

to that notice, Mr. Chapman was hiding a transcendently brilliant genius under the bushel of this obscure place; but I happen to know the man, and easily understood how badly he was being treated by the reporter who wrote the notice, or rather through the ignorance of the reporter. Mr. Chapman is a very estimable citizen so far as I know, but he is no such thing as a genius, by any means. His work is of a very ordinary type, not even copying originality, and his conception and execution are only fair; in fact, some of his work is positively faulty in treatment. And it is, of course, not to be expected that Mr. Chapman, in his particular line of work, should be an artist of such extremely brilliant genius as the paper described him. He is very good as a fresco painter for stores, and perhaps in the ordinary dwelling; but for picture work his treatment is too rough, the outlines irregular, and there is a want of artistic training only too apparent throughout the whole. I gave Mr. Chapman the credit of the fact that the reporter had gotten hold of some high-flown sentences that he had read in some art book or other, and which he took this opportunity of working off on Mr. Chapman's productions.

"It is strange," remarked a young Englishman who is engaged in the wine business, "that Canadians and Americans, with their wonderful production of good, pure and wholesome wines, will tolerate the stuff which is generally shipped from Europe. Your wines are sound, of good body, and are always pure unless they have taken an ocean voyage and come back to you again at a greatly increased price with a foreign label. It is a good thing for the foreign wine dealer, because he can dispose of his cheaper grades at higher prices, and can then make a good profit on his good wines from connoisseurs who would not touch the concoctions which are shipped away. The champagnes you drink, and for which you pay the most exorbitant prices, would not be used by the intelligent wine consumers in England, and are looked upon as nothing more or less than 'Gooseberry,' a term applied to cheap champagnes because cheap manufacturers frequently use that berry instead of the grape in their production. You have built up a magnificent wine industry in a few years, and still, although you consider yourselves exceedingly clever, you patronize a foreign market for poor goods when you have better material at a far lower price right at hand." And saying this, the young Englishman refused a proffered glass of our imported wine, and contented himself with a glass of Walker's Rye.

PERE GRINATOR.

GOOD AND BAD OMENS.

Some people have an abiding faith in omens, and doubtless many HOME JOURNAL readers could relate equally as wonderful occurrences, as the following from two American exchanges. The first one is from the New Orleans *Picayune*:

Little St. Josephs are quite common in this city, carried by young ladies as charms. They are usually in little cases of metal and are about an inch in length.

It is believed by many that these trinkets will bring good husbands to the worthy girls who religiously believe in them. An excellent young lady of New Orleans, whose numerous friends loved her and wished her well married, persuaded her to take a blessed little St. Joseph into her confidence and see what would come of it. A good husband might come. There could certainly be no harm in trying. And so a little St. Joseph became the pocket companion of the good young lady who would be willing to marry if the right man came. But men came and went and none proposed. Finally Miss Joan, whose pocket held the saint, became vexed, and opening her heart to herself in her own room said to the unconscious trinket in her pocket; "You mean little St. Joseph; you never will bring me a husband; and now you shall see what I will do with you; I will throw you out of the window!" Suiting action to her words, out of the window went little St. Joseph. Was that the end of him and his charm?

Here comes the strange part of the story. A handsome young man, one of the best in the town, was passing along about that time and he picked the little fellow up, and being known to the family of the house, explained that he had a little charm that must have been dropped by one of the young ladies of the house, and as it might be valuable to her begged permission to return it. Miss Joan was called and the occurrence led to an introduction, to love at first sight and to an honest proposal of marriage in due time, which proposal was in due time accepted and the marriage took place. This was not a miracle; it was a fact. When St. Joseph was abused and was thrown out of the window he bore no malice. He went out for a husband for the young lady and he got one. Blessed be little St. Joseph!

The next one is from the New York *Mercury*, and reads thus:

"You must wear it always while I am away," she said, with a little smile, as with deft fingers she placed it in my scarf. It was a little gold pin representing two hearts entwined.

Her gift! She was going away the next morning, and we were to be separated for seven long weeks.

I put my arms around her and looked into brown eyes made more lovely by the soft light of love. Then I kissed her. She gave a little, contented sigh and then resumed: "As truly as these hearts are bound together forever, so are ours, and as pure as the gold of which they are made is my love for you."

I don't remember just what I said. It would have sounded foolish to others—so much I knew—but it did not to us. The next morning she was gone.

All through that long, hot summer, the little pin with its entwined hearts gave me comfort and courage. Little letters full of tales of good times at Richfield and of longings for our meeting in the fall reached me from time to time. As the weeks went by, the letters became notes and the longings wishes. She was so busy, but "her thoughts were always with

me," she wrote, and I was happy because she was.

One evening before the long-looked-for day of her return, as I drew the pin from my scarf it slipped from my fingers and fell to the marble hearth. I bent down to pick it up and uttered a cry of horror; the hearts lay separate at my feet. One still remained on the pin; the other had rolled into a little pile of ashes that had dropped from my cigar.

As I held the broken keepsake my eyes fell upon a letter addressed in her familiar hand. Why did I hesitate long before breaking the seal? Perhaps the contents were half guessed before I read them.

"It was all a mistake," she wrote. "I never really loved you, and we are too poor! I am to marry Dick Vandergraft. He loves me and my every wish will be gratified. * * * Good-bye. Think of me as well as you can."

I stood, the emblem of our broken love before me, her letter in my hand. Her words were repeating themselves to me: "As truly as these hearts are bound together forever, so are ours." She had poken truly. Then came her last words faintly wafted to my ears by memory: "Pure as the gold of which they are made—"

I took the little hearts and looked at them closely. The rough edges laid bare by their separation told me that her words were true.

I laughed, but without mirth. They were plated.

A. A. AARONSON,

Pawnbroker and Theatrical Costumer,

Johnson Street, P. O. Drawer 11.

LIST THIS WEEK.

1 Buff & Berger Transit, nearly new, worth \$350	\$175 00
1 Sextant	\$ 15 00
1 Gurley Transit, nearly new, first-class instrument	\$100 00
1 new Kimball safe, weight 1,200	\$125 00
1 pair 3-carat diamond ear-rings	\$200 00
1 pair 5-carat diamond earrings cost \$450	\$310 00
1 18-carat gold English Lever, cost \$300	\$ 65 00
1 18-carat gold chain, 32 penny-weight	\$ 25 00
1 Gold Watch with heavy quartz chain and Locket, cost \$275	\$125 00
1 Diamond Ring, 2 1/2-carat, cost \$275	\$175 00
1 pearl, 8 1/2 grains	\$ 35 00
1 unset Diamond, blue tint, weight, 2 carat, less \$	\$180 00
1 2 1/2 carat do	\$225 00
1 Ladies' seal-skin coat, cost \$700.00	\$250 00
1 Piano	\$ 75 00
1 Ladies' dressing-case, Rosewood, well fitted up	\$ 15 00
1 Ladies' dressing-case in walnut	\$ 10 00
1 music box, plays 10 tunes	\$ 20 00
1 music box, plays 6 tunes	\$ 15 00
1 double-barrel shot-gun, No. 10, maker Henry Toller, cost \$75	\$ 25 00

Marine and Opera Glasses always on hand cheap. Silver Watches from \$3 up. Large assortment of Diamonds and other precious stones always on hand.

MILLER & BLOOMFIELD

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