

A SIMPLE SAFEGUARD IN BUYING PAINT.

Everybody should know how simple and easy it is to avoid all uncertainty in buying paint materials. There are many so-called white leads on the market, which contain chalk, zinc, barytes, and other cheap adulterants. Unless the property owner takes advantage of the simple means of protection afforded him by reliable white lead manufacturers, he runs great risk of getting an inferior and adulterated white lead.

TOMBS OF SPANISH ROYALTY.

Most Gorgeous Burial Vaults—Marble Entombs of Kings and Queens. The Escorial, in which for nearly three centuries the kings and queens of Spain have been buried, is said to be the most gorgeous burial vault in the world, according to London Tit-Bits.

It is an octagonal chamber, thirty-six feet across, with its walls, save where the coffin stand, entirely overlaid with precious marbles. The staircase which leads to it is of marble with jasper walls. The general effect is unspokeably splendid. In the midst of this magnificence are the massive black marble caskets let into the walls, containing the bodies themselves. They are exactly alike, inscribed simply with the names of the different kings and queens. There is room for just six more monarchs and their consorts.

Of another character altogether is the vault devoted to Spain's royal children—princes and princesses. Here white marble rules, and very charming are some of the effigies over the tombs. The local name for the vault is "the place of the little angels," and though many of the princes who lie here were not at all angelic in their lives, the impression left by the white marble wrappings of the statues is one of spotless purity. One unfortunate Spanish king, Don James II. of Aragon, is daily on view in the Cathedral of Palma, in Majorca. The sacrilege of the place takes you to a yellow marble monument in the choir, opens a cupboard and pulls out a very ordinary coffin with a glass lid. As poor Don James died in the fourteenth century, he is not now at all a lively spectacle. His mummy is made gay, however, with imitation royal robes—cottony ermine, and so forth.

Most Pensioners Themselves. Domestic servants in Germany come under the law that obliges all persons below a certain income to provide for their old age. The postoffice issues cards and stamps, and one of these stamps must be dated and affixed to the card every Monday. Sometimes the employers buy the cards and stamps and show them at the postoffice each month. Sometimes they expect the servant to pay half the money required. Women who go out by the day get their stamps at the house they work in on Mondays. If a girl marries she may cease to insure and may have a sum of money toward her outfit. In that case she will receive no old age pension. But if she goes on with her insurance she will have from 15 to 20 marks (\$3 to \$4) a month from the state after the age of 70.

Ransom's Reformation. In a little town a few years ago there was a shiftless colored boy named Ransom Blake, who, after being caught in a number of petty delinquencies, was at last sentenced to a short term in the penitentiary, where he was sent to learn a trade. On the day of his return home he met a friendly white acquaintance, who asked: "Well, what did they put you at in the prison, Ransome?" "They started in to make an honest boy out of me, sah."

MOTHER AND CHILD.

Both Fully Nourished on Grape-Nuts. The value of this famous food is shown in many ways, in addition to what might be expected from its chemical analysis. Grape-Nuts food is made of whole wheat and barley, is thoroughly baked for many hours and contains all the wholesome ingredients in these cereals. It contains also the phosphate of potash grown in the brains, which Nature uses to build up grain and nerve cells. Young children require proportionately more of this element because the brain and nervous system of the child grows so rapidly.

A Va. mother found the value of Grape-Nuts in not only building up her own strength but in nourishing her baby at the same time. She writes: "After my baby came I did not receive health and strength, and the doctor said I could not nurse the baby as she did not have nourishment for her. Besides I was too weak. I said I might try a change of diet and see what that would do, and recommended Grape-Nuts food. I bought a pkg. and used it regularly. A marked change came over both baby and I. My baby is now four months old. In this condition, I am nursing her and my work and never feel weaker than I did. There's a healthy baby."

A LONELY GIRL

By Mrs. Hungenford

CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.) "If you wish to speak to me," says she, "I am ready to hear you. Will you come this way?" It is very quiet in the garden. Well! demands she, facing him. She feels quite safe and full of courage. Some instinct tells her that Hilary, who had so reluctantly obeyed her wish, is still somewhere near. "Well," repeats he, "is it well for you? You think you are going to marry that fellow, Adare. You still think he will prove true to you, when he knows that if he does marry you, his uncle will disinherit him?"

"I don't think it," says she, in a clear, intense voice. "I know it." "I defy you to know it," his breath coming more quickly. "Until to-night, although I have warned him of it, Sir Lucien never quite believed that his nephew—with a contemptuous intonation—"condemned to admire you!" "Still, I know it," repeats she, coldly. "And as for Captain Adare's not knowing that his uncle would probably disinherit him if he married me, I told him myself. But I need not have told so, he had quite made up his mind about it."

"Ah!" furiously, "then you have promised to marry him?" "No." Even in this dim light he can see the sad and grievous expression that clouds her face. "I have refused him." "Refused him?" Deane stands back from her, amazed, incredulous. "This is a trick," cries he violently. "Cannot you see," cries she, turning upon him in a passion of pain and grief, "that I could not marry him? I love his nephew, but I cannot marry him. I love him; but with this stain upon my father's memory, I shall never marry him."

"You mean," persistently, "that if those jewels are never found you will not marry Adare?" "I have told him so," she sighs heavily. Deane breaks into a sudden insolent laugh and then suddenly grows silent. Something in the very calm of Amber's manner has at last convinced him that any hope he has entertained of his services to his father is an end. But he can, at all events, prevent her from ever being Adare's! The day after to-morrow he will leave; and, catching the boat on Thursday next, be out of the country before Sir Lucien is even aware of his services to the Mill House. And, even if pursued, what chance of convicting him of having anything to do personally with those stones? A man of quick resolves, he now makes up his mind in an instant on a matter that might have taken other men many an hour to decide upon. "No," he says to himself, "I will not marry any other man," says she slowly. That laugh of his angered her. There had been distrust of Adare in it.

"That lies in the future," retorts he. "As for me, I have not mentioned it before, but Esther and I start for Antrim to-morrow. This is a secret. I know I can trust you with it. It lies with you now to either come with us or stay here—here, where you are treated with contempt and despised, and where, if you are in earnest about your refusal to marry Adare, you will find yourself deserted and alone. For"—with a strange glance, menacing yet appealing—"that will never happen! Those jewels Sir Lucien has set his soul upon will never fall into his hands!"

"You only convince me that you know something of them," says she in a low, clear tone. "I feel it is useless to appeal to you, but hear me! If you do know where those jewels are, I swear I will not marry Hilary, or any man that I will not marry with a glance at her. I will die unmarried. If only you will clear my father's name! Is that not bribe enough?" "Hah! you have come so far as that," says he. "Well, you must go farther. Swear you will marry me, and—"

She turns abruptly away, as if displeased by his touch. "I will not marry you," he mutters rebelliously. "However, a last word. If at any time you elect to come out to us—and I believe Adare will fling you aside when he knows positively what his marriage with you will mean to him—then you will receive from me a cordial welcome. Bear that in mind, my girl. It is worth a thought! And—another thing—if you agree to cast in your lot with us, you need not think that it must necessarily lead to marriage with me. His money, his rank, his position, his name, all these things, you may have, and you may be free to choose between me and many another; to—"

"You have not left me free this time," says she with a faint smile. "But if you are really going, Brian, good-by. We are not likely to meet again."

"You forget—you are coming home to-morrow."

"No, I had not forgotten. But to-night Madam asked me to go and stay with her for a week, and—"

His father's name was cleared! He did not wait to clear her father's memory before accepting Everard. What a dupe he has been! "It was a mere puff of air, until she could make sure of Everard, and his immense fortune. And he had believed in her; he would have staked his soul on her truth. Nearer, nearer come the footsteps. Quite in the shadow himself, he can watch her as she approaches, without being seen himself. A cold, hateful disbelief in all things—in everyone—has seized upon him, taking place of his late mad rage. As she gets within two yards of him he steps forward.

"Oh, you, Hilary!" cries she with a little throb of joyous surprise in her soft voice.

(To be continued.)

HOW TO TELL AMERICANS.

You May Know Them by Bar on Their Watch Chains. "When you go abroad and are anxious to meet some of your own countrymen, keep a lookout for watch chains, and if you find one with a bar at the end of it, you will be safe in addressing the wearer," said Representative Gustav Kusterman of the Sixth Wisconsin District, says the Washington Post. Mr. Kusterman is a native of Germany, and passed his business career in Hamburg, so he ought to know whereof he talks. For thirty years Mr. Kusterman has been a merchant in Green Bay, Wis., and the present is his first year in Congress.

"There was a time when it was easy for the traveler abroad to pick out one of his own countrymen by the shoes worn," continued Mr. Kusterman, "but since American shoes have been put on sale in every city in Europe, and apparently are given the preference among English people, footwear is no longer a criterion of nationality. But all you have to do is to look at a man's watch chain. If it has a bar at the end, the owner is an American. The German or Frenchman has a round ring with which to fasten his chain to his vest, while the Englishman has an oval hook serving the same purpose.

"Most Americans one meets abroad are always in the same big hurry they are at home. They will rush through an art gallery, a museum, or other place of interest without really looking at the attractions of the place, simply to tell their friends at home that they have been there. Of course, little knowledge is gained in this way, and if the trip is made for recreation, it must of necessity be a failure. It is far better to visit the smaller communities and spend the time among the peasants."

"Trips through the beautiful forests and mountains of Germany will furnish more real healthy enjoyment than can possibly be derived from visiting the larger cities. One of the paradise spots of Germany is the Teutoburg forest, near the city of Detmold, where I was born. Detmold furnishes excellent hotel accommodations and provides as much entertainment of high character, especially in the musical and dramatic lines, as any place of its size in Germany. This is due largely to the interest taken by the prince. Detmold covers territory of some of the larger than the counties probably of our States, but the prince receives a salary of \$110,000 a year. This is not such a large sum, however, when it is considered that out of it the prince has to pay for keeping up the roads, subsidizing the theater, etc. With his contribution to the theater it is possible to furnish the best of dramatic performances and operas at a lower price of admission than perhaps anywhere else in the world. Think of an excellent performance of 'Lohengrin' or 'Tannhauser' with 60 cents the highest-priced seat in the theater, or for 8 cents, if you are content to sit in the gallery."

The Tutor's Wooing

For reasons best known to himself, but which you shall learn later, Herbert Ford took a situation as holiday tutor to the son of Mr. Brackley, a substantial merchant, whose business was in the city and whose house was in Lancaster Gate.

The two boys were aged 8 and 9, and they were the only offspring of Mr. Brackley's second marriage. Refinement went out of his home when prosperity came in, at the date of that second marriage.

Miss Mabel Brackley was now nearly 20, and far superior to the other inmates of the house, with whom, however, she lived on the most amiable terms. She felt, nevertheless, that she was not quite one of the family. Her stepmother had many relations, who were inclined to consider her an outsider, of little account, and who devoted their attention to her little half brothers. She would not have been sorry to have a home which was really her own, and her father realized that it would be a good thing for her. Therefore, without discouraging any attempts of poor young men to pay attention to the daughter of the present moment, he was at the present moment encouraging the advances of a very rich young merchant who had looked on Mabel with a favorable eye.

It was to this household that Herbert Ford entered as tutor to the two boys. Frankly he had admitted that up to the present his experience in teaching had not been great. He intended for himself a literary career, he stated, and tutored only as a temporary expedient, but his public school and university education fully qualified him to undertake his task.

Mr. Brackley had been much pleased with the young man at his first interview with him, and his impression corresponded with that of Mrs. Brackley when she saw him. Mabel Brackley had an impression of having seen him somewhere before, but not remembering where, and feeling she might have been mistaken, she said nothing about it. He, at any rate, did not seem to remember her, for his greeting, though extremely courteous, was that of a complete stranger. A few days later he asked for an interview with the father.

"I come to ask you for your daughter's hand," he said simply. "What, sir—what do you mean?" "I want your daughter's hand—of course, I mean the rest of her with it. I want her. I want to marry her. I do, as in duty bound, I ask you for your permission."

"You are an outrageous scoundrel, sir," was all Mr. Brackley could get out. He was pink with rage. The tutor's manner was not calculated to make him less angry. "Come, sir, come," said Ford testily, "I have your permission to marry your daughter?"

Brackley looked at him in impotent rage. He wiped his forehead with a large red handkerchief. At last he collected himself sufficiently to speak. "You steal into this house—the best house on Lancaster Gate—under the pretense of tutoring my boys, and deliberately set yourself to take my daughter away."

"Precisely. You have stated the case as shortly as I could, though you have guessed rather quickly. I stole into this house with that deliberate intention. The tutoring was only a blind. Mr. Brackley gasped again. The man acknowledged it, seemed to acknowledge more than even he had charged him with.

A GREAT MOMENT IN THE BATTLE OF QUEBEC.



The battle of Quebec, fought on the Plains of Abraham in September, 1759, is memorable if only for the courage and chivalry of the opposing generals, Montcalm and Wolfe. As Montcalm rode back to the French lines wounded to death, a woman cried out, "O, mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! Le Marquis est tue!" "Ce n'est rien! ne vous affligez pas pour moi, mes bonnes amies," he replied. Wolfe was wounded three times before he fell. A shot shattered his wrist, and yet another struck him. Finally he was hit in the breast. He died murmuring, "Now God be praised, I will die in peace." The result of the battle was not the conquest of Canada, but the union of the French and British colonies.

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MARRIAGE RECEPTIONAL.

All-wise, all-great, whose ancient plan Ordained the woman for the man, Look down, O Lord! on these who now Before Thy sacred altar bow.

Almighty Ruler, in whose hand The morrow and its issues stand, Whatever the lot Thy will assign, We can but kneel; our all is Thine.

Throughout their lifelong journey still, Guide Thou these two in good and ill, And whosoever the way extend, Be with them, Father, to the end. —Austin Dobson.

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"I've a good mind to send for the police," he cried. "Unfortunately, what I have done is not a criminal offense—not one recognized by the law, at least."

"So you came here for that purpose? What do you mean by that?" "I came for your daughter, yes; most decidedly I came for her. And," he added exultantly, "I have got her."

"You would take her away from a luxurious home; you have already caused her to give up a most excellent chance. And for what? That she may be a typewriting drudge, and typewrite your wretched and, I have no doubt, wicked stories."

"Well, if she likes, she may." "You think that I shall give her money. You are mistaken. She will never have a penny from me."

"That doesn't matter." "You say so. But you know I am her father. You trust that I shall repent."

"I hope so—for your sake." "Now, sir, I tell you that the girl is penniless, and that she will never—never you understand—have a penny of my money. If you have a spark of honor left, a spark of true regard for her happiness, you will give her up."

"I have her promise, and I shall keep her to it," said Ford. "You talk bravely. I suppose you will tell me that you never cared about her money, that you love her for herself?"

"It is sufficient for me that she loves me for myself," said Ford, calmly. "At any rate, she doesn't love me for my money."

"No, indeed," sneered Brackley. "A man like you would never have got into a house like this save by a subterfuge."

"Yes, and I am so glad that in marrying Mabel I shall not be marrying her family. I was a little afraid I should have to, and I was quite prepared to make the sacrifice. But you have made the way easy."

Brackley sank into a chair. The revelation had been too much for him. It was some minutes before he could speak.

"Then I have the honor to tell you, Lord Ascott," he said, gathering strength as he went on, "I have the honor to tell you that you have behaved like a cad. You steal into a man's house and get his daughter's affections under the pretense that you are a penniless tutor. You take advantage of a father's natural and proper anger at such ruin for his daughter to break with him and to cut him off from that daughter's love. You may be a nobleman, by name, if not by nature, and you may be a rich man, but I don't take back a word which I said to Ford the tutor—except, perhaps, what I said about our not being likely to meet."

"By jove! you've got more spirit in you than I bargained for," said Lord Ascott. "I am beginning to be sorry for the first time that you swore you would never speak to your daughter again if she married me."

"But at that moment Mabel burst into the room." "I can't bear the suspense any longer," she cried. "Has he told you, father? I see he has. You must forgive him and me."

She went and stood by the young man, taking his hand. "Your father has sworn that if you marry me he will never speak to you again."



"I'M SURE HE WILL FORGIVE US."

You and I don't meet in the ordinary way."

"That is true," admitted Ford, "and that is why I determined to become tutor here."

"And why, sir, did you single my daughter out for your designs?" "Well, you see, I had seen her in the distance, and fallen in love with her. I wanted to know her better. She is all I thought her, and if I am not all she thinks me, at any rate I shall make her a good husband."

"Look here, sir," said Brackley, at the last gasp of exasperation, "if my girl marries you I swear I will never give her a penny, and I swear I will never speak to you again."

Ford looked at him steadily. "I hear what you say," he said, "and I shall keep you to your word if you are inclined to break it."

"What do you mean?" bawled Brackley. "I don't like you, Mr. Brackley. I don't like your house, and I don't like your friends. I think your daughter will be well away from you, and in time I have hopes that I shall be able to make her forget you."

"Well! Am I mad, am I dreaming? Is this a joke?" "If it is, I don't see the point of it. I don't like you, Mr. Brackley, and I don't want to see you. I don't mind your sons. They can come and see me and their sister."

"You think I would allow my sons to see their sister's degradation, her shame! Perhaps you think it is amusing to live in a workhouse?"

"But why should she starve?" "Then what—what do you propose my daughter is to live on? Though, mind you, if she marries you she is no longer daughter of mine?"

"I do mind you. Well, she can live on me. I am a very rich man, Mr. Brackley?"

"Rich—you?" said Brackley, thinking that the tutor was bluffing. "Very, very rich. One of the richest men in England. You see, I came here as a tutor—like King Arthur, don't you know—just to see how the poor live."

"How the poor live! You needn't insult me, sir! To steal my daughter and rob her of her inheritance is enough."

"You are right, Brackley, you are right," said Ford, dropping into familiarly very unbecoming in a tutor, "and I wasn't speaking the truth. I came here to see your daughter. Yours are not, as you mentioned yourself, the sort of people whom I am likely to meet. You must forgive my being vulgar enough to say so. But I had fallen in love at sight of her, and I thought if I made her acquaintance in the ordinary way, that if she didn't fall in love with me, you would, and try to persuade her. I so wanted to be loved for myself, and I was as little sure of that in my own world as in yours. I'm a nobleman!"

"A nobleman!" "Haven't you heard of Lord Ascott? I see you have. Well, he is the richest nobleman in Rutland, if not the oldest in descent, and he was reported to have gone on a yachting expedition. Well, it wasn't true. His yacht went, but he did not. He went on an expedition to Lancaster Gate."

"Lord Ascott! You!" "Yes, and I am so glad that in marrying Mabel I shall not be marrying her family. I was a little afraid I should have to, and I was quite prepared to make the sacrifice. But you have made the way easy."

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She went and stood by the young man, taking his hand. "Your father has sworn that if you marry me he will never speak to you again."

"Father!" She left her lover's hand, and went to her father. "You can't mean that. I love Mr. Ford. I don't mind trying to work for my living. But I do want to be happy. And I couldn't be happy if you cast me off like that, and cast him off too."

"So you would leave your father for this man?" said Brackley. "I would leave you for him because he is to be my husband. But I love you, father, and if you do this dreadful thing you will know that you are spoiling my life—and spoiling it just when I ought to be happy."

"The two men looked at each other. "We mustn't spoil her happiness, even to please ourselves," said the young man. "I expect you will have to break your oath, Brackley; and I shall have to grin when you do it. Shall we fall on our knees and ask your blessing?"