

then at the Casino, she tells me, and not seldom in the company of the King himself. He has the entire... she tells me, and not seldom in the company of the King himself.

Mrs. Kennard attempted no further persuasion. "Let her have her presentation to the King," she said. "And this nonsensical desire for including herself will vanish like one of the Saltrivian morning mists."

"Yes," said she, "I will be glad to have her portrait painted by some famous European artist and hung in the palace as that of the 'Queen of the Mountains'."

"I must be contented that meditations of the kind produce a beneficial effect upon this most curious of American 'aristocrats'."

"I believe he is in Munich now, though there is a report that he will be back next week for the great royal ball at the palace."

"Yes, I've met him. He's a— a New Yorker, you know."

"True, I suppose you've met him in some society there—in the 'Four Hundred,' as they call it."

"Yes," said Mrs. Kennard, feeling a little dizzy and hardly knowing just what answer to give her.

"Oh, yes, I've met him. He's a— a New Yorker, you know."

artistically explained her. "The face for a 'psyche,' passed through his mind, and all the more entrancing because nature has gifted her with that divinest of charms—the incessant forgetfulness that she is so beautiful."

A HERMIT OF FAME.

One of the Sons of John Brown at His Quiet Home on Lake Erie.

HER LIVES IN THE HISTORIC PAST. The Family True to the Memory of the Hero of Harper's Ferry.

LETTER OF A CONFEDERATE SOLDIER

FORRENDER OF THE DISPATCH. PUT-IN-BAY, LAKE ERIE, Nov. 6.—"Yes, this is Mr. Brown, a strange, picturesque character, as he stood by his load of gathered fruit which he was making ready for market."

"I live on and enjoy these acres and the products they bear," he continued. "In my retirement I look back upon the events of the past with my family name in connection with a mingled feeling of pride and sorrow."

"Do you hear my love?" she almost stammered. "The—King is to be brought to you!"

"I have profound respect for his memory," she said, "and never looked upon his like since he went to his grave. You will remember, perhaps, that the movements upon the army at Harper's Ferry resulted in a Congressional investigation, which was managed by Mr. Mason, of Mason and Gilliland fame. They undertook to take me to Washington to testify. They even sent a deputy marshal after me, but I refused to go."

"I do not see it. It was early in 1862 that I came to this island and settled on this little patch of land to raise fruit. I have led a very secluded life, attending to my vineyard and gathering my grapes. See, I have a wagonload almost ready for the Detroit market."

"I preserved it carefully among the many missives which I have received since the war. My recollection is that I have not his spirit, for I have not the message at hand this moment. Here it is:

"I have sent all of my product for years. I never sell a pound of my growing for wine."

"I have sent all of my product for years. I never sell a pound of my growing for wine."

world, except the quiet one I make here for myself."

It is not strange that in an afternoon of accidents I should have found Mr. Brown who bears the name of the remarkable man who began the war on his own account with a handful of men.

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our infirmities. We can be sure in our sickness not only of the love of the Heavenly Father, but of the sympathy of the Son.

It is a great thing to feel that God understands the heart of man, and that He is not only our Father, but our Friend.

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AN ARTIFICIAL IVORY.

Natural Ivory is composed of tribasic phosphate of lime, magnesia, alumina, gelatin, albumen and calcium carbonate.

This is obtained a plastic, intimately mixed mass, which is set to allow completion of the action of the phosphoric acid upon the chalk.

Travers—See here, that last suit you have charged me \$50 for, and you know you never charged me but \$25 before.

Travers—You don't happen to have it about you, do you?

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