BEATRICIA AND THE IMAGE VENDER

The snow flurries were blinding the eyes of the passing throng, but Pietro stood valiantly at the curb, holding out his plaster images for sale. It seemed bitterly cold to the muffled, skurrying crowd, but it was warm and balmy to Pietro. Though the hands which held out the little white image of the winged victory or a bust of Beethoven were blue and stiff, and the narrow shoulders of the thin frame were doubled together in an attitude of cringing subjection, yet the eyes of Pietro were looking far beyond the brilliant shops of Fifth avenue. In his imagination he was wandering in the Elysian fields with his Beatricia, where the sunlight gilded the meadows and the smile of nature shone everywhere.

O valiant heart of Pietro! For two years now he had molded plaster casts and images and sold his wares on street corners and hoarded the meager gain to be able to get back to his Beatricia. On the banks of the Tiber he had left her, picking grapes with the men and girls in the Roman vineyards, and he had come to seek an El Dorado before he claimed her as his bride.

For one long, sad year of separation she wrote to him. She upbraided him for his slowness in winning the wealth they had dreamed of, she scolded him for only luke-warm affection, she wounded his sensitive soul with repeated attacks on his loyalty and love, and gradually these criticisms, emanating from the restless, passionate soul of the young girl, tender but selfish, giving much but demanding more, crushed the ardent spirit of the young Italian, and he drew his love within the recesses of his heart and brooded over it, and ceased to pour out the soul's desires in the little message which he sent occasionally across the water.

Finally, when she believed her love too little appreciated, she ceased altogether to write. Pietro had been waiting and watching and counting the days for the letter which she owed. Weeks went by, then months, and no word came to lighten his labors and his loneliness. The first sharp pain of disappointment gave way to a long, dull, ceaseless agony that filled his heart to the brim and made it throb wildly at times within the tender walls. Oh, beloved Beatricia," he would cry out in the wakeful watches of the long night, "have you forgotten your Pietro?"

BEATRICIA.

The plaster Venuses and Mercurys and Sacred Marys stood side by side along the shelves of his shop, gazing down on him from their classic grandeur with cold, unpitying eyes. Sometimes at night he thought that he saw the imperious Milo shake her head disdainfully when he cried aloud. Mercury sneered, and a dimpled Cupid's head, by Praxiteles, broke into amused mirth. Once in his grief he knelt before a Mary, which he had himself molded that very day, and he prayed wildly and despairingly, and, as if in compassion, it seemed to him that the sacred lips of the image moved to intercede.

He lived alone. Others in "Little Italy" sought o know him and draw him out of himself. He was a handsome youth, perhaps 22 years of age, and many of the American born young Italian girls cast amorous glances at him. He did not even notice them. He looked far beyond them and saw a little dark-eyed girl, with a clear, white, transparent skin, more beautiful than the day—a cameo with but the merest blush of pink.

"He no gooda, he no gooda," shouted tha mob of merrymakers, tossing back their heads in unbridled, mocking laughter. They would look at one another when he passed silently, and then raise their eyebrows significantly and smile with knowing, conclusive smiles as they touched their foreheads with a finger.

Pietro scarcely knew of their presence. He used to hear their uproarious laughter, but it did not attract him. He had no respect for them. Many were but provincial born, and he, why, he, Pietro Gonzales, had been born in Rome itself, above the shop where Gonzales the elder had chiseled the heads of prelates of the Vatican from the finely veined, dazzling white ribs of marble from Italy's own hills and had been a true artist in his day, and had loved art and labored for it in the pure joy of creating. Money to him was nothing. He did not know how to earn it well, or to keep it. Art was everything. He deemed it worth the sacrifice of his son, whom he forced to go to America in order to extract a fortune from the new world.

But Pietro was beginning to learn that fortunes are slow in coming, even in young, thriving provinces, and his art was more than the art of chiseled marbles or of plaster casts. His love was his ambition. He placed it above his art, above his duty, above life itself. And the object had only grown to mock him for his devotion.

Often as he sauntered along the city streets, absorbed in thoughts of her, he would stop with a startled look and search the face of some passer-by that reminded him vividly of his Beatricia. He saw her often in this way, for her image was really never absent from his mind's eye. In his reveries of her she used to appear to him, and, as in the days of old, she would wind her soft, gentle arms around his neck and whisper, "Beloved Pietro, thou art a god."

For a year now he had not heard from her.

"She must be dead," he thought at times. "If she were alive she could not but feel the power of my love, though the ocean lies between us." But, like all lovers, he was selfish and sensitive, and he had sworn on his honor never to write to her again; and he could picture her often making love to Marcello and Valentino, and others in the vineyards, as she had made love to him.

A second summer of silence came, and Pietro wandered out into the country and walked among the wood ferns, crushing them to his breast with his passionate love of beauty. He would go and spend days under the sky, begging for food as he went. He could not work. He was steeped, saturated, overcome by the accumulated longing within him. The army of Laughing Fairies and Dominican Monks stood on their shelves, a neglected array, undusted and unsold.

The citizens of "Little Italy" forgot his very existence. When he did not appear they concluded that he had returned to Italy for a time, and they did not even care to inquire. One day a little, old woman in shabby black, with a coarse veil tied around her head so that her face was wholly concealed, came to "Little Italy" and inquired for Pietro. She could speak no English, and she seemed greatly agitated. The women were consumed with curiosity, and led her willingly to Pietro's little workshop. Her terror was pitiable when she found that Pietro had gone and had not been seen for a month. She called on her saints in the calendar to help her, and then on death to relieve her, and she flung herself on Pietro's couch and moaned for hours. She barred the door and covered the window so that the curious ones could not watch her from without, and she herself only emerged when she wanted to buy food.

It was some days after this occurrence that Pietro, walking in the country, saw a vision of his Beatricia, stretching out her arms to him and crying to him in a sad, distressed way. The vision was so distinct that for a moment he thought it was real.

"She is dying," he cried to the sky, "and she is sorry and would ask my forgiveness, and I cannot go to her. Oh, God of the poor, I cannot go!"

It made such a powerful impression upon his mind that he turned about immediately and began to retrace his way back to the city and to his shop. When he reached "Little Italy," a dozen eager men and women rushed upon him, seized him bodily, and dragged him toward his abode.

"Thy mother, thine old mother, is here," they screamed. "Ungrateful fellow, she is alone and awaiting thee." For the first time in many months Pietro smiled.

"My mother," he whispered, "is with the saints and happy. What canst thou mean?"

"Go, look for thyself, half-witted sluggard and beggar," they bawled out. And they pushed him toward the door.

The little old woman who had imprisoned herself within caught the shouts and the voice of Pietro, and her heart gave one wild bound, and she stood trembling at the door, ready to fling it open.

Pietro stepped cautiously and touched the handle. He did not know whom he might encounter, so his advance was timid. As the door swung back he gazed stupidly for a moment; then a cry of joy and pain broke from his lips as he laid his hand on his heart to still its awful beating.

"Beatricia, my beloved! Is it thou?" he gasped. "Dost thou love me?"

"Madly, Pietro!"

"Thou didst come to find me, Beatricia?"

"Thou, alone!"

"Thou hast come to stay, Beatricia?"

"Always!"—Chicago Record.

An Ancient English Charity.

At the Kentish village of Biddenden recently the ancient custom of distributing the Biddenden maids' charity was performed after the morning service. The charity consists of a gift of bread and cheese to poor residents and a roll stamped with the effigy of Eliza and Mary Chulkhurst, the "Biddenden maids," to all comers. According to tradition, Eliza and Mary Chulkhurst were born in 1100, jointed together by the hip and in this state existed for thirty-four years, when one was taken ill and died. The other, refusing to be separated, died six hours afterward. By their will the charity came into existence.

Two Kinds of Shooters.

It is told of Col. Hare, who is now the commander of the Thirty-third regiment in the Philippines, but who formerly led the Seventh cavalry, that when he first arrived in Manila he was asked by Gen. Otis how many sharpshooters he had in his command. "Well, general," said Col. Hare, after doing a little mental arithmetic, "I have 1,000 sharpshooters and about 1,365 crap-shooters."—New York Tribune.

THE SALTED FISH CROP.

GREAT IMPROVEMENTS IN THE METHODS OF CURING.

The Variety of Fish Salted Is Small, But the Quantity Is Enormous—The Demand in United States Has Recently Declined—Massachusetts' Ancient Codsfih.

The salting of fish dates from time immemorial. In our own country it began with the first colonization and has since been one of the great industries of our country.

Just when the first fish was salted in the world is a fact that nobody knows. Enough is known, however, to enable us to say that it was thousands of years ago. We have records of codfishery off the coast of Norway as early as the year 900. The engravings on the ancient Egyptian monuments testify to the fishery of the ancients.

At the present time there is not a country in the temperate zone where fish are not salted. It was probably not until the fifteenth century that the consumption of fish commenced on a large scale by the great middle class of people, at which time it ceased to be a luxury. It is a well known that in olden times fish were eaten principally by the richer class of people.

The demand for salt fish in the United States in the last quarter of a century has shown a decline, due in the greatest measure to the development of the fresh water fisheries and the trade in using the products of the sea fisheries. During recent years the growth of the fresh water fisheries has been large and has made incursions into the business of the sea fisheries, both fresh and salt.

The vessels employed in the fisheries today are larger, faster and better equipped than ever before. The catch of salt codfish by the vessels of the United States the last 25 years has increased from 75,000,000 to 150,000,000 pounds. The catch by the vessels of the world, including the fleets of Norway, Newfoundland, France and Canada, is estimated at 500,000,000 pounds, the most of which is exported to tropical countries after being hard dried. In this condition they keep ready for use and are very desirable food in the tropics. It is a light, palatable food and best adapted to the climate. Then, again, the church imposes so many fast days that salt fish is always in demand.

There is not much information on the subject of the early manner of salting fish, but there is no question but there has been a great advance made in the methods of curing fish for the market. There are 150 or more varieties of food fish. Of these only a very small proportion are salted in large quantities for consumption by the people. It is well known that in European countries some varieties of fish are consumed as food which in our own markets are considered valueless, but even in our own country there is a tendency, as the more important varieties grow scarce, to consume fish which have been considered unsuitable for food.

The principal varieties of fish salted are the codfish, mackerel, herring, salmon, alewives, shad, trout, hake, haddock, cusk and pollock. These varieties of fish probably make up nine-tenths of the salt fish consumed by the people.

The North Atlantic is probably richer, both as to quantity and quality, with edible fish than any other division of the globe's waters, and it may be added that where it washes the coast of North America is its richest subdivision.

The salt groundfish industry is located principally in Massachusetts, where the amount of codfish, hake, haddock, cusk and pollock salted in 1899 was 63,900,000 pounds.

The codfish is synonymous with the name of Massachusetts, and, using the elegant language of Representative Gallivan: "Poised high aloft in the hall of Massachusetts' House of Representatives, riding serenely the waves of debate, unperturbed by the ebb and flow of enactment and repeal, all the desultory storms that vexed the nether depths of oratory, there has hung through immemorial years an ancient codfish, quaintly wrought in wood and painted to the light. Humble the subject and homely the design, yet this painted image bears on its finny front a majesty greater than the dignity that art can lend to graven gold or chiseled marble. The sphere it fills is vaster than that through which its prototype careered with all the myriad tribes of the great deep. The lessons which may be learned from it are nobler than any to be drawn from what is only beautiful. For this sedate and solitary fish is instinct with memories and prophesy, like an oracle. It celebrates the rise of free institutions. It emphasizes progress. It epitomizes Massachusetts.

"It typifies the world old simplicity of those who go down to the sea in ships, the goodly, godly race, whom the stately scriptural story has immortalized, whose sturdy virtues the Saviour himself distinguished in the choice of Peter, the apostolic fisherman, and whose singular achievements on sea and land, in the arts, alike in peace and war, have glorified the annals of the commonwealth."

While the Bank salt codfish fleet at many of the New England ports is a thing of the past, there has been a tendency to salt fresh fish to supply the demand. The business of catching fresh cod and haddock during the last 15 years has been carried on energetically with the result of periodical gluts on the market. During these gluts large quantities of fish have been split and salted; if they happen to arrive during the season for finnan haddies the haddock are smoked. The amount of this fish salted or smoked during the year was, roundly, 50,000,000 pounds. Thus a great salt fish trade has grown up subsidiary to the fresh fish trade.

In the salt fish trade of the United States there is probably used in a year about 500,000 quintals of salt codfish, hake, haddock, cusk and pollock, besides 100,000 barrels of salt mackerel and 100,000 barrels of salt herring. The amount of smoked herring consumed aggregates 1,000,000 pounds. In addition to this there is a good deal of pickled salmon, shad and other fish of minor importance.

OUR SUPPLY OF SHINGLES.

Comes Largely from the Forests of New Brunswick and Quebec.

Formerly all shingles made in the east were split from blocks and shaved by hand with a draw knife. Those used in Maine, New Hampshire and part of Massachusetts were pine or shaved cedar, 16 inches long. In other states 18-inch shingles were used. In the shingle machines then made, the saw struck the bolt at the end, sawing lengthwise of the block. This made a rough surface on the shingles, which was said to hold the water and make them rot quickly. In 1865 there began to come into use machines made in Gardiner and Bangor, Me., which cut the block on the side instead of the end. The shingles sawed in this way had a surface almost as smooth as if shaved and were of the same thickness. These machines caused a revolution in the manufacture of shingles.

As the demand increased and cedar became scarce in southern Maine, manufacturers began to move toward the great northern forests.

The Phœnix mill in Fredericton, New Brunswick, was changed from a long lumber mill and 16 machines were put in that cut 224,000 shingles a day. In 1888 this mill passed into the hands of an American company from Calais, which erected a mill at Edmunston, New Brunswick, with seven machines. The logs for the Phœnix mill are cut in Aroostook county, Me., and driven down the St. John River. In May, 1888, the first shingle mill in northern New Brunswick sawing for the American market began operating at Dalhousie. The owner now has mills at Cabano and Notre Dame du Lac, in Quebec.

The cedar forests remaining in this part of the continent are in Aroostook county, Me., the northern counties of New Brunswick and the counties of Temiscouata, Rimouski Bonaventure and Gaspe, in Quebec. Here cedar grows large, and there are more trees to the acre than further south. It is found on the high land as well as in the swamps. In Nova Scotia cedar does not grow. In southern New Brunswick there is not enough left to supply ties for the local railroads. The locations named are the last of the cedar forests and these are being rapidly denuded to supply shingles and railroad ties, and in a few years all will be cut. Good cedar lands should soon become valuable as the area is so limited.

In 1888 the first quality of shingles sold in Boston for $3.60 a 1000, in 1898 for $2.60, in 1899 for $3.10.

The shingles cleared through the United States consulate in St. John, N. B., are sawed from logs cut in northern New Brunswick and Aroostook county, Me. The largest amount of shingles probably are manufactured in the consular district of Campbellton, N. B. The manufacture is increasing here, and during 1899 there were cleared through this office for the United States 124,028,750 shingles, valued at $221,015.40. There was erected during the year one mill, with eight machines, in Cabano, and another in Notre Dame du Lac. The machines were added to the mill here, and several were set up in the woods to saw in winter only.

The low price of 16-inch shingles has caused them to be used in Vermont, Connecticut and northern New York, where formerly only 18-inch ones were sold. All the large mills near Ramouski, Quebec, except the new one at Cabano, are owned by America.—New York Press.

New Partridge.

One would imagine that with the modern facilities for traveling the hunters had long ago discovered all the game birds and their haunts in every corner of the world. But, to the surprise of everybody, a brand new partridge has just turned up. It is called the Siberian partridge. It is found in the mountains of southern Siberia, although Manchuria is believed to be its real home. It feeds upon little wild nuts which give to its meat a peculiarly delicious flavor. The birds are killed in the winter, and, after a thorough freezing, they are packed and sent by rail to Liban on the Baltic. From there they are sent to London, where they are sold for something less than $1 a brace. As many as 360,000 brace have already reached the London market.—New York Sun.

Nothing Spectacular in Modern War.

What struck one of the special correspondents with Lord Methuen's force invalided home was the unceremoniousness of the whole thing. There is no pomp of war, no stirring music, no gay uniforms, and, strangest thing of all, no visible enemy. What you see from the standpoint of the British staff is a number of men clad in khaki dodging their way up the hill, making for cover wherever possible. Two or three of them suddenly drop, perhaps one gets up and presses forward again. The others lie where they fell, dead or sorely wounded. As the Boers always fire from cover and use smokeless powder, there is nowhere sign of them. That he speaks of as a circumstance more than all others tending to demoralize the men.—London Leader.

A ROMANCE OF THE PEERAGE.

Strange Tale of Fire, Hired Assassins, Thefts and Poison.

In a few weeks a romantic story will be told to the House of Lords by a schoolmaster who claims to be Viscount Kenmure, and who seeks estates in Kirkcudbrightshire. At present the residence known as Kenmure Castle, New Galloway, is occupied by a woman whose mother was the sister of Adam, the last Viscount Kenmure, who died in 1847.

The memorialist, John Gordon, in his pleadings, recites a curious tale. Viscount Kenmure who joined the rebellion in 1715, and who was beheaded on Tower hill the following year, left two sons, both of whom died unmarried. His widow, nee Mary Dalziel, shortly afterward married her footman, John Lumsden, and their children took the name of Kenmure. In several ways, according to Mr. Gordon, did she attempt to oust her husband's brother John from the position and the family possessions to which he had succeeded. On one occasion she tried to burn Kenmure castle at an hour when her brother-in-law, his wife and his child were asleep in the Baliol Tower. During that night a box containing deeds, the property of the Viscount, mysteriously disappeared. It was reported that Mary Dalziel had stolen the box. On the other hand, she swore that it had been burned.

John Gordon, Viscount Kenmure, afterward went to France, and while in Paris he was attacked by two masked men. Being a skilful swordsman, he succeeded in killing both. These two men had been engaged by Mary Dalziel to kill him! In order to see their work done thoroughly she braved the channel passage and a long journey on horseback. This plan having failed, she represented that the nobleman was guilty of fraud, and he was thereupon put into prison and remained in chains for eleven years.

On the Viscount's return to Kenmure from France, Mary Dalziel visited him and drank wine with him at one of the feasts given in his honor. The glass he drank from, however, was poisoned by her and he died. The Viscount left two sons, one of whom, William, was drowned while boating in America. He was unmarried. The other, James, found that Mary Dalziel had taken possession of Kenmure Castle, and had spread the story that she had bought it from his father, her brother-in-law, John. Eventually the rest of the property going with the title was seized by other people, and these succeeded in keeping James out of his rights. One of Mary Dalziel's children by her second marriage to the footman Lumsden forthwith usurped the title of Viscount Kenmure in 1824, and on his death, in 1840, was succeeded by his nephew, Adam Gordon, the last Viscount.

In 1847 the plaintiff's grandfather began to move in the matter, claiming to be the only male heir to the title and estates, as the nearest male heir to the man who was beheaded on Tower hill. John Gordon, the present claimant, pleads that he establishes his right to the title and Kenmure estates through the relationship he can trace to John Gordon, who was poisoned by Mary Dalziel.—London Chronicle.

Conquered at Last.

Peddler (opening his pack)—I have here, madam, an improved rat-trap, which—

Woman of the House—We are never troubled with rats.

"Which can also be used for cracking nuts—"

"We never use nuts of any kind."

"Or as a coffee roaster. Adjusted in this manner it—"

"We always buy our coffee roasted."

"Just so. Reversing the wires that form the upper portion and bringing down the side flaps thus, we have a device for holding eggs when cooking—"

"We never eat eggs."

"And by holding these wire loops, as you see me doing now, it makes a handy arrangement for holding a small mirror—"

"Haven't the slightest use for such a thing."

"While, by adjusting another small mirror in this position and another at this angle, as you will notice, and placing it in a kitchen window, for example, it has the curious effect of enabling the observer, seated at one side of the window and entirely out of sight, to see distinctly through any window opposite and to note what is going on inside, and all I ask for this most useful and comprehensive invention is one-half dollar, which is only about one-half—"

"I'll take it."—Cassell's Journal.

The Tramp's Advice.

She was standing on the front porch reading the story paper, which had just come in the mail.

"Madam," said Meandering Mike, "did I see you brush away a tear jes' now?"

'Spos'n I did," she returned. "It's no business of yours."

"I spoke in kindness, lady. You ain't treatin' yerself right to cry an' read both at once. It's a double strain on yer eyes, an' you might as well listen to my hard luck stories, an' save yer eyes exclusively fur de weeps. If you likes touchin' stories, lady, here's yer chance to have 'em brought to yer door, 'an you needn't pay two dollars a year's subscription in advance, neither. It's de chance of yer life, lady, to trade off cold victuals for pathos."—Washington Star.

The Consolatory Thought.

Sprottle—So poor Howles is dead. What a loss to literature!

Dimley—Loss! Why, now I can have his complete works bound!—Brooklyn Life.

SIGNOR TORRELLO THE LION TAMER

Signor Torrello was a tamer of lions—
His name in the Bible was Brown—
He could make the fierce brutes jump the rope, walk the wire,
And turn somersaults and lie down—
Signor Torrello
Was quite a gay fellow,
And rapidly winning renown.

Signor Torrello one day met a maiden
Who charmed by his soul-stirring art,
Stood in front of the cage and applauded the lions
As each played its wonderful part—
Signor Torrello,
In words that were mellow,
Laid siege to the fair maiden's heart.

Signor Torrello could look at a lion
And cause it to cower in fear,
But the look that gave Leo the chills had no terrors
For the lady who's figuring here—
Signor Torrello—
Alas, the poor fellow!—
Was conducted around by the ear.

Signor Torrello no longer tames lions,
The beasts turned against him one day;
The look that once charmed them had ceased to be potent,
They roared and refused to obey!
Signor Torrello,
Unfortunate fellow,
All bloody, was hustled away!

Signor Torrello, subdued and discouraged,
Now works by the day with his hands
And is badgered for losing the look that made lions
In terror obey his commands—
Signor Torrello,
Alack! how he fell! O
His case as its own moral stands.

S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Times-Herald.

HUMOROUS.

Chollie—Willie thinks only of himself. Fweddie—Yes; he's so thoughtless.

Nell—George proposed to me last night on one knee. Bell—That man would stoop to anything.

Nell—This tea caddy used to belong to my grandmother. Belle—Gracious! did she ever play golf?

Sillicus—Why don't you get married? Cynicus—What's the use? I already have a parrot and a phonograph.

She—Before we were married you used to tell me I was the light of your life. He—Yes; and now I have to pay gas bills.

"For mercy sake, how many pancakes have you had, Georgie?" "Mamma, you know I've only learned to count as far as ten."

"It's always in damp places that mushrooms grow, isn't it, papa?" "Yes, my boy." "Is that the reason they look like umbrellas, papa?"

Mrs. Buggins—I hear you are breaking in a new servant girl. Mrs. Muggins—Not exactly; she's doing all the breaking that's necessary herself.

There was a young fellow out west,
Who found that hard work was a pest,
So he traded his wheel
For an automobile,
And now he is taking a rest.

A school teacher lately put this question: "What is the highest form of animal life?" "The giraffe," responded a bright member of the class.

Hoax—Why do you suppose that fellow at the corner table eats so much ketchup. That's the second bottle he's had. Joax—Maybe he's a detective.

"Does your wife take to horticulture, Billy?" "Yes, indeed; she gets out every fine day with the hoe and chops the head off something I've planted."

Blobbs—Borrowell says you were out the other day when he called. Slobbs—Not exactly. I was in just exactly the amount he wanted to touch me for.

Visitor (disappointed)—So Mr. Smith is away on his wedding journey? I am very sorry to hear that. Housekeeper—Yes, isn't it too bad? The poor young man.

"Well," said the camel in the circus parade, "there's some comfort for me, after all." "What do you mean?" asked the elephant. "My hump is pretty bad, but it might be worse. I don't ride a bicycle."

"Have you got the countersign?" asked the sentinel. "Well," replied the raw recruit, who had left a department store to enter the army, "when I left the counter it was 'This silk twice less than cost.'"

Manganese in Chinese Vegetables.

An extraordinary thing which has been noticed is that nearly all of the vegetables of Chinese origin have a considerable proportion of manganese. Professor Blasdale has found that the great color characteristic of manganese was always present in a greater or less degree upon igniting the ash of the Chinese vegetables. The water chestnut, or "ma hai" shows the largest quantity. This is a well known food in Chinese quarters. It has a sweet chestnut flavor and is juicy and watery in consistency. It has a thick, tough, brown outer skin. Within it is white, and when grated yields quantities of starch. It is eaten either raw or boiled. It does not resemble the chestnut in any sense, being a little bulb, and growing at the bottom of a collection of long marsh grass stems. A considerable proportion of Chinese vegetables are produced from swamps.

Wilhelmina and Two Poor Children.

Queen Wilhelmina was taking her usual afternoon drive with one of her military officers when she saw in the wood at the Hague two children, one eight, the other ten years old, seated on a bench crying. Her majesty asked what was the matter. One of the children, still weeping, told the queen they had lost their mother, and there was no one to look after them. "Well," said Wilhelmina, "we must go and see your father." The children, with much hesitation, explained that they had been sent out by their father to beg. The queen, after considering a moment, ordered the coachman to take them to an asylum, and walked back to the palace with the officer.—London Chronicle.