

TAR USELESS ? and its Former Con-Impregnability

-An article of excepidently written by a officer—appears in ber of the Memorial wing that the extendn artillery has comized the conditions erto enabled Gibralown arsenal and to afford safety for under the guns of

was taken by the the greatest range for as only about three so that a fleet under Gibraltar was secure from the Spanist

ed out that with a small expenditure of Spanish government ted in the Bay of the ridge of moun-the Queen of Spain's tually command Gibnce of 9,000 yards, and le od demokishing the the fortifications from Europa Point. These would also threater of war to the Moles. merely involve the forty heavy guns to 12-inch calibre, and of howitzers.

noment the strategipart of the Spanish unfortified, and with embarrassments in Philippines, it is not oad Arrow points out. government will take in the matter. But les may be constructother is far from imview of the great imland of Gibraltar as d the renewed expencombined arsenal and bject is beginning to attention of naval thorities.

don't think I could d that girl any more. not?" Dashawaymarry her." Reporter-"That felhis name kept out of in today. Oh, he was What about ?" Rewe kept it out." agent may be dewho procures poliwho don't want their

WEEKLY SUN. ST. JOHN, N. B. JANUARY 6, 1897.

SWEET LITTLE WOMAN O' MINE.

She ain't any bit of a angel-. This sweet little woman o' mine; She's jest a plain woman, An' purty much human--This sweet little woman o' mine.

Fer what would I do with a angel. When I looked fer the firelight's shine When six little sinners Air wantin' their dinners? No! Give me this woman o' mine!

t've hearn lots o' women called "angels," An' lots o' 'em thought wuz fine; But give 'em the feathers, An' me, in all weathers, This sweet little woman o' mine.

of the audience.

shrieking, whistling, such "huzzas" and

Here Is a Name for a Baby Girl.

The following list of female charact-

Ijest ain't got nuthin' ag'in 'em-These angels-they're good in their line; But they're sorter above me! Thank God that she'll love me-This dear little woman o' mine!

-F. L. STANTON.

GRACE.

Thomas Tompkins was a pompous, portly, surly individual. He was also manager of the Great Continental Theatre, the principal playhouse of the metropolitan city in which he resided. He was a bachelor, was Thomas Tompkins, and on account of the great success he had made of his life he had a better opinion of Thomas Tompkins than he had of anyone else, except, of course, Grace-Grace, his 17-year-old vard

Thomas Tompkins, as the head of the Continental Theatre, and Thomas Tompkins, as his own individual self, was a gruntled, sordid, frigid, curt and cross personage, that is, he was sordid and frigid and curt and cross to every-body except Grace; and Grace! Why, he idolized her. It was many years before that Tho-

mas Tompkins took in a little waif of the street, her years numbered few, but she was a sweet, coy little individual, the very personification, he thought, of all the graces he had ever heard of, and that's why he named her Grace. He never knew just why it was that he was attached to her, because he never did like children, but he could not help it. When he had adopted her he gave up his bachelor quarters at his club and secured a more commodious place of residence in a genteel part of the city, and there he domiciled Grace and himself with a housekeeper in

charge As years sped on Grace grew into girlhood, maidenhood, and now she was fairly blooming into womanhood. She had known no parents or friends other than Thomas Tompkins and his effi-cient housekeeper, and of late years had not been with them much of the time for the reason that she had been

giving her attention to her studies. Thomas Tompkins had decided in his Thomas Tompkins had decided in his own mind that Grace would have all the educational advantages it was pos-sible for a girl to have, and, in his mind's eye, he pictured her, at the age of 21, as a cultured, refined, highly pol-ished and sensible leader in society.

But Grace did not think much of so-But Grace did not think much of so-clety and had taken a fancy to the stage. On every possible occasion she would talk to "Papa Tommy" of join-ing the professional ranks, and though this was the very foundation on which his successes were based, he did not approve of his Grace "making a show of herself behind the footlights to edify stupid audiences." Tomas Tompkins at-tempted to dissuade his ward from even entertaining thoughts about a life tempted to dissuade his ward from even entertaining thoughts about a life on the stage, but she seemed to be im-bued with the idea that her forte would be in opera and not in society. ber Ladies' Home Journal. "The frame should not be noticeable except where it is needed for decorative purposes. Oils require the gold (not gilt) frame. The shadows in a gold frame are neu-tral and do not interfere with the color scheme of a painting. Aquarelles should be given usually a wide white mat, which will give the delicate tones a chance for life. A parrow moulding will never offend the eye. I do not advise the natural wood in frames, exadvise the natural wood in frames, ex-cept on architectural subjects or me-chanical drawings, then they are con-sistent. Frame photographs either with a mat or without; this, of course, depends upon the size. The flat oak moulding stained a dark green and close up to the photograph is good, or use a gray or green mat passepar-tout. Engravings, etchings or draw-ings are more satisfactory in black frames. They seem to lend color to pictures in monochrome." appointment. Grace determined to know what troubled him, and finally elicited formation that Mme. Yatti, the the information that Mme. Yatti, the leading soprano singer of the opera company he had spent so much time and money in organizing, had so in-jured herself by a fall from a bicycle that she would not be able to appear at rehearsals for a long time, and con-sequenty would have to withdraw from the cast. Manager Tompkins did not know where to secure another person to take her place at the late hour, and won it he did he was fearful a change Things to Remember. Always fold a dress skint right side out for packing, as it will not wrinkle even if he did he was fearful a change would be detrimental because already he had featured the madame's portion so much A few drops of tincture of b in a bowl of water is an admirable tonic for the face. The tenzoin whitens he had featured the madame's portion of the performances. During the time of Thomas Tomp-kins' recital Miss Grace wondered why she could not take Mme. Yattl's place, and no sooner had "Papa. Tommy" inished talking than she imparted her thoughts to him. Of course Manager Tompkins considered the proposition impossible, but after Grace had recited to him her frequent successful appearthe skin and prevents it from wrinkling. and not put a coat or dress away Do not put a coat or dress away with dust in the folds or plaits. Shake the garment well and brush with a soft whisk broom, for dust is never so easily removed as at first. Chemists say that it takes more than twice as much sugar to sweeten preserves and sauces if put in when they begin to cook as it does if the sugar is added after the cooking is dome. to him her frequent successful appear-ances in private theatricals and conances in private theatricals and con-certs, he promised her he would give her a trial at rehearsal. She acquitted herself so admirably at the first rehearsal that Manager Thomas Tompkins invited theatrical critics to be present on several occa-sions, and from that time on the amuse-ment columns of the papers rung with praises of Miss Grace Tompkins, and in no insignificant manner. As the time of the opening night drew near Manager Thomas Tompkins was nearly beside himself with joy, for Miss Grace had excited so much laud-atory comment that he could not but Attend to the Foal's Feet. Miss Grace had excited so much laud-atory comment that he could not but feel that the opera was to be a suc-cess and that Grace would win for her-self international fame, and then, inci-dentally, and under cover, as it were, he thought of the additional notoriety and wealth it would bring Manager Thomas Tompkins-but Grace's ad-vancement was uppermost in his mind. An Ancient Invention. The great Continental Theatre was brilliantly illuminated from top to bot-tom and the hundreds of iridescent electric lights threw their glare over and about one of the largest and most fashionable audiences that had ever been within its walls. The occasion was the opening night of the theatre for the season, and the plece on the boards was the new opera in which Miss Grace Tompkins was to make her Ini-tial appearance and as the leading so-loist. An Ancient Invention. One of the oldest tools in existence is the hammer, says the Atlanta Con-stitution. Illustrated manuscripts of the eleventh century represent car-penters with elaw hammers. Ham-mers are of all sizes, from the dainty instruments used by the jeweler, which weigh less than half an ounce, to the weigh less than half an ounce, to the gigartic fifty-ton hammer of ahip-building estat lithments, some of which weigh as much as "fifty tons and have a failing force of from ninety to one hundred tons. Every trade has its own hommer and its own way of using

would be in opera and not in society. At an early age Grace had shown rare musical abilities, and as she grew older she was possessed of a beautiful voice, and Thomas Tompkins saw to it that her musical education was not neglected, for he considered this a val-uable and necessary accomplishment. One day Manager Thomas Tompkins came home in a turbulent state of mind. So wrought up over something was he that he even talked cross to Grace. However, at the dinnner table his anger of the lunch hour had chang-ed to agitation and his countenance showed traces of great worry and dis-appointment. Grace determined to know what troubled him, and finally elicited

ed by a number of representatives of the press. Amidst the blare of horns and the shrill tones of the stringed in-struments the curtain arose, displaying to the audience an immense chorus. At a motion from the orchestra leader A SONG OF THE SOUL Long years, long years apart, alone, Despite man's rage or woman's ruth, I keep my cloud-capped heights of stone To watch for light, to toll for truth. the musicians ceased their playing and at another sweep of the leader's wand the chorus, accompanied by the orches-tra, burst forth into the grand and

And, oh, the voices I have heard! Such visions when the morning grows-A brother's soul in some sweet bird, A mister's spirit in a rose. glorious opening song of the opera. At the same instant a beautious creature,

And, oh, the beauty I have found! Such beauty, beauty everywhere; The beauty creeping on the ground, The beauty singing in the air. white, but seemingly self-possessed, emerged from the wings into full view

"That's Miss Tompkins, leading so-The love in all, the good in all, The God in all, in all that is; But, oh, I stumble to my fall, To try to tell a tithe of this! prano," was whispered about the au-ditorium and galleries, and then, with one accord, the audience broke into uproarious applause. Such stamping of feet, such clapping of hands, such -JOAQUIN MILLER.

MRS. LATON'S TEA.

such "bravos" were never heard before in the building. Manager Tompkins was radiant. He was poking his fingers into the sides of his companions, and Ensconced in the depths of her big arm chair, a smile lighting up her fine old face that her white hair framed an I-told-you-so expression pervaded his countenance. But why does the curtain drop so 'unceremonicusly at this juncture? Why was Miss Tompwith a crown of snow, Mrs. Harmon was considering her nephew Andrew, a good-looking young fellow of 28, who, for his part, was considering the time piece on the mantel, whose hands were already past 3 o'clock. "Well, Andrew, do you find the clock kins carried from the stage, and why kins carried from the stage, and will all the commotion back of the curtain." Manager Thomas Tompkins goes back to investigate, and as he passes on to the stage he curses the first person he

very interesting?" In some confusion the young man

meets, for something, he knows not what. The audience waits impatiently stammered out an excuse, but she went for the curtain to again go up and de-

mands attention by continual stamping of feet. At last a man steps to the "Now, don't deny it, you naughty fellow. You wanted to know if your visit had lasted long enough for you to take your departure decently." "Not at all, aunt. Your guess is of feet. At last a man steps to the front of the proscenium and in agitat-ed tones tells those present to go to the ticket office and get their money back, as the opera will not be presented that night, because Miss Grace Tompkins, the soloist, has been overcome by ex-citement, resulting in a paralytic stroke and now was-dead. quite wrong, for I haven't the slightest intention of going yet. But why do you keep a regular sun dial like that

in your drawing room?" "Perhaps because I was born so long ago that it is I and not the clock that The old Continental Theatre is a is behind time. But come-instead of criticising my drawing room, tell me The old Continental Theatre is a thing of the past, for its owner and manager, Thomas Tompkins, had il razed to the ground. There now stands in its stead a magnificent structure, over the main entrance to which is obtained in the heaven the words what you are going to do when you leave here."

"In the first place I am not going to leave here for some time; but when I chiseled in the heavy granite the words, "The Grace Orphans' Home," and with-in the massive walls is a kind, portly old have wearied you with my presence until you cannot stand it any longer, it will be time for me to go to Mrs. Laman, who is father and all to the hunton's tea."

dreds of children that live there. He "Mrs. Laton-Pauline Laton?" is no longer known as Manager Thomas "The same."

"Ah, yes, I used to see her some time Tompkins, but he is now referred to as Thomas Tompkins, Esq., philan-thropist.—O. K. Schimausky, in Budago. I remember her vaguely-a large woman, dark-"

"She is a blonde, aunt." "Indeed? She used to be a brunette

And so you are sighing at the feet of Mrs. Laton?" "We are all sighing at her feet." "She must enjoy it." "Well, I rather think she does."

The ronowing list of refinite character ers in Shakespeare's works arranged alphabetically, offers valuable sugges-tions for the mothers of baby girls, says the New York World: "Is it fun?" "Yes, after a fashion. We are always the same little circle of friends, and

Adriana, Aemilia, Alice, Anne, An-dromache, Beatrice, Bianca, Blanch (e?), Bona, Blanca, Calphurmia, Casthen, besides Mrs. Laton, there's a sister, a rather good-looking girl, and a few other young matrons and bachelor Celia, Ceres, Charmian, Cleopatra, Constance, Cordelia, Cressida, Desdemona, Diana, Dionyeza, Dorcas, Eleanor, Ellinor, Ellizabeth, Emilia, Francisca, Gertrude, Goneril, Helen, Helevia, Hermia, Hermione, Hero, Hipgirls.' "And what do you do besides look at

"And what do you do besides look at these women?" "We take tea, which we moderate with rum, a bit of lemon; we gossip and we firt."

won't be long before you will have a practical demonstration. Flirtation is a manner of being discreetly indiscreet. To know how to flirt is no common accomplishment. It is a veritable sci-"And is love a science, too?"

"I shall fiee then." "Do you not wish even to see her?" "Never! Or, if you insist, I shall go into this little ante-room and look at her through the crack of the door. That is the only concession I shall make," and the young man stepped quickly into the next room as the opposite door opened to admit the visitor; through the slit Andrew could make out the graceful silhouette of a young girl. "How do you do. Mrs. Harmon?" "How do you do, Mrs. Harmon?" said the girl, as she entered the room. "I have brought back the little books on the orphan asylum that you lent mamma. May I stay a moment with

you?" She continued to keep her back toward Andrew, and he, now beginning to get tired of the game, had about con-cluded that she must be frightfully ugly. 'Sit down here, dear, beside me," and

Mrs. Harmon easily contrived to place the girl just opposite the small room: and the young man, approaching his eye to the crack, was struck by the pretty face he beheld. "Well, Rosamond, what are you doing nowadays? Are you going out much?" "No, very little. I had a card for Mrs. Laton's tea this afternoon, but I

wrote her I was ill. You will not be-tray me, will you?" And she laughed a merry laugh, that set Andrew's heart to vibrating. "Do you not care for such affairs?"

sked Mrs. Harmon.

"Surely, Mrs. Harmon, you do not think it would be amusing to spend an hour or two watching Mrs. Laton's firtations, with no one to talk to but the insipid women and stupid men of

her set?" "You are severe, my chila." "Severe? Well, with a woman like Mrs. Laton, I do not think one can be

too much so. Instinctively Mrs. Harmon raised her eyes to the door that concealed An-drew, and, under pretext of arranging the portiere, she crossed the room, and, as she rearranged the drapery, whis-"It's nearly 5pered to her nephew: you'll be late for your tea." But her warning was unheeded; An drew did not budge. As for the girl by the fire, she was till full of her idea. "Do you know Mrs. Laton, Mrs.

Harmon?" she asked. "Yes, yes," the old lady hastened t reply; and to turn the conversation she

went on: "But you are wrong to de-clare that all men are stupid. There are some who are quite sensible." "Sensible? Well, I don't know them I do not mean that they are all stupid but they think themselves so superior that they are wearlsome. They are vain, insufferable bores, with their blase airs and their idea that they are irresistible because they can flirt with Mrs. Laton, who has bleached hair, smears paint on her face as if it were palette, and whose brains are good

for nothing but to devise outrage Again Mrs. Harmon cast an uneasy glance toward the little room, in which Andrew was fast waxing angry. He

SHUFFLE-SHOON AND AMBER-LOCKS and Amber Lo Shuffle-Shoon and Amber-Locks-Sit together building blocks; Shuffle-Shoon is old and gray--Amber-Locks a little child; But together at that play Age and youth are reconciled, And with sympathetic glee Build their castle fair to see!

和設力 "When I grow to be a man"-With a gateway broad and grand, With a gateway broad and grand, Here a pretty vine shall grow, There a soldier guard shall stand; And the tower shall be so high Folks will wonder, by-and-by!"

Shuffle-Shoon quoth, "Yes, I know, Thus I builded, long ago! Here a gate and there a wall, Here a window, there a doer. Here a steeple, wondrous tall, Riseth ever more and more; But the years have leveled, low What I builded long ago!"

So they gossip at their play, Heedless of the fleeting day. One speaks of that Long Ago Where his dead hopes buried lie: One with chubby cheeks aglow, Prattleth of the By-and-By. Side by side twin custles grow-By-and-By and Long Ago. -

Long Ago and By-and-By-Ah, what years atween them lie!. Yet, O grandsire, gaunt and gray, By what grace art thou begulied That thou sharest in the play Of that little, lisping child? Children both, they build their blocks-Shuffle-Shoon and Amber-Locks.

- EUGENE FIELD. THE CELLINI VASE.

Mrs. Branscombe had a passion bric-a-brac. 'Not the ordinary, mod-ern kind, such as any uncultivated woman might have possessed herself of by the simple process of paying for it, but interesting things that were val-uable for their rarity and their history and the celebrity of their inventors or

discoverers. She had a fan that was said to have once belonged to the last Tycoon, who had been imprisoned and who was said tical fan as he listened to the decree which subjected him to durance vile and abolished the tycoonate forever. Mrs. Branscombe held to this theory with unshaken tenacity, but her nephew Will had been the victim of

doubts ever since he had chanced upon a factory in Philadelphia which turned out an inexhaustible supply of genuin Japanese vases so like that royal relic that when he replaced it for a week with one of the late manufacctcured his aunt did not seem to know the

lifference. He had not called her attention the experiment, because he had never forgotten one he had tried with the amous roc's egg, and he did not believe that she ever had either. The roc's egg had been the joy of her heart and the pride of her soul, and she had treas-ured it with anxious care for more than five years, until one day Will, in an unseemly fit of glee, had accidentally mocked it out of the nest in which it had been calmly reposing for so long,

Elearce, Ellinor, Elizabella, Heimin, Heiming, H

ears at least "What about the vase all that time?"

7

sked Mabel. "It will take a long time to find it," said Mrs. Branscombe, with all the moral superiority of one who is con-scious of aspiring to difficult heights. "If he should find it sooner he could

send it to me." "I have found it," Will wrote soon after this. "That is, I have found the place where it ought to be. That it is not there, is only an indication of the general derangement of the uni-verse. It was sold some time ago to a member of the ex-royal family of France. It happens, luckily for me, however, the poor devil of a royalist may feel about it, that he has fallon dead broke, and all his collections are to be put up for sale. So here's for Paris, and wish me good luck."

The next time she heard from Will he had gone to Rome, having been informed that the precious object had been bought for a cardinal and taken to the imperial city. The cardinal had since died, and there was a hope that the coveted treasure might be within grasp. Then he wrote from Madrid, where he had gone in consequence of a rumor that the precious vase had been sent to the Spanish capital and placed in a muse

After that she did not hear from him for a long time. She began to grow uneasy, first for the Cellini vase, and then for her nephew. She had not before known how fond she was of

It was a year from the time of his departure that Will returned, walking in one evening as quietly as if he had been done town for an hour or so and had just come back.

Mrs. Branscombe sprang to meet him in transports of delight. After she had welcomed him and asked him how he was and where he had been and why he had not written to her, she said:

"I forgive you for not bringing the vase. After all, Will, I think I'd rather to have shaded his face with this iden- have you. You know I was always fond

of you." Will almost whistled in an excess of incredulity, but checked himself in time.

"That reminds me, though," he said, taking a box out from some mysterious hiding place, "that I did bring the ARET

He opened the box and took from it a vase beautifully wrought of silver, ornamented on one side with a golden Venus rising from a silver sea, and on the other with a swarm of small Tritons, disporting themselves gaily on the crests of silvery waves.

After a period of breathless contemplation. Mrs. Branscombe cried: "What can I do to pay you for such beauty?" "You know there is only one thing I

want.' Mrs. Branscombe looked over at Ma-

bel, standing with eyes downcast, not looking once at the classic piece workmanship.

"Child, how can you be so insensible? Do look at the charming thing. If it's Mabel you mean, you can ask het," "I have asked her." "You undutiful---!" Then her eyes fell again upon the provisite carrying of the

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Manager Thomas Tompkins was in his private stall and he was surround-Subscribe for THE WEEKLY SUN. Latest news in THE WEEKLY SUN. Advertise in THE WEEKLY SUN.

"And is love a science, too?" "No, it is rather an art." "And marriage-what is it?" "Oh, that is philosophy." "Indeed? At what age does one at-tain this philosophy?" "As late as possible." "As late as possible." "Aunt, aunt!" cried Andrew, spring-ing from his chair, "confess that you are concocting some terrible plot. You look as guilty as a conspirator." Mrs. Harmon smiled a fine smile and enjoyed for a moment the consterna-tion in his victim's face. Then she an-swered, after a pause: swered, after a pause: "Yes, you are right. I wish you to

get married.'

set married." "In heaven's name what have I done to you?" gasped the young man, with comic seriousness; and, as the old lady still smiled, he continued: "See here, int, I should never have suspected you of such a thing. You, a woman of elligence, a superior woman, de-ending to the role of match-maker! is a terrible shattering of my ideals." "Come, come, my poor boy, do not be so cast down. The girl is charming,

can assure you." "Of course," Andrew burst out, "the girl is always charming. Oh, I know her: I can see her now; she may not be exactly pretty, but, as you have said, exactly pretty, but, as you have said, she is charming. She dresses admir-ably and makes all her own gowns. She stood at the head of her classes in school and attends lectures now. More-over, she has taken cooking lessons and can put up preserves. She plays the plano, she sings, she paints, and she has a tidy fortune in her own right. Bah! No, a thousand times, no! I do not want this miracle of perfection. I know a thing or two, aunt. even if I

Under this ironical and even inquisitorial look Andrew lost countenance a little; he could not deny that to matri-mony he preferred flirting with Mrs. Laton

He was pulling himself together to reply, or rather to defend himself, when the street door bell was heard. "A caller, eh? Is this your reception

day, aunt, or do you, too, give your friends tea at 5 o'clock?" "You are impertinent, nephew. At my age a woman does not give '5 o'clock flirtations." It is not even a caller. I am sure it is my little friend Rosamond, the 'charming girl' I spoke

intelligence. I would wish to have confidence in him, and above all be proud of him."

As the girl spoke she had become with a gentle exultation, animated which was not without its effect on the young man behind the door.

"Well, Rosamond," said Mrs. Har-mon, "why do you not realize your dream?" "Because there are no young men

newadays who care to look for a girl who pleases them. Marriage for them who pleases them. Marriage for them is a matter of business, nothing more, and the woman herself does not count. They marry when they have lost their money, and the little heart they pos-sessed has been frittered away on some Mrs. Laton or another." Again Mrs. Harmon arose, and, pre-

tending she had an order to give, ex-cused herself and hastened to her nephew. "Well, aunt, she has given us a nice

dressing down, eh? For a 'charming girl' I would back her against the world." "Hurry, Andrew: it is late, and you

have almost missed your tea." "My tea!" he repeated. "Bother my tea! Is there nothing else in the world but my tea? Now, you must find an excuse to bring me into the room, and I'll show that young shrew whether all men are fools. Oh, she need have no fear, I shall not try to marry her, for I still have all my hair, a little

money and a heart still intact." Mrs. Harmon could not refrain a smile at the young man's vexation, and five minutes later Andrew entered the

five minutes later Andrew entered the drawing room. But, contrary to expectations, the conversation did not become a war of words; on the contrary, the girl's fresh gayety disarmed Andrew's anger at once. His preconception fied before her dimpled smiles and her gentle voice, and he soon fell under her charm, for-getting his anger in his admiration for her graceful movements, the penetrather graceful movements, the penetrat-ing timber of her voice, the sparkle of

her wit. The hour for tea had long passed and Andrew was still there. He had lost all desire to run after Mrs. Laton, that faded doll whom Rosamond-as he was forced to admit to himself-had

portrayed so truthfully. And ensconced once more in the depths of her arm chair, Mrs. Harmon smiled a kindly smile, and silently re-garded the young people, who, for their part, looked at one another with looks that do not deceive, and in which the old aunt read with joy the hope of a happy union.—San Francisco Examiner.

Not Fixed. Yes, he's a very able man, but some how he doesn't seem to succeed." "Perhaps for the reason you men "What?"

"Variable."-Chicago Journal. "Oh! a letter from Chicago, any "Oh! a letter from Chicago, any news from Aunt Julia?" "Well, she says they are all sleeping under blankets."

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did she suppose he could help that? Will believed that it was the roc's egg that had ruined him. She had not

seemed to cherish any violent ani-mosity toward him previous to that. Since that tragic event her treatment of him had been really heart-breaking. Not that he should have cared so much had it been merely for his own sake and hers, though he had always tried to be a dutiful and affectionate nephew. There was Mabel. She was

Mrs. Branscombe's niece, and lived with her. It will be seen without difficulty when taken in connection with the fac that Will was in love with Mabel, that the situation was embarrassingly complicated. It really became necessary to Will's happiness that his relations with Mrs. Branscombe should be placed

with Mrs. Branscombe should be placed on a friendly footing. There was but one way by which Will could reinstate himself in the good graces of Mrs. Branscombe, and even that seemed impossible from a casual view. She had become possessed of a wild longing for a Cellini vase. Perhaps there is no reason why a Cellini medal or a Cellini seal might not have an-awered the purpose guile as well, but swered the purpose quite as well, but for some reason Mrs. Branscombe's am-bitition had taken the form of a Cellini bittion had taken the form of a Cellini vase. There was a tradition of total depravity lingering about the memory of Cellini which, by a subtle law of the affinity of opposites, rendered all things connected with him objects of irresist-ible attraction to a woman of the rigid propriety of Mrs. Branscombe. There-fore it became necessary that she should come into possession of a Cel-lini vase with as little delay as possible. "You will have it." Will had said, in a burst of affection, That was just before he went to Flor-ence. Mra Branscombe felt in an un-

Mabel.

"Oh, yes," assented the girl, cheerfully. "He's improving in mind. It is a

Latest news in THE WEEKLY SUN.

templation of the wonderful handiwork of Cellini. "Do you suppose it is genuine?" Ma-

bel asked the day after she and Will had returned from their bridal tour. They were looking at Mrs. Bran-scombe's treasures, chief among which

was the marvelous vase. "I know it is," replied Will. "How do you know?" He bent over her and whispered: "Because I made it myself."-Midland. fonthly.

Here's a New Intericent.

The very latest sort of drunkenness is that which, it has been discovered, comes from the constant inhalation of

tomes from the constant inhalation of imelling salts. So great a hold has the smelling salts habit gained upon the modern woman that when she is deprived of them she experiences all the cravings that af-hict the person who dearly loves liquor and finds himself deprived of it. Some of the salts are of excessive strength and produce a sort of stupor most gra-lifying to the victim. More than one woman has been suspected of drinking when really her inebriety has resulted from a too liberal use of the smelling bottle.

bottle. Not long ago a titled lady was carried from the cloakroom at a grand recep-tion in London in a state of helplessess. A bottle was found in the folds of her gown containing matter of a strength sufficient to take away the

ible attraction to a woman of the rigid propriety of Mrs. Branscombe, There-fore it became necessary that she should come into possession of a Cel-lini vase with as little delay as possible. "You will have it," Will had said, in a burst of affection. That was just before he went to Flor-ence. Mrs. Branscombe felt in an un-usually friendly humor with him; first, for his devotion to her interests; sec-ond, for his absence. He wrote often to Mrs. Branscombe; not once to Mabel. Neither did he send her any message. Mrs. Branscombe; it seemed to increase the affection of aunt and nephew. Sh was growing al-nost fond of him now that he was out of the way. Will's a good fellow, when he's in another country, isn't he?" she said to "On was?" assented the girl cheer.

Not Good at Figures. The Lewiston (Me.) Journal says that

fully. "He's improving in mind, It is a good thing. I have always thought it needed improvement. I think it would bear more improvement than any other mind I know. It will never be as good as Mr. Ashton's, but it could be much better than it is." Mr. Ashton was Mabel's new lover, and he had a great deal of money in bonds and one of the finest houses in town; two circumstances which have a tendency to brighten a man's inici-lect wonderfully in public estimation. "I think it will take a long time to improve Will's mind to any perceptible degree," said Mrs. Bransoombe, care-fully. "He will probably be abroad five Latest news in THE WEEKLY SUN.

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