## TALES FROM SHAKSPEARE

An Introduction to the Study of the Master by Charles and Mary Lamb.

There lived in the palace at Messina two ladies; whose names were Hero and Beatrice. Hero was the daughter and Beatrice the niece of Leonato, the governor of Messina.

Beatrice was of a lively temper, and loved to divert her cousin Hero, who was of a more serious disposition with her sprijhtly sallies. Whatever was going forward was sure to make matter of mirth for the light-hearted Beatrice. At the time the history of these ladies commences some young men of high rank in the army, as they were passing through Messina on their return from a war that was just ended, in which they had distinguished themselves by their had distinguished themselves by their great bravery, came to visit Leonato. Among these were Don Pedro, the Prince of Aragon, and his friend Claudio, who was a lord of Florence; and with them

came the wild and witty Benedick, and he was a lord of Padua.

These strangers had been at Messina before, and the hospitable governor in-troduced them to his daughter and nice as their old friends and acquaintances.

Benedick, the moment he entered the room, began a lively conversation with Leonato and the prince. Beatrice, who liked not to be left out of any discourse, interrupted Benedick with saying. "I wonder that you will still be talking. Signor Benedick; nobody marks you." Benedick was just such another rattlebrain as Beatrice, yet he was not pleased at this free salutation; he thought it did not become a well-bred lady to be so flippant with her tongue; and he remembered, when he was last at Messina, that Bearice used to select him to make her merry jests upon. And as there is no one who so little likes to be made a jest of as those who are apt to take the same liberty themselves, so it was with Benedick and Beatrice; these two sharp wits never met in former times but a perfect war of raillery was kept up between them and they always perfect mutually. room, began a lively conversation with dick and Beatrice; these two sharp wits never met in former times but a perfect war of raillery was kept up between them, and they always parted mutually displeased with each other. Therefore, when Beatrice stopped him in the middle of his discourse, with telling him nobody marked what he was saying. Benedick, affecting not to have observed before that she was present, said, "What, my dear Lady Discain, are you yet living?" And now war broke out afresh between them, and a long jangling argument enthem, and a long jargling argument en-mued, during which Beatrice, although she knew he had so well approved his valor in the late war said that she would eat all he had killed there; and observing the prince take delight in Benedick's conversation, she called him "the prince's jester." This sarcasm sunk deeper into the mind of Benedick than all Beatrice had said before. The hint she gave him that he was a coward, by saying she would eat all he had killed, he did not would eat all he had killed, he did not regard, knowing himself to be a brave man; but there is nothing that great wits so much dread as the imputation of buffoonery, because the charge comes sometimes a little too near the truth; therefore, Benedick perfectly hated Beatrice when she called him "the prince's Jester."

The modest lady Here.

The modest lady Hero was silent before the noble guests, and while Claudio was the noble guests, and while Claudlo was attentively observing the improvement which time had made in her beauty, and was contemplating the equisite grace of her fine figure (for she was an admirable young lady), the prince was highly amused with listening to the humorous dialogue between Benedick and Beatrice: dialogue between Benedick and Beatrice; dalogue between Benedick and Beatrice; and he said in a whisper to Leonato: "This is a pleasant-spirited young lady. She were an excellent wife for Benedick." Leonato replied to this suggestion: "Oh, my lord, my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad." But though Leonato thought they would make a discordant pair, the prince did not give up the idea of matching these two keen wits together.

When the prince returned with Clandio spoke in such terms of Hero as made the prince guess at what was passing in his heart; and he liked it well, and he said to Claudio: "Do you affect Hero?" To this question Claudio replied: "Oh, my lord, when I was last at Messina, I looked upon her with a soldier's eye, that liked, but had no leisure for loving; but now, in this happy time of peace, thoughts of war have left their places thoughts of war have left their places. vacant in my mind, and in their room come thronging soft and delicate thoughts, all prompting me how fair young Hero is reminding me that I liked her before I went to the wars." Claudio's confession of his love for Hero so wrought upon the prince that he lost no time in soliciting the consent of Leonato to accept of Claudio for a son-in-law. Leonato agreed to this proposal, and the prince found no great difficulty in persuading the gentle Hero herself to listen to the suit of the noble Claudio, who was a lord of rare endowments, and highly accomplished, and Claudio, assisted by his kind prince, soon prevailed upon Leonato to fix an early day for the celebration of his marriage with Hero. bration of his marriage with Hero.
Claudio was to wait but a few days
before he was to be married to his fair
lady; yet he complained of the interval
being tedious, as indeed most young men
are impatient when they are waiting for
the accomplishment of any event they

### Hobbled Six Years Cured in Six Weeks of

have been put on the market for Rheumatism during the past few years, but a remedy with power to cure Chronic Rheumatism, Ferrozone excepted, in the estimation of Mr. Cullen, of Stur-

geon Bay, does not exist. Mr. Cullen says, "As everyone knows, I have been simply tortured for years with Muscular Rheumatism, not the ordinary kind that bothers most people, but the kind that ties one up so

"For six years I hobbled about like a cripple, unable to move without crutches and canes. I used quantities of medicines, special baths and so forth, but they didn't help me very

"On the advice of a Presbyterian good father, Leonato. minister I used Ferrozone, gave it a good trial at first and when I saw it was helping. I bought six boxes and took one tablet at the close of each minister I used Ferrozone, gave it a good trial at first and when I saw it took one tablet at the close of each meal. I am perfectly cured and am meal. I am perfectly cured and am today as spry as a youngster of ten.

I am convinced that my recovery is perfectly due to the marvelous action

and Lumbago, it acts with surprising whom he encouraged with the offer of alacrity, and no case is recorded where

Ferrozone curas these diseases berause it is a solvent for uric acid in the blood. It removes all traces of it and other poisons from the blood in the bloo from two to ten days. Then it builds up and invigorates the system, and was the end he meant to compass by this makes weak, sickly people strong and

disease never again returns. After all other remedies fail, it cures, and that is the sort of medicine you want. Ferrozone price 50c per box, or three boxes for \$1 25. Sent to your address by mail if price is forwarded to N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

themselves hear Hero discoursing with a man from her window; and they consented to go along with him, and Claudio said: "If I see anything tonight why I should not marry her, tomorrow in the congregation, where I intended to wed her, there will I shame her." The prince also said, "And as I assisted you to ob-

IV. Much Ado About Nothing. to him, proposed as a kind of merry pas-

whim of the prince, and Leonato promised them his assistance, and even Herosaid she would do any modest office to help her cousin to a good husband.

The device the prince invented was, that the gentlemen should make Benedick believe that Beatrice was in love with him, and that Hero should make Beatrice believe that Benedick was in love with her.

The prince, Leonato and Claudio began their operations first, and watching an opportunity when Benedick was quietly seated reading in an arbor, the prince and his assistants took their station

severe for the naughty lady, who talked with a man from her window the very night a man from her window the very to the noble Claudio. The next day, when they were all met to celebrate the marriage, and Claudio and Hero were standing before the priest, and the priest, or friar, as he was called, was proceeding to pronounce the marriage ceremony, Claudio, in the most passionate language, proclaimed the guilt of the blameless Hero, who, amazed at the strange words he uttered, said meekly: "Is my lord well, that he does speak so wide?"

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The next day, when they were all met to celebrate the marriage, and Claudio and Hero were standing before the priest, and the priest, was proceeding to pronounce the marriage ceremony, Claudio, in the was passionate language.

and his assistants took their station among the trees behind the arbor, so near that Benedick could not choose but hear all they said; and after some care-less talk the prince said: "Come, hither, Leonato. What was it you told me the other day—that your niece Beatrice was in love with Signor Benedick? I did other day—that your niece Beatrice was in love with Signor Benedick? I did never think that lady would have loved any man." "No, nor I neither, my lord," answered Leonato. "It is most wonderful that she should dote so on Benedick, whom she in all outward behavior seemed et ever to dislike." Claudio confirmed all this with saying that Hero had told him Beatrice was so in love with Benedick, that she would certainly die of grief if he could not be brought to love her; which Leonato and Claudio seemed to agree was impossible, he having always been such a railer against all fair ladies, and in particular against Beatrice. The prince affected to hearken to all this with great compassion for Beatrice, and he said: "It were good that Benedick were told of this." "To what end?" said Claudio. "He would but make sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse." "And if he should," said the prince, "it were a good deed to hang him, for Beatrice is an excellent sweet lady, and exceeding wise in everything but in loving Benedick." Then the prince motioned to his companions that they should walk on, and leave Benedick to meditate upon what he had overheard.

Benedick had been listening with great eagerness to this conversation, and he said to himself when he heard Beatrice loved him, "Is it possible? Sits the wind in that corner?" And when they were gone, he began to reason in this manner with himself: "This can be no

and he said to himself when he heard Bestrice loved him. "Is it possible? Sits the wind in that corner?" And when they were gone, he began to reason in this manner with himself: "This can be no trick! they were very serious, and they have the truth from Horo, and soom to pity the lady. Love me! Way, it must be requited! I did never think to marry. But when I said I should die a bachelor, I did not think! I should live to be married. They say the lady is virtuous and fair. She is so. And wise in everything but in loving me. Why, that is no great argument of her folly. But here comes Bearice! By this day, she is a fair lady. I do spy some marks of love in her. Bearice now approached him, and said with her usual tartness, "Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner." Benedick, who never felt himself disposed to speak so politely to her before, replied: "Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains," and when Beatrice, after two or three more rude speeches, left him, Benedick thought he observed a concealed meaning of kindness under the univil words uttered, and he said aloud: "If I do not take pity on her, I am a villain. If I do not love her, I am a Jew. I will go get her picture."

The gentleman being thus caught in the net they had spread for him, it was now Hero's turn to play her part with Beatrice, and for this purpose she sent for Ursula and Margaret, two gentlewomen who attended upon her, and she said to the said aloud: "If I do not take pity on her, I am a villain. If I do not to ye her, I am a Jew. I will go get her picture."

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When the prince returned with Clandlo from the paface, he found that the the raise he had devised between Benedick and Beatrice was not the only one projected in that good company, for Claudio spoke in such terms of Hero as made the prince guess at what was passing in his heart; and he liked it well, and he said to Claudio: "Do you affect Hero?" To to Claudio: "Do you affect Hero?" To to curse is all of her. Bid her steal into that pleasant arbor, where honeysuckles, ripened by the sun, like ungratful minions, forbid the sun to enter." This arbor, into which Hero desired Margaret to entice Beatrice, was the very some pleasant arbor where Benedick had so lately been an attentive listener. "I will make her come, I warrant, pleasant arbor where Benedick had so lately been an attentive listener.

"I will make her come, I warrant, presently," said Margaret.

Hero, then taking Ursula with her into the orchard, said to her: "Now, Ursula, when Beatrice comes, we will walk up and down this alley, and our talk must be only of Benedick, and when I name him, let it be your part to praise him more than ever man did merit. My talk to you must be how Benedick is in love with Beatrice. Now begin; for look where Beatrice like a lapwing runs close by the ground to hear our conference." They then began, Hero saying, as if in answer to something which Ursula had said: "No, truly, Ursula. She is too disdainful; her spirits are as coy as wild birds of the rock." But are you sure," said Ursula, "that Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?" Hero replied, "So says the prince, and my lord Claudio, and they entreated me to acquaint her with it; but I persuaded them if thay says the prince, and my lord Claudio, and they entreated me to acquaint her with it; but I persuaded them, if they loved Benedick, never to let Beatrice know of it." "Certainly," replied Ursula, "it were not good she knew his love, lest she make sport of it." "Why, to say truth," said Hero, "I never yet saw a man, how wise soever, or noble, young, or farely featured, but she would dispraise him." "Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable," said Ursula. "No," replied Hero, "but who dare tell her so?

replied Hero, "but who dare tell her so? If I should speak she would mock me into air." "Oh! you wrong your cousin." said Ursula: "she cannot be so much without true judgment, as to refuse so Cured in Six Weeks of Chronic Rheumatism by Ferrezone.

Hundreds, aye thousands of cures have been put on the market for Rheumatism by the first man in the discourse, Ursula said, "And when are you to be married, madam?" Hero then told her that she was to be married then told her that she was to be married then told her that she was to be married to claudio the part day and desired she to Claudio the next day, and desired she would go in with her and look at some new attire, as she wished to consult with her on what she would wear on the mor-row. Beatrice, who had been listening with breathless eageness to this dialogue. when they went away, exclaimed: "What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true? Farewell, contempt and scorn, and maiden pride adieu! Benedick, love on! I

maiden pride adieu! Benedick, love on! I will requite you, taming my wild heart to your loving hand!"

It must have been a pleasant sight to see these old enemies converted into new and loving friends, and to behold their first meeting after being cheated into mutual liking by the merry artifice of the good-humored prince. But a sad reverse in the fortunes of Hero must now be thought of. The morrow, which was to have been her wedding-day, brought sorrow on the heart of Hero and her good father, Leonato.

ed man, whose spirits seemed to labor in am convinced that my recovery is entirely due to the marvelous action of Ferrozone."

Mr. Cullen's case is a fair example of the kind of cures that Ferrozon; is effecting every day. In severe cases of Neuralgia, Sciatica, Rheumatism one Borachio, a man as bad as himself, whom he encouraged with the offer of court to Margaret, Hero's attendant and Don Juan, knowing this, prevailed upon him to make Margaret promise to talk

well enough to resist and ward off dis-ease.

The best Rheumatism remedy that one can buy is Ferrozone. It relieves quickly and cures so perfectly that the fore the wedding, and he offered to take them. them that night where they should themselves hear Hero discoursing with

the belief that it was Hero: for

tain her, I will join with you to disgrace her."

When Don Juan brought them near Hero's chamber that night, they saw Borachio standing under the window, and they saw Margaret looking out of Hero's window, and heard her talking with Borachio; and Margaret being dressed in the same clothes they had seen Hero wear, the prince and Claudio believed it was the lady Hero herself.

Nothing could equal the anger of Claudio, when he had made, as he thought, this discovery. All his love for the innocent Hero was at once converted into hatred, and he resolved to expose her in the church, as he had said he would, the

the church, as he had said he would, the next day, and the prince agreed to this, thinking no punishment could be too severe for the naughty lady, who talked

so wide?"

Leonato, in the utmost horror, said to the prince: "My lord, why speak you so?" "What should I speak?" said the prince; "I stand dishonored, that have gone about to link my dear friend to an unworthy woman. Leonato, upon my honor, myself, my brother, and this grieved Claudio, did see and hear her last night at midnight talk with a man at her chamber window."

Benedick, in astonishment at what he heard, said: "This looks not like a nuptial!"

Benedick, in astonishment at what he heard, said: "This looks not like a nuptial!"

"True, O God!" replied the heart-struck Hero; and then this hapless lady sunk down in a fainting fit, to all appearances dead. The prince and Claudio left the church, without staying to see if Hero would recover, or at all regarding the distress into which they had thrown Leonato. So hard-hearted had their anger made them.

Benedick remained, and assisted Beatrice to recover Hero from her swoon, saying, "How does the lady?" "Dead, I think," replied Beatrice, in great agony, for she loved her cousin, and, knowing her virtuous principles, she believed nothing of what she had heard spoken against her. Not so the poor old father; he believed the story of his child's shame, and it was piteous to hear him lamenting over her, as she lay like one dead before him, wishing she might never more open her eyes.

But the ancient friar was a wise man, and full of observation on human nature, and he had attentivaly marked the lady's

But the ancient friar was a wise man, and full of observation on human nature, and he had attentively marked the lady's countenance when she heard herself accused, and noted a thousand blushing shames to start into her face, and then he saw an angel-like whiteness bear away those blushes, and in her eye he saw a fire that did belie the error that the prince did speak against her maiden truth, and he said to the sorrowing father: "Call me a fool; trust not my reading, nor my observation; trust not my age, my reverence, nor my calling, if

he had not so accused her; y he thought his accusation fru 3 MUCH ADO about nothing Benedick now said: "Leonato, let the friar advise you; and though you know how well I love the prince and Claudio, yet on my honer I will not reveal this 'Leonato, let secret to them."

Leonato, thus parsuaded, yielded, and he said, sorrowfully, "I am so grieved that the smallest twine may lead me."

The kind friar then led Leonato and Hero away to comfort and console them, and Beatrice and Benedick remained alone; and this was the meeting from which and this was the meeting from which their friends, who contrived the merry plot against them, expected so much diversion; those friends who were now overwhelmed with sorrow, and from overwhelmed with sorrow, and from whose minds all thoughts of merriment

whose minds all thoughts of merriment seemed for ever banished.

Benedick was the first who spoke, and he said, "Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?" "Yea, and I will weep a while longer," said Beatrice. "Surely," said Benedick, "I do believe your fair cousin is wronged." "Ah!" said Beatrice. "how much might that man deserve of me who would right her!" Benedick then said, "Is there any way to show such friendship. I do love nothing in the world so well as you; is not that strange?" "It were as possible," said Beatrice, "for me to say I loved nothing in the world so well as you; but believe me not, and yet I lie not. I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing. I am sorry for my cousin." "By my sword," said Benedick, "you love me, and I protest I love you. Come, bid me do anything for you." "Kill Claudio" said. test I love you. Come, bid me do anything for you." "Kill Claudio," said Beatrice. "Ha! not for the wide world," said Benedick; for he loved his friend Claudio, and he believed he had been im-Claudio, and he beneved he had been imposed upon. "Is not Claudio a villdin, that has slandered, scorned and dishonored my cousin?" said Beatrice. "Oh! that I were a man!" "Hear me Beatrice," said Benedick. But Beatrice

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would hear nothing in Claudio's decime, and she continued to urge on Benedick to revenge her cousin's wrongs, and she said: "Talk with a man out of the window; a proper saying! Sweet Hero! she is wronged; she is slandered; she is undone. Oh, that I were a man for Claudio's sake! or that I had any friend, who would be a man for my sake; but valor is melted into courtesies and compliments. I cannot be a man with wishing therefore I will die a woman with grieving." "Tarry, good Beatrice," said Benedick; "by this hand I love you." "Use it for my love some other way than dick; "by this hand I love you." "Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it," said Beatrice. "Think you, on your soul, that Claudio has wronged Hero?" asked Benedick. "Yea." answered Beatrice: "as sure as I have a thought or a soul." "Enough." said Benedick; "I am engaged; I will challenge him. I will kiss your hand and so leave you. By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account! As you hear from me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin."

While Beatrice was thus powerfully pleading with Benedick, and working his

pleading with Benedick, and working his gallant temper by the spirit of her angry words, to engage in the cause of Hero and fight even with his dear friend Clauwords, to engage in the cause of Hero and fight even with his dear friend Claudio, Leonato was challenging the prince and Claudio to answer with their swords the injury they had done his child, who, he affirmed, had died for grief. But they respected his age and his sorrow, and they said, "Nay do not quarrel with us good old man." And now came Benedick, and he also challenged Claudio to answer with his sword the injury he had done to Hero; and Claudio and the prince said to each other, "Beatrice has set him on to do this." Claudie, nevertheless, must have accepted this challenge of Benedick's, had not the justice of heaven at the moment brought to pass a better proof of the innocence of Hero than the uncertain fortune of a duel.

While the prince and Claudio were yet talking of the challenge of Benedick, a magistrate brought Borachio as a prisoner before the prince. Borachio had been overheard talking with one of his companions of the mischlef he had been employed by Don Juan to do.

Borachio made a full confession to the prince in Caudio's hearing, that it was Margaret dressed in her lady's clothes that he had talked with from the window, whom they had mistaken for the lady Hero herself; and no doubt continued on the minds of Claudio and the prince of the innocence of Hero. If a suspicion had remained it must have been removed by the flight of Don Juan, who, finding his villainies were detected, fled from Messina to avoid the just anger of his brother.

The heart of Claudio was sorely griev-

of his brother.

The heart of Claudio was sorely grieved when he found he had falsely accused Hero, who, he thought died upon hearing his cruel words; and the memory of his beloved Hero's image came over him, in the rare semblance that he loved him, in the rare semblance that he loved it first; and the prince asking him if what he heard did not run like iron through his soul, he answered that he felt as if he had taken poison while Borachio was

speaking.

And the repentant Claudio implored forgiveness of the old man Leonato for the injury he had done his child: and promised, that whatever penance Leonato would lay upon him for his fault in believing the false accusation against his betrothed wife, for, her dear sake he

betrothed wife, for, her dear sake he would endure it.

The penance Leonato enjoined him was to marry the next morning a cousin of Hero's, who, he said, was now his helr, and in person very like Hero. Claudio, regarding the solemn promise he made to Leonato, said he would marry this unknown ledy, even though she were en Leonato, said he would marry this unknown lady, even though she were an Ethiop; but his heart was very sorrowful, and he passed that night in tears and in remorseful grief at the tomb which Leonato had erected for Hero.

When the morning came the prince accompanied Claudio to the church, where the good friar and Leonato and his niece were already assembled, to colorate and

were already assembled to celebrate a second nuptial; and Leonato presented to Claudio his promised bride, and she were a mask that Claudio might not discover her face. And Claudio said to the lady in the mask: "Give me your hand, before this holy friar; I am your husband, if you will marry me." "And when I lived I was your other wife," said this unknown lady; and, taking off her mask, she proved to be no niece (as was pretended) but Leonato's very daughter. pretended), but Leonato's very daughter, the lady Hero herself. We may be sure that this proved a most agreeable sur-prise to Claudio, who thought her dead, so that he could scarcely for joy believe his eyes; and the prince, who was equalhis eyes; and the prince who was equally amazed at what he saw, exclaimed: "Is not this Hero, Hero that was dead?" Leonato replied, "She died, my lord, but while her scandal lived." The friar promised them an explanation of this seeming miracle, after the ceremony was ended, and was proceeding to marry them when he was interrupted by Benedick, who desired to be married at the same time to Beatrice. Beatrice making some demur to this match, and Benedick challenging her with her love for him, which he had her with her love for him, which he had learned from Hero, a pleasant explana-tion took place; and they found they had both been tricked into a belief of love. both been tricked into a belief of love, which had never existed, and had become lovers in truth by the power of a false jest; but the affection which a merry invention had cheated them into was grown too powerful to be shaken by a serious explanation; and since Benedick proposed to marry, he was resolved to think nothing to the purpose that the world could say against it; and he merrily kept up the jest, and swore to Beatrice, that he took her but for pity, and because he heard she was dying of love for him; and Beatrice protested that she yielded but upon great persuasion, and partly to save his life, for she heard he was in a consumption. So these two mad wits were reconciled, and made a match of it after Claudio and Hero were married; and to complet the history. Dor Juan, the contriver of the villalny, was taken in his flight and brought back to taken in his flight and brought back to Messina; and a brave punishment it was to this gloomy, discontented man, to see the joy and feastings which, by the dis-

# Torturing Piles

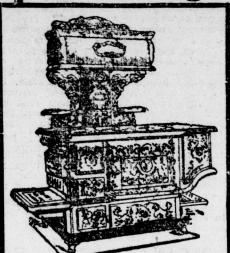
the joy and feastings which, by the disappointment of his plots, took place at the palace in Messina.

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Nothing is impossible for the little meeting with such possibilities may entleman who generally has his por- believe that it was the result of the rait taken in a negligee of wings and decks. The nurse and the soldier exbow and arrows, and so long as so changed experiences, and then exnany of the people who do get mar- exchanged vows. Of course it was not ried take such unusual ways of get-ting into that state there is small ex-details are the secrets of the princiuse for the novelist who chooses his pals. By the time the long voyage subjects among the few people whotry to get married and don't.

Here are four of the tricks played by the pudgy gentleman of the wings and bow. It will be agreed that they contain material for four large ronances, with the possibilities of a

shaken a dice box and let the result of the entanglement depend on the throw. If it proves a control of the entanglement depend on the throw. throw. If it proves anything it es-tablishes the fact that simply because Sioux Falls, S. D., from Washington a woman has several grown children and is nearer 70 than 30, is no reason. Indian school on the Crow Creek resfor assuming that her matrimonial servation. prospects are not prospects but retrospects.

The characters with whom the small gentleman set to work were a woman the other a young man, is apt to be of 66 years, another of 40, and a man of 45. Not directly connected with has built a romance on a similar can be play, but still much interested, cumstance, except that she adds were two grown children of the man were two grown children of the man higher interest by making her Indian and several distributed between the lost dauphin of France. two women. All lived in St. Louis.

AUNT CUT OUT THE NIECE. Barnes Bowman, the man in the case, kept a restaurant. Mrs. Henrietta Lang, aged 66, and Mrs. Emma Woodenberg, her niece, aged 49, lived next to his restaurant. Bowman was a widower, Mrs. Lang and her niece widows. The restaurateur began to pay visits to the home of the two woment. His attentions at first were directed towards the younger woman, and it was accepted as understood that their marriage would be the ultimate result.

Mrs. Lang, however, engaged herself in an effort to help her niece entertain the caller, and gradually she

Mrs. Woodenberg noticed that her aunt seemed to be outcisssing her as Miss Johanna Faust, of Barmen, Gerplay, saw also that the attentions consul, two German cabinet ministers, seemed more directed to the aunt than and the Mayor of Barmen to accom-

The awakening was rude. The respeared one day and came back married. The aunt of 66 years had won out against the niece of 45 years, and now they are wondering all around how the children will take it. The children have not made up their minds yet, but are thinking over it. The niece makes the best of it.

"I did not realize that he had fallen in love with my aunt," she said. "She is 21 years older than he is. But I hope they will be happy."

MARS COMES TO CUPID'S AID. There is more romance and less comedy in the second escapade of the mall gentleman. In London the announcement of an engagement has just been made. It is that of ao English nobleman to the daughter of a bank employe. Behind it lies the story of a pretty romance.

South Africa as a soldier. So did a the matter stood at a deadlook. young Englishman, named Henderson. nurse her brother back to health. the steamer was the Earl. Their friends say the affair was

practically settled at first sight, but within the week and sailed for Amerithose not inclined to credit a first ca, as they had planned.

ly upon the plan of the Campanile at Florence. caused the water standpipe of his home it resembles a beautiful tower, many railroad companies beautify erected in large cities are beautiful in design, and embellished in accordance with the best art ideals of the age. Now so many spots once full of chaim for the lover of nature are being despoiled of their rural attractiveness by the necessities of industrial enterprises, it should be the effort of those men of wealth who generally back new ventures, requiring the construction of buildings, to give the beauty of art for the loss of the natural grace they have destroyed. To do otherwise is to leave the world less enjoyable than before they acted a part in it. Perhaps we are not quite wealthy enough as yet to do what should be done, but a great deal can be done, without much extra expense, to make buildings beautiful. There was much point in the criticism of our manner of building made by Dickens when he visited this country half a century ago, and there is still much to be desired. Some time men trained in architectural and color effects will be consulted about the plans for warehouses

was over and the ship had reached its dock the two were engaged and the announcement has just been made. NAMED HER INDIAN PUPIL. There is romance, and that of a strange character also, in the third of these stories. Miss Nellie M. Brown, of Wasington, D. C., has been married to become a teacher at the Government

It has been found in the past that the relation of teacher to pupil, if one be an attractive young woman and changed to another. Mrs. Catherwood has built a romance on a similar cir-

Miss Brown and her pupil followed the time honored lines, and as the young Sioux followed the letters of his primer he began to learn more than how to read. As for Miss Brown, she found that even his name could be tolerated. She consented to become Mrs. Fred Medicine Crow. Their manner of life will probably render visiting cards unnecessary. If the vision of "Mrs. Fred Medicine Crow" engraved on cards had stared her in the face the story might have had another ending.

As it was Medicine and Miss Brown went to Glenn Valley from the reservation one afternoon and hunted up a justice of the peace. With them went succeeded so well that for every glance both Indians, and Justice N. A. Keeler Louis Firetail and Minnie H. Finley, the restaurant keeper gave the niece he gave one to the aunt. Then the wedding After the wedding the four aunt grew more entertaining, and the wedding. After the wedding the four returned restaurateur began giving her Mrs. Crow win continue in glances for the niece's one. Pretty tion as instructor to the Indian youth.

GERMAN LAWS SET ASIDE. Dr. Henry Bode, of St. Louis, and an entertainer, but she did not put a many, have just been married. It took serious constructoin on the matter. one week, and the services of an The neighbors, who were watching the American ambassador, an American the niece, but neither did they sus- plish the marriage, but it was done

and in seven days at that. Walter Bourreich, a Chicago man, taurant keeper and the aunt disap- was the consul who loaned his best efforts to secure the wedding. The St. Louis bridegroom had not only to win the consent of the German girl in the short time he had before sailing for America, but he had to overcome some German laws, which for a time seemed like obstacles which would make it impossible.

Dr. Bode won the consent of the young woman and then began his attack on the laws. One would have required him to produce his own and his parents' birth certificates. His first wife had died and he would have had to produce her death certificate. As it was necessary for the physician to sail within a week he declared that the production of these certificates would be an impossibility. The German officials then said that he would have to sail without a German bride. The young Earl of Leitrim went to Bode declared he would not and there

Then Dr. Bode got busy in the Both saw considerable service, and American sense of the word. Before Henderson was wounded in one of the he was through he had Mr. Baurreich battles. When the news of this reached | telegraphing to Ambassador White and his parents in London his sister im- the ambassador using all his influence mediately left for the Transvaal to with the cabinet officials. The minister of foreign affairs and the minister of She succeeded in this and after a home affairs were finally persuaded to half year he was able to rejoin his act in his behalf and finally after five regiment. Miss Henderson was then days of anxious waiting, during which ready for her return to England. The time his bride to be and her family Earl of Leitrim had completed his ser- told him he was working without hope vice and was returning. Among the of success, the consent of the governfirst persons Miss Henderson met on ment to the marriage without the production of certificates was secured. And Mr. and Mrs. Bode were married

and factories and cheap cottages,

Art and Utility.

some time the cars of the elevated road A factory chimney in Leeds, Eng- will run quietly over a track that and, is said to have been built recent- does not offend the eyes of the lovers of artistic things, some time there will Thomas W. Lawson has be clean spaces instead of rubbish about the vacant lots surrounding the village to be encased in stone, so that city, and the unsightly billboard will be taxed out of existence. Till then we the should enjoy every manifestation of grounds about their stations, and in the effort of commercial men to make several notable instances the stations the world good to look at and encourage the effort by following their example.—Boston Transcript. Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in VISITORS TO EUROPE. The Corporation of Colonial and General Agencies, Limited. Agents for the Gordon Hotels, St. Er-nin's Hotel (close to Westminster Abmin's Hotel (close to bey), and other selected hotels, hydros and boarding establishments in Great

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