

## ST. BERNARD COAL COMPANY,

Miners and Shippers of **COAL AND COKE.**

General Office, Earlington, Ky.

Branch Offices.

A. M. CARROLL, Manager,  
337 Union Street, Nashville, Tenn.

S. H. NEWBOLD, Manager,  
342 W. Main Street, Louisville, Ky.

R. G. ROUSE, Manager,  
Palmer House, Broadway, Paducah, Ky.

CAPT. T. L. LEE, Manager,  
Cor. Main and Auction Sts., Memphis, Tenn.

A. S. FORD, Manager,  
377 Upper Second St., Evansville, Ind.

Wholesale Agents. HESSER & WICKHAM, Houser Building, St. Louis, Mo. J. W. BRIDGMAN, 603 Teutonic Building, Chicago, Ill.

### Keep a Sharp Lookout for Fresh Items of Interest to the Retail COAL and COKE TRADE, which will appear from time to time, permanently occupying this space.

#### PITHY PARAGRAPHS.

Crushed coke sells at 10 cents a bushel at Dun-  
kirk, N. Y.

The Boston & Maine contract calls for 160,000  
tons by rail and 150,000 tons by water.

A movement is on foot to make a good exhibit  
of Alabama coal at the Atlanta exposition.

A big run of coal went out of Kanawha on the  
last rise.

A large falling off in the coal output for 1894  
is reported by the Department of the Interior.  
This indicates figures given in our annual "The  
Coal Trade."

There is no likelihood of any overplus of Po-  
cabotas coal this year; after resumption is fully  
assured the orders now in hand will take care of  
all the coal that can be mined.

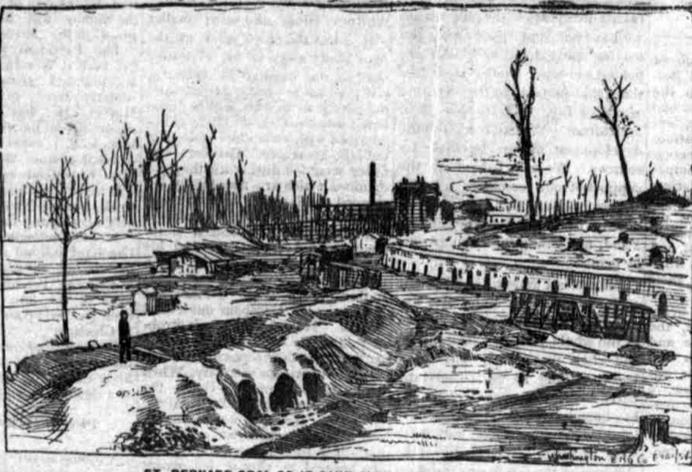
Guessing at weight is equally reprehensible,  
whether it forms the basis of paying the laborer  
for mining the coal, or on the retailing to the  
consumer.

The average production of ice, by means of the  
expansion of coal air, is what are known as the  
coal air ice machines, is two and one half of ice  
per ton of coal. Other machines vary from two  
and one half to twelve and a half tons of ice per  
ton of coal.

One newspaper talks about "the pressing ne-  
cessity for cash of some individual Anthracite  
operators." These are not very large companies  
now in the hands of receivers and at least two  
others that need all the cash they can get, and it  
is in these concerns, and not the individual, which  
cut the price.

At Cincinnati, Ohio, bids for the water works  
supply of 50,000 tons show that C. G. Blake is  
the lowest bidder. He offers Kanawha coal at  
\$1.75 per ton lump, \$1.50 for run of mine  
and \$1.25 for nut and slack. Pittsburgh coal  
was offered at from 9 to 13 cents per ton more.

Fifty coal operators representing nearly every  
big mine in town held a conference in Des Moines  
and decided on a pool "to prevent cutting prices  
by competing firms. A substantial advance will  
be made in prices when new contracts are made."



ST. BERNARD COAL CO.'S COKE OVENS, AT EARLINGTON, KY.

### Famous No. 9 Coal, for all uses, from Earlington, Diamond and St. Charles Mines. Only Vibrating Screens and Picking Tables used. THE BEST SELECTED COAL IN THE MARKET.

## CRUSHED COKE FOR BASE BURNERS AND FURNACES.

Why buy High-priced Anthracite Coal, when you can get St. BERNARD CRUSHED COKE for a much less price? One ton of the Crushed Coke will do the same work as one ton of the best Anthracite Coal. ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IT, AND SAVE MONEY.

#### SOMETHING WORTH KNOWING.

Many stories are given out as to the cause of the strike in the Elkhorn, West Virginia, district. Here is one from Baltimore:—"There is much indignation against the mine owners in Baltimore, where the securities of the railroad are largely held. The mine owners deny the charge of the railroad officials, but the former are confronted with the statement, which they do not deny, that mining operations before the trouble were conducted at a good profit.

The owners of the Pocahontas Coal field have heretofore made much money, while the Norfolk & Western R. Co. carries the coal so cheaply that it became bankrupt and fell into the hands of receivers, who were compelled to advance coal freights in order to pay expenses. To meet this the Pocahontas people reduced the price of coal to be paid the lessees of the mine. The amount of the increase of freight and the lessees rendered the price of coal, hence, a strike. It is a poor business that requires the cheap rate of mining required in this great coal field.

San Francisco "Examiner":—"Two industrious impenitent have recently been working the coal wagon trick to good advantage in this city. Their wagon is a decrepit affair, but their method is stalwart enough to carry itself through. Purchasing a load of cheap sulphurous steam coal, they start out into the residence portion of the city, and come to stop in a rut populous street. After some shouting and apparent effort to go ahead they abandon the attempt and go from door to door, saying to the housewives: "We have broken down with a big load of West Virginia coal. As we cannot get away with it, we'll sell it to you at \$8.50 per ton." Its a bargain. A woman is soon found who will take the bait, and the condition of her house thereafter is more sulphurous and stifling than a snowed.

Herr Neuburg, of Cologne, has invented a new swinging conveyor for coal and similar substances, which is claimed to supersede Archimedes' screw with greater effect and capacity. The apparatus consists of a trough suspended at each end by two pairs of links, so as to swing freely in a longitudinal direction; and flap valves are set at equal intervals inside the trough, also swinging freely on horizontal axes, but so arranged as to make an obtuse angle with the bottom and yet be capable of rising therefrom. The trough receives a horizontal travel by any suitable mechanical movement, but in such a manner that the forward is much quicker than the backward stroke, the consequence being, it is stated, that when pieces of coal or other substances are allowed to fall in at one end, the swinging movement of the trough gradually passes them on the other end, when they fall out.

### Janett's Strange Ride.

Janett Reed rose suddenly from the dinner table, at which she had been sitting, and turning glanced quickly at the clock ticking on the mantle behind her.

"Goodness! Grace! It's half past three. I had no idea it was so late. I was listening to Uncle Le Forrest when all at once I seemed to feel such a strange, subtle feeling coming over me, an urging, drawing sensation; at first all skin for fear, as if some danger threatened me. But it's over now, dear Grace," said Janett bravely, noticing the look of apprehension on Grace Darling's pretty face. "I must really be setting off, for mother asked me to be home before nightfall, and you know it's twenty long miles to battlesboro."

"Yes, so it is, dear Janett, but Prince knows every step of the way, although he must be tired with his journey here this morning," answered Grace Darling, as she helped her beautiful cousin into her warm, winter wraps.

"You must bundle up warm, Janett, for it's growing colder every minute. I'm sorry you did not let George you were coming, for I am sure he would gladly have driven you home. Since dear father's accident I have grown strangely timid of late."

There was almost a pang of envy in Grace Darling's heart as she gazed at her cousin.

It was a pretty picture that the bright glow of the freight shoes upon, touching with tenderness the faces of the two young girls—so different in their beauty.

Janett Reed was a perfect blonde, with deep sea blue eyes and delicate features; "plump as a partridge" handsome George Pratt had called her, and Janett had smiled brightly at the young man for his presumption.

He had been Grace Darling's friend while on a visit that past summer at her Uncle Le Forrest Darling's house. Janett had met the young and dashing expression and both had met their fate. It was a case of love at first sight, but George had been called suddenly away and he had never spoken to Janett of the hope that was thrilling in his warm, true heart—the hope of making her his wife. In his mind he could see the little home to which he hoped some day she would be queen—his loved and honored wife, and he walked down a retired street, where sheltered under a drooping elm stood a little cottage painted white and green, with a shady porch, where when the day's work was done Janett and he would sit and make love among the clustering roses. But stern fate had decreed that he should be parted from her before he could speak those momentous words.

"Must you really go to-day, Janett?" asked Uncle Le Forrest from his sick couch, in anxious tones. "See it is snowing fast and furious, and I would rather have you stay, dear."

But Janett could not remain, so in a few moments the little pony phaeton disappeared from Grace Darling's sight, dis-

covered up in the blinding snow storm of the late November afternoon. As Janett drove swiftly onward, her thoughts were busy and troubled. All day long she had been thinking of a dark, sullen face—which she could not shut out from her memory—the face of Ralph Raymond, the village blacksmith, who had had the audacity to ask her to be his wife only a few days before. Of course she had refused him, for deep hidden in her heart was a pure, true love for handsome George Pratt, the expressman. He had never spoken of love to her, and the girl's gentle nature, with its wealth of affection, was also endowed with womanly pride, and she felt she would rather die than him suspect her secret. She had rejected Ralph Raymond somewhat haughty, she did not like him, and there were floating rumors which had reached her, concerning his unprincipled life, which made her half afraid of him. Somehow the thought of him had haunted her all day like a black shadow. She recalled his angry looks when she told him she could never be his wife, and the threatening gesture with which he had suddenly confronted her—his sullen face was flushed with anger and his small, gray eyes held a revengeful gleam.

"I'll make you sorry for this, my lady," he had hissed, malignantly, transfixing her with his cruel gaze. "You shall live to regret your refusal of the Sooner or later I'll pay you back for this!"

She had caught a glimpse of his stony stare as she drove Prince through the village on her way to visit her cousin, Grace, that morning, and somehow the sight of him had filled her with vague forebodings of evil. All day long she had felt that strange oppression on her heart, and now, driving rapidly toward in the dying day the feeling grew and increased in intensity. The snow ceased falling slowly the sun went down—a magnificent sight. A glorious west all ablaze with gold and Tyria purple; and a crimson glow fell athwart the snow-capped mountains and tipped the green of the firs with tiny lances of radiant fire.

Darkness was fast descending upon that silent world, and Janett Reed tried Prince forward—ever forward. There was a lonely ravine called "Mardiens' Hollow," which she hoped to leave far behind her, and she was driving rapidly toward in the dying day the feeling grew and increased in intensity. The snow ceased falling slowly the sun went down—a magnificent sight. A glorious west all ablaze with gold and Tyria purple; and a crimson glow fell athwart the snow-capped mountains and tipped the green of the firs with tiny lances of radiant fire.

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"You shall come with me!" he said in a low, menacing tone, which struck to Janett's trembling heart with a familiar intonation, "if you do not consent to come quickly I will blow your brains out!"

But Janett Reed was not a coward. Her heart was beating tumultuously with fear and horror; but she determined to strike one blow in her own defense. Seizing the carriage whip, she turned suddenly and struck the villain a blow full across his face.

With a howl of rage and pain the man recoiled; at that moment the mask fell from his face, and Janett saw with sickening horror the face of Ralph Raymond.

In her desperation she struck Prince a sharp, stinging blow and the horse dashed away like a wild creature. On, on, old Prince never covered so much ground in so short a time before. On, on, he went tearing over the snowy road as though pursued—on past Chesterfield Lake; on, on, Janett could scarcely retain her seat in the phaeton. But she set her teeth hard together and her eyes wore a resolute look as old Prince dashed madly onward.

The bridge at last—the bridge which spanned the brawling Connecticut river. Janett's heart gave a mad bound with terror as she remembered the bridge was unsafe. Could she control Prince and turn him back from certain destruction?

In vain she pulled the reins; she might as well have attempted to move the earth as to stop the maddened beast. On to the shivering, quivering structure the horse dashed madly.

Crash! crash! went rotten timbers, and down down into the black, whirling waters below plunged the horse and phaeton with the poor girl clinging madly to the seat.

Janett closed her eyes.

When she opened them again she was lying with her head pillowed on a manly breast, and George Pratt's tender voice was calling her by name, while he showered loving kisses upon her pale lips, her brow and hair.

"Janett, Janett! Thank God you are alive," he cried, as she opened her eyes. "And thank God I chanced to be passing just in time to rescue you. Prince has swam ashore and gone home. Oh, tell me, my darling, are you hurt at all?"

Her eyes met his with a look of love in their depths; he clasped her to his heart murmuring tenderly.

"Surely, my darling, you know I love you. Be my dear wife as soon as possible."

And so that was the happy ending to Janett's strange ride.—Chicago Ledger.

### WITH GOULD GOLD.

#### Count de Castellane Will Erect a Fine Palace in Paris.

#### AFTER LOUIS XIV STYLE.

In the celebrated Avenue de Bois de Boulogne, the Count de Castellane is going to build a mansion in the style of the Grand Trianon at Versailles. The Gould millions are to teach Parisians a lesson in architectural art. Of late all the pretty residences that have been built in Paris have been in the style of Louis XV. Instead of "going a Louis more"—according to the joke in favor with the authors of Palais Royal fables—notwithstanding his name, the Count de Castellane is going a Louis less, and has resolved that his Paris residence shall be in the pure and unaffected style of the fourteenth Louis. The mansion in the same avenue that belongs to the Marquis de Breteuil, the Prince of Wales' best French friend, is a model Louis XV. residence.

The style of the Count de Castellane's "hotel," or mansion, will be simple and majestic, and will, in course of time, attract the attention of amateurs of the Louis XIV. style in the same way as the hotel of the Marquis de Breteuil causes delight to the lovers of the Louis XV. period.

The main lines of the building will be straight and "pure." The difference between the two periods has been admirably defined by the statement that if the Louis XV. is pretty, the Louis XIV. is beautiful.

Count de Castellane, it is understood, will only adopt the beautiful as far as the exterior of the structure is concerned. The interior, which is to be bright and airy, could with difficulty be reconciled to a grave style, so the furnishings and decorations of the principal rooms of the mansion will be Louis XV.

It will be difficult to say what the hotel will be like, as the plans have not all been drawn up, but the main lines have been decided upon, and the writer is able to give a little information on the projects and intentions of the de Castellanes.

To affect the desired mingling of the two styles the architect employed by the Count has been making visits to Chelles, where the Chateau de Champs is situated. The chateau, in which Mme. de Pompadour lived, is unique. It is one of the finest residences in the environs of Paris, on the banks of the Marne river, and is a model of the style of the two Louis combined—Louis XIV. on the exterior and Louis XV. interior. It is now the property of M. Santerre.

As many of its main features are to be in the construction of the de Castellane mansion, it will be interesting to know what the style of the Chateau de Champs, which was rebuilt under the direct supervision of Mme. de Pompadour. It resembles the Grand Trianon at Versailles, or the Chateau at Marly, less the twelve pavilions. Its first owner, by the way, was Paul Poisson de Pouvallin, who furnished

### HOW H. R. H. DRESSES.

#### The Wonderful Outfit of the Prince of Wales Described.

In a chatty article on the Prince of Wales and his clothes, a writer in Cassell's Saturday Journal says: As a matter of fact the "First Gentleman in Europe" does spend a great deal of money with his tailor. It should be remembered, nevertheless, that much of this is for uniforms. The Prince is popularly supposed to possess seventy military uniforms—and this total is about accurate.

When we remember that a cavalry outfit may cost \$150, as a low estimate, and that subalterns entering a line regiment rarely begin with a lower disbursement than \$50 or \$60, the amount that the Prince's uniforms have cost him is easily to be gauged.

The Prince, of course, possesses, for the most part, Colonel's uniforms, but as a Field Marshal he is compelled often to renew the terribly expensive outfit suited to that rank; and it is in this fine tunic that he appears at most military ceremonies, and at royal weddings or other great occasions of state. In addition, he possesses many naval uniforms, and the dress of a large number of German, Russian and Austrian regiments.

NOT EXTRAVAGANT PRICES.

Putting aside the question of uniforms, upon which His Royal Highness can not spend less than three or four hundred pounds a year, we come to his ordinary dress. It is admitted universally that very few men in town manage things with more taste, or have a quicker eye for a good cloth, there are youths, no doubt, whose tailor's bills are far larger than the Prince's, for he is by no means extravagant, although exceedingly particular about his clothes.

Nor does he, says the writer, pay absurdly fancy prices, as many people suppose, being charged at the usual rate of a West-end house. This means that a frock coat may cost him twelve guineas, which most people would regard as very "fancy" indeed; a dress suit somewhere about fifteen, trousers four guineas, and an ordinary "ditto" suit from eight to ten guineas.

When in town the frock coat is invariably worn by the Prince. No doubt, during the London season, he "cosumes" a large number of these articles—perhaps two a month of which one will be a light gray one.

And it is a habit of his never to wear a coat two seasons even if it has only been used two or three times by him. As he is in town perhaps six months in the year, his total of "frocks" may be set down roughly at twelve.

In dress suits he is supposed to be particularly extravagant, but this is not really the case. Any man about town has five or six dress suits a year. The Prince may have a dozen, but the story told in a contemporary recently that he had one a week is pure nonsense.

### WHAT ARE BOYS GOOD FOR?

#### When the Prince is going to Newmarket he often wears a "ditto" suit with a light covert coat over it. In "ditto" suits, perhaps, his total would amount the average man who pays a tailor thirty pounds a year and considers that heavy.

It is certain that he never wears one of these suits more than two or three times, and his stock of them is tremendous. Of shooting suits for the autumn he has an immense variety, using a different style of dress for battue work to that adopted for ordinary work with the dogs. Here alone for country dress he can scarcely spend less than a hundred pounds a year.

In the matter of hats, it is a well known fact that the Prince has three a fortnight, also buying a large number of bowler and square black hats for country use.

At Sandringham there is a hat room with a man, whose chief duty it is to keep the Prince's "titles" in a high condition of polish. In the same palace a number of vast wardrobes contain the bulk of the uniform and clothes which are not in regular use.

Those large scarfs which are now worn with a frock coat often cost half a guinea. There are scores of up-to-date youths who have fifty pairs of gloves per annum; three dozen shirts would be regarded as an absolute minimum. So far as the Prince is concerned, he never wears a pair of gloves twice, and in this, and in the matter of boots, he is unquestionably the best dressed man in the kingdom.

Sweet Music and Kind Words.

You have sometimes heard a sweet strain of music that went with you for days, months, perhaps years. Very likely you cannot sing it or play it, nor what came before it or followed it. The place to which it belongs you cannot tell, but the little snatch of melody keeps coming back to you whenever you hear newswomen, and often at the oddest times and places. So a good deed or a kind word lives forever. You did not forget it or speak the word, and you have the deed or the word, and some human soul is the better for it, and to that soul it will come back ever and anon like a sweet melody, and brighter dark hours and give strength and courage in times of darkness and fear.—Kushford Star.

Work for Rainy Days.

I wonder if all my brother farmers can find enough work to keep them and the hired men busy in the continued rainy weather. What do you do while the rain is falling and you can't work out of doors? We have a good shop to work in and plenty of tools; so the carpenter, the harness repairer, the blacksmith and the plow maker do while the rain is falling. We found our harnesses needed oiling, and taking them apart for this purpose we found a great many places that, by the use of the axle, thread, and, etc., we put in as good shape as a harness maker could have done, and thereby saved a trip to town, found something to put in the time, and saved a few dollars besides.

Now is the time to subscribe for THE BEE.

### Dilatory People.

There is a class of people who are always late. They are invariably late to the cars, and they inevitably have to jump for it, if they are going upon a steamboat jaunt. Everything with these people is put off until the last moment, and then, if the plank is removed, they stand a capital chance of jumping overboard in attempting to leap upon the deck after the paddle wheels have commenced revolving. If the boat started an hour later it would be all the same to them, for they would just as inevitably be behind time and come up or down a little too late to take things cool and comfortable. These late people have to stir their stumps or be left behind, when they have steamed boats or railroads to deal with; but they are the bane of the existence of punctual persons with whom they have dealings, and who have no recourse in the way of tapping a big bell or blowing upon a steam whistle to hurry up the delinquent stevedore or boat man. One procrastinating man will delay the best laid plans of hundreds, by failing to come up to time, and he wastes hours for others in his disregard for minutes.

Great Wealth an Injury to Boys.

We think that the power of money is on the whole overestimated. The greatest things which ever done for the world have not been accomplished by rich men, or by subscription lists, but by the generosity of small pecuniary means. The greatest thinkers, discoverers, inventors and artists have been men of moderate wealth; many of them little raised above the condition of manual laborers in point of worldly circumstances. And it will always be so. Riches are often an impediment to a stimulus of action; and in many cases they are quite as much a misfortune as a blessing. The youth who inherits wealth is apt to have life made too easy for him and so grows staid with it and has nothing left to strive for. He finds time too heavy on his hands, remains mentally and morally asleep, and his position in society is often no higher than that of a polypos over which the tide flows.

If a giddy girl wishes to know how soon she will marry, she whispers into the ear of the first donkey she meets. "Shall I soon have a husband?" And if, in reply, as it were, the donkey moves its ears, the girl knows that she will marry almost immediately.

In Malta bees are plentiful, and bee stings are in such repute as a cure for rheumatism that resort to this primitive method of inoculation has been in common practice in several cases for generations. The results, it is said, having been most satisfactory to the patients.

A curious custom obtains in some portions of Spain in regard to betrothals. A young man who looks with favor upon a handsome senorita and wishes to gain her hand, calls on the parents for three consecutive days at the same hour of the day. At the last call he leaves his walking stick, and if he is to win the desired bride, the case is handed to him when he calls again.

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the type of "Turcaret" in Lee Sage's comedy and who started in life as a valet de chambre and became Secretary to the King and Baron de Champs, but who was imprisoned in the time of the Regent, and saw his chateau and his title confiscated, as well as his beautiful hotel in the Place Vendome, now occupied by the Minister of Justice.

Mme. de Pompadour, in rebuilding and decorating the chateau, engaged the services of such artists as Boucher, Oudry, Huet Vernet and Perrot. The entrance and staircase are as grandiose as at Versailles. The dressers in the dining room are of red marble. The friezes and the moldings of the bed rooms are masterpieces and are splendidly preserved. It is doubtful, whatever sum Count de Castellane will be willing to expend, whether he will be able to obtain from living artists such work as ornaments the different rooms in the Chateau de Champs.

The Marquis de Pompadour's bedroom contained an elevated alcove exactly similar to Louis XIV. bedroom at Versailles. Do the Castellanes intend to deviate from their idea of a Louis XV. interior and to follow in the footsteps of the "king sun" as far as their bed-chamber is concerned? As they are holding daily consultations with their artistic counselors, their decision will be made public before long. A revival of the two periods, thanks to American dollars, is no small event in the art world of Paris.

WHAT ARE BOYS GOOD FOR?

In reply to the question "What are boys good for?" one has said, "To make men." The story has it that the philosopher in ancient times, stood viewing a procession marching by. The head, composed of gray haired heroes, bore a banner inscribed with the sentiment:

"We have defended the state!" "Ah," said the old man, "were there ever such men as these? Where shall their successors be found?" But as he meditated, the center of the line came in view. They bore a banner with this declaration, "We are the defenders of the state." For a moment the sage's face lit up with a glow of satisfaction, and he said, "What state can be in danger of disruption or subjugation while her honor and integrity are upheld and defended by such warriors?" Then he grew sad as he exclaimed, "The old men have preserved their country, the young men are now its champions; but what shall happen when, after a few years these men shall have passed away?" But while he thus sorrowed, the left of the procession approached the spot where he stood. There marched the boys with spreading step and smiling faces. They carried high their banner and upon it the wise man read these words: "We will defend the state." "The Gods be praised!" he shouted, while tears of joy streamed down his cheeks. The perpetuity of the state is assured." Upon the boys of today the world's future rests.

It is said that there is to be found in the old furniture and curiosity shops of Boston enough furniture that was taken from the Mayflower to fill a whole fleet of such primitive craft.

When the Prince is going to Newmarket he often wears a "ditto" suit with a light covert coat over it. In "ditto" suits, perhaps, his total would amount the average man who pays a tailor thirty pounds a year and considers that heavy.

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You have sometimes heard a sweet strain of music that went with you for days, months, perhaps years. Very likely you cannot sing it or play it, nor what came before it or followed it. The place to which it belongs you cannot tell, but the little snatch of melody keeps coming back to you whenever you hear newswomen, and often at the oddest times and places. So a good deed or a kind word lives forever. You did not forget it or speak the word, and you have the deed or the word, and some human soul is the better for it, and to that soul it will come back ever and anon like a sweet melody, and brighter dark hours and give strength and courage in times of darkness and fear.—Kushford Star.

Work for Rainy Days.

I wonder if all my brother farmers can find enough work to keep them and the hired men busy in the continued rainy weather. What do you do while the rain is falling and you can't work out of doors? We have a good shop to work in and plenty of tools; so the carpenter, the harness repairer, the blacksmith and the plow maker do while the rain is falling. We found our harnesses needed oiling, and taking them apart for this purpose we found a great many places that, by the use of the axle, thread, and, etc., we put in as good shape as a harness maker could have done, and thereby saved a trip to town, found something to put in the time, and saved a few dollars besides.

Now is the time to subscribe for THE BEE.

Dilatory People.

There is a class of people who are always late. They are invariably late to the cars, and they inevitably have to jump for it, if they are going upon a steamboat jaunt. Everything with these people is put off until the last moment, and then, if the plank is removed, they stand a capital chance of jumping overboard in attempting to leap upon the deck after the paddle wheels have commenced revolving. If the boat started an hour later it would be all the same to them, for they would just as inevitably be behind time and come up or down a little too late to take things cool and comfortable. These late people have to stir their stumps or be left behind, when they have steamed boats or railroads to deal with; but they are the bane of the existence of punctual persons with whom they have dealings, and who have no recourse in the way of tapping a big bell or blowing upon a steam whistle to hurry up the delinquent stevedore or boat man. One procrastinating man will delay the best laid plans of hundreds, by failing to come up to time, and he wastes hours for others in his disregard for minutes.

Great Wealth an Injury to Boys.

We think that the power of money is on the whole overestimated. The greatest things which ever done for the world have not been accomplished by rich men, or by subscription lists, but by the generosity of small pecuniary means. The greatest thinkers, discoverers, inventors and artists have been men of moderate wealth; many of them little raised above the condition of manual laborers in point of worldly circumstances. And it will always be so. Riches are often an impediment to a stimulus of action; and in many cases they are quite as much a misfortune as a blessing. The youth who inherits wealth is apt to have life made too easy for him and so grows staid with it and has nothing left to strive for. He finds time too heavy on his hands, remains mentally and morally asleep, and his position in society is often no higher than that of a polypos over which the tide flows.

If a giddy girl wishes to know how soon she will marry, she whispers into the ear of the first donkey she meets. "Shall I soon have a husband?" And if, in reply, as it were, the donkey moves its ears, the girl knows that she will marry almost immediately.

In Malta bees are plentiful, and bee stings are in such repute as a cure for rheumatism that resort to this primitive method of inoculation has been in common practice in several cases for generations. The results, it is said, having been most satisfactory to the patients.

A curious custom obtains in some portions of Spain in regard to betrothals. A young man who looks with favor upon a handsome senorita and wishes to gain her hand, calls on the parents for three consecutive days at the same hour of the day. At the last call he leaves his walking stick, and if he is to win the desired bride, the case is handed to him when he calls again.

WITH GOULD GOLD.

Count de Castellane Will Erect a Fine Palace in Paris.

AFTER LOUIS XIV STYLE.

In the celebrated Avenue de Bois de Boulogne, the Count de Castellane is going to build a mansion in the style of the Grand Trianon at Versailles. The Gould millions are to teach Parisians a lesson in architectural art. Of late all the pretty residences that have been built in Paris have been in the style of Louis XV. Instead of "going a Louis more"—according to the joke in favor with the authors of Palais Royal fables—notwithstanding his name, the Count de Castellane is going a Louis less, and has resolved that his Paris residence shall be in the pure and unaffected style of the fourteenth Louis. The mansion in the same avenue that belongs to the Marquis de Breteuil, the Prince of Wales' best French friend, is a model Louis XV. residence.

The style of the Count de Castellane's "hotel," or mansion, will be simple and majestic, and will, in course of time, attract the attention of amateurs of the Louis XIV. style in the same way as the hotel of the Marquis de Breteuil causes delight to the lovers of the Louis XV. period.

The main lines of the building will be straight and "pure." The difference between the two periods has been admirably defined by the statement that if the Louis XV. is pretty, the Louis XIV. is beautiful.

Count de Castellane, it is understood, will only adopt the beautiful as far as the exterior of the structure is concerned. The interior, which is to be bright and airy, could with difficulty be reconciled to a grave style, so the furnishings and decorations of the principal rooms of the mansion will be Louis XV.

It will be difficult to say what the hotel will be like, as the plans have not all been drawn up, but the main lines have been decided upon, and the writer is able to give a little information on the projects and intentions of the de Castellanes.

To affect the desired mingling of the two styles the architect employed by the Count has been making visits to Chelles, where the Chateau de Champs is situated. The chateau, in which Mme. de Pompadour lived, is unique. It is one of the finest residences in the environs of Paris, on the banks of the Marne river, and is a model of the style of the two Louis combined—Louis XIV. on the exterior and Louis XV. interior. It is now the property of M. Santerre.

As many of its main features are to be in the construction of the de Castellane mansion, it will be interesting to know what the style of the Chateau de Champs, which was rebuilt under the direct supervision of Mme. de Pompadour. It resembles the Grand Trianon at Versailles, or the Chateau at Marly, less the twelve pavilions. Its first owner, by the way, was Paul Poisson de Pouvallin, who furnished

the type of "Turcaret" in Lee Sage's comedy and who started in life as a valet de chambre and became Secretary to the King and Baron de Champs, but who was imprisoned in the time of the Regent, and saw his chateau and his title confiscated, as well as his beautiful hotel in the Place Vendome, now occupied by the Minister of Justice.

Mme. de Pompadour, in rebuilding and decorating the chateau, engaged the services of such artists as Boucher, Oudry, Huet Vernet and Perrot. The entrance and staircase are as grandiose as at Versailles. The dressers in the dining room are of red marble. The friezes and the moldings of the bed rooms are masterpieces and are splendidly preserved. It is doubtful, whatever sum Count de Castellane will be willing to expend, whether he will be able to obtain from living artists such work as ornaments the different rooms in the Chateau de Champs.

The Marquis de Pompadour's bedroom contained an elevated alcove exactly similar to Louis XIV. bedroom at Versailles. Do the Castellanes intend to deviate from their idea of a Louis XV. interior and to follow in the footsteps of the "king sun" as far as their bed-chamber is concerned? As they are holding daily consultations with their artistic counselors, their decision will be made public before long. A revival of the two periods, thanks to American dollars, is no small event in the art world of Paris.

WHAT ARE BOYS GOOD FOR?

In reply to the question "What are boys good for?" one has said, "To make men." The story has it that the philosopher in ancient times, stood viewing a procession marching by. The head, composed of gray haired heroes, bore a banner inscribed with the sentiment:

"We have defended the state!" "Ah," said the old man, "were there ever such men as these? Where shall their successors be found?" But as he meditated, the center of the line came in view. They bore a banner with this declaration, "We are the defenders of the state." For a moment the sage's face lit up with a glow of satisfaction, and he said, "What state can be in danger of disruption or subjugation while her honor and integrity are upheld and defended by such warriors?" Then he grew sad as he exclaimed, "The old men have preserved their country, the young men are now its champions; but what shall happen when, after a few years these men shall have passed away?" But while he thus sorrowed, the left of the procession approached the spot where he stood. There marched the boys with spreading step and smiling faces. They carried high their banner and upon it the wise man read these words: "We will defend the state." "The Gods be praised!" he shouted, while tears of joy streamed down his cheeks. The perpetuity of the state is assured." Upon the boys of today the world's future rests.

It is said that there is to be found in the old furniture and curiosity shops of Boston enough furniture that was taken from the Mayflower to fill a whole fleet of such primitive craft.