I LOVE YOU.

She climbed upon my willing knee, And softly whispered unto me, "I love you."

Her dainty arms were round my neck; Her sunny curls were in my face; And in her tender eyes I saw The soul of innocence and grace.

And like a sunbeam gliding through The clouds that hide the skies of blue, Her smile found access to my heart And hade the shadows all depart.

O, moment of apocalypse, In which I saw the stately ships, That erstwhile sailed away from me, Come riding back across the sea: I would you might return and stay Within my lonely heart alway.

God bless the darling little child Who looked up in my face and smiled, And wrought into my heart a spell More sweet than songs of Israel.

O, angels, listen while I pray That you will make her life as sweet As that brief moment was to me, Whene'er I heard her lips repeat, "I love you."

-Family Mail Bag.

THE CHAPLAIN'S STORY

IM BOURN and I

were boys together at Westminster; we went to Oxford together-to Balliol; we took our degrees together in the Classical (Honors) School, and were ordained together by the Bishop of -, as curates for his diocese. Here

our paths separated for some years, and when next we reried.

ppinion, but this was one case, anyhow.

been the last person I should have expected to take that line, for I am sure, from what I have seen, that if ever two folks were happy and loving, they are all my advances. Ella and yourself. I can't conceive of your having any secret which you would not wish Ella to know."

"Ah," retorted he, with a peculiar smile, "that's just it. Well, Howson, I'll tell you one, if you like, though," he added, "it must remain a secret between us two. I have never spoken of It to any one in the world, and never shall, except to yourself."

"Thanks, Jim, you need not fear me, as you know. I am only curious to know the case," and I assumed an spiritual things. That we may pass attitude of eager attention to Jim's by. Howson; I believe he was thor-

"I was the chaplain at Lowmarket, as you are well aware, before I came here. It is a pretty place, and one wonflers whatever made the government | like to ask you.' His eyes looked eagerbuild a jail there. However, there it | ly at me. is, and there was I. The amount of society that one got in Lowmarket was | ble.' perfectly astonishing. Had I had the time and inclination for it, I might have turned out a regular 'society' elergyman. As it was, I had a full amount of lectures, soirees, parties and entertainments. Among the people I got in with none were nicer than the Yorks. Miss York, a maiden lady of 50, lived in a large and beautifully furnished house called 'The Cedars,' in the best part of the town. She was known all over the district for her charity, kindness of heart and pure life. Everybody had a good word for her. Nor was her niece, Miss York, any less pop-

alar. People in Lowmarket fairly wor-

shipped both of them. "I was 28 when I first saw Ella York, and at once succumbed to her charms. For weeks her praises had been in my ears, and now, on acquaintance, found her beauty, her manners, her kindness of heart, not one whit less than report stated. I loved her. Of course, I could not say so at once; and whether, after two or three meetings in the course of my work-for Miss Vork the elder took great interest in our sphere of labor-she guessed my love, and reciprocated it, I could not then say. I found, upon judicious inquiries, that Miss York-Ella-had lived with her aunt from childhood; that she was now 24; that her mother was dead, and her father lived on the Continent for his health; also that she was her aunt's sole heiress. These facts were of course only learned by degrees, as one cannot go to the fountain head for such

"After much heart-searching and debating within myself I thought I saw that Ella York was not wholly indifferent to me, and I resolved to ask her to be my wife. I need not go into details as to how I did it, beyond saying that it was one summer morning rather more than five years ago, when, having gone to see her aunt, who was out, I met Ella in the grounds; and after talking as we walked along on various subjects, somehow it came out unexpectedly, and almost before I could com- I say? Ella, my wife, a convict's prehend what it all meant, Elia York | daughter! had promised to be my wife, subject to her aunt's consent.

"But her aunt didn't consent. I received a dainty note that night-how tenderly I regarded it, Howson!-from Ella, saying that she had spoken of my visit to her aunt, and had told her I was coming to-morrow for her approval. Miss York had been very kind, but acted rather strangely, and said true. But Ella is my own now, and she would see me, but she could not always shall be while I live. I wish I off until to-morrow.

Ella. My dear girl went on to say that | my love for Ella. she had in vain tried to get from her any more than this.

as I went next morning to see Miss

"I was destined to know her objection. As I approached the lodge the porteress met me.

"'Oh, Mr. Bourn, this is shocking!" "I was more puzzled than ever! Why my engagement to Ella should be 'shocking' I couldn't see, and I no doubt expressed it in my looks.

"'So sudden, too, sir!' said the woman. 'Nobody expected it!'

"'Whatever's the matter?' said I. "'Why, haven't you heard that Miss York is dead? No! Oh, dear! Poor think; had a fit in the night, doctor says; was quite unconscious when Miss Ella got there, and died at 9 o'clock this morning.'

"My heart sank; I felt faint and giddy. It was some minutes before I could move. You will never know how it feels, Howson, unless you should have such a blow, which I hope you never will. But I am bound to say that my one thought was 'My poor, lonely darling, Ella!"

"There were no more details to be learned about Miss York's death. She was buried in Lowmarket churchyard. Ella was ill for weeks, and could not see even me. When she was well enough to attend to business it was found that she inherited all her aunt's money, and as she had already accepted me, we were married a twelvemonth afterward. She had been awfuly lonely, she said, since Miss York's death, but no couple have ever lived happier and been nearer and dearer to each other than Ella and I. May God bless

"Amen!" said I, solemnly and rever-

"Ella and I," pursued Jim, "could never give the remotest guess as to her newed our old friendship I was the aunt's objection to our engagement, vicar of the town, still single at 34, and it would probably have remained and Jim was the chaplain of the fa- a mystery to me, as it has to Ella even mous jail in the same town, and mar- now, had it not been for the following circumstances. Some time ago I was We were talking in my study, as in sent for at the prison to see a rather olden times. Somehow the conversa- desperate character, whose end was tion drifted to the subject of a recent | very near. He had been sent to seven newspaper, article: "Ought Married | years' penal servitude some three years People to Have Any Secrets from Each | before for forgery, and after serving Other?" I said "No," Jim said "Yes," | two years at Portland had been trans-We both smilingly stuck to our text. | ferred to Lowmarket. His appearance It was not often that we differed in was superior to that of the ordinary convict, even when a forger. Although "Why, Jim," said I, "you would have I had seen him several times, and certainly been struck with his face and appearance, we could not be said to be friendly, as he had been indifferent to

"I found him living in the hospital and I soon saw that he would not live

"'You seem pleased to see me?"

"'Yes, sir,' replied No. 152. 'I am glad you've come; I hardly expected you would, considering how standoffish I've been. But I wanter to see you, as the doctor says I'm not likely to last much longer.'

"I talked to him about his soul and oughly penitent. I asked him if there

was anything I could do for him. "'Yes, sir, there is one thing, if you will. It's such a curious one, I hardly

"'Go on,' I said; 'I'll do it if possi-

"'I've had a queer life, sir,' said the convict. 'I might have been somebody and done some good; but I got led astray after marriage, and broke the heart of my wife, who died soon afterward. Yes, I've led a bad life, and it's precious few friends I've had lately, anyhow. But I hope I may be forgiven, as you say God will pardon even the worst of us. And if you'll promise me to do one thing when I'm dead, I shall die happy.'

"'I'll promise as far as I can,' said I What is it?

"'It's to take care of your wife,' answered No. 152. 'Ah,' said he, smiling 'I thought that would astonish you.' " "Take care of my wife!" I gazed at

him in amazement. 'Why, of course I shall! But what is that to you?" "'A great deal,' said he.

"'Why? "'Because she's-my daughter!"

"I looked at nim in terror and asionichment, and was about to send for the nurse and for the doctor, feeling sure he was rambling, when he said, slowly:

"'Sit down, sir. please; I can't talk much longer. You need not send for Dr. Darton, I'm all right. I feared it would give yor a shock, sir, as it gave me one the first time I saw her here with you. Ella York-you see I know her name all right—was taken when quite a child by her aunt, who disowned me, and never told the child what her father was. In that she was quite right. She changed her name from Wilson to her mother's name of York, and completed the disguise. Whenever I desired-and oh, sir, I did often desire-to see Ella, my darling, Miss York has always threatened me with the police, and I knew better than to have them on my track, if I could help it. Yes, sir, I see you can't realize it yet, but you'll find Ella Wilson's birth and baptism in the registers of Northfield, and I give you my word it

is true." "I sat in dumb silence. What could

"'Please, sir, don't tell her," said he. 'She has never known; don't let her know. But I felt I must tell you, sir, and you'll not think any worse of her?' and his eyes looked pleadingly and

wistfully at me. "My senses had somewhat returned. "'No,' said I, 'of course not. I am hall dazed, but I feel what you say is

consent, as she did not wish to lose | had not heard this, but it cannot alter

"'Thank God!' he said. 'And, sir, there's one thing more. The doctors "I was in a curious frame of mind | say I shall sleep myself away. Do you think it could be managed for my darl-

ing to give me one kiss ere I die, just

"'I'll try. Yes,' said I, 'she shall, if you'll leave it to me.'

"'I will! God bless you, Mr. Bourn.'

"I left him. When I got home Ella thought I was ill, and indeed I was. Overwork, I pleaded. In another hour they came to tell me he was asleep, and would not wake in this world.

"I took Ella with me to the hospital. 'Ella,' said I, 'a prisoner who is dying, and who has no-few-friends, told me to-day how he had seen you and would like you to kiss him ere he died, as his own daughter would have done. Will

" 'Certainly, my darling.' "And with eyes full of tears she did. The unconscious form rose, the evelids half opened, the face smiled. She

didn't know; did she? "I led her away, weeping; my own heart full. I afterward verified his story. But Ella has never known any more, Howson, and never will. There is sometimes a secret which should not be shared between husband and wife, Howson, isn't there?

"You're right, dear old Jim," said I, as he grasped my hand in silence, but with tear-dimmed eyes. "You're right, old fellow, and God bless you both!"-



In parts of China hogs are harnessed and made to draw small wagons.

nually bred in Germany and sold for The only animal that is really dumb

About 2,000,000 canary birds are an-

is the giraffe, which is unable to express itself by any sound whatever.

A snake does not climb a tree or oush by coiling around it, but by holding on with the points of its scales. A snake on a pane of glass is almost

The eye of the vulture is so constructed that it is a high power telescope, enabling the bird to see objects at an almost incredible distance.

During a bull fight at Carabancel, a suburb of Madrid, the other day, a bull escaped and rushed into the streets. where it injured a number of persons before it was killed by a gendarme.

Several efforts to re-establish the beaver in Great Britain have been made within the present generation. but in each case have eventually been unsuccessful.

A fossil extinct mammal, somewhat larger than a rhinoceros, and of a species hitherto unknown, has been found complete 500 feet below the surface in a coal mine at Kymi, in the island of Euboea, Greece.

The horses of the Boston fire department are to be envied of their kind. The commissioners have decided to send each horse owned by the department out to country pasture for two weeks every year.

Great damage has been done lately in the Ibaraki district of Japan by monkeys. In some cases the animals, infuriated by hunger, even attacked human beings.

In repairing a cable off Cape Frio a whale was found entangled in it by the cable ship Norseman, but the cable had not broken. The whale must have been there for two or three weeks and had been bitten into by sharks.

A man in New Jersey has established an ostrich farm and has already received a consignment of the gigantic birds from California. He has built a large steam-heated inclosure in which the ostriches will be sheltered during the winter.

Thinking four kittens too much of a litter, George Varner, of Clay Center, Kan., took two of them away from his cat and disposed of them. The next morning he found the cat nursing the two remaining kittens and two little cottontail rabbits.

A Problem Play.

"I believe you describe your new piece as a problem play?" said the friend.

"Yes," replied the theatrical manager, "that's what the author said it was going to be and for once he knew what he was talking about. Making the receipts cover the railway and hotel bills keeps me doing arithmetic twenty-four hours a day."-Washington Star.

Why He Thought So. Mr. Bright (reading paper)—I'm sur prised to know that a married man writes the "fashion notes" for this

paper? Mrs. Bright-Why, dear, how do you know such is the case?

Mr. Bright-Only a married man could have penned this item: "There will be no change in pocketbooks this

season." Great Promise. "This baby," said the fond father as he turned for another lap along the room, "is going to be a great actress one of these days."

"What makes you think so?" inquired his wife. "Just look at the way she can shed real tears and bring an audience to its

feet!"-Washington Star. Up to noon, a man is very hopeful or the great things he will do to-day. After that hour is passed, he puts them



Mr. Perkins, visiting his wife's rela tives in Maine, says Life, attended church one Sunday. The sermon was long, and Perkins went to sleep. The sermon came to an end at last, but Perkins slept peacefully on. The deacons began to take up the collection. When the hat passed to Perkins, his wife nudged him and Perkins sat up with a start. Gazing in a bewildered manner at the extended hat and then at the deacon, he shook his head sleepily and said: "That isn't my hat. Mine had a

blue lining." When ladies wore their "top knots' ridiculously high, it occurred to Rowland Hill to admonish them from the pulpit, and he did it by means of the words, "Top-knot, come down," which he evolved from Matthew xxiv., 17, "Let him which is on the housetop not come down." It was almost as bad as Swift's uniquely brief discourse on the text, "He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth to the Lord." "My friends," said the dean, as he closed the book, "if you approve of the security, down with the dust."

Once when General Sherman had been under the care of a physician for some time, he said: "Doctor, I don't seem to be getting any better, for all your medicine." "Well, General," replied the doctor, jocosely, "perhaps you had better take Shakspeare's advice, and 'throw physic to the dogs.' "I would, doctor," replied the sick man, as he turned his head on the pillow; "I would, but there are a number of valuable dogs in this neighborhood."

On one of the Loch Lomond steamers a tourist met a native drover who was conducting some of his stock to a sale which was taking place up the loch. After some necessary remarks about the weather, scenery, etc., he inquired what price the cattle were likely to fetch. "Och, frae sax tae eicht pun'." "What! Is that all? Why, if you had those in London you would get double that sum." "Ay, ay, that may be true; and if ye had Loch Lomond in h-l ye might get sixpence a glass for

A story is told of an encounter between Millais and an unappreciative Scotchman, who might have been one of the weavers in Mr. Barrie's town of Thrums. The painter was making a study for his well-known "Chill October" among the reeds on the banks of the Tay, near Perth, when a voice came from over his shoulder: "Man, did ye never try photography?" "No, never," Millais replied. "It's a deal quicker," the voice continued. "Ye-es, I suppose so," the painter admitted. "And it's a deal liker the place."

James Payne tells of a well-known singer many years ago who, in the pride of his heart, greatly exaggerated to the tax-collector his own assessment. "The fact is," he confessed to the commissioners, "I have not a thousand pence of certain income." "But are you not stage-manager to the opera house?" "Yes, but there is no salary attached to it." "But you teach?" "Yet, but I have no pupils." "Then you are a concert singer." "True, but I have no engagements." "At all events, you have a very good salary at Drury Lane." "A very good one, but then it's never paid." Under these circum-

stances the tax was remitted. An apt and witty retort was made to the colonel of a regiment on one occasion by an old Quaker aunt to whom he was complaining. He was an unpopular officer, filled with a sense of his own importance, and most overbearing in his manner to his inferior officers, who disliked him heartily in return, and in consequence shirked their duties whenever opportunity offered. "I have a most unsatisfactory set of men under me," complained the young man, standing before the little old Quaker lady in a pompous attitude. "I am practically forced to do all the work which should be done by them a great part of the time. I am my own major, my own lieutenant, my own ensign, my own sergeant." He stopped and frowned upon his listener. "And thee is thy own trumpeter also, William, I fear," said the old lady, with a twinkle in her

After the war General Robert E. Lee. when a college president, was a vestryman of Grace (Episcopal) Church. General Pendleton, his former chief of artillery, was rector, and General Smith, superintendent of the Virginia Military Institute, was also a vestryman. The latter was not on agreeable terms with the rector, and complained to the officers of the church that the cadets, among them his own son, were deserting the church of their fathers. and that no persuasion could keep them from attending Dr. Pratt's church (Presbyterian). The doctor had a very beautiful daughter, Grace, and, while General Smith was pushing his objections to the rector, General Lee, with a twinkle in his eye, said to Smith: "General, possibly the magnet which attracts your son is not so much the doctor's eloquence as the doctor's Grace."

The point silenced General Smith. A student of Yale College, who belonged to a chemistry class before the members of which Professor Silliman was going to experiment with laughing-gas, knew a little about the effects of the gas, and he explained to his companions that since under its influence no one was responsible for his words, he was going to take the opportunity to tell Professor Silliman what he thought of him. Unfortunately, Professor Silliman overheard the conversation. When the professor remarked that for the purposes of illustration he should like to administer the gas to some member of the class, the plotter of mischief at once volunteered. The per."

leather bag was connected with his mouth, and he soon appeared much excited. He began to abuse the professor, and to say many things which he would not have dared to say, except under cover of the peculiar circumstances. Professor Silliman allowed him to go on for some time, and ther casually remarked that his young friend had become prematurely irresponsible, for the gas had not yet been turned on.

OPIE READ'S MENTALITY.

ing Range of Subjects. .

His Information Covers an Astonish.

Those who read Opie Read's books may think they have some idea of the man's mentality, but it cannot be obtained in that way. One must be personally acquainted with him. He is one of the most interesting conversationalists to be met in a lifetime. Association with him is a literary school, and yet he does not "talk shop." He seems to have read everything-and remembered it. He shows this in his everyday conversation, and without the slightest pedantry or affectation. No matter what the subject under consideration, he talks of it, glibly and wisely, from the standpoint of those who have made it a study, seasoned with common sense and logic. He is not a politician; on the contrary, rather dislikes political affairs, but he talks of such matters with a clearness, strength and spirit that would lead you to believe he had made a special study of parties, their men and measures, for centuries, and that he was altogether past master of political economy. It is a part of the man's wide curriculum. He is entirely at home in what is best for one to eat, and is versed in hygiene; but he suffers from indigestion. He is informed upon the conventionalities of high life and yet avoids conventional society. He gives strong reasons for pessimism, and yet he is a practical optimist. He loves literature, but would not allow the greatest author in the world to read his manuscript to him. He is actually fonder of music than any other man I ever saw, and knows not a note of it, though he will catch an air the first time he hears it. He loves art, especially in painting, but he doesn't even write a good hand. He is an ardent admirer of women, but does not dance attendance upon them. Withal he is great in body, mind and soul, -Woman's Home Companion.

Summed Up.

It is estimated that the human famlly living on the earth consists of about 1,450,000,000 individuals. These are distributed all over the world, but so unevenly as to be worthy of remark. Asia contains 800,000,000 people, or two-thirds of the human race; but it is not the most densely populated, having

only forty-six to the square mile. That, however, is pretty dense when compared with America with its 100,-000,000, and only six and a half to the square mile.

Still, Europe carries off the palm for crowding. Three hundred and thirty millions on her 3,892,234 square miles is an average of eighty-four to the square mile.

The continent of Africa harbors 210,-000,000, an average of seventeen to the square mile; while Australasia brings up the rear with an average of only one human being to the square mile.

Of the world's peoples, about 500,-000,000 are well clothed and live in the houses furnished with the appointments of civilization; 700,000,000 are half clothed and live in huts, tents and caves-that is to say, are half civilized -and the remaining 250,000,000 wear next to no clothing, and have nothing that can be called a home.

It only remains to add that the relative proportion of white, black and mixed races are five, three and seven,

and there is the world in a nut shell. Couldn't Redraw His Picture.

An amusing story is told of the early engraving days of the venerable and lamented Sir John Gilbert. Half a century ago or more he was commissioned to illustrate a short story for a London weekly and was handed the proofs to enable him to select the most telling situation for pictorial representation. When he had finished the work the edi-

"Why, Mr. Gilbert, the story says an escort of infantry soldiers, and here on the block you have given us mounted ones."

"Dear me, so I have!" responded the artist, "but I haven't time to do another drawing now. Can't you make an alternation in the story to make it

fit in?" The "copy" was handed to a subordinate to make the requisite alteration, chapter describing how the soldiers gained the summit of a steep mountain, parts of which they were obliged to scale with ladders. Horses could not have been got there unless by the asof letters from subscribers wished to know how the cavalry got there .-- London Telegraph.

Grounds for Divorce.

Singerly (to friend recently married) -Why, old man, you look sad and dejected. Have you met with a disappointment in your matrimonial venture?

Wederly-Alas! yes. My wife cannot

Singerly-Can't sing! Why man, that ought to cause you to rejoice. I think you are to be congratulated. Wederly-But the trouble is that she

thinks she can. Her Suggestion. "Since leaving college," said young Softleigh, "I am at a loss what to do

with myself. I wish I could find something to take up my mind." "Allow me," answered Miss Cutting. "to suggest that you try blotting pa-

SUBSTITUTES FOR PRAYING.

Parrots and Prayer Wheels Among the Kalmuck Tartars.

Finally, if you spend most of your

time, as I did, among the natives on the hurricane deck, your attention will be attracted by a third class of worshipers, namely, the Kalmuck Tartars, who live in felt tents or kibitkas (kee-beetkas) along the lower Volga, and who wander, with great herds of cattle and camels, over the steppes of Eastern Europe and Western Asia. These flatfaced, ill-looking nomads are all Buddhists; and not only do they pray, but they may fairly claim the credit of having reduced devotion to a science. Praying five times a day, as the Mohammedans do, or even twice a day, after the custom of the fire worshipers, seems to have been too severe a tax upon the energies of the original Buddhists, and they set their ingenuity at work to devise some means of lessening the labor. The first expedient that occurred to them was teaching parrots to pray and then claiming the credit of the prayers thus said by proxy. This answered the purpose very well at first; but teaching parrots was troublesome, and besides that, the parrots, in spite of all precautions, would occasionally pick up scraps of profane learning, which they intermingled with their devotions in a manner not at all edifying. So the Buddhists finally abandoned the instruction of parrots and calling in the aid of applied science invented the prayer wheel. Nobody, it seems to me, but the laziest of Asiatics would ever have thought of introducing labor-saving machinery into the realm of the spiritual; but the Buddhists not only thought of it, but put the idea promptly into execution. The prayer wheel used by the Kalmuck Tartars on the Lower Volga is a small wooden cylinder six or eight inches in length and about two inches in diameter, turning upon a vertical axis, the lower end of which is extended and thickened to form a handle. This cylinder is stuffed full of short, written prayers, and every time it is turned upon its axis all the prayers that it contains are regarded as duly said. Could anything be more simple or satisfactory? There is no shutting of the eyes, no getting down on the knees in uncomfortable positions, no facing in any particular direction. All that the prayer has to do is to give his wheel a twirl and it grinds out prayers with a rapidity and fluency which leaves nothing to be desired. But from an Occidental point of view the whole performance is, of course, an absurdity. I could feel some respect for the prayers of the Mohammedans and of the fire worshipers, but the wooden wheels of the Kalmuck Tartars excited only contemptuous amusement.-Independent.

Shakspeare in London.

Now Shakspeare's London, says Dr. Fiske, in the Atlantic, was a small city of from 150,000 to 200,000 souls, or about the size of Providence or Minneapolis at the present time. In cities of such size everybody of the slightest eminence is known all over town, and such persons are sure to be more or less acquainted with one another. It is a very rare exception when it is not so. Before his thirtieth year Shakspeare was well known in London as an actor, a writer of plays and the manager of a prominent theater. In that year Spenser, in his "Colin Clout's Come Home Again," alluding to Shakspeare under the name of Action, or "eagle-like," paid him this compliment:

'And there, though last, not least, is

Action: A gentler shepherd may nowhere be found:

Whose name full of high thought's inven-Doth, like himself, heroically sound."

Four years after this, in 1598, Francis Meres published his book entitled "Palladis Tamia," a very interesting contribution to literary history. The author, who had been an instructor in rhetoric in the University of Oxford, was then living in London, near the Globe Theater. In this book Meres tells his readers that "the sweet, witty soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakspeare; witness his Venus and Adonis, his Lucrece, his sugared sonnets among his private friends, etc.

To suppose that such a man as this in a town the size of Minneapolis, connected with a principal theater, writer of the most popular plays of the day, a poet whom men were already coupling with Homer and Pindar-to suppose that such a man was not known to all the educated people in the town is simply absurd. There were probably very few men, women or children but that gentleman forgot to delete the in London between 1595 and 1610 who did not know who Shakspeare was when he passed them in the street: and as for such wits as drank ale and sack at the Mermaid, as for Rallegh and Bacon and Selden and the rest, to sistance of a crane! Afterward shoals | suppose that Shakspeare did not know them well—nay, to suppose that he was not the leading spirit and brightest wit of those ambrosial nights-is about as sensible as to suppose that he never saw a maypole.

Royal Pet Names.

They are fond of pet names in the royal family. The Duke of Fife is called "Macduff;" the duchess is called "Her Royal Shyness," because she is so very retiring in disposition; little Prince Edward of York is known as "The New Boy,' and Princess Patricia of Connaught, who was so christened after her father, and because she was born on St. Patrick's day, is affectionately dubbed "Paddy." Princess "Paddy" is a cheerful child, aged 11 years.

When Jewelry Was de Regle.

A Roman woman in full dress in A. D. 300 wore bracelets from wrist to shoulder, gold bands on her ankles and a ring on every finger and on every toe,