MATHURIN.

A TALE OF PONTIAC.

BY GILBERT PARKER.

(Copyright, 1996, by Gilbert Parlors) You may ficur Mathurin's story from almost any tale teller in the province of Quebec, where every parish has its profescional raconteur, and where every man is an amateur. But you will hear it told with most fitting sympathy and imagination, at the beatles of the flax, in the little valley beside Dalgrothe mountain. That is perhaps because of the woman who tells it. And when Antoinette Mermotte, who has a voice like a bird, sings a verse or two of the mong they call "Mathurin, the Master of the School," to the beat of the hammers upon the flax, the women pause in their work that is the end of the patriots.

All the children and all the wives cry and cry, and they feel so had—oh march them off to Quebec, and ever know that is the end of the patriots.

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and weep-in a silly sort of way, without shame or reproof. Here are two verses of the song with which Antoinette used to play upon their sentimental heartstrings

Connaissoz-vous Mathurin, Connaissex-vois statitum,
Le maître rievole
Cet aimable boute-en-train,
Du plaisir raffole;
A table en un gal repas,
Sa langue ne tarit pas
Sur la gaudriole,
Oh! gue,
Sur la gaudriole!

Ami lecteur, passe moi
Cette furibole:
Le guiete me sert de loi,
Comme de boussole:
Pour chasser le sombre ennui,
Je versile aujourd'hui
Sur la gaudriole,
Ohi gue,
Sur la gandriole!

The tale was told to me in the little valley

Pontiac what you call a colonel, dozen men-what for, you tink? To try the pairiots. They will stan' them against the wall and shoot them to death-kill them dead! When they come, the Cure he is not in Pontiac, noil, not that day; he is gone to another village. The English soldier he has the ten men drew up before the church. All the children and all the wives they ery and ery, and they feel so had-oh! it is

march them off to Quebec, and everybody

and smash him, it smash him so be go to die. Ver' well; the colonel what does he do! They lay him on the steps of the church.

Then he say, Bring me a priest, quick, for I go to die! Nobgdy answer. The colonel he say, I have a hundred sins all on my mind; they are on my heart like a big hill.

Bring to me the priest, he grown like that. Nobody speak at first, then somebody say Nobody speak at first, then some-body say the priest is not here. 'Find me a priest,' say the colonel, 'find me a priest!' For he tink the priest will not come because he go to kill the patriots. 'Bring me a priest,' he say again, 'and all the men shall go free!' He say it over and over. He is all smash to pieces, but his head it is all right.
All at once the door of the church open
behind him—what you think? Everybody's
heart it stan's till, for there is Mathurin
dressed as the priest, with a lectic boy to



AND MATHURIN PRAY ALL SAME AS PRIEST.

could see the swinging of the flail and the laughter of a ripe summer was upon the land. There was a little Calvary down by the riverside, where the flax beaters used to say their prayers in the intervals of their work, and it was just at the foot of this that Angele Rouvier, having finished her

to the heart of the race of Angele as Job or Isaiah tie to your lives and mine; perhaps

"Ah, that poor Mathurin! I wipe my eyes Give me for him!" she said to me again. "Tell me all about him, won't you, Mme Angele? I want to hear you tell about it."
added, hestily, for I saw that she would despike me if I showed ignorance of Mathur in's story. Her sympathy with Mathurin's memory was real, but her pleasure at the upliment conveyed in my request was also

"Ah! It was ver' long time ago-yes My gran-mudder she remember, dat Ma-thurin ver' vell. He is not ver' big man, not so bigger as yourself. He has a face— oh, not ver' handsome, not so more hand-some as yours—non! His clothes they hang on him all loose, his hair, if is all som gray, and it blows about him head. He i gray, and it blows about him head. He is clean of the face, no beard, no, nosing like dat. But his eye, oh, m'sieu,' his eye! It is like a coal which you blow in your hand, whew! All bright. My gran'inudder, she say, 'Voila! You can light your pipe with the eyes of that m'sieu!' She know. She say that M'sieu' Mathurin's eyes they shine in the dark. My gran'fadder he says he not need any lights on his carriole when Mathurin ride with him in the dark. "'Vraiment, it is all ver' true what I tell you all the time. If you cut off Mathurin at the chin, all the way up, you would say the top of him it is a priest. All the way the top of him it is a priest. All the way down from his neck, if you let it stan', oh he is just no better as yoursel' or my Jean non! He is a ver' good man. Only one bac

ting he do. That is why I pray for him that is why everybody pray for him—only one had ting. Saprie! If I have only one ting to say God have mercy for, tink dat ver' good. I do my penance happy Well, dat Mathurin him use to teach the school. The cure he is ver' fond of him. All the leetla children, boys and girls, they all say, 'C'est bon Mathurin' He is not ver' cross, non! He have no wife—no child; just live by himsel', all alone. But he i ver' good friends with everybody in Pontiac When he go 'long the street, everybody say Ah, there go the good Mathurin!' He laugh he tell story, he smoke a feetla, he take leefla white wine behin the door—that

'He have in the parish five, ten, twenty children all call Mathurin; he is god-fadde with them yes. So be go about with plenty of sugar and sticks of candy in his pocket. He never forget once the ago of every lection child which call him god-fadder. He have a brain that work like a clock. My gran fadder he say dat Mathurin have a machin in his head. It make the words, make the thoughts, make the fine speech like the Cure, make the gran' poetry—sh. yes!

'When the king of Englan' go to sit on throne. Mathurin write ver nice verse to him. And bye and bye there come Mathurin a letter-voila, dat is a letter! has one, two, three, twenty scals, and the king he say to Mathurin, 'Merci mille fols M'sieu', You are ver' polite, I thank you. I will keep your verses to tell me dat my French subjects are all loyal like M. Mathurin. Dat is ver nice; but he is not proud-non! He write six verses for my gran mudder-hein! Dat is something. He

he write six verses for my gran mudder, you see! He go on so, dis week, dat week, dis year, dat year—all the time. "Well, bye and bye, there is trouble in Pontiac. It is ver great trouble. You see there is a fight against the king of Englau, and dat is too bad. It is not his fault. He is ver' pice man; it is the bad men wh as ver blee hans it is the bad men who make the laws for the king in Quebec! Well, one day, all over the country everybody take him gun, and the leefla bullets, and say, I will fight the soldier of the king of Engian'—like dat! Ver' well, there were twenty men in Pontice, ver' nice men—you. will find their names cut in a stone on the church; and then, three times as big, you will find Mathurin's name! Ah, dat is the will find Mathurin's name! Ah, dat is the ting! You see, dat rebellion you English call it we call the War of the Patriot-well you can call it what you like quelle differ-ence! The king of Euglan' smash him patrict war all to places. Then there are patrict war all to pleces. Then there are ten men of the twenty come back to Pontiac sorry. They are not happy; nobody happy! All their wives cry, all their litren they are afraid! Some people say. what fools you are; others say you are no

self, what is this? Mathurin is dressed as the priest—shi that is a sin' it is a—sapric' it is what you call blaspheme!
The English soldier he look up at Math-

irin and say, 'Ah' a priest! ab, M'sieu le

said to me:

"Ah, that poor Mathurin!"

I could not guess at first why she spoke so at the moment; but presently it dawned upon me that she had been praying for the recose of Mathurin's soul; though he had been at least a hundred years dead, and she had never known him. But trailition and memory are sweet to her race, and perhaps something in her own life that day had recalled to her the apocryphal scripture according to Mathurin. For some of these stories and legends he as near to the heart of the church. But first known time, ga his tail a friendly swish, and actual blinked his eyes in a kindly manner, and then a perhaps in the heart of the church at my like the colonel, 'they shall go free. Only give me 'he help of the church at my like, and ctual blinked his eyes in a kindly manner, and then a perhaps and the have fight for what they tink is right. You will let them, as if remembering his stuation, again then, as if remembering his stuation, and his heal and the church at my like, and atunal his tail a friendly swish, and actual his tail a friendly swish, and actual blinked his eyes in a kindly manner, and then, as if remembering his tail a friendly swish, and actual his detail a friendly swish, and actual his tail a friendly swish, and actual his tail a friendly swish, and actual his Mathurin look down on him and say: Lift him up and bring him in the church. They bring him up to the steps of the altar nearer, because Angele and her race are Mathurin look at the man for a while and it closer to the honest earth from which good seem as if he cannot speak to him, but the colonel say—'I have give you my word.
"Ah, that poor Mathurin! I wipe my eyes Give me comfort of the church before I lie.' He is in ver' great pain, so Mathurin e turn 'roun' to everybody dat stan' by ad tell them to say the prayers for the lck. Everybody get him down on his knees

and say the prayer; everybody say:
"'Lord, have mercy. Spare him, oh lord,
deliver him, oh Lord, from Thy wrath.' And Mathurin he pray all the same as the priest, ver' soft and gentle. He pray on and on, and the face of the English soldier it get ver' quiet and still, and the tear drop down is cheek. And just as Mathurin say at the last dat his sing they are forgive, he die. Then Mathurin, as he go away to take off his robes, he say to himself: 'Miserere mei

"So dat is the ting that Mathurin do to save the patriots from the bullets. Ver' well, then men they go free, and when the governor at Quebec he hear the truth he say it is all right. Also the English soldier die in peace and happy, become he tink his sins are forgive. But then there is Math-urin and his sin to pretend he is a pricat! The Cure he come back and there is a great

"Mathurin is ver' quiet and still. No



HATHURIN IN HIS SCHOOL

tody come near him in his house; notedy go near to the school. But he sit alone all day in him school and he work on the blackboar' and he write on the slate, but there is no child come beces' the cure forbid any one to speak to Mathurin. Not till the next Sunday, there the cure send word for thurin to come to the church. Math ome to the steps of the altar, then the cure

Mathurin, you have sin a great sin.

If it was two hundred years ago you would
be put to death for dat. Mathurin he say
ver soft, 'Dat is no matter, I am ready to
die now. I did it to save the fathers of
the childern and the husbands of the
wives. I did it to make a poor sinner happy
as he go from the world. The sin is
nited.

"Then the Cure he say, 'The men are red, that is good; the wives have their hus-bands and the childern their fathers. Also the man who confess his sins—the English soldier—to whom you say the words of a priest of God, he is forgive. The Spirit of God it was upon him when he die, becos' you speak in the name of the church. But for you, biasphemer, who take upon you the holy thing, you shall suffer! For penance all your life you shall teach a child no

"Ah! M. le Cure he know dat is the greatest penauce for the poor Mathurin! Then he set him other tings to do, and every Sunday for a whole year Mathurin come on his knees all the way to the church, but the Cure say, 'Not yet you forgive.' At the end of the year Mathurin he look so thin, so white, you can blow him through. Every day he go to him school and write on the blackhoar and mark on the slate and call the roll of the school. But there is no answer, for there is no child. But all the time the wives of the men dat have "Ver' well, bye and bye there come to save, and the childern, they pray for him.

And bye and bye all the village they pray for him, they are so sorry. "It is so for two years, and then they say that Mathurin he go to die. He cannot come on his knees to the shurch, and the men whose life he save, they come to the Cure and ask him to take the penance from

The Cure say, 'Wait till next Sunday, So next Sunday Mathurin is carry to the church—he is too weak to walk on his knees. The Cure he stan at the altar and he read a letter from the pope, which say dat Mathurin his penance is over and he is forgive; dat the pope himself pray for Mathurin, to save his soul!

'So Mathurin all at once he stan' up, and his face it smile and smile, and he stretch out his arms as if they are on a cross, and he say, 'Lord, I am ready to go' and he fall down. But the Cure catch him as he fall, he say, Lord, I am ready to go, and he fall, and Mathurin say, 'The children—let them come to me that I may teach them before I die!' And all the children in the church they come close to him, and he sit up and smile at them, and he say:

"'It is the class in 'rithmetic. How much is three times four?" And them all "All at once the colone's horse it grow ver wild, it raise up high and dance on its hind feet and voila' he topple him over backwards, and the horse fall on the colonel me." Then he ask, 'Class in geograpical in the colonel of the he say. 'May the twelve Apostles pray for me.' Then he ask, 'Class in geography— how far is it roun' the world?' And they answer, 'Twenty-four thousand miles.' He say, 'Good-it is not so far to God!' The school is over all the time,' he say, and that is only all of poor Mathurin. He is dead, "When the Cure lay him down, after he make the sign upon him, he kiss his face

and say: 'Mathurin, now you are a priest unto God!' That was Angele Rouvier's story of Mathurin, the master of the school, for whom the women and the children pray in the parish of Poutiac, though the school has

TALE OF A TIGER.

Kind Words and Porterhouse Steaks Were Useless. Ben, the pirate, that great, gaunt, lean, royal Bengal tiger at the Zoological park,

has recently distinguished himself in a manner both remarkable and sagacious, relates the Washington Post. Since the pirate was taken from his native jungle, where his chief occupation in life consisted in proving himself to be an active member of the maneater species, his opportunities for dining on succulent steaks of the genus homo have been reduced to a minimum by the fron bars of the cage, which confines him and his ambition. Ben has never taken kindly to captivity, and long brooding over his misfortune made him morose and sullen to a legree that rendered him decidedly uncom-

Unusual and extraordinary efforts were made for months by the keepers to sweeten the disposition of the pirate, but kind words and choice porterhouse steaks never pleased him. In a surly and ungrateful manner he accepted what he got, and leered his thanks in the vicious manner habitual to him.
After menths of earnest effort by the keepers to make friends with the pirate, the attempt was practically abandoned, although they treated the man-eater with as much

delicate attention as ever.

A few days ago one of the keepers went to the cage to see if Ben was behaving himself, and he was struck almost dumb by the changed expression on the face of the brute The victous, dogged appearance so common to the pirate was absent, and in its place there was an expression of perfect satisfac-tion, and a gleam of subdued triumph flashed from his usually flerce eyes. Ben was sitting on his haunches, gazing through the bars of his cage to the elk paddock across the creek.

"Ben, how do you feel today?" said the keeper to him. The pirate, for the first known time, gave his tail a friendly swish, and actually blinked his eyes in a kindly manner, and then, as if remembering his situation, again resumed his old surly appearance, ignored

The keeper quickly informed his associates of the changed manner of the pirate, and all wondered. At first it was suggested that Ben was sick, had a toothache, or had swallowed a green apple, but his excellent appetite showed these conclusions to be incorporate suggestions. te five pounds of meat more than the ne lion did in the adjoining cage. After much deliberation it was determined to keep a lose eye on the pirate, and to note hi carance for the next two or three days. The following day Ben seemed nervou and more than usually irritable, and he grew more surly as the hours came and went. At night, when it became time for him to go to be a surly as the surly and the surly are to be a surly as the surly are to be a surly as the s him to go to bed, his conduct was as ugly as his surroundings would permit. The pext day the reverse happened, and one of the keepers said he would make an affidavit that he saw the pirate laugh. He was alm gentle for an hour. The mystery of changing moods of the pirate beca and after consultation it was de greater, and after consultation it was de-cided that Ben should not be left alone for a minute, and his every action should be watched. The keeper kept close watch all night, but discovered nothing. When the sun began to climb up from the horizon the pirate left his sleeping apartment and stealthily made his way to his cage, and close to the iron bars. Presently the keeper kept watching as if his life depended on the result. In a few minutes the pirate got up, locked carefully about as if to see if any was observing him, and, apparently satisfied that the coast was clear, he began slowly to walk about the cage with his nose close to the iron bars. Presently the keeper raw him stick his great torgue through the rail and with it pick up a grain of corn that had been, with some others, dropped by the man who fed the fowls. Ben next lay down with his face near the bars, the grain of directly in front of him. He was evidently waiting for something to happen, and he did not have to wait long.

Presently the watching keeper noticed three large ordinary rats leave the antelope house and slowly make their way toward the path that leads to the fowl yard. The rats

were in search of food, and they found some grains of corn that had been spilled. In searching for more they made their way to the front of the pirate's cage. A moment later one of the rats discovered the grain under Ben's nose. He cautionsly made for it, and just as he was about to secure the corn, snap went the jaws of the pirate, and that rat went on a voyage of discovery down the great throat of the man-eater. The capture and destruction of the rat had been so quick and noiseless that his two companions were ignorant of it. A moment later rat No. 2 approached the coveted corn and disappeared through the respective to the covered corn and disappeared through the covered corn and disappeared through the same channel his predecessor had gone. In less than two ninutes the third rat shared the same fat The keeper rubbed his eyes and pinched him-self to make certain that he was awake. Ben waited for half an hour for more rats o come, and, as if convinced that his day's fun was ended, he got up and walked around wearing the same contented expression on his face that canvasback duck gives to an epicure, and it was the same expression that had first attracted the attention of the keeper. The mystery was explained. Since then the keepers are careful to see that no corn is scattered near the pirate's cage, for

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WANTED TOO MUCH FOR EARTH At Least, the Junitor Made Bold Suggest That.
The janitor had conducted her through the building, and she seemed not altogether

displeased with some of the apartments, says the Washington Star. 'I hope," she said, "that none of the peo-"Some of them do," replied the truthful

'Are there any children?" "There ain't any use of insistin' on folks bein' born growed up. "The style of the decorations doesn' exactly please me."

"They're all brand new, and I'm afraid the landlord wouldn't change 'em. 'Does anybody in the building play the plane?"
"No, ma'am. But two or three people is learnin'

"That's too bad. I dislike noises. It's a very nice place in many respects. But dogs bark, and children cry, and planos jangle and I'm very particular about decorati 'Well, ma'am, there's only one thing can say.

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usually rigorous character was very early in giving sign of her strong individuality. The dislike she evinced for wine and beer when hardly out of babyhood, and the thirsty when her mother positively refused when seen under an electric light. her water, believing it unwholesome for her, was only indicative of the decisive character which was to come forth in the

at this time. Her mother, Marie Leonora, who was very careful of her complexion, had her maids bring to her dressing room bottles of dew that she might bathe her face in it. In an evil hour when poor 'hristina's tongue was burning with thirst she discovered the bottle of dew and eagerly drained every drop. After this each day the bottle was emptied and Christina no longer thirsty. The maids were accused of indulging their complexions and a general unsettled condition ensued. But one day little Christina was caught in the act

he mother and another drouth prevailed. This flogging only added to the many disagreeable memories which Christina ever cherished of her mother, who never forgave her for being a girl. Her more generous father, whose heart was quite as much set upon a son and heir, soon recovered from the properties of the sound of his disappointment and lavished affection

upon her. Christina from being a homely child grew to be a handsome woman, notwithstanding the misfortune of one shoulder being lower than the other; but this defect was successfully concealed by high sleeves, which firs set the fashion which has been so largely patronized. On hearing said in the Catholi church, 'He that marrieth doeth well, but he that does not doeth better," she at once announced that this was the religion for her and at no time of her life would she be persuaded to break her yow.

This queen gave to Sweden the first entire cace she had enjoyed for eighty-seven years. In the face of opposition of church and state she bestowed upon Germany of the greatest blessings she has to thankful for by terminating the thirty

without deprecating the tendency, so con-spicuously operative among us to degrade marriage to the level of commerce." writes Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D. D., in the November Ladies' Home Journal. This is not denying that there are material considerations that in this matter, as in all others, require to be respected. A poor young man marrying a poor young giri, with only the prospect that their life will become more and more complicated as time goes on, is a fool. I have had affectionate couples wai upon me to be married and then ask me t trust them for the marriage fee. I thin that we who are clergymen ought to refuse to marry applicants who cannot show to our satisfaction that there is no likelihood that either they or their possible offspring will ever come upon the town. Nor, on the other hand, does my objection lie against any amount of contingent assets with which either or both of the contracting parties may chance to be endowed. My only con tention is that in every marriage not es-sentially unholy the basal element is love. and that marriages which are 'arranged, marriages which mean, first of all, an affair of perquisites or a barter in commod ities, are a distinct infraction upon the spirit of the seventh commandment. The oluminous displays with which we know such unions to be sometimes celebrated only aggravate the mischief, and operate each our young people in all conditions of life that marriage may be reduced to : of traffic, differing from the deal ings on the stock or produce exchange only in some of the defails with which the bargain is consummated. Such examples distinctly alien to the entire genius of

Victor Hugo's granddaughter-Jeannewho, it will be remembered, was divorced from Alphonse Dandet's son a year ago, in purchasing some handsome gowns in view of her marriage to the son of the late Dr. of her marriage to the son of the late Dr. Charcot. One of her richest gowns is of black velvet, with panels on either side of the front breadth, completely covered with The king of pills is Beecham's -Beecham's shimmering coque's feathers. The bodice is and a number of women have already be- abandoned the native Zulu hut for a frame

the institution of marriage.

Sweden's great queen, Christina, was an almost entirely covered with similar feathevidence of blondeness and strength. This ers, which is relieved with a yoke of Rus-usually rigorous character was very early sian lace. There is a deep border of massive feather trimming around the bottom of the skirt. Of course, the sleeves and ceinture are of velvet. The brilliant hues of the rainbow will fade into insignificance tenacity with which she held out and went | beside the effulgent rays from this gown

flancee of the Duke d'Orleans, among other eautiful wedding gifts, will receive ent of four magnificent gowns, which have been especially manufactured at Lyons the order of the ladies of the Orleanist party. One is a white duchesse satin, with ornamentation of rich fleurs de lis, with ilver stamens and pistils; another gows, is a black duchesse satin, the brocade being roses and sprays of larkspur, beautifully shaded in the natural colors. The gown advantage, will be a rich velvet, the shade being "vin de Bordeaux." with great depth of tone. For the fourth one the ladies day little Christina was caught in the act decided upon a groundwork of mauve broche and a sound flogging was administered by satin, embroidered with sprays of carnations and half-blown roses of Marechal Neil, old pink and facqueminot.

a poison which is not only recognized, but classifiable. It is of the same nature as "curare." into which the Indians used to dip their arrows with such deadly effect. If the blood of a fatigued animal is injected into another that is fresh and untired, the latter speedily shows all the symptoms of great weariness. When this polson is created more rapidly than the blood can carry it off or when we grow so tired that we do of rest out before beginning again, the system feels the strain severely. "Died from overwork," under this new intelligence.

ern society just now is undoubtedly Miss Beatrix Hoyt, the woman golf champion of America. That one is able to do something better than anybody else in North America is, indeed, a distinction worth boasting about. Miss Hoyt is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William S. Hoyt, and granddaughter of Chief Justice Salmon P. Chase. Hoyt is learning the price of fame. said that since her victory on the golf the Madison Golf club she has had least fifty requests for permission to "write her up." Miss Hoyt treats her conspicults as a joke, and thinks "it is all right jolly

bany, N. Y., was organized as far back as 1868, and it is composed of women whose object is to cultivate an interest in the study of nature. An excellent library has been gathered together by the members, and many rare and valuable specimens form a fine museum, of which the association may be proud. Scientific meetings are held once a month, except during the summer, and social meetings are held whenever the ex-ecutive committee determines. Men may be elected honorary members, but they can have no voice in the business meetings, and can attend the sessions only by invitation from the president. Miss Mary Proctor of this city has been invited to lecture for hem next Wednesday evening on "The Flowers of the Sun.

A Chicago woman's club, called "The Daughters of the Sun," has taken up a course of study of every country the sun shines on. They go into the details geology, meteorology, astronomy, history politics, literature and art in each land under onsideration. Mrs. Mary Emerson Haven is president of the organization, which is now 15 years old, being the first woman's club on the West Side in Chicago, membership is limited to thirty.

many has to work against the fixed ideas of the passing generation. If she can sew for the poor and do regular charity work

made. In the case of all of them it is not what is often called emancipation that they want. They do not care to be allowed to do everything that men do; they only want ulties they have, to divide the field with men, doing that for which they may be

Mrs. Arthur Le Boutillier is one of the first woman in America to enter upon the making of book plates. She has done quite a number of armerial designs, the which she completed being a gift to her husband, and was a fac-simile of the coat of arms of the Le Boutillier family. She has made several for the libraries of gentle-men in New York, and this is the first instance of a Cincinnati woman undertaking this branch of art. In England royal women frequently pay \$2,500 for a book plate by

Stories of celebrated beauties are circu

a remembrance, and are often as interesting as anecdotes of great geniuses. They are quite as likely to show the frailty of human quite as likely to show the frailty of human nature. "My uncle John," relates a relative of one of the people interested in this story, "was a childhood story of the beautiful Miss Emily Schomberg of Philadelphia. She was a wonderfully beautiful woman. I have seen painted portraits of her, and nothing said in praise of her beauty could be too strong. My uncle as a young man went to Paris to study his profession, and coming home brought with him a young Spaniars with whom he had become acquainted. I was at a ball when the Spaniard was first introduced to Miss Schomberg. She was or of her own most appreciative admirers, and received as her due the compliments of the young foreigner, which were made in the effusive manner of his country. 'Bring your friend to call, John,' she said graciously, tapping my uncle on the shoulder with a fan. 'He says I'm beautiful. But even you who have known me so long, do not apprec ate my chief beauty. Come tomorrow o'clock, and see if I am not right.' young men were on hand promptly. The servant ushered them into the reception room, where the young beauty sat. The meaning of her somewhat enigmatical remark was made plain. The young woman did not rise to receive her guests, and as they approached they eaw two small bare set resting upon the deep, sapphire-blue elvet cushion, which brought out more fully their delicate beauty. The skin was like expulsite white satin, and the nails like polished sea shells. They were very beautiful, my uncle said-absolutely without blemish. Only a woman inordinately vain could have given such an unconven-tional exhibition, but at least there was

A story of self-control under what are supposed to be the most trying circum-stances to which a woman can be subjected comes from Covington, Ky. At a recent funeral there of a man whose circle of friends was sufficient to fill his residence with mourners, a young woman, a paid member of a choir of a large Cinclanati church, was present to render a song. She stood in the hall, near the stairway, and was singing without musical accompaniment alone, and in full view of many of the assembly. Suddenly from somewhere dropped a tiny mouse on the open book she dropped a flay mouse on the open book she
held in her hand. Not a motion by the
singer betrayed its presence. It rolled from
the book to the floor, and, unwavering, her
strong notes filled the room to the last line
of the last stanza of the hymn. She sai
down, and only then showed that she had
even seen the little creature by instinctively
drawing her skirts closely about her feet
as her glance sought the floor. It was a
maryelious exhibition of self-control or connarvelious exhibition of self-control or con-centration of thought. Which? The Lewis Avenue Congregational churc

Mr. and Mrs. John Lindley Dube, two natives from Zululand. They came here last June from Natal, and are both studying in the Union Missionary Training Institute, Brooklyn, Mrs. Nube is taking a general course of instruction, and before returning to be African home intends to learn the domestic arts of sewing, dressmaking, millinery and cooking, and also something of medicine She has a sweet voice, which she is culti vating, and is of great assistance to her hus-band in singing for the audiences before which he speaks, and whom he endeavors to interest in missionary work in his native

tela Mdima, was the daughter of parents who had embraced Christianity in the mis naturally sion station in Natal, and had

and heathen costumes for civilized modes of living. Her grandfather obtained his favorite wife, who was the daughter of a neighboring chief, by paying 100 cattle for her, and Mrs. Dube's grandmother was purbirth-"one of the people." been in this country before, having spent five years at Oberlin university. His health failed and he returned to his native land time, until he started for America in May Mr. Dube has been engaged in teaching and

preaching.

the upper class on her first visit to this country was not the social but intellectual Miss von Cranach, freedom here. laughter of the Baron von Cranach, and a member of one of the best known families of Germany, is one of the few who, through the permission of the national minister of education and the consent of the courses in several of the universities, and one also of the few among the women in lated long after the beauty has become only the court class of society who have deter-mined to prepare themselves for effective work for the people. Our social freedom, Miss von Cranach said, is much less than she had imagined it. Actual New York was not at all the America, of her dreams. One class has strict conventions here, as the same class has everywhere. But what she has found is what the more intelligent women of Germany in the younger generamost want for themselves, of thought and encouragement to think. In Germany the women who are listened to seriously on any subject are few. The exceptional ones, those who by sheer ability have won the first places for intellect in society, are treated in conversation as gence and ambition to know something, howver high her social rank, is either ignored or treated with polite condescension, as a child, if she attempts to express ideas about politics or society. "Here!" Miss von Cranach said, "everybody who wants to think is encouraged to talk about her thoughts, however uninformed they may be, and thus helped to mature them. America is a good deal looked to as an example by the women who are trying for a change in Germany, and Miss von Cranach's year here has for its objects to find out first, how the most intellectual women in this country have been educated, and, second, how they spend their lives after they are educated. The first answer of a good many is, "They are not educated at ail," but the reply shows a failure to understand what the German women are looking for, which is not neces-sarily the higher education strictly so called but the opportunities and the power of doing something in the world.

The statement of a recent orator that Paris is the queen of queens, in fashion at least has had a little setback by the fact that the trosseau of the Princess Helens of Montenegro was made entirely in Vienna. The bridal train, twelve yards of white brocade, was adorned its entire length with marguerites done in silver. The cou-turier suggested orange blooms for this decoration, but the princess, out of compli-ment for Queen Marguerite, chose the flow-ors of that name. It is soldom that sentiment is allowed to enter into the arrange-ments of royalty, but there were several ad-juncts to this wedding out of the ordinary. The queen of Italy furnished all the lace for the bridal well. It was the property of Caterina Cornaro, who was queen of Cyprus and Jerusalem in the fifteenth century. The same queen gave the bride a beautiful bicycle made of aluminum and mounted in gold and precious stones.

she pursues even now, despite her feeble-ness. One is music, the other languages. As a young princess her majesty was noted for her sweet voice and her excellent tone upon the plane. It is not all exaggerating to say that in both these respects she was more than an extraordinarily good musi-cian. Though rheumatism prevents her playing now, she still retains her love for harmony, and enjoys nothing more than a quiet musical evening. At least half a dozen European languages have been mastered by the queen, and she has taken pride also in obtaining close knowledge of certain German d'alecta. It is well known too, German dialecta. that within recent years her majesty has succeeded in acquiring more than a mera acquaintance with Hindustani.

The National Society of the Daughters the Revolution has recently presented rs. Kate Robinson of Carthage, N. Y., th a handsome gold spoon. Mrs. Robwith a handsome gold spoon. Mrs. Rob-inson, who is 87 years old, is one of the 300 women now living whose fathers fought