Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., May 7, 1926.

THE PACKAGE OF SEEDS.

I paid a dime for a package of seeds
And the clerk tossed them out with a flip:
"We've got 'em assorted for every man's needs,"
He said, with a smile on his lip.
"Pansies and poppies and asters and peas!
Ten cents a package! And pick as you please!"

Now, seeds are just dimes to the man in the store,
And the dimes are the things that he needs;
And I've been to buy them in seasons before,
But have thought of them merely as seeds.
But it flashed through my mind, as I took them this time,
"You have purchased a miracle here for a dime!"

"You've a dime's worth of power which no man can create,
You've a dime's worth of life in your hand!
You've a dime's worth of mystery, destiny fate,
Which the wisest cannot understand,
In this bright little package; now, isn't it odd?
You've a dime's worth of something known only to God!"

These are seeds, but the plants and the blossoms are here
With their petals of various hues;
In these little pellets, so dry and so queer,
There is power which no chemist can fuse.
Here is one of God's miracles, soon to unfold;
Thus for ten cents an ounce is Divinity sold!

—By Edgar A. Guest.

THE EXILES.

The Princess and the Count sat on a bench in the sunshine of the Casino gardens.

The Count's age might have attained the grand total of twenty-five summers. His dark mustache was far too small to shade a shortish upper lip and the tiny triangular patch of close-cropped beard on the point of his chin did no more than lengthen a little the still boyish contour of his smooth cheeks. A stringless monocle gave to one brilliant eye a somewhat unnatural fixity, but the other gleamed with amusement, daring, insouciance, defiance and that sudden sweeping melancholy which is the inheritance of the Slav. He spoke a fluent mixture of tongues based on the quick, soft Russian that makes one think of a brook slipping over sharp little stones. He was dressed in the captain's uniform of a regiment once well known around Tsarskoe-Selo and the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg, and from time to time he rose punctiliously to salute some grand blesse' —mutilated Tommy or Poilu, crawling on the arm of a blue- or gray-veiled war nurse. For this was in the spring of 1919.

The Princess' attire was hardly less polyglot than the Count's brisk conversation, for, while her little sable cap spoke of the white steppes of her birth, the black pinafore she wore had penty to say for the unspottable, indestructible qualities that have made it a favorite of French schoolrooms for generations, while the scuffed boots on her slim feet fairly shouted of America via the Russian Refugee Relief Association.

In her arms she clasped a large and forlorn doll with a painted cloth face above which her own, thin, small and pale, looked a little too mature; at times almost old with the age that is of experience and not of years.

Just now she was happy and her very dark blue eyes sparkled.

"And the Grand Duchess said ... ?" she prompted, trying to mask eagerness under a properly well-bred detachment.

"Princess, I will come to that. First let me tell you how she looked standing there, blonde comme les bles, with an emerald at her breast of lilies as big .... as big ...." He hunted breathlessly for a smile, found none and cupped his hands about an invisible orange. "As big as this, per Bacco!"

"The gift of .... ?" the Princess nodded with a sapience slightly startling in one of her scant ten years.

'Qlien sabe?" the Count deprecated chivalrously. "At any rate, the old gray wolf, her uncle, stood behind her scowling, ma foi!—at the touch of my lips on her hand, and I think he would have started forward with some harsh command, but, just at that moment—'Bo-Zhe Tsar-ya Krani ....' " he intoned the national anthem under his breath, "the swords snapped to salute, the great doors at the end of the hall swung open, and there ..... there ....."

"The Tsar!" she breathed, her teeth slipping over her pale lip, that would quiver with childish excitement.

The young man nodded. "But in that moment of brouhaha, while the band crashed and the swords swished through the perfumed air, she managed, the divine lady, to whisper a word slipped under her fan and my blade to my very heart, and that word was—to-morrow!"

"To-day?" the Princess just managed to whisper.

"To-day." He compressed his lips and looked unutterably mysterious. "And more, when at three this morning I reached my apartment on the Nevski, what should I find but—" He hesitated. "If you would so kindly send the Princess Olga to play for a moment. Little pitchers, you know."

With a glance of age-old understanding the Princess carried her charge to a bench a few feet away, disposed her gently on a tattered square of brownish flannel, and returned on winged feet.

"You found?—Continuez donc, Monsieur de Suvarav!"

"In the turned-back cuff of my dress tunic, a scrap of paper—"

"A billet-doux!" exclaimed the Princess, trying to look shocked.

"On it the words, 'Three o'clock. Park gate. Bring the Princess.' "

Trained woman of the world though she was, I fear the Princess uttered a sound curiously like "Oooh!" before she composed her wits and manners to the consideration of what was evidently a delicate problem of conduct.

Seeing her hesitate, the Count proceeded dreamily:

"The big troika with the three great black Orloff courses will wait at the gate in the gleaming snow. We will fly like lightning under branches bending so deep with the weight of snow that they brush our heads. Far back in the forest a wolf or two will bay, but the silver bells on the tall yoke of the middle stallion will drown them out.

"The hunting lodge—you know it, Princess. We will come to it at sunset, and the crimson sky will outline its three pepper-pot towers and the folded slate roof that holds long fingers of snow in its steep crevices. It will be almost too dark to make out the cavern of the low, nail-studded door, but at a shout from our coachman it will open on a square of candle-light, golden on the snow.

"And old 'Stacha will take our furs in the warm hall, carpeted with the pelts of great beasts. And then we will go into a room with soft reddish leather on its walls and a little painted ikon in one corner. And there will be a man in a blue emboidered blouse with a balalaika on his knee, and a thousand songs of old Russia in his head; and a tea—Bozhe' moi, Princess, what a tea there will be! White vodka for me and a thimbleful apiece of mahogany-colored Tokay for you and the Grand Duchess, and big gray eggs of caviar in a block of packed snow, and a samovar—"

"Silver!" interjected the Princess.

"Do vot! Silver, of course, on one end of the lace cloth. And there will be smoked sterlet and scarlet radishes and golden-brown kalatches, and little thin sandwiches of the freshest, crispest rye bread, fragrant with aniseed, and bonbons glaces tasting of kirsch in their little paper shells. . ."

The two young faces were growing more alike moment by moment, but it was not the sort of likeness that it is pleasantest to see in young faces. Their lips looked just a trifle breathless and bluish, and were parted in an expression a little too hungry to be strictly becoming.

The Count stopped with a quick half-sigh, and for a moment they sat silent, trying to readjust themselves to the hard sunlight of the Mediterranean and the subtropic vegetation of the carefully combed and manicured Casino gardens. Then the Princess made a gesture truly in keeping with her exalted rank. Fumbling in the pocket of her rusty black pinafore, she drew there-from with infinite precautions a very small tablet of Chocolate Menier, which she snapped neatly in half. One piece was returned to its original repository while the other was held out delicately to the pensive Count. He started.

"No—Princess!" he exclaimed. "You overwhelm me but—but I am not hungry, I assure you. Besides, I should fear to deprive you."

"We are always a little hungry, no?" she said wistfully. "And you are not taking it from me, I assure you. It is Olga's piece and—" she looked sideways at the doll on the next bench and finished bravely, though she lowered her voice, "I sometimes think she does not really need it!"

At this noble treachery the Count rose to his feet and, taking the chocolate, bowed so low over the donor's hand that his forehead all but touched the chilblained knuckles.

"From my heart I thank you," he said. "I confess now that I am most hungry. And it is an honor to accept what is so graciously offered."

The Princess bowed sedately in return; then, with as much tact as maternal solicitude, rushed to her Olga with a cry of "Ciel, ma fille!" as she rescued the miserable object from the patch of shade which had crept unnoticed over her end of the bench.

"Still delicate of the throat?" the Count inquired sympathetically.

"The climate does not agree with her!" Olga's mother confided with a look of exquisite tenderness at her offspring. "Sometimes I fear I shall have to—to—to to give up my beautiful villa here and take her to ..... America!"

"Ah, America! By the way, this morning I have news from there."

"The Countess Natalya Mikhailovana, she is well?"

"My sister is well and—er—has joined the household of richissime America nobles."

"Oh. A lady-in-waiting."

"Precisely," assented the Count, suppressing a wry smile. He did not enjoy the mental picture of his proud Natalya adorned with the lace cap and apron that are the badge of office of such ladies-in-waiting.

"And your cousin Yegor Sergeievitch?"

"He is in business in a large city called, if I remember rightly, Passaic, N. J. Something important to do with automobiles, notably the celebrated voiture Henriford."

"He will make very much money," the Princess nodded as one in touch with the world of finance. "And then he will come back and put the next Tsar on his throne and we will all go home and be happy again. And Petya?"

"Akh—Petya!" The Count showed his white teeth in a genuine grin. "That rascal may really make all our fortunes yet. He has gone to the western part of the country and plays before the cinema. Yegor writes me that he has appeared already in one production most curiously entitled 'Atmosphere.' "

"It will be one of those mysterious dramas like the one you took me to on the Condamine five Sundays ago," the Princess opined. "A play in which for many acts nobody knows who he is," she added with perfectly unconscious accuracy.

She began to wrap Olga in the square of flannel and preen her shabby little self in evident preparation for departure.

"It gets late." She measured the shadows with a practiced eye. "We will walk around to the front of the Casino and then, if you would be so very kind as to remind my grandfather ....."

The Count rose at once, though the task of shepherding the morose old aristocrat was anything but to his taste. Together the odd pair made their way to the front of the huge pile. It was here that Suvarov had first noticed the patient child daily waiting as he emerged each afternoon from his seance at the tables. After about a week he had spoken to her, drawn by the proud forlornness of the little thing. From her description he had no difficulty in establishing her kinship to the tall and threadbare old man who, for a few modest five-franc notes at the dead hour of the afternoon, earned his claim to sit at the edge of a sheet of green baize, endlessly figuring on pieces of squared paper with a gnawed pencil.

He had recognized the type at first sight; the exiled nobleman who, having scraped together a couple of thousand francs, goes to Monte Carlo in the desperate hope of wresting a competency from the goddess who never smiles on actual need. With something of a shock, Suvarov had been forced to admit that he himself was of that brotherhood. For two months he had been in Monaco for no other purpose, and his luck and self-restraint had generally enabled him to make his meals with a little left over toward his bill at a small hotel. But that first revealing glimpse of Prince Tcherbatzkoi had suddenly disgusted him with the whole penny-cadging business. He gave up regular attendance at the Salle de Jeu from that day, left hotel for still cheaper quarters at the pension patronized by the Tcherbatzkois, and determined to drift through life for as long as his money held out—a possible six weeks. He set himself to this with the fatalism of a Russian and a man whose whole future has been blotted out by a cataclysm which has left him stunned as well as bereft of all that formerly constituted existence.

The thought of the revolver at the bottom of his little tin trunk was an efficient talisman against vain regrets and vainer ambitions; daily conversation with Nadia Tcherbatzkaia preserved his sense of humor; Turkish tobacco, an occasional ticket to opera or movies, and the tinny pension piano provided him with as much entertainment as a right-minded man need have.

Thus it may be seen that, for all his bright eyes and inherent dandyism, Suvarov was achieving spiritual detachment.

Prince Tcherbatzkoi, on the other hand, had clearly practiced no such absentention. In him, rage and hatred had culminated in a sort of chronic anguish of the soul, of which the sunken fire of the eyes, the twisted liplessness of the mouth, were easily discernible stigmata. Suvarov tchkd commiseratingly to himself as he crossed the main gaming-room to stand unobtrusively beside the old man: he was thinking of the child outside the building.

He negligently threw a five-franc chip en croix on four numbers. He could not afford it, but its immediate loss enabled him to say gayly, "The goddess turns her face away from me this afternoon, mom prince. Does she smile on you?"

"Nothing smiles on me," Tcherbatzkoi answered in a rough whisper. He looked even more desperate than usual.

"So?" the young man's voice was of the cheeriest. "Perhaps the Princess Nadia would prove an exception to that rule if we were to join her. I think I caught sight of her outside the Casino a moment ago."

"Nadia dogs me incessantly!" Tcherbatzkoi retorted angrily. "I shall have to forbid her the gardens. Am I a child?"

Nevertheless he rose almost immediately and the two men, one shabby and shambling, the other jaunty and slim, made their way to the Place.

On the way home it was Tcherbatzkoi who took the lead at a rapid, shouldering crawl, while the two others followed rather silently in his wake. He stopped only once, at the English chemist's, outside of which he curtly bade his granddaughter await him.

Her blue eyes crept apologetically to the face of Suvarov, whose existence the old man had rudely ignored.

"I think poor Grand-pere has pains in the heart again," she murmured. "They make him—quite forgetful."

Suvarov parted from his companions at the pension gate with a quick salute and formal little bow. He was in the mood of walking and strode rapidly through the narrow town and up the steep paths that led to the Prince of Monaco's gardens.

Arrived at the summit, he perched on a stone wall from where he could see the whole panorama of the bay and its encircling hills and he removed his monocle. Without it, his face appeared to sag into lines of discouragement and defeat.

He sat for an appreciable time without moving, then pulled a flat leather purse out of his pocket and counted the contents: twenty-seven francs and a few coppers, besides a couple of five-franc chips. This represented the sum total of his wealth.

True, there was the gold bangle set with three or four small diamonds. He considered it in the fading light, the last link with an affair of the heart that had once filled his world. But though sentiment had faded, there was a kind of inelegance, to his thinking, in turning any woman's gift to profit.

Methodically, for he had climbed this hill resolved to make a thorough canvass of his resources and intentions, Suvarov drew an envelope from his pocket.

It had come at the same time as those from America, but was postmarked Paris. He had not told the Princess about it. There was just enough daylight left to read it by, pausing at every sentence to stare at the red and green entrance lamps flashing up at the gates of the harbor.

It was written in the variety of tongues that the Count himself affected and came from a close friend and brother officer who was at present driving a taxicab in Paris.

It began exuberantly:

My Kyril, I kiss you on both cheeks and have found you a position! A riding master is wanted at a school of equitation of the most chic in the Rue des Belles Feuilles. He must know something about both horses and women, for the work seems to be largely with the fat wives and daughters of the war rich. He must be guaranteed not to elope with the first Miss or Mrs. Munitioneer who throws herself at his head. In fine, a gentleman.

I burned up three tires getting to the fellow who owns the place, and with the help of that snapshot of you —joli coeur!—taken on the terrace of Hospital 521 convinced him that I had his man. He will pay two hundred francs a month and lodging—the three rooms over the stable occupied by the last incumbent. He had a wife and two babies; you can have a dog and a piano. Or else get married—there is a small kitchen, so that would at least solve the problem of your meals. I almost forgot your tips, which in a school of that character ought to be worth something.

Golupchik, do not delay! This opportunity will not come twice. Our people here fight like wolves for jobs ten times less attractive. Make haste, I implore you!

Zhedayu schastya. Thy friend who loves thee, Sascha.

Poor Sascha—a simple soul! But it was a few minutes before the indignant flush called up by that sinister word—"tips"—had faded from the Count's expressive face.

Sascha probably took tips—taximan's tips; two sous for a "course" and five for an hour's run. But Sascha had a wife and child to support, poor brute. Suvarov fervently thanked the God he did not believe in for his absolute freedom. Natalya was self-supporting; he had bled himself white to pay for her passage to America, and he knew she would not accept another penny from him. The rest of his large family lay under Russian snows, happier far than their relatives who had escaped.

Two hundred francs a month! Five years ago he was paying twice that for a tete-a-tete supper at the Tour-d' Argent.

He closed his eyes and saw Prince Tcherbatzkoi hunched angrily over his eternal calculations. Natalya in cap and apron. Sascha stopping at every uplifted finger along the greasy curbstones of Paris. Yegor and Petya... O Bozhe!

At least they had a reason for it. Yegor and Sascha had wives and children; the Prince his Nadia. Nadia had pledged herself to the support of her former fiance, now totally disabled by the war and dying by inches in Paris. Petya was young, and had a right to life. By "young," the Count meant that Petya was about five years junior to himself, and had gone through but one year of the soul-shattering war.

And Nadia Dmitrievna had given him, Suvarov, half her chocolate!

The Count drew a shuddering sigh and put his hands over his face.

"Even if one wanted to, how would one have the right?" the full, fallen night heard him remark plaintively to nothing in particular, but in another moment he had straightened his shoulders, screwed his monocle back in his eye, and started down the hill at a smart pace, humming the latest impropriety from the Folies Marigny.

When he reached his room, he went about certain preparations briskly, though without unseemly haste. First he wrote a short letter to his friend Sascha, stamped it and set it prominently on the mantlepiece. The two five-franc chips were next placed in an envelope addressed to the pope of the orthodox chapel, with instructions to have them redeemed at the Casino and the proceeds given to the poor. Suvarov chuckled till his monocle dropped out at the mental picture of the fat and bearded pope invading the edifice of Monsieur Blanc. The small change he put on the table where he supposed his landlady would find it; she was a good old soul and the funeral might entail some slight expense. Lastly he slipped the gold bracelet off his wrist, touched his lips to it and twisted about it a bit of paper on which he wrote:

"To my friend, the Princess Nadia Dmitrievna Tcherbatzkaia.
Homage and farewell,
Suvarov."

Then, as one who has learned to be careful of a failing wardrobe, he took off his smart though somewhat worn tunic, brushed it thoroughly, removed a minute spot with gasoline, exchanged its service ribbons for a full complement of full-dress medals, and hung it neatly on the back of a chair not too close to the bed on which he stretched himself.

He was just inserting the ugly gray barrel between his white teeth, trying to think only of how unexpectedly large it seemed and how, in spite of his careful wiping, it still smelled unpleasantly of oil, when he heard a gentle tap on his door.

The Count was a brave man. He had fought brilliantly in two armies —the Russian and the French. He had been wounded twice, and decorated four times. He had once cruised a mine field in a "sub" for fun and often flown over the lines as a passenger for sport. He had even crossed Russia from end to end since the fall of the monarchy. Nevertheless, the very timeliness of this interruption caused his hair to prickle at the roots and a cold sweat to break out on his forehead.

"What is it?" he called faintly, almost breaking his teeth on the barrel of the revolver, which, in his agitation, he had failed to remove from his mouth.

"It is I—Nadia Dmitrievna," came a timid voice.

The Count struggled with an insane giggle of reaction.

"Princess, a thousand pardons..... I am—I am dressing."

"Would you be so kind as to..... dress quickly?" the Princess persisted.

Something was clearly wrong. Suvarov stuffed the revolver hastily under the blanket and went to the door. The child stumbled a little as he flung it open, as though she had been leaning against it.

"I regret to disturb you," she began politely, then, lifting an utterly colorless face, "Oh Kyril Mikhailovitch, I cannot wake him!"

"Your grandfather? I go," he said, and was off, coatless, down the hall.

By the time she had caught up with him, at the side of the old Prince's large armchair, Suvarov had slipped a certain box of little white pellets into his breeches pocket and, to the doctor, half an hour later, he said:

"It is clearly the heart. Only this afternoon his granddaughter spoke of the pains in his heart. Did you not, dusha moya?"

"She was alone with him when it happened?" the doctor asked.

"He fell asleep in his chair soon after we came home. I wanted to wake him for supper. I could not," the little girl murmured dazedly.

The busy and somewhat blase doctor nodded and filled out the certificate without further comment.

As soon as he had left, the other boarders at the pension began to troop in. They were all Russians, and most of them brought gifts of candles they could ill afford, to place around the dead man's bed. They brought, also, the depressed, voluble fatalism of their race and condition.

In the corridor outside, Suvarov, who had resumed his tunic on which the fulldress medals honored the dead in a way he had not foreseen, stopped the Baroness Thalieff.

"And—Nadia Dmitrievna, Baroness. What of her?"

"Akh, poor little pigeon," the baroness answered uneasily, "it will have to be the Aeuvre des Enfants Refugies, I fear."

"You could not, perhaps...." Suvarov suggested humbly.

The Baroness shrugged her shoulders. "I have my little boy—has the child no family?"

The Count shook his head. He had gathered from the Prince's rare moments of expansion that he and his granddaughter had been the only members of their family to get out of the inferno. Nadia would indeed have to go to some charitable institution, there to be lumped in with all kinds and classes and types. Poor little sensitive delicate thing!

"God help us!" Suvarov breathed deep down in his soul, momentarily forgetting to disbelieve.

When all the visitors had left, he went into the silent room and bent over the child, sitting stiff and tearless in the chair that had been her grandfather's. The doll Olga, the last thing left in life to cling to, was held tightly in her arms.

"Did you have some supper?" he asked gently.

"I tried," she whispered.

"Kharasho! Now, will you come upstairs with me for a little?"

She looked up at the bed. The landlady, for all the disturbance entailed by a death in the house, had been generous in the matter of sheets. Amid snowy linen lay the gaunt aristocrat. His folded hands were as white as the wax of the candles, whose pure, soft light seemed to have laved all the anger out of his face.

"I must stay with him," she told Suvarov, wrinkling her brow to remember the dismal proprieties of the occasion. "A member of the family...." she closed her lips quickly on a rising sob.

"In that case," the Count decided quickly, "it will have to be the Princess Olga. Is she not your child?"

A shade of human warmth came into Nadia's face but she gazed up at the young man as though wondering whether he could possibly be jesting at this awful time. His face was reassuringly grave.

"Come," he went on. "His Excellency would wish it."

He took the doll from the small mother's arms and sat it decently on the vacated chair. As he prepared to leave the room with Nadia he turned for a last look at the watcher and the watched, and his thumb automatically traced the sign of the cross.

Up in his room he took the little girl shyly on his knee. He wished she would relax and cry but she was as still as though holding her breath, and as wooden in his hands as the doll downstairs.

He was silent for a moment and began to talk, slowly at first but gathering impetus as he went along:

"I think," he said, "that the Prince is very happy to-night. He has met your gallant father who fell so gloriously at the head of his troops in the Pripet marshes. He has kissed the forehead of your lovely mother, who was called to happiness in the streets of Moscow a year ago. Cousins, nephews, his two brothers, his beloved parents are crowding around him, as well as the venerable ancestors who had left this earth long before he reached it. They all come up and kiss him on both cheeks and say 'Welcome, Aleksei Ivanovitch. We are happy to have you with us at last. We have been waiting for you many years.' And he laughs and talks as he has not done for a long, long time. But his heart swells as he thinks of his dear Nadia whom he has left behind. He cannot help worrying. Then the others say, 'Bah! Has she not that good-for-nothing Kyril Mikhailovitch to take care of her? What are his broad shoulders worth if they cannot carry the weight of a little princess no bigger than a snowflake!' "

The Count paused for breath. God knows he had not meant to say just that, but the words had apparently been forced out of him by the increasing pressure of a child's tired head on his breast. He continued:

"They take hands, all that noble company of the Tcherbatzkoi, and slowly, with your grandfather in their midst, they march up a tremendous avenue, twice—four times as wide as the Promenade des Anglais at Nice and lined with the shades of all the gallant soldiers who died fighting for their country and their Tsar, so you can imagine how long it must be! But there is neither time nor fatigue in that place, so it hardly seems ten minutes before they come to a palace —Bozhe moi, Princess, what a palace that is! The steps are of jade—many flights—and the great lions guarding the bottom of each flight are each cut out of a single amethyst. One hundred and fifty-four of them, as I live! Each flight of steps has six lions, so we will calculate tomorrow on a piece of paper how many flights there are —I cannot do it in my head. And as for the rest of the palace, I declare I am so dazzled by the blaze of precious stones that I can hardly see whether the main doors are sapphires or emeralds. At any rate, they swing open as the people march up the steps, and a man in uniform, with a little pointed beard and eyes that are not sad any more, comes out slowly before them. And with one voice, a voice so tremendous that Heaven itself is shaken, the people begin to sing.... to sing...."

For the second time that day the Count's light baritone voice swung into and steadied under the tremendous burden of the Russian National Anthem. Out of the respect for thin walls and testy neighbors he sang in hardly more than a whisper, but his soul was in that whisper. At the end of the one verse, Nadia was sobbing quietly, her cheek pressed against the braided frogs of the young man's tunic.

Sitting there, stroking her limp, silky hair and murmuring that she was his darling, his dushenka, his little dove with blue eyes, the Count's eyes would stray to the narraw bed in the corner, where the pressure of his body was outlined in a shallow trough. There was a lump under the blanket which he bade himself remember to take out before the slavey came to turn down the covers for the night. Nadia would be sleeping there to-night, while he watched downstairs in the light of many candles.

Unconsciously his brow went up in a whimsical grimace, half surprised, half regretful. "Ah well....Nichevo!" he murmured to himself, then felt for his monocle and screwed it firmly in his eye.

"Princess," he said, "do you like horses, and is Paris a city that meets with your approval?"

"Paris?" wondered the Princess, catching her breath in a last, shaky sob.

"To-morrow night I must go there."

Suddenly she flung her thin arms around him as far as they would reach.

"And take you with me," he finished importantly.

"You—you cannot take me to Paris, Kyril Mikhailovitch," she faltered with sad wisdom. "You have no money."

Suvarov fished in his pocket for a letter which he dangled before her, his eyes dancing.

"Do you see this?" he inquired, turning it round and round in one supple hand with the dexterity of a conjuror. "Look hard at it, for it is Story No. 6.
a magic letter—a bottle full of Djinni. Small and thin though it looks, it contains Paris. And a residence of my own. And horses to ride whenever I like. And the most beautiful Princess in the world to keep house for me. And two hundred francs a month. Not to mention—" he faltered, gulped, but finished gallantly, "—not to mention the large sums I expect to make in tips!"

Downstairs, a smile seemed to hover for a moment over the still features of a dead nobleman and a battered rag doll. But perhaps it was, after all, only the flickering of the yellow candlelight.—From the Woman's Home Companion.

Flower Lovers are Worst Foe of Wild Flowers.

The spring finds thousands of motorists in the country searching for wildflowers and frequently loading down their cars with flowering branches of shrubs, plants and ferns.

It is usually the flower lovers more than those who care little for wild flowers, who cause the greatest destruction of the rare beauty of wooded areas, says Dr. E. M. Gress, botanist, State Department of Agriculture.

As a timely and friendly warning to flower lovers, Dr. Gress has issued the following statement: "At this season of the year, hundreds of beautiful spring flowers catch the eye and gladden the hearts of the flower lovers who in their delight and enthusiasm will be tempted to pluck them and carry them home where they will soon wither and lose their beauty. It is these flower lovers, in their thoughtlessness, who are indeed responsible for the scarcity and destruction of many of our rare wild flowers. Often they gather every specimen from a colony and cause its final disappearance from that particular spot; thus the rare beauties are driven farther and farther from the cities and centers of population.

"Those who care little for the wild flowers, usually pass them by unnoticed or with a mere glance of appreciation and are, therefore, rarely if ever, responsible for their destruction. It is indeed the flower lover who is most frequently the flower foe. Of course, these depredations are not done with intention but through thoughtlessness, selfishness or ignorance. Let every flower lover think twice before he plucks once the flower which needs protection and which may bring joy to the hearts of others who subsequently pass by."

Independence Square May be Heroes' Tomb.

Burial of two unknown soldiers, Union and Confederate, in the same grave as observance of the Sesqui-Centennial of Independence, has been recommended to the Government by unanimous vote of the Americanization committee of the Veterans of Foreign Wars. They proposed Independence Square, Philadelphia, as a fitting place.