. On my soul I will try to amend if only to

spare you grief. And, Jenny, promise

"Then so long as you wish me not to

marry I will not," she substituted, meek-ly; and lifted her eyes to him so full of

tenderest compassion that, looking into

them, he could not but believe she would

hold to what she said, even though his

"Tell me you forgive me," she whis-

"I do forgive you; and, Jenny, think of

He grasped her hands so tightly that

she nearly cried out. His eyes were fixed

upon her intently, as though wishing to

keep her always so in mind-beautiful in

her womanly sorrow, and thinking only

For a moment he stood so, then with a

deep sigh released her, and strode away.

his head raised definitly, and cutting at

the heads of the tall grasses with his

When she went in she met her mother

"Jenny, there are some flowers come

now can save me from a drunkard'

not this all her doing, her fault?

omething to atone!"

will not marry until-

pered, as she turned to go.

me, too, as kindly as you can.

her presence.

of him.

whip as he went.

in the hall.

She recoiled from him in dismay.

inite, perhaps

her face in her hands.

cried.

you?

CHAPTER XXV-(Continued.) After his last speech Colonel Prinsep had addressed himself to Mrs. Knox; but though apparently giving all his attention to what she was saying, he heard every word that passed in the window corner to which Jane had returned.

"Promise me," Jack Blount was saying, eagerly-"promise me that you will wear the flowers I send you."

"Miss Knox won't promise that, I'm sure," cried Valentine Graeme, boyishly

Impulsive. Why not?" asked Blount, with a con-

ceited amile. Because I have sent her some already and-and it would not be fair!

'Favors don't go by roster!" contempt-

Jane smiled, but would not commit herself to an opinion.

"How do you generally decide which bouquet you will take?" asked Barry Larron lounging up to them, his dark face expressive of mingled amusement and admiration. pretty face and her figure swayed rest-lessly to and fro in her agitation, for was

"I take the prettiest," answered Jane, "Don't you think that is as good a way as any out of the difficulty?

And if they are equal in their merits ?" "Then I choose the one that best

matches my dress." "Scarlet and white go with anything!"

exclaimed Val Graeme, esgerly. Just then Mrs. Knox called to him to corroborate a statement, and as Barry Larron also turned away, Jack Blount leaned forward

"I shall send you yellow roses," he said, in an undertone, which, however, two people overheard.

A thought flashed across Colonel Prinsep's mind that were he to send her a bouquet he would guarantee to please her taste. He knew all her favorite scents and flowers, and was also aware of the fancy she had for always by preference wearing white.

Nor had Major Larron been less observant, and an idea struck him then that caused a sardonic smile to flit across his lip=

Colonel Prinsep rose to say "good-by," and the others followed his example, the Adjutant and the A. D. C. staying a moment to wrangle about the number of dances each was to receive. When this was settled-to the satisfaction of neither -the Hon Barry Larron put in his clain

CHAPTER XXVL When their visitors were gone. Mrs. Knox sunk down upon a chair, and fanned herself vigorously.

for you. Those young men spoil you, that's a fact ' "What could have made him come?" 'You know

had breed, and he had got into bad babits long before I suspected anything. As is always the case, the one most interested is last to hear the news."

The subject was dropped and Jane was left at leisure to pursue other and more pleasurable thoughts. In her own mind she had decided that the lovely flowers which had come last and were exactly what she herself would have chose could have come from none other than Stephen Prinsep.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The mess-house of the -th Hussurs was a very large one, and peculiarly fitted for occasions like the present, not only were the rooms wide and lofty, but they were well shaped as well, and conse quently easily decorated.

They had already begun the program when Jane arrived. She came in shyly behind her father and mother, but hold ing her bouquet produly in her hand, as ough its possession gave her confidence. She was wondering whether Colonel Prinsep would ask her to dance.

She heard his voice speaking to her mother. As host he had come forward immediately to meet them, and now took Jane's hand for a moment in his own 'You are late, Miss Knox." he said:

and the formality of his address sent a chill to the girl's heart. At this moment Mr. Blount came up.

"Miss Knox, I thought you were never coming. One of our dances is already finished; and, oh, why didn't you wear my flowers?

if he looked conscious; but he was talking to her mother again, and apparently paying no attention to herself.

'I only promised to wear the prettiest, if you remember," she answered to Jack Biount.

if I had known you liked them best; all white roses."

ulated, sharply This time the Colonel heard, and turn

ing suddenly, their eyes met. His were which he took during his first few grave in their expression-almost an gry, she thought; or was it only pained? Her glance, first sad and shy, grew 'wild with all regret" as the memories of those days which were no more passed critics; besides, Chip's pieces were swiftly through her mind.

She moved toward Jack Blount. "Don't let us lose this dance, too," she

said, hastily, and the next moment was whirled among the dancers. Other guests arrived, and Colonel Prin-

sep had social duties to perform; but he found time ever and anon to notice Jane me something, too-promise me that you as she flitted past with her different part-DOTS.

> By and by he allowed himself a dance with Diana Knollys, more because she was an exceptionally good dancer than from any memory of their old acquaintanceship.

doubts might return when removed from duty one," he told her with his planed smile.

> "No, don't do that, or you will make me vain beyond endurance. Tell me instend how you like Alipore now that you know it better.

from it as long as you. We went to Simila for the hot weather. I did like that, but there I knew so many people. Here I have scarcely any friends. Miss

told you that you would?

Women never like each other to her. very much.

was with her, his ugly conceited little clearing about \$1 a day, which was a face beaming, and exerting himself to the lot of money for anyone to earn in that the boy had made some pletures tmost to make himself ngreenble, evi-



CHIP AND HIS CAMERA.

business.

talks

me?

Of course Frank Wilsey did his best

to sell her something, and sell her as

much of it as possible; people who paid

cash, instead of having things charged,

the prices asked, were as scarce in that

It did not take the village girls and

other gossips long to learn that the

young woman, whose name was Eu-

nice Trait, did most of her purchasing

at the store in which Frank Wilsey

was clerk and that anyone else who

time as possible in transacting her

And it was all because she wanted an

course it was Frank's business to sell

all he could to a person who would

pay ready cash, while the girls said

that Miss Trait was a bold, assuming,

Public interest on the subject became

quilting bee were started in great haste

so that there might be some good, big

In the mountime Miss Trait, who

was no fool, became immensely weary of

her enforced stay in a village where

she knew no one and found nothing to

do. One day, while she was making

some small purchases at the store, Chip

Tyler dropped in for a moment, with

his camera, and Frank asked him how

"Are you an amateur photographer?"

"I'm the only photographer of any

"I've always wanted to learn some

thing about it," said Miss Trait. "I

wonder if I could employ you to teach

"I'm ready for anything, ma'am, that

The lady made some inquiries of

means business," said Chip.

kind in this whole country, ma'am,

replied Chip with a pardonable pride.

business. The young woman, after lis-

tening a moment, asked abruptly:

artful, hateful thing, and was merely

all in his power to be obliging.

and who did not try to "beat down"

village as saints in rum shops.

HIP TAYLOR lived in a section of lage and dropped into the two or three country where dollars looked stores, apparently because she could about as big as cart wheels for not amuse herself unless she was buythe very good reason that they were ing something.

about as hard to get. By all sorts of hard work and many kinds of self-dehial Chip had succeeded by the time he had reached his 15th year in saving about \$15, which made him seem a capitalist to all the other boys and also to a great many men, and as everyone knew that Chip was a wideawake fellow who was anxious to get into steady business for himself, so that he could make life ensier for his widowed mother and his little sisters, there was no end of acquaintances who tried to get into partnership with him and help him

But Chip's father had always said that partnership was a hard ship to sail in; he had tried it, and he knew, so the boy looked persistently for some business in which he could make his own way, and one day he found it by purchasing a small second-hand cameta and becoming a tramp photagrapher. Chip's customers had to pay for his education, for some of the pictures weeks were about as dreadful as could be imagined by a man with a nightmare, but the customers were not art

cheap, and he was the only man in the making a plaything of a young man business, so he made a little money who ought to be old enough to have his from the very start, which is more than eye-teeth cut and not to let anyone some of the world's greatest artists make a fool of him. have done. The young photographer had a good so great that two apple-paring and one

head for business, too; he did not set up a studio and smoke bad tobacco and grumble about the duliness of business. He took his whole kit in his hands and roamed about the country. in search of people who he thought would be the most likely customersfarmers with horses which they thought would sell well in the city if dealers could know how they looked: women who thought their bables were the prettiest that ever lived, and young people who were in love with each other, and who, therefore, wanted to exchange pictures.

Anyone who has tried amateur photography knows that there are "many slips 'tween the cup and the lip," or. to speak more to the point, between the plate and the finished picture. There are about as many ways of spoiling characters, and Chip, without meaning to do anything of the kind, tried them

Practice makes perfect, so, in the Frank Wilsey, who said that Chip was Just then Jane passed. Jack Blount course of time, Chip found himself a clever little fellow, and his studio was in his mother's own house, and

once. Chip tried to empty the printing frame-his only one-without being seen, but Miss Trait's eyes had not been trained in a big city for nothing. It was quite plain to her that her youthful teacher was trying to hide the plate which he took from the frame, so subit: "Let me see that plate, please."

"It's a spolled one," said Chip, throwing the plate upon the floor. Up to that time he never had dropped a plate," no matter how lightly, without hearing the sound of breaking glass, but the dreadful plate of Frank Wilsey and Miss Trait fell as solidly as if it had been a stove lid.

Chip stooped to get it, but Miss Trait was too quick for him; she got the piste and took it to the light, saying:

"What is it?" "It's an awful blunder-that's what it is," replied Chip, in desperation. "I stupidly used a plate on which another picture had been taken, but not de-

veloped." "How funny!" said Miss Trait. Then the lady insisted upon making a print from it, and Chip thought seriously of running away and never coming back to town again-not, at least, until the Traits had departed. He got ready to run, and then from a corner of the house observed his pupil closely.

went into that store while Miss Trait Miss Trait exposed the picture to the was there was obliged to wait until light. Two minutes later he saw her the stranger had made her purchases. shade it with her shoulders and look at They also learned, or thought they did, it curiously. Then he heard her laugh. that the young woman took as much Oh, that laugh! It seemed to Chip that her laugh gave him a new lease of life, for it was a merry laugh, and one of the long kind that seemed as if it didn't excuse to talk as long as she could know how to stop. Chip thought it with Frank Wilsey, who certainly did safe to go back to his room. Miss Trait

joined him within a few minutes, and Public opinion was divided on the said, in a matter-of-fact way: subject; the older people said that of

"Now I know how spirit photographs may be taken. I'll have a lot of fun with them when I go back home."

Chip was so grateful that he felt like falling at Miss Trait's feet, but he didn't do it; neither did he ever see that plate again, and he could not say that he was sorry at the loss. Still, being a boy, he could not help doing a lot of wondering.

Miss Trait really seemed to think the photographic mistake a good joke. How would Frank Wilsey regard it? There was one way to find out. Chip toned and otherwise completed the single print he had taken from the offending plate. He bided his time, and one evening he showed it to Frank, at the store, telling him that it was one of the accidents of photography. Frank looked at the picture as if he doubted his own eyes, then he blushed and said:

"I'd give all my hopes of life for such an accident in earnest."

Stranger still, just such an accident finally came of it. The picture set the young people to thinking about each other a great deal, and made them rather awkward when they met, and each knew what the other was thinking about, so in the course of time Miss Trait became Mrs. Wilsey, and Chip, in 'store clothes," such as had never been seen in his native town, gave away the bride, for, as the bride herself, said:

"If it hadn't been for that dreadful photograph we mightn't have learned to think seriously of each other." Pittsburg Dispatch.

'My only dance that has not been a "Then I must feel flattered."

"You forget that I have been away Knox is nearly my only one." "You like her? Don't you remember 1

"And of course prejudiced me against

all. order, you know. But I do like her now

They had stopped beneath the trees and the sunlight, glinting through the branches, lighted up the gay uniform of the hussar, and fell upon his good-looking face as he stood waiting for her to "Oh, no, no!" she murmured, and hid

But he drew them gently down, look ing sadly into her eyes. "Don't be afraid, little Jenny. I was

"I would have sent you white flowers. "I am very glad you did not," she ejac-

She glanced at Stephen Prinsep to see spend his money.

she sighed out at length, and though no name was mentioned. Jane did not pretend to doubt as to whom the pronoun referred.

"Perhaps it was what he said-a sense she answered, quietly. of duty. Yet. though outwardly calm, a gleam in her hazel eyes told of inward excitement, and her fingers were fidgeting nervously with the silver buckle of her belt.

She wondered whether he had noticed Mr. Blount's attention, and whether it were in her power to inflict a pang upon him by encouraging the same. She felt hurt and sore, capable of doing or saying anything that would move his impenetrable calm. It was so bumiliating to know that she loved him still, and must love him always, while he had forgotten quite.

She had gone into the veranula to grow cool, and so be alone, wandering round to the other side of the house, out of sight of the drawing-room windows. Presently the sound of her own name smote her ear, and turning, she saw Sergeant Lynn standing in the shadow of a near clump of trees.

"I want to speak to you," he said, in a low some.

For a moment she hesitated and shrunk back. The man was looking white and haggard, and she did not feel equal to the violent scene which his whole appearance and manner portended.

You are afraid of me." he remarked. with hitterness. This decided her. Her father's Terai

hat lay on the chair, and snatching it up, she crushed it on her bright bair and ran quickly down the steps to join him.

did not know that you were back." "We only marched in this morning, and directly I could get away I came here. I have been waiting more than three hours on the chance of sceing you." Why did you not come to the house

"With the Colonel, and the Adjutant and Major Larron, salaming all the time like a native, to show you the great difference there is between them and me?" scornfully.

"Jacob, Jacob, do not talk so wildly!" "I speak as I have felt. Surely that need not shock you. Though you are as far above me as the angels, you might pity, instead of shrinking from me. Reber, what I am you have made me "You have no right," she faltered, look-

ing up at him with terror-stricken eyes. No. I have no right. Of that your father, rightly or wrongly-I don't pre-

judge-deprived me, yet 1 never tend to thought that you would have stooped to shield yourself behind his authority." Nor did L. I know nothing of his in-

rentions. Jacob, you talk of pity, yet you have no pity for me. Knowing how I tried to be true, you need not reproach

"It was the Colonel. If he had not ome, you would have been my wife

Perhaps. I never loved you."

You have told me that so often, I onder I do not give you hate for hate. we have been my evil genius. Had it the been my evil genius. Had it for you I might be my own self, of the miserable drunkard that

the fee your own sake, Jacob, if not

it does me." she said, smiling, "I believe it does. You take it so quiet-ly that one might think you had been accustomed to it all your life. Why, child,

you have been crying-what about?" bringing her keen eyes to bear upon her daughter's tear-stained face. "It's n about the Colonel?" she added, quickly. "It's not "No, no. Is it likely, when he cares so

little for me?"-lifting her head proudly. "Perhaps for that very reason," thought Mrs Knox, shrewdly, but she would not vex Jane by saying so alond. "Come and see your flowers," she said, instead; "and don't cry any more, Jenny, or I shall be disappointed of seeing my daughter the acknowledged beauty of the ball. Remember, I have never participated in any of your triumphs yet.

Then I will look my best for your sake: but"-looking down indifferently at the creamy blossoms lying in their bod of green-"you must have these roses, mother they will culiven your black dress, and I shall wear those Mr. Graeme sent me."

And in spite of all remonstrances she carried her point, and Jack Blount's yellow roses, which he had taken so much trouble to beg, buy and steal from differ. ent places in the station, instead of maklovelier still the lovely face and figure for which they were intended, adorned the chenp black silk lace cap of Mrs. Knox.

But after all June never wore Valentine Gracme's flowers. Just as she had gone to her room to dress, the synh came in arrying a large basket. Jane drew away the forms that lay

across the top, and discovered a bouquet beautifully arranged, with some flo lying loose for her gown and hair. They were all white, with only delicate maidenhair forms and their own leaves to lead a tinge of color.

Whence they had come remained a mys The man who had brought them tery. had left at once, only saying that they were for the "Miss Sahih," and as he was a coolic and not a liveried servant it was impossible to guess by whom they had been sent.

Mrs. Knox was called in to give her ews on the subject, but could throw no light upon it, and the quartermaster proved equally bad at guessing,

'Father," asked Jane, abruptly, "have you heard anything of Jacob Lynn?" 'He came in to-day with the rest of the men from the Hill depot. The change of air has not done much for him; he was looking wretchedly bad, I thought." "Does-does he drink still?

The quartermaster looked grave. He had had hopes of him at first; but latterfor he had made a point of inquiring, the accounts were very bad.

"I am afraid it is all up with him?" he said, at last. "He has been reduced to a private, you know, since he left Alipore, and now, having less to lose, will grow reckless, I fear.

"Can't we do anything for him? Don't you think if we had him here-""
"Here!" cried the quartermaster, en
raged at the idea. "If I catch him here,

I'll break every bone in his body. What business had he to go courting you when he knew he was no fit husband for any a truth have striven against girl. For the matter of that, I ought to a truth have habit. Father told me have known it myself. He comes of a

part of the country. dently not failing in his endeavor if Jane's rippling laughter were to be believed.

"I wish she would not encourage him " said Miss Knollys, uneasily

"Why, don't you think him nice "I think him detestable: but then I am nearly alone in my opinion. He was im

mensely popular at Simla, and indeed everywhere women seemed to like him. "Then why should you hold alout"

Diana Knollys smiled archity.

"They say." she said, in careless tomes, "he has come here especially to propose to Jane Knox, and should she refuse that is, by "taking" some of the more

"Do you think she will?" broke in Col-

though in that case I prophesy for her much. what the French call 'a bad quarter of an Either the girls hadn't any money.

minutes later her words came back to hadly enough to pay for them, so Chip him, when he saw Jane go into the verapda with Jack Blount, and after the next dance had began they were both absent atilli to follow them.

(To be continued.)

Faithfulness.

At the Greytriars' churchyard, in Edinburgh, Scotland, there stands a beautiful monument erected in memory of a dog. The statue of the dog on top of it cost over \$2,000, and this is the story: A poor man died and was burled there. He was followed to his grave by his dog. When the other mourners went home the dog remained and lay down on his master's grave. The sex ton drove him away, because dogs are not allowed there. Next morning the sexton found him on the grave again. and again drove him off. The second morning he found him on the grave nguin, and again drove him off. The third morning was a very cold one, and the sexton found the dog again lying on his master's grave, shivering with the cold. His heart relented; he fed the dog. Presently the lord mayor of the city heard about it and sent the dog a collar, and a man that kept a rostaurant near by fed him every day. I don't know what provision they made for kennel, but during ten or twelve years, until he died, he made his home in that graveyard, and much of the time lay on his master's grave; and now they have built that benutiful monument to tell future ages of the fidelity of that poor man's dog.

His Position Filled.

A class of students, holding a grudge igainst one of the professors, tied a live goose to his chair. Upon entering the room the professor saw the goose, and, calmiy walking up to the desk, addressd the class as follows:

"Gentlemen, as you have succeeded in getting an instructor so much better qualified to direct the bent of your ideas, I beg you will pardon me for resigning the chair."

Little by little he learned that por traits of young people were the most profitable part of the business, and he began to be smart enough to take the pictures of pretty girls on credit or for nothing, trusting to luck to find out which young man was first or most "gone" on each girl. Then he would offer the young man, in strict confidence, to get him the girl's portrait at the customary price.

Chip tried the system in reversepopular young men, trusting to work them off upon susceptible girls, but "How can I tell? I hope she will, a) somehow this plan did not amount to

which is quite likely, or, still more -----He laughed in reply; but some twenty ly, they didn't want young men's faces. gave it up as a bad job and left his latest plates of young men to be devel-An uneasy feeling prompted him uped when he had nothing else to do One of these undeveloped plates was of Frank Wilsey, the best looking and the most popular store clerk in the village. Almost any girl-would pay a cent a yard extra for material for a calico dress for the pleasure of purchasing from Frank Wilsey, and she would wait an hour to be served by Frank rather than buy of the proprie

> tor himself. Frank was a "great catch" in the estimation of all the girls and their mothers and he became all the more so be cause he declined to be caught.

> Suddenly, however, in the way that the inexpected has of turning up in even the least promising places, something courred which set all the village girls to become jealous and envious. Some people who seemed to be rich, for they were traveling by carriage, with two servants in a buggy following, were obliged to stop in the vilage and call a physician for one of their party, an old lady.

> The physician said the invalid must rest for several days, so there was a lot of scurrying to find proper accommoda tions for the party, there being no hotel in the place. They were finally accommodated by old Mrs. Trewley, whose husband had built the biggest house in the town and died just as the house was completed.

Old Mrs. Trewley quickly became the most popular woman in the village; neighbors who had almost forgotten ther soon found excuses to borrow some thing, or to ask a question which they had long wanted to ask-anything, for an excuse to find out about people whom they had never seen, but who seemed to be rich.

The village interest in the stranger increased when one of the newcomers, a handsome young woman who seemed to wear her Sunday clothes all the time, appeared on the main street of the vil-

which were not had so witht Chip was engaged, at the princely salary of a dollar an hour, to teach Miss Trait all he knew about photography.

He began by taking a picture of Miss of each detail of the operation, and after the sitting he had her take a pleture of her instructor. Then teacher Chip taught Miss Trait to "develop" a plate.

Chip began with his own portrait, It "came out" so well that the pupil was delighted and insisted upon hold so that it might dry quickly and be "printed.

Meanwhile Chip developed the plate he had been extremely careful, for it will make a very pretty centerpiece, display the portrait of so notable a person as a "specimen."

But the peculiar way in which that picture slowly came out in the developing "bath" made him wonder greatly No other person had been near by when the pleture was taken, but the shadows in the pumpkin. seemed those of a man instead of a woman. As the details appeared it became evident that he had used, by mistake, the plateholder containing a plate for which Frank Wilsey had "set.

Well, never mind; he would finish it, and then pose Miss Trait again, on the plea that the plate was had. But how oddly Frank's vest showed on the plate! Chip could not understand it.

Chip finally washed and "fixed" the plate, set it aside to dry and posed Miss Trait once more. The lady wished to develop it herself, of which Chip was was the matter with it. He soon found out, for a print, taken quickly in the sunlight, showed that the matter with Frank's vest was that it was entirely covered by a face "as pretty as a ple ture" of Miss Trait! He had needdentally taken her picture on a plate which print which-well, it looked as if Miss her heart to Frank Wilsey and was resting her head on his breast.

Chip thought the picture very dreadful, that is, it might be, if his new pupil chanced to see it-so he made haste to hide the print, and also to put the printing frame and plate out of sight. But isn't it astonishing how things will persist in working just as they shouldn't, in spite of all you may do to prevent?

Miss Trait developed and dried her plate, and looked at it sidewise, as Chip had taught her to do, and she greatly liked the expression, and was wild to take a print from the plate at

The Enchanted Pumpkin.

When your little brother or sister has a birthday party and you want a novelty as a centerpiece for the tea table. Trait herself, telling her the meaning try the "enchanted pumpkin" and see what fun it will make for the guests.

It ought to be a prize pumpkin and a big one. Scoop out all the inside. That and pupil went into the room, with will do well enough to make pies out windows screened with yellow paper, of for grown-up people on days that which Frank had called his studio, and are not birthdays. Then stuff it full of toys tied up in mysterious-looking bundles.

To each package tie a bright ribbon. which the pupil herself had taken, and letting the loose ends fall out over the sides of the pumpkin. Then carefully replace the cap or stem part, which you ing the plate in the sunlight outside, cut off, so that it will look as if it were still whole, and place it on your tea table. Surrounded by ferns and colored autumn leaves and decorated with of Miss Trait herself, in taking which the drooping ends of the ribbons, it

would be a great feather in his cap to When the feast is over set the childrep to guessing how many seeds are in the pumpkin. When all have guessed, tell each to take hold of one of the ribbons, and when you say "Three!" they must pull on the ribbons, and in that way they will see how many seeds are

Of course each little guest secures a pretty gift.-Chicago Times-Herald.

Her Independence Threatened.

A republic that was fourteen centuries old when General Washington and his army were fighting the forces of King George III., including the hired Hessian contingent, is in danger of losing independence-the blessing which our colonial ancestors achieved in that memorable struggle. The wee commonwealth of San Marino, on the east side of the Apennine mountains, in Italy, very glad, for he wanted to print that by long odds the oldest of all existing picture of Frank, and find out what republies, is threatened with this irremedial disaster. One of the provisions of the treaty under which Italy guaranteed the liberty of San Marino is to the effect that the republic shall coin no money, but adopt the coluage of Italy. But Italian money got to be very scarce in San Marino, had already been used once, although and the little commonwealth, on not developed, and the offset was a the plea of absolute necessity, minted a limited number of gold Trait had given her confidence and her and silver pieces for the use of the people. This did not disturb the parity. but it fractured the treaty, and Signor Crispi, the Italian prime minister, proceeded to annul the gauranty of independence. This means the merging of

San Marino into the kingdom of Italy. As the republic is too weak for succes ful resistance, she will probably yield to this harsh decree of cruel fate .--Washington Post.