

THE TREASURE OF FRANCHARD.

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CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED.)

The sound of his feet upon the causeway began the business of the day; for the village was still sound asleep. The church tower looked very airy in the sunlight; a few birds that turned about it seemed to swim in an atmosphere of more than usual rarity; and the Doctor, walking in long transparent shadows, filled his lungs amply, and proclaimed himself well contented with the morning.

On one of the posts before Tentillon's carriage entry he espied a little dark figure perched in a meditative attitude and immediately recognized Jean-Marie.

"Aha!" he said, stopping before him humorously, with a hand on either knee. "So we rise early in the morning do we? It appears to me that we have all the vices of a philosopher."

The boy got to his feet and made a grave salutation.

"And how is our patient?" asked Desprez.

It appeared the patient was about the same.

"And why do you rise early in the morning?" he pursued.

Jean-Marie, after a long silence, professed that he hardly knew.

"You hardly know?" repeated Desprez. "We hardly know anything, my man, until we try to learn. Interrogate your conscience. Come, push me this inquiry home. Do you like it?"

"Yes," said the boy, slowly; "yes, I like it."

"And why do you like it?" continued the Doctor. "(We are now pursuing the Socratic method.) Why do you like it?"

"It is quiet," answered Jean-Marie; "and I have nothing to do; and then I feel as if I were good."

Doctor Desprez took a seat on the post at the opposite side. He was beginning to take an interest in the talk, for the boy plainly thought before he spoke, and tried to answer truly. "It appears you have a taste for feeling good," said the Doctor. "Now, there you puzzle me extremely; for I thought you said you were a thief; and the two are incompatible."

"Is it very bad to steal?" asked Jean-Marie.

"Such is the general opinion, little boy," replied the Doctor.

"No; but I mean as I stole," exclaimed the other. "For I had no choice. I think it is surely right to have bread; it must be right to have bread, there comes so plain a want of it. And then they beat me cruelly if I returned with nothing," he added. "I was not ignorant of right and wrong; for before that I had been well taught by a priest, who was very kind to me." (The Doctor made a horrible grimace at the word "priest.") "But it seemed to me, when one had nothing to eat and was beaten, it was a different affair. I would not have stolen for tartlets, I believe; but any one would steal for baker's bread."

"And so I suppose," said the Doctor, with a rising sneer, "you prayed God to forgive you, and explained the case to Him at length."

"Why, sir?" asked Jean-Marie. "I do not see."

"Your priest would see, however," retorted Desprez.

"Would he?" asked the boy, troubled for the first time. "I should have thought God would have known."

"Eh?" snarled the Doctor. "I should have thought God would have understood me," replied the other. "You do not, I see; but then it was God that made me think so, was it not?"

"Little boy, little boy," said Doctor Desprez. "I told you already you had the vices of philosophy; if you display the virtues also, I must go. I am a student of the blessed laws of health, an observer of plain and temperate nature in her common walks; and I cannot preserve my equilibrium in presence of a monster. Do you understand?"

"No, sir," said the boy. "I will make my meaning clear to you," replied the Doctor. "Look here at the sky—behind the bell-fry right, where it is so light, and then up and up; turning your chin back, right to the top of the dome, where it is already as blue as at noon. Is not that a beautiful color? Does it not please the heart? We have seen it all our lives, until it has grown in with our familiar thoughts. Now," changing his tone, "suppose that sky to become suddenly of a live and fiery amber, like the color of clear coals, and growing scarlet toward the top—I do not say it would be any the less beautiful; but would you like it as well?"

"I suppose not," answered Jean-Marie.

"Neither do I like you," returned the Doctor, roughly. "I hate all odd people, and you are the most curious little boy in all the world."

Jean-Marie seemed to ponder for a while, and then he raised his head again and looked over at the Doctor with an air of candid inquiry. "But are not you a very curious gentleman?" he asked.

"The Doctor threw away his stick, bounded on the boy, clasped him to his bosom, and kissed him on both cheeks.

"Admirable, admirable imp!" he cried. "What a morning, what an hour for a theorist of forty-two! No," he continued, apostrophizing heaven, "I did not know that such boys existed; I

was ignorant they made them so; I had doubted of my race; and now! It is like," he added, picking up his stick, "like a lovers' meeting. I have bruised my favorite staff in that moment of enthusiasm. The injury, however, is not grave." He caught the boy looking at him in obvious wonder, embarrassment, and alarm. "Hello!" said he. "Why do you look at me like that? Egad, I believe the boy despises me. Do you despise me, boy?"

"O, no," replied Jean-Marie, seriously; "only I do not understand."

"You must excuse me, sir," returned the Doctor, with gravity; "I am still so young. O, hang him!" he added to himself. And he took his seat again and observed the boy sardonically.

"He has spoiled the quiet of my morning," thought he. "I shall be nervous all day, and have a feverish when I digest. Let me compose myself." And so he dismissed his preoccupations by an effort of the will which he had long practiced, and let his soul roam abroad in the contemplation of the morning.

He inhaled the air, tasting it critically as a connoisseur tastes a vintage, and prolonging the expiration with hygienic gusto. He counted the little flecks of cloud along the sky. He followed the movements of the birds round the church tower—making long sweeps, hanging poised, or turning airy somersaults in fancy, and beating the wind with imaginary pinions. And in this way he regained peace of mind and animal composure, conscious of his limbs, conscious of the sight of his eyes, conscious that the air had a cool taste, like a fruit, at the top of his throat, and at last, in complete abstraction, he began to sing. The Doctor had but one air—"Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre," even with that he was on terms of mere politeness; and his musical exploits were always reserved for moments when he was alone and entirely happy.

He was recalled to earth rudely by a pained expression on the boy's face. "What do you think of my singing?" he inquired, stopping in the middle of a note; and then, after he had waited some little while and received no answer, "What do you think of my singing?" he repeated, imperiously.

"I do not like it," faltered Jean-Marie.

"Oh, come!" cried the Doctor. "Possibly you are a performer yourself?"

"I sing better than that," replied the boy.

The Doctor eyed him for some seconds in stupefaction. He was aware that he was angry, and blushed for himself in consequence, which made him angrier. "If this is how you address your master!" he said at last, with a shrug and a flourish of his arms.

"I do not speak to him at all," returned the boy. "I do not like him."

"Then you like me?" snapped Doctor Desprez, with unusual eagerness.

"I do not know," answered Jean-Marie.

The Doctor rose. "I shall wish you a good-morning," he said. "You are too much for me. Perhaps you have blood in your veins, perhaps celestial ichor, or perhaps you circulate nothing more gross than respirable air; but of one thing I am inexpressibly assured: that you are no human being. No, boy—shaking his stick at him—"you are not a human being. Write, write it in your memory—I am not a human being—I have no pretension to be a human being—I am a dive, a dream, an angel, an acoustic, an illusion—what you please, but not a human being. And so accept my humble salutations and farewell!"

And with that the Doctor made off along the street in some emotion; and the boy stood, mentally gaping, where he left him.

CHAPTER III.



ADAME DESPREZ who answered to the Christian name of Anastasie, presented an agreeable type of her sex; exceedingly wholesome to look upon, a stout brune, with cool, smooth cheeks, steady, dark eyes, and hands that neither art nor nature could improve. She was the sort of person over whom adversity passes like a summer cloud; she might, in the worst of conjunctures, knit her brows into one vertical furrow for a moment, but the next it would be gone. She had much of the placidity of a contented nun; with little of her piety, however; for Anastasie was of a very mundane nature, fond of oysters and old wine, and somewhat bold pleasantries, and devoted to her husband for her own sake rather than for his. She was imperceptibly good-natured, but had no idea of self-sacrifice. To live in that pleasant old house, with a green garden behind and bright flowers about the window, to eat and drink of the best, to gossip with a neighbor for a quarter of an hour, never to wear stays or a dress except when she went to Fontainebleau shopping, to be kept in a continual supply of racy novels, and to be married to Doctor Desprez and have no ground of jealousy, filled the cup of her nature to the brim. Those who had known the Doctor in bachelor days, when he had aired quite as many

theories, but of a different order, attributed his present philosophy to the study of Anastasie. It was her brute enjoyment that he rationalized and perhaps vainly imitated.

Madame Desprez was an artist in the kitchen, and made coffee to a nicety. She had a knack of tidiness, with which she had infected the Doctor; everything capable of polish shone gloriously; and dust was a thing banished from her empire. Aline, their single servant, had no other business in the world but to scour and burnish. So Doctor Desprez lived in his house like a fasted calf, warmed and cosseted to his heart's content.

The midday meal was excellent. There was a ripe melon, a fish from the river in a memorable Bearnaise sauce, a fat fowl in a fricassee, and a dish of asparagus, followed by some fruit. The Doctor drank half a bottle plus one glass, the wife half a bottle minus the same quantity, which was a marital privilege, of an excellent Cote-Rouge, seven years old. Then the coffee was brought, and a flask of Chartreuse for madame, for the Doctor despised and distrusted such decoctions; and then Aline left the wedded pair to the pleasures of memory and digestion.

"It is a very fortunate circumstance, my cherished one," observed the Doctor—"this coffee is adorable—a very fortunate circumstance upon the whole—Anastasie, I beseech you, go without that poison for to-day; only one day, and you will feel the benefit, I pledge my reputation."

"What is this fortunate circumstance, my friend?" inquired Anastasie, not heeding his protest, which was of daily recurrence.

"That we have no children, my beautiful," replied the Doctor. "I think of it more and more as the years go on, and with more and more gratitude toward the Power that dispenses such afflictions. Your health, my darling, my studious quiet, our little kitchen delicacies, how they would all have suffered, how they would all have been sacrificed! And for what? Children are the last word of human imperfection. Health flees before their face. They cry, my dear; they put vexatious questions; they demand to be fed, to be washed, to be educated, to have their noses blown; and then, when the time comes, they break our hearts, as I break this piece of sugar. A pair of professed egoists, like you and me, should avoid offspring, like an infidelity."

"Indeed!" said she; and she laughed. "Now, that is like you—to take credit for the thing you could not help."

"My dear," returned the Doctor, solemnly, "we might have adopted."

"Never!" cried madame. "Never, Doctor, with my consent. If the child were my own flesh and blood, I would not say no. But to take another person's indiscretion on my shoulders, my dear friend, I have too much sense."

"Precisely," replied the Doctor. "We both had. And I am all the better pleased with our wisdom, because—because—" He looked at her sharply.

"Because what?" she asked, with a faint premonition of danger.

"Because I have found the right person," said the Doctor firmly, "and shall adopt him this afternoon."

Anastasie looked at him out of a mist. "You have lost your reason," she said; and there was a clang in her voice that seemed to threaten trouble.

"Not so, my dear," he replied; "I retain its complete exercise. To the proof; instead of attempting to cloak my inconsistency, I have, by way of preparing you, thrown it into strong relief. You will there, I think, recognize the philosopher who has the ecstasy to call you wife. The fact is, I have been reckoning all this while without an accident. I never thought to find a son of my own. Now, last night, I found one. Do not unnecessarily alarm yourself, my dear; he is not a drop of blood to me that I know. It is his mind, darling, his mind that calls me father."

"His mind!" she repeated, with a twitter between scorn and hysterics. "His mind, indeed! Henri is this an idiotic pleasantries, or are you mad? His mind! And what of my mind?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Good System.

The young postmaster of a village was hard at work in his office when a gentle tap was heard upon the door and in stepped a blushing maiden of 16, with a money order which she wished cashed. She handed it, with a bashful smile, to the official, who, after closely examining it, gave her the money it called for. At the same time he asked her if she had read what was written on the margin of the order.

"No, I have not," she replied, "for I cannot make it out. Will you please read it for me?"

The young postmaster read as follows: "I send you 10s. and a dozen kisses."

Glancing at the bashful girl he said: "Now, I have paid you the money and I suppose you want the kisses?"

"Yes," she said, "if he has sent me any kisses I want them, too."

It is hardly necessary to say that the balance of the order was promptly paid and in a scientific manner.

On reaching home the delighted maiden remarked to her mother: "Mother, this postoffice system of ours is a great thing, developing more and more every year, and each new feature seems to be the best. Jimmy sent me a dozen kisses along with the money order, and the postmaster gave me twenty. It beats the special delivery system all hollow."—Tid-Bits.

Let's News.

Mrs. Gadabout. What was the news at the sewing circle today, my dear? Mrs. Ontego: "Mrs. Buddins has a new cook, and Mrs. Remnant has the same one she got two days ago."—Philadelphia North American.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"HEALTH OF THE BODY" LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Text: "Till a Dart Strike Through His Liver"—Proverbs VII-23.—The Gospel of Purity in Body and in Soul.



OLOMOFF'S anatomical and physiological discoveries were so very great that he was nearly three thousand years ahead of the scientists of his day. He, more than one thousand years before Christ, seemed to know about the circulation of the blood, which Harvey discovered sixteen hundred and nineteen years after Christ, for when Solomon, in Ecclesiastes, describing the human body, speaks of the pitcher at the fountain, he evidently means the three canals leading from the heart that receive the blood like pitchers. When he speaks in Ecclesiastes of the silver cord of life, he evidently means the spinal marrow, about which, in our day, Doctors Mayo and Carpenter and Dalton and Flint and Brown-Sequard have experimented. And Solomon recorded in the Bible, thousands of years before scientists discovered it, that in his time the spinal cord relaxed in old age, producing the tremors of hand and head: "Or the silver cord be loosed."

In the text he reveals the fact that he had studied that largest gland of the human system, the liver, not by the electric light of the modern dissecting room, but by the dim light of a comparatively dark age, and yet had seen its important functions in the God-built castle of the human body, its selecting and secreting power, its curious cells, its elongated branching tubes, a Divine workmanship in central and right and left lobe, and the hepatic artery through which flow the crimson tides. Oh, this vital organ is like the eye of God in that it never sleeps.

Solomon knew of it, and had noticed either in vivisection or post-mortem what awful attacks sin and dissipation make upon it, until the fiat of Almighty God bids the body and soul separate, one it commends to the grave, and the other it sends to judgment. A javelin of retribution, not glancing off or making a slight wound, but piercing it from side to side "till a dart strike through his liver." Galen and Hippocrates ascribe to the liver the most of the world's moral depression, and the word melancholy means black bile.

I preach to you the Gospel of Health. In taking a diagnosis of diseases of the soul you must also take a diagnosis of diseases of the body. As if to recognize this, one whole book of the New Testament was written by a physician. Luke was a medical doctor, and he discourses much of the physical conditions, and he tells of the good Samaritan's medication of the wounds by pouring in oil and wine, and recognizes hunger as a hindrance to hearing the Gospel, so that the five thousand were fed; he also records the sparse diet of the prodigal away from home, and the extinguished eyesight of the beggar by the wayside, and lets us know of the hemorrhage of the wounds of the dying Christ and the miraculous post-mortem resuscitation. Any estimate of the spiritual condition that does not include also the physical condition is incomplete.

When the doorkeeper of congress fell dead from excessive joy because Burgoyne had surrendered at Saratoga, and Philip the Fifth of Spain dropped dead at the news of his country's defeat in battle, and Cardinal Wolsey faded away as the result of Henry the Eighth's anathema, it was demonstrated that the body and soul are Siamese twins, and when you thrill the one with joy or sorrow you thrill the other. We may as well recognize the tremendous fact that there are two mighty fortresses in the human body, the heart and the liver; the heart the fortress of the graces, the liver the fortress of the furies. You may have the head filled with all intellectualities, and the ear with all musical appreciation, and the mouth with all eloquence, and the hand with all industries, and the heart with all generousities, and yet "a dart strike through the liver."

My friend, Rev. Dr. Joseph F. Jones, of Philadelphia, a translated spirit now, wrote a book entitled, "Man, Moral and Physical," in which he shows how different the same things may appear to different people. He says: "After the great battle on the Mincio in 1859, between the French and the Sardinians on the one side and the Austrians on the other, so disastrous to the latter, the defeated army retreated, followed by the victors. A description of the march of each army is given by two correspondents of the London Times, one of whom traveled with the successful host, the other with the defeated. The difference in views and statements of the same place, scenes and events, is remarkable. The former are said to be marching through a beautiful and luxuriant country during the day, and at night encamping where they are supplied with an abundance of the best provisions, and all sorts of rural dainties. There is nothing of war about the proceeding except its stimulus and excitement. On the side of the poor Austrians it is just the reverse. In his letter of the same date, describing the same places and a march over the same road, the writer can scarcely find words to set forth the suffering, impatience and disgust

existing around him. What was pleasant to the former was intolerable to the latter. What made all this difference? asks the author. "One condition only: the French are victorious, the Austrians have been defeated."

So, my dear brother, the road you are traveling is the same you have been traveling a long while but the difference in your physical conditions makes it look different, and therefore the two reports you have given of yourself are as widely different as the reports in the London Times from the two correspondents. Edward Payson, sometimes so far up on the Mount that it seemed as if the centrifugal force of earth could no longer hold him, sometimes through a physical disorder was so far down that it seemed as if the nether world would clutch him. Poor William Cowper was a most excellent Christian, and will be loved in the Christian church as long as it sings his hymns beginning "There is a fountain filled with blood," "Oh, for a closer walk with God," "What various hindrances we meet," and "God moves in a mysterious way." Yet was he so overcome of melancholy, or black bile, that it was only through the mistake of the cab driver who took him to a wrong place, instead of the river bank, that he did not commit suicide.

Spiritual condition so mightily affected by the physical state, what a great opportunity this gives to the Christian physician, for he can feel at the same time both the pulse of the body and the pulse of the soul, and he can administer to both at once, and if medicine is needed he can give that, and if spiritual counsel is needed he can give that—an earthly and a Divine prescription at the same time—and call on not only the apothecary of earth, but the pharmacy of heaven! Ah, that is the kind of doctor I want at my bedside, one that cannot only count out the right number of drops, but who can also pray. That is the kind of doctor I have had in my house when sickness or death came. I do not want any of your profligate or atheistic doctors around my loved ones when the balances of life are trembling. A doctor who has gone through the medical college, and in dissecting room has traversed the wonders of the human mechanism, and found no God in any of the labyrinths, is a fool, and cannot doctor me or mine. But, oh, the Christian doctors! What a comfort they have been in many of our households! And they ought to have a warm place in our prayers as well as praise on our tongues.

My object at this point is not only to emoliate the criticisms of those in good health against those in poor health, but to show Christian people who are arduous what is the matter with them. Do not charge against the heart the crimes of another portion of your organism. Do not conclude that because the path to heaven is not arched with as fine a foliage, or the banks beautifully snowed with exquisite chrysanthemums as once, that therefore you are on the wrong road. The road will bring you out at the same gate whether you walk with the stride of an athlete or come up on crutches. Thousands of Christians, morbid about their business, and morbid about the present, and morbid about the future, need the sermon I am now preaching.

Some years ago a scientific lecturer went through the country exhibiting on great canvas different parts of the human body when healthy, and the same parts when diseased. And what the world wants now is some eloquent scientist to go through the country showing to our young people on blazing canvas the drunkard's liver, the idler's liver, the libertine's liver, the gambler's liver. Perhaps the spectacle might stop some young man before he comes to the catastrophe, and the dart strike through his liver.

My hearer, this is the first sermon you have heard on the Gospel of Health, and it may be the last you will ever hear on that subject, and I charge you, in the name of God, and Christ, and usefulness, and eternal destiny, take better care of your health. When some of you die, if your friends put on your tombstone a truthful epitaph, it will read: "Here lies the victim of late suppers;" or it will be: "Behold what lobster salad at midnight will do for a man;" or it will be: "Ten cigars a day closed my earthly existence;" or it will be: "Thought I could do at seventy what I did at twenty, and I am here;" or it will be: "Here is the consequence of sitting a half day with wet feet;" or it will be: "This is where I have stacked my harvest of wild oats;" or, instead of words, the stone-cutter will chisel for an epitaph on the tombstone two figures—namely, a dart and a liver.

There is a kind of sickness that is beautiful when it comes from overwork for God, or one's country, or one's own family. I have seen wounds that were glorious. I have seen an empty sleeve that was more beautiful than the most muscular forearm. I have seen a green shade over the eye, shot out in battle, that was more beautiful than any two eyes that had passed without injury. I have seen an old missionary worn out with the malaria of African jungles, who looked to me more radiant than a rubicund gymnast. I have seen a mother after six weeks' watching over a family of children down with scarlet fever, with a glory around her pale and wan face that surpassed the angelic. It all depends on how you got your sickness and in what battle your wounds.

If we must get sick and worn out, let it be in God's service and in the effort to make the world good. Not in the service of sin. No! No! One of the most pathetic scenes that I ever witness, and I often see it, is that of men or women converted in the fifties or sixties or seventies wanting to be useful, but they so served the world and Satan in the earlier part of their life that they have no physical energy left for the service of God. They sacrificed nerves, muscles, lungs, heart and liver on the wrong altar. They fought on the wrong side, and now, when their sword is all backed up and their ammunition all gone, they enlist for Emmanuel. When the high-mettled cavalry horse, which that man spurred into many a cavalry charge with champing bit and flaming eye and neck clothed with thunder, is worn out and spavined and ring-boned and spring-halt, he rides up to the great Captain of our Salvation on the white horse and offers his services. With such persons might have been, through the good habits of a lifetime, crushing their battle-ax through the helmeted iniquities, they are spending their days and nights in discussing the best way of curing their indigestion, and quieting their jangled nerves, and rousing their laggard appetite, and trying to extract the dart from their outraged liver. Better converted late than never! Oh, yes; for they will get to heaven. But they will go aloft when they might have wheeled up the steep hills of the sky in Elijah's chariot. There is an old hymn that we used to sing in the country meeting house when I was a boy, and I remember how the old folks' voices trembled with emotion while they sang it. I have forgotten all but two lines, but those lines are the peroration of my sermon:

"Twill save us from a thousand snares To mind religion young."

Don't Eat Unless You Are Hungry.

There is a good old maxim which runs as follows: "In time of peace prepare for war," and this is as true in connection with the question of diet in health as in other things. Too many people assume that because they enjoy fairly good health, no improvement need be effected in their diet, but that this position is eminently untenable none who carefully consider the subject will deny. Those whose practice brings them into contact with the wealthier classes have frequently an opportunity of estimating the bad effects of improper diet. As regards the poor, they are unable to procure meat on account of their poverty, and, as a result, their diet is composed largely of carbohydrates. In the case of general sickness, or even without unfavorable climatic conditions, both classes seem to be unable to resist attacks of disease. It is for the most part the apparently healthy people who are so quickly stricken down by disease, while the chronic invalid may pass through unscathed, and yet no one seem to understand that conditions were present which predisposed the healthy man or woman to disease, and that these pre-existing conditions were largely due to want of attention to diet. It would be well for those who feel so sure that they are in perfect health to consult a doctor for instructions how to avoid disease. One very common mistake is to eat when not hungry, simply because it is "meal time," and act not one whit less stupid than that of replenishing one's fire because one hears one's neighbors coal-scuttle rattling, regardless of the fact that there is plenty of coal already on, and that any addition thereto would be mischievous.

One Cause of Freak Bills.

Senator Forney, of the Kansas state senate, has a young daughter who tells why her father introduced so many freak bills in the senate. "Whenever he ran up against anything he didn't like," she says, "he would come home and write a bill again it. There is one of his railroad bills, for instance. We drove to town to church one night, and there was a freight train on the crossing, and it kept us there for twenty minutes. It annoyed pa dreadfully, and he went home and wrote that bill to prohibit trains from obstructing crossings more than five minutes. Then one night somebody stole all our chickens. The next day pa wrote his chicken bill. But you'll notice that the bill doesn't protect ducks. Pa don't like ducks. And he said if anybody wanted to steal them it was all right—the ducks was punishment enough. Whenever pa sat down to write a bill we always knew that something had happened to him."

Origin of the Word Tariff.

Every day when we open the newspapers and read the political discussions in its columns, we are sure to come across something about the tariff, says "Harper's Round Table." Every one knows the meaning of the word tariff; but it is not generally known where it originated. It is of Spanish origin, and descended to us from the time when the Moors occupied a goodly part of Spain. In those days they built a fort to guard the strait of Gibraltar, and they called it Tarifa. It was the custom of these people to levy duties according to a fixed scale, which they adopted and changed from time to time, even as much as we do our own tariff laws, on the merchandise of all vessels passing in and out of the Mediterranean. They claimed the right by virtue of strength, and for years netted a rich income.

Juvenile Horse-theves Married.

Ervin Shaw and Gertrude Fisher, each sentenced to one year in the penitentiary for joint horse theft, were wedded in the jail parlors at Wilmington, Ohio. Gertrude's mother, of Dayton, gave her consent. Gertrude is a beautiful little girl and her husband a handsome beardless boy.

Very Strange.

Mrs. Gray—Isn't it lovely! How much did you pay for it? Mrs. Green—Two and a half a yard. Mrs. Gray—What an odd price! You are sure it wasn't \$2.48 or \$2.51?—Boston Transcript.