

Tour of Europe

Every visitor to Paris is interested in the Bourse de Commerce, or old Corn Exchange, and the fluted Doric column relic of Marie de Medicis' palace. From here it is a step to the Bank of France, with precious cellars stocked with diamonds and bullion carefully guarded. Then comes the garden of the Palais Royal. Where is the splendor always associated with this romantic name? Here is revealed a tragedy of departed glory. There is a promenade beneath small shade trees; there is a basin of water which does service as a fountain; there are one or two flower beds. There are sculptures, too, and in the afternoon, when the band is playing, the court takes on somewhat of a festive air. But by morning light, when nearly deserted, it is dreary enough. The trinket shops around its borders show cheap and tawdry wares. The cafes which occupy the second floor are good for their inexpensive kind. Here is the entrance to the old vaudeville theater of the Palais Royal. In the garden are occasional benches. It would be interesting to stay until noon when the little cannon placed behind the statue of Eurydice is fired automatically by means of a burning glass.

An essential element in the charm of Paris is the abundance of flowers. The larger flower markets, at the Madeleine, in the Place de la Republique and on the Quai aux Fleurs, are supplemented by the flower kiosks scattered at intervals along the boulevards, by the big baskets of blossoms which one sees carried on the backs of men and women porters, by the bouquets of flower girls, and the gorgeous window boxes which light up by day the Avenue de l'Opera, the Rue Royale, and the Rue de la Paix. Paquin's windows fairly flame with living color. The maples in the gardens of the city have "put their corals on." The lilacs wave their purple plumes. The acacias are all out in bloom, and the chestnut trees along the Avenue des Champs Elysees have lit their "mimic chandeliers." Flowers are so cheap that anybody can afford to buy them, and almost everybody does.

Many countries have contributed to the splendor of that palatial edifice of art and pleasure, the Opera House. Marbles from Italy, from Spain, from Scotland and from Sweden embellish it, from Finland even, and from far Algeria. In front of it great bronze candelabra stand. The facade is beautiful, and there are interior glories of red and gold, of mirrors, stary ceilings, sparkling with rows of lights that look like strings of jewels.

Many tourists lunch at the restaurant of the Eiffel Tower. The view is fine and the ascent easy. The visitor can walk up the 729 steps to the second landing, but it costs as much as it does

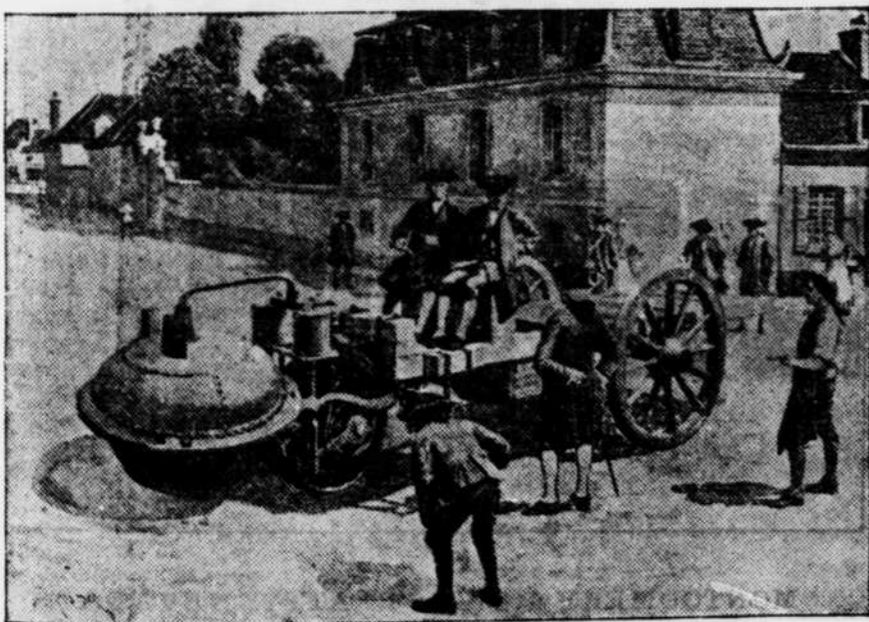
to take the elevator, which is of American make. The upper half of the way has elevators of a French company. It is the highest monument in the world, nearly twice as high as the Washington column at our own capital, but little is said about the magnificent reaches of its base. Underneath it is a good sized park, with fine trees in it and a lake.

Versailles seems stupid after Paris. Dull houses in a deadly town, a heavy palace, and a garden most solemn through the evidences of its frivolity. The show places of Versailles oppress by their artificiality. Horrible to find geography, geometry, astronomy worked out laboriously in hedges, to see trees distorted out of all their beauty in a degenerate effort at a new effect of opulent magnificence, and all of it gazing in the noonday sun. This is the impression which Versailles makes, until the tourist has visited the palace and is lost in imaging mentally all the splendor of its long ago, the formal ceremony of the reigns of Louis XIV. and XV., the courts of Malouette and Dubarry, of Marie Antoinette and her frivolous ladies, who knew no better than to dance and sing and play at living while the people starved. Then the curiously elaborate surroundings seem more reasonable, more in keeping. And when the visitor enters into the deep recesses of the wood and hears the nightingale singing—the nightingale which they say sings not of sadness but of joy in a newborn consciousness of love—where is found a statue hidden in a dell, or a silent fountain which, could it speak, could tell such interesting stories of the past, then it is realized that old Versailles is quaint and lovable.

Leaving Paris for Rouen, a tunnel is traversed, cut right through the old fortifications of Paris. Clichy is passed, and Colombes, the Maisons LaFite, where many of the wealthy financiers of Paris live. Next comes Pansy, the birthplace of St. Louis. The train dashes through many little towns along the Seine, with alluring vistas through the foliage. At Vernon is seen the ruined castle which Philip Augustus built. Finally, near Rouen, on a hill rising from the Seine, is the pilgrimage church of Bon-Secours, where stands the well-known statue of Jeanne d'Arc, which depicts her in armor, with hands folded, posed beneath the vaults of a pavilion.

There is little of interest between Rouen and Dieppe. The road traverses a cheerful and pretty district, where factories are scattered over the nearer view. In the journey the river Seine is crossed twenty-two times by actual count. There follows the night voyage on the channel, and next morning the tourist reaches the hospitable shores of "Merry England."

THE FIRST AUTOMOBILE.



CURIOUS MACHINE INVENTED BY A FRENCHMAN IN 1770.

The first automobile offers a wonderful contrast to those in use to-day. This first motor was the invention of a Frenchman, N. J. Cugnot, in 1770, and were it not for the French Revolution, which turned men's minds away from this form of mechanics, Cugnot might have anticipated George Stephenson, the father of the steam locomotive.

Cugnot's machine consisted of a wooden chassis, with three wheels. The boiler, a kettlelike contrivance, was in front, and the single forward wheel was driven by two cylinders. The steering arrangement was not unlike that of the present day. This curious machine still exists and is now in one of the museums of Paris.

MODERN VENUS OF MILO.

Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew, England's Most Beautiful Woman.

Ever since its discovery on the Grecian Island of Melos, in 1820, the statue of the Venus of Milo has stood for the embodiment of womanly grace and beauty. The face is intellectual, the brow serene, the figure perfect. It is the "perfect woman, nobly planned." It typifies not only youth and beauty, but womanliness, strength and repose.

Naturally, any woman would like to have the grace, dignity and beauty typified in this statue and no higher compliment can be paid to a woman than to say she resembles the Venus of Milo. And this is the compliment paid to Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew, the most beautiful woman in England. Lady Pole-Carew is called "the modern Venus of Milo." Her beauty is world-famous. Her features are almost classically perfect and her likeness to the Grecian

statue, now in the Louvre, Paris, is apparent when the two faces are compared.

Oh, Vanity of Vanities!

"We carry lots of women clear to the top floor or at least several floors up and then they take the next elevator down without going three steps away from the elevator," declared the operator of one of the "lifts" in a big office building yesterday.

"No, it isn't because they like to ride in the elevators particularly. Why do they do it? To get the use of the mirrors, of course. See those mirrors on either side of the elevator? That's what attracts them. A bit of wind will strike them as they turn the corner by the big building and then they imagine that their hair is badly disarranged and make for the nearest mirror, which is in the elevator."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Foolish Question.

"Tom said he'd kiss me or die." "Did he kiss you?" "Say, you haven't read any accounts of his death, have you?"—Cleveland Leader.

TRUMPET CALLS.

Ram's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unredeemed.



SOME people seem to think that the only way to make sure of the church getting to Abraham's bosom is to keep her a poor beggar there.

A man does not make hay by letting the grass grow under his feet.

A soft voice may come out of a hard heart. No life is more costly than the worthless one. Salvation cannot be spread without sacrifice.

The just live by faith and the faithful live justly. The brave man is the last to think of lecturing on courage.

No man has eternal life who is willing to keep it to himself. His death was the last segment in the perfect circle of His life.

Many a pull is like a rubber string, most effective when it hits back.

He cannot be meek before heaven who turns a marble heart to man.

A good deal of summer religion is so thin you can see right through it. The devil will let the preacher alone if only he may conduct the choir.

It takes more than rose water to make the desert bloom as the rose. The altitude of prayer does not depend on its high-sounding phrases.

The call to watch and pray means more than watching your neighbor. It takes more than polish to enable one to slip through the pearly gates.

It's better to have your feet on the rocks than your head in the clouds. The uncontrollable tongue does not have to work long to tell all it knows.

Dreaming of great deeds, we miss the doing of thousands of little good deeds. There are too many preachers trying to make bread of life without the leaven of love.

When we get to heaven we shall think most of the mercies we never mentioned here. The world would get a good-sized lift if we were as scrupulous about the things that come out of our mouths as we are about those that go in.

BEAUTIFUL CASS LAKE.

An Undiscovered Country in the Geography of the Camper.

Beautiful Cass Lake, set in an emerald wreath of 6,400 acres of giant Norway and white pines, contains an island of 1,200 acres known as Star Island, because its five wooded points jutting out into the lake give it the shape of a star, says the St. Paul Pioneer Press. Here also the white pines and giant Norways constitute a bit of the forest primeval. And within this island is yet another lake, the crystal waters of which reflect vividly the evergreen forest that girts its shores. This inner lake is variously known as Lake Helen and Lake Windigo. The latter name was given to it by the Indians and is said to mean the place of the evil spirit, though the fitness of the name is certainly not apparent in the quiet and peaceful surroundings of its placid waters. This lake, which is about a mile in circumference, is almost circular and has no visible outlet or inlet. Its surface is at all times higher than that of the surrounding lakes.

The forest on Star Island is one of its greatest attractions. Many of the trees are two feet through the butt and are capable of being cut into five or six sixteen-foot logs. Norway pine predominates, although many white pines are to be seen.

There is little undergrowth on the island, the surface of which is comparatively even, making it an easy matter to traverse it in all directions. There are high bluffs overlooking Cass Lake which make ideal points on which to pitch a camp. From these bluffs the surface generally slopes gradually to the shores of Lake Helen. There are springs containing the purest of drinking water and wells are easily sunk at all points. From the bluffs the view of Cass Lake, with its numerous bays and inlets and background of pine forest, is enchanting.

The primeval forest stretches away with magnificent sweep to the horizon and nothing in the surroundings suggests the presence of civilized man save the occasional boat of a fisherman.

Star Island is a part of the ten sections, 6,400 acres, forever set apart as a forest reserve by the government. Splendid as this spot is for camping purposes, probably less than a dozen parties availed themselves of its advantages last season. The truth is the spot has not been sought out by outlying parties. So far as the great body of summer tourists is concerned, Star Island is yet undiscovered country. Here are all the advantages that go to make an ideal camping spot—pure air, cool, pure water, evergreen forests, high, dry land on which to pitch the tent, myriad lakes and streams and a fisherman's and sportsman's paradise. Added to these advantages is the fact that the reservation is constantly under the police protection of Uncle Sam, which reduces the risk from forest fires and other perils to a minimum. All the camper is required to do is to get a permit from the government; agree to exercise proper care in regard to camp fires and not to injure the trees.

THE MITTEN.

There was the ring of steel-shod feet. There was the winter sun's last glow That lighted up the happy feet Of skaters flitting to and fro; There was the sound of voices low, I heard Dan Cupid laugh in glee— I, victim of his dart and bow— When Betty gave the mitt to me!

Ah, me! she was so small and sweet, Her lips like roseleaves o'er a row Of pearls, her hair like ripened wheat, Her voice that seemed to me as though Some far-off organ's note did blow, That I fell straightway on my knee, With pulses at fortissimo, When Betty gave the mitt to me!

Oh, ask me not did I retreat, For I am not a man to go, Because a woman might repeat A naughty, willful little "No!" We lingered 'till night's portico Fell wide; what must your wonder be, That I should stay on with her so, When Betty gave the mitt to me!

L'ENVOY. Ah, Prince, 'tis vain to hide, I know, What eyes as keen as yours must see; Her hand was there inside—(oh!)— When Betty gave the mitt to me! —Yellow Book.

Tom's Money.

MRS. LAUGHTON had found what she had been looking for all her life—the man under her bed.

Every night of her nearly thirty years of existence this pretty little person had stooped on her knees, before saying her prayers, and had investigated the space beneath her bed; had then peered beneath the dark covers of the dressing case, and having looked in the deep drawer of the bureau and into the closet, she fastened her door, and felt as secure as a snail in a shell. As she never, in this particular business, seemed to have any confidence in Mr. Laughton, in spite of the fact that she admired him and adored him, neither his presence nor his absence ever made any variation in the performance. She had gone through the motions, however, for so long a time that they had come to be in a manner perfunctory, and the start she received on this night of which I speak made her prayers quite impossible.

What was she to do? She, a coward par excellence, known to be the most timorous of the whole family; and here she was now, the two maids away in the little wing, locked out by the main house, alone with a burglar, and not another being nearer than the works, a half-mile off.

How did this man know that she was without any help here? How did he happen to be aware that Tom's money was all in the house? If that money was taken, nobody would believe the story; Tom would be cashiered; he never could live through the disgrace; he would die of a broken heart, and she of another. What a mischance for her to be left with the whole thing in her hands, her little, weak, trembling hands—Tom's honor, his good name and his success, their fortune, the welfare of the whole family, the livelihood of all the men, the safety of the enterprise! What made Tom risk things so?

It was worse than any loss of money to have such a wretch as this so near one, so shudderingly, so awfully near, to be so close as this to the bottomless pit itself!

Light and electricity are swift, but thought is swifter. In the fraction of a second Mrs. Laughton was on her feet, and before a pendulum could have more than swung backward, she took the light brass bedstead and sent it rolling away from her with all her might and main, leaving the creature uncovered. He lay easily on one side, a stout little club in his hand, some weapons gleaming in his belt.

"You look pretty, don't you?" said she.

Perhaps this was as much of a shock to the man as his appearance had been to her.

"Get up," said she. "I'd be a man if I was a man. Get up. I'm not going to hurt you."

The idea of this little fiery queen of a woman, almost small enough to have stepped out of a rain fly, hurting him! But it was so different from what he had been awaiting, that it startled him. He was on his feet now, towering over her.

"No," said he, gruffly; "I don't suppose you're going to hurt me. And I'm not going to hurt you, if you hand over that money."

"What money?" opening her eyes with a wide sort of astonishment.

"Come! None of your lip. I want that money!"

"Why, I haven't any money! O yes, I have, to be sure, but—"

"I thought you'd remember it," said the man, with a grin.

"But I want it!" she exclaimed.

"I want it, too!" said he.

"O, it wouldn't do you any good," she reasoned. "Fifteen dollars. And it's all the money I've got in the world!"

"I don't want no fifteen dollars," said the man; "and I don't want none of your chinning. I want the money your husband's going to pay off with—"

"O, Tom's money!" in quite a tone of relief. "O, I haven't anything to do with Tom's money. If you can get any money out of Tom, it's more than I can do."

money in the house here and would like to throw me off the scent."

"If I had," said she, "you'd only get it across my dead body!"

"Come," said he, again; "I've had enough of your slack—"

"You're not very polite," she said, with something like a pout.

"People in my line ain't," he answered, grimly. "I want that money! I'd rather come by it peaceable," he growled, "but if—"

"Well, you can take it; of course, you're the stronger. But I told you before, it's all I have, and I've very particular use for it. You just sit down!" she cried, indicating a chair, with the air of really having been alone so long in these desolate regions as to be glad of having some one to talk to, and throwing herself into the big one opposite, because in truth she could not stand up another moment.

"There it is," said she, "right under your hand all the time. You won't have to rip up the mattress for it, or rummage the clothes press, or hunt through the broken crockery on the top shelves of the kitchen cupboard," she ran on, as if she were delighted to hear the sound of her own voice, and could not talk fast enough. "I always leave my purse on the dressing case, though Tom has told me, time and again, it wasn't safe. But out here—"

"Stop!" thundered the man. "If you know enough to stop. Stop! or I'll cut your cursed tongue out. That's not what I want—though I'll take it. I've told you, time and again, that I want the paymaster's money. I'll put daylight through that little false heart of yours, if you don't give it to me without five more words—"

"And I've told you just as often that I've nothing to do with the paymaster's money; and with the great timid fears overflowing her blue eyes, Rose Laughton knew that the face she turned up at him was enough to melt the sternest heart going.

"Do you mean to tell me—" said he, evidently wavering and possibly inclined to doubt if, after all, she were not telling the truth.

"I don't mean to tell you anything!" she cried. "You won't believe a word I say, and I never had any one to doubt my word before. I hate to have you



ARE YOU BLUFFING ME?

take that fifteen dollars, though. You never would in the world, if you knew how much self-denial it stands for. Every time I think I would like an ice cream, out here in this wilderness, I've made Tom give me the price of that. There's only powder and tweezers and frizzes in those boxes," as he went over the top of the dressing case, still keeping a lookout on her. "That's my laces, and I wish you wouldn't finger them; I don't believe your hands are clean. What makes you look at me so?" For the man had left his search again and his glance was piercing her through. "O, your eyes are like angurs turning to live coals!" she cried. "Do you look at your little children the same way?"

"I ain't got no wife or kids."

"I'm sure that's fortunate," said Mrs. Laughton. "A family wouldn't have any peace of their lives with you following such a dangerous business. And they couldn't see much of you either."

"Look here!" cried the man, his patience gone. "Are you a fool, or are you bluffing me? I've half a mind to knock your head in," he cried, "and hunt the house over for myself."

"You wouldn't find anything if you did," she returned, leaning back in her chair. "I've looked often enough, when I thought Tom had some money. I never found any. What are you going to do now?" with a cry of alarm at his movement.

"I'm going to tie you hand and foot."

"O, I wouldn't! I'd rather you wouldn't—really! I promise you I won't leave this chair—"

"I don't mean you shall."

"O, you can't treat me so?" she exclaimed, lifting up her streaming face. "You don't look like a person to treat a woman so. I don't like to be tied; it makes one feel so helpless."

"What kind of a dum fool be you, anyway?" said the man, stopping a moment to stare at her. And he made a step toward the high chest of drawers, half bureau, half writing desk, for a ball of tape he saw lying there.

"Oh," she cried, "don't! Don't go there. For mercy's sake, don't go there!" raising her voice till it was like the wind in the chimney. "Oh, please don't go there!" at which, as if feeling morally, or rather immorally, sure that what he had come for was in that spot, he seized the handles of a drawer, and down fell the lid upon his head with a whack that jammed his hat over his eyes and blinded him with pain and fury for an instant. "I knew it!" she cried. "I knew it would! I told you not to go!"

"You shut your mouth quick!" roared the man, with a splutter of oaths.

"That's right," she said, her face like

a plying saint's. "Don't mind me. I always tell Tom to swear when he jams his thumb. I know how it is myself when I'm driving a nail."

The man went and sat down in the chair on whose back he had been leaning.

"I swear, I don't know what to make of you," said he, rubbing his head ruefully.

"You can make friends with me," said she. "That's what you can do. I'm sure I've shown you that I'm friendly enough. I never believe any harm of any one till I see it myself. I don't blame you for wanting the money. I'm always in want of money. I've told you you might take mine, though I don't want you to. But I shouldn't give you Tom's money, even if I knew where it was. Tom would kill me if I did, and I might as well be killed by you as by Tom—and better. You can make friends with me, and be some protection to me till my husband comes. I'm expecting him and Jules every moment."

"The man started to his feet.

"Do you see that?" he cried, holding his revolver under her nose. "Look right into that gun! We'll have no more fooling. It'll be your last look, if you don't tell me where that money is before I count three."

"I've looked into those things ever since I've lived on the prairie," said she. "And I dare say it won't go off—mine won't. Besides, I know very well you wouldn't shoot a woman, and you can't make bricks without straw; and I've told you I don't know anything about that money."

"You are a game one," said he.

"No, I'm not," she replied. "I'm the most tremendous coward. I'm alone a great deal, and I quake at every sound, every creak of a timber, every rustle of the grass. And you don't know anything about what it is to have your heart stand still with horror of a wild beast or a wild Indian, or a deserted—"

a deserted soldier. There's a great Apache down there now, stretched out in his blanket on the floor before the fire in the kitchen. And I came up here as quick as I could, to lock the door behind us and sit up till Tom came home, and I declare I never was so thankful in all my life as I was just now to see a white face when I looked at you!"

"Well, I'll be—!"

"See here, little one, you've saved your husband's money for him. You're a little double-handful of pluck. I haven't any idea but you know where it's hid—but I've got to be making tracks. If it wasn't for waking that Apache, I'd leave Red Dan's handwriting on the wall."

And almost while he was speaking he had swung himself out of the window to the veranda-roof, and had dropped to the ground and made off.

Mrs. Laughton waited till she thought he must be out of hearing, leaning out as if she were gazing at the moon. Then she softly shut and fastened the sash, and crept with shaking limbs to the door and unlocked it and fell in a dead faint across the threshold. And there, when he returned some three-quarters of an hour later, Tom found her.

"O Tom!" she sobbed, when she became conscious that she was lying in his arms, his heart beating like a triphammer, his voice hoarse with fright, and he implored her to open her eyes; "Is there an Apache in the kitchen?"—The Housewife.

REASON THAT MEN FAIL.

Speculation Given as One of the Causes.

What then is competency—this thing without which all else is valueless? asks a writer in Cent per Cent. It is that invisible, indescribable something which out of a brakeman develops a railroad superintendent or president; that out of an office boy creates a manager; that out of a bank messenger builds a great financier; that out of an observant telegraph operator produces an Edison, or of a studious lad a Marconi, and from a dry goods clerk makes a Marshall Field. It is something which schools do not teach, is not always inherited and cannot be bought. But it can be acquired in greater or less degree by any son or daughter of Adam who is willing to dig as he did, although not necessarily in the earth.

Yet there will always be failures, for a reason not heretofore mentioned, viz.: The vice of speculation, which is the name given to certain kinds of gambling other than that commonly so-called. Speculation is unfortunately not rare among men engaged in commercial occupations. In prosperous times many such escape with their hide, but in time of a panic or sharp depression in values the number of failures due to speculation increases enormously and reveals the large number of those who cannot resist the temptation to dabble in futures. We have called the indulgence in this thing a vice, and such it is. For the incompetent there is hope. The other fellow is sometimes cured by a wound that is not fatal, but the most part of his kind finally go down in a financial maelstrom.

Good-Hearted.

Boarder—I'll pay you very soon—I am going to be married.

Landlady—Oh, don't do that, Mr. Hardup just on account of the few dollars you owe me.—Translated for Tales from Meggendorfer Blatter.

Honeymooning.

Aren't the Honeymoons very much married?

"Yes, they are one and insufferable." —Smart Set.

It's just as easy to make a poor excuse as it is difficult to make a good one.