

GOT WHAT HE DEMANDED.

The Policeman Picked Him Up and Carried Him Across the Street.

It was an easy matter to see that he was a citizen with a full sense of his responsibilities, both municipal and national. There was a firmness about his tread on the sidewalk denoting proprietary interest, and he gazed up at the public buildings with the keen glance of one who had money invested in them, and expected its value to stand out boldly. He always gazed at a policeman whenever he passed one, sternly, his eyes clearly denoting that the official was under the surveillance of an employer who expected him to earn his wages, and when he entered any public office his eagle looks penetrated to every nook and corner for a possible reason of complaint, and pierced each and every official through and through in a way that clearly said:—"You are a public servant, sir. I hope you have a due regard for that fact. If you have not I shall lose no time in reminding you of it."

Such was the little man who approached a tall policeman of the Yonge street squad the other day at King street, with indignation glistening in his eyes.

"I demand to know," he said in a firm voice, "why I am forced to remain on this side of the street, when my business calls me to the other."

The policeman looked a trifle startled for a second or so, but recovering himself, he replied:—

"Well, who in blazes is keepin' you from goin'?"

"The traffic, sir, the traffic of vehicles—yet pedestrians are supposed to have the right of way."

"Well," gruffly responded the officer. "What are you going to do about it?"

"I am going to insist upon my rights, sir," said the responsible citizen.

"That's easy," said the officer, coolly.

"And see that I get them."

"That will be harder."

"You are a public servant, in the public's pay, and at the call of the public. I therefore demand a safe passage for my person across this thoroughfare. It is your duty to see that my demands are complied with."

And the little man expanded his chest with real citizen independence.

The big policeman looked at him for a moment in a quandary, then seeming to solve the problem he said with a wink in his eyes:

"A safe passage you want, is it? Well, begorra, you shall have it."

And before the responsible little citizen could divine his intentions, he had picked him up, tucked him under his arm and was dodging between the horses' heads in a sortie across King street. The little man had not recovered his breath before the bluecoat had dropped him on the opposite sidewalk, and was on a return expedition, gallantly escorting a pretty store girl.

PEARLS OF GREAT PRICE.

The Finest Known Gem, Owned by Princess Yousouppoff, Is Worth \$180,000.

The Imam of Muscat possesses a pearl weighing twelve and a half carats, through which you can see the daylight; it is worth about \$165,000. The one owned by Princess Yousouppoff is unique for beauty, says the Gentleman's Magazine. It was sold by Georgibus of Calais, in 1620, to Philip IV. of Spain for 80,000 ducats; its present value is about \$180,000. The pope, on his accession, became the owner for the time being of a pearl, left by one of his predecessors upon the throne of the vatican, which cannot be of less value than \$100,000. The Em-

press Frederick has a necklace composed of thirty-two pearls, the total value of which has been estimated at \$175,000. Her mother, Queen Victoria, has a necklace of pink pearls valued at \$80,000. That of the Baroness Gustave de Rothschild, made up of five rows of these precious stones, is valued at \$200,000, while that of the Baroness Adolphe de Rothschild is even more costly still. Both these ladies have given orders to their jewelers to bring to them any "pearls of great price" which may come into their hands in the way of business; the gems are usually purchased by one or other of these ladies and added to her necklace.

Good judges are doubtful whether to award the palm to either of the above two or to that of the Empress of Russia, which has two rows of pure white pearls valued at something like 80,000 rubles, but the stones of which are perhaps less beautiful to the eye. The one belonging to the Grand Duchess Marie has six rows, and is said to have cost \$180,000.

Mlle. Dorne, a sister of M. Thiers, has a necklace of several rows, which has taken her thirty years to collect, and has cost her upward of \$75,000. The Empress of Austria possesses some of the most beautiful black pearls it is possible to find; her casket, and that of the Czarina of Russia, are, in fact, the most famous in the world for pearls of this color.

Mme. Leonide Leblanc sold her necklace of pearls a year or two ago for nearly \$400,000, but in consequence of certain matters which were whispered about at the time she bought it back. The stones it it graduate in size and are exceedingly beautiful in shape and lustre.

POOR MARKSMANSHIP OF TO-DAY.

The training of naval artillerists has, in recent years, been given a good deal of attention, and no end of powder and shot has been expended in target practice designed to serve a more telling purpose in actual warfare should the occasion present itself. It would seem, therefore, that the floating equipments of naval powers of to-day ought to give good accounts of themselves in point of marksmanship if called into action, though, according to Cassier's Magazine, it would be presumptuous to undertake to foreshadow possible results. If, on the other hand, past experience counts for anything, there would seem to have been a notable decline in accuracy in naval gunnery, growing with successive improvements in naval architecture and naval armament. It was estimated some years ago, from data furnished by target practice at sea, that a heavy gun must be discharged fifty times to make one effective hit. The old smoothbores were credited with killing a man by the discharge of the gun's weight in shot; in other words, three tons of 32-pounder shot were required for the purpose. Actual service test with modern high-power guns, however—guns weighing twelve tons—has, within the past ten or twelve years, shown that it took about sixteen tons of projectiles to accomplish the same thing. It is interesting to note from what statistics are available that the introduction of rifled muskets into the armies has had a somewhat similar result. The old-time muskets, it is said, killed a man by firing at him his own weight in lead bullets, but the modern rifle in the hands of the average soldier, so it has been figured out, does not effect a fatality until it has discharged twice the man's weight in lead. Both here, as well as in naval shooting, therefore, there has been shown to be an important demand for greater skill and care. Whether this has been met in any measure, future hostilities only will tell.

THE HAPPIEST HEART.

Who drives the horses of the sun
Shall lord it but a day;
Better lowly the deed were done,
And kept the humble way.

The rust will find the sword of fame,
The dust will hide the crown;
Ay, none shall nail so high his name
Time will not tear it down.

The happiest heart that ever beat
Was in some quiet breast
That found the common daylight sweet
And left to heaven the rest.

JOHN VANCE CHENNEY.

HIS HEARING WAS RESTORED.

But for Some Time After He Couldn't Bear the Ticking of a Watch.

A well-known physician recently told the following story to an Indianapolis Sentinel reporter: "A prominent Marion county farmer discovered that he was gradually getting deaf. He couldn't hear the hired man blast stumps with giant powder. He came to my office and made signs that he wanted his ears examined. I examined them and in an instant, almost found that his defective hearing was caused by the gathering of a waxy substance in his ears. When I removed this obstruction of the hearing I was surprised at the result. The old gentleman jumped from the chair where he had been seated and put both hands to his ears. He couldn't stand the noise from the street and the least sound startled him. He was one of the most pleased men I ever saw. He went away, and it was several weeks before I saw him again. He called at my office, with his wife and she did all the talking. She hardly raised her voice above a whisper and every now and then she looked at her husband in a timid way. She said that for several days he would not allow the least bit of noise in the house and that he butchered some pigs before their time on account of being affected by their squeal. His daughter and her husband had lived with them for two years and they had to leave on account of the crying of their 6-months-old baby. There were two clocks in the house, one in the dining-room and one in the bedroom. These he stopped on account of their ticking. The clock in the bedroom was an alarm clock. It went off one night. He jumped from bed and nearly broke his neck by falling head first on the floor. The woman said that she had to keep the house as quiet as a graveyard for more than two weeks, as it was that long before her husband became accustomed to hearing. His daughter, however, has gone back to the farm with her baby, and the clocks have been started again."

PAINTING AND ARTISTS.

Rosa Bonheur is over seventy years of age, and not finding her easel sufficient to occupy her time and consume her energy, she has taken up with photography as an additional work.

Miss Dhanbai Fardonjer Banajee, aged eighteen years, of Bombay, is the first woman to go from India to Paris for art study. She has succeeded in having one of her pictures hung in the Paris salon.

After many repaintings and alterations Alma Tadema has finished his magnum opus, a picture of ancient Rome in festival, which has already been bought by a dealer in Berlin for one hundred thousand marks. It is called "Spring," and contains more than one hundred figures of celebrants and spectators, a procession in honor of the gods of flowers and fertility moving along toward the temple.