WOMAN'S PAGE

HOLDS A RECEPTION

MRS. GEORGE R. THOMPSON OPENS TO SOCIETY HER SUMMIT AVENUE HOME

A PROFUSION OF FLOWERS

Hostess Is Assisted in Entertaining Her Guests by a Number of Prominent St. Paul and Minneapolis Women.

One of the handsomest receptions ever held in St. Paul was that of Mrs. George R. Thompson yesterday afternoon at her new home on Summit avenue. It was both a farewell party and a home warming, for Mr. and Mrs. Thompson will leave in January for an extended trip.

The lavish use of flowers and palms made the effect in the various rooms almost tropical, while colored lights and Oriental lamps lent a soft brillancy to the scene, a brilliancy that was heightened by handsome gowns of the assisting women.

The grand hall was decorated with palms and huge bouquets of white chrysanthemums. The lesser hall, which adjoins this, was curtained off from the other rooms by smilax portieres, and here the Twin City Mandolin club discoursed a programme of music throughout the afternoon.

Mrs. Thompson received her guests alone, standing in the reception room, which was decorated with masses of yellow chrysanthemums.

The drawing room, which is furnished in the style of Louis XV., had vases of pink roses for its decoration, and the effect of pink and gold was extremely dainty and artistic.

In the living room was a profusion of American Beauties. The punch table stood under a canopy of smilax, draped back and lined with the roses. A huge bunch of these beautiful flowers ornamented one corner of the table, and the wall was banked with them.

The dining room was in pink. The table was long and had for its centerpiece a mass of pink roses and smilax. Pink-hooded candelabra ornamented each corner of the table.

But decorative art reached its height in the Japanese tea room. Everything in this room, down to the minutest detail was Japanese. The ceiling was starred with jeweled Oriental lamps, the walls covered with elaborately embroidered and jeweled draperies, Japanese bric-a-brac, vases, pictures and lamps, while a profusion of cherry branches in blossom made the effect distinctly Oriental. At one side of the room was a real pagoda where Mrs. H. W. Fagley, in a handsomely embroidered kimona, served tea, Japanese wafers and sweets. She was assisted by Mrs. F. P. Yerxa, Mrs. John D. Miller and Mrs. J. W. Conley.

Mrs. Thomas Lowry, of Minneapolis, and Mrs. Lucien Swift, of Minneapolis, served at the punch table. Others assisting throughout the rooms were Mrs. D. A. Montfort, Mrs. Edward H. Gheen, Mrs. Weyerhaeuser, Mrs. Jewett, Mrs. Sneve, Mrs. John A. Stees, Mrs. Stedman, Mrs. F. A. Fogg, Mrs. H. R. Brill, Mrs. Gibson, Mrs. C. H. F. Smith, Mrs. Albert Moore, Mrs. M. D. Flower, Mrs. William Liggitt, Mrs. E. M. Prouty, Mrs. Jesse Gregg, Mrs. Frank Kellogg, Mrs. Ottis, Mrs. B. H. Evans, Mrs. Charles Schuneman, Mrs. J. E. Moore, Mrs. F. E. Rice, Mrs. A. Muir, Mrs. Conde Hamlin, Mrs. C. W. Hornick, Mrs. W. F. Mason, Mrs Herbert Davis, Mrs. Stewart Moore and Mrs. H. T. Black.

Among the young women assisting were seen nearly all the debutantes of the season. Miss Marion Sanborn, Miss Cratsenberg, Miss Dean, Miss Furness, Miss Laura Furness, Miss Brill, Miss Winnifred Brill, Miss Lusk, Miss Ruth Lusk, Miss Smith, Miss Sadie Smith, Miss Muir, Miss Anne Constance, Miss Simpson, Miss Hollins, Miss Otis, Miss Mason, Miss Ritzinger and Miss Brinkerhoff.

* * *

Gov. and Mrs. S. R. Van Sant gave a dinner last evening at the Aberdeen. Covers were laid for eight. The guests included Gen. and Mrs. Clapp, Mr. and Mrs. McKinley and Judge and Mrs. Walter R. Sanborn.

* * *

Mrs. W. T. Watkins and Mrs. George A. McDougall gave a card party yesterday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Watkins, in Merriam Park. Cards were played at seventeen tables. The hostesses were assisted by Mrs. E. T. Williston, of Red Wing, and Mrs. Bowman, of Merriam Park. The following young women also assisted: Miss Eaton, Miss Northrop, Miss Overbeck and Miss Tiernan. Favors at euchre were won by Mrs. Ralph Eastman, Mrs. Backus, of Minneapolis; Mrs. Wallis and Mrs. Tiernan. Mr. and Mrs. Watkins and Mr. and Mrs. McDougall also entertained at cards Tuesday night at the residence of the former.

* * *

A party and dance was given in honor of Michael Tschida at his home, Dale and Edmund streets, Saturday evening. There were twenty-five young people present. Favors were won by Miss Annie Fox, William Reilly, Miss Agnes Siler, George Filigin, Miss Emma Schultz, Joseph Wagner. One of the features of the evening was the singing of William Reilly, accompanied by Owens Conalley.

* * *

Mrs. John Farrington will give a musicale and reception this afternoon at her home on Pleasant avenue.

* * *

Mrs. Laurence G. Washington, of Dayton avenue, gave a buffet luncheon yesterday.

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Mrs. G. W. Gardner, of Summit avenue, will give a luncheon this afternoon.

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Mrs. Frank B. Kellogg will give a reception this afternoon at her home on Crocus hill for Mrs. Frank J. Otis.

CLUBS AND CHARITIES.

The Sons of Denmark will give their annual masquerade ball at Mozart hall tomorrow evening.

Mrs. L. L. Hassinger, of Mississippi street, entertained the Entre Nous club Tuesday afternoon. Favors were won by Mrs. Jordan, Mrs. Harry Kemp, Mrs. Will Boulten and Mrs. Savery.

The Y. P. S. C. E. of the Immanuel Baptist Church gave a social last night at the home of Mrs. Tew, on Armstrong avenue. Those in charge of the affair were Mrs. C. C. Markham, Miss Pollock, Miss Heissing and Miss Shiere.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. Eolina Bean, of the Hiawatha, has returned from a two months' visit to her old home in Southern California.

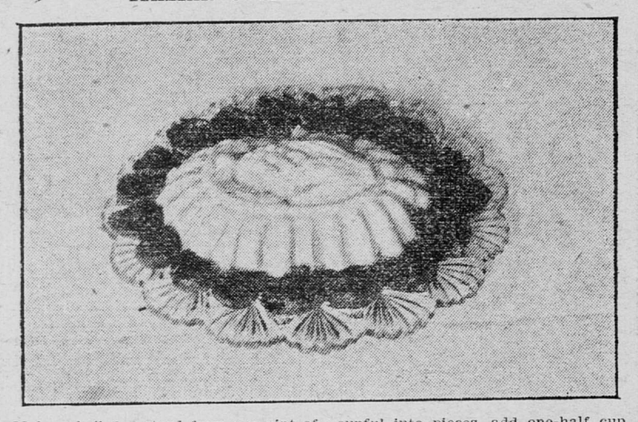
Mrs. A. E. Emerson and Mrs. Knox Bacon left for New York last evening.

Miss Gray, Nelson avenue, will leave this evening for Seattle to spend the winter.

Mrs. Wilson, Iglehart street, is entertaining Mr. and Mrs. McGuffin, of Marshalltown, Iowa.

Miss Shirley Morgan will return from Cincinnati to spend the Christmas holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Morgan, of Dayton avenue.

ITALIAN CUSTARD—APRICOT SAUCE.



Make a boiled custard from one pint of milk, two eggs, four level tablespoons of sugar and flavor with one-half teaspoon of lemon extract. While the custard is being prepared soak one-quarter box of gelatine with one-quarter cup of cold water. Stir the softened gelatine into the hot custard until entirely dissolved, then strain into a quart bowl. As the custard begins to stiffen beat with a fork until it is foamy, then stir in two tablespoons of candied fruit cut in small pieces, turn into a mould and chill.

Make an apricot sauce from died or canned apricots. Reserve enough whole apricots for a garnish, then cut one-half cupful into pieces, add one-half cup of sugar and one cup of water; boil fifteen minutes and rub through a wire strainer and cool.

Turn the custard from the mould and garnish with halves of apricot. When served add a spoonful of the sauce to each portion.

If dried fruit is used soak one cup of apricots in water to cover for several hours, then cook in the same water until nearly tender, without stirring. Add sugar to make sufficiently sweet, and cook until soft but not broken, remove whole pieces for garnishing and cook the rest until the liquid is reduced to about one pint. —Alice E. Whitaker.

Book Club Announcement.

By special arrangement with Schuneman & Evans, all purchasers of a membership ticket in their Twentieth Century New Book Club will receive the Daily and Sunday Globe one month free.

Over 200 members of the club are reading all the latest books for 10 cents each, and it is expected that the number will be rapidly increased.

Remember.

Membership in the Book Club.....$1.00
Daily and Sunday Globe 1 month..... .50

You Can Get

The membership ticket in the Book Club and the Daily and Sunday Globe one month on trial for only $1.00.

Book Club tickets on sale at the business office of The Globe.

KEEN FOR BUILDING

ST. PAUL CLUB WOMEN WILL DISCUSS THE PROJECT TODAY

PROSPECTUS FOR THE SEASON

The Zueblin Lectures Will Be the Principal Feature—Unique Calendar for Christmastide.

Perhaps the largest gathering of club women that has ever been held in St. Paul will meet this afternoon at the Commercial club to discuss the matter of a new club building for women. The meeting will be held under the auspices of the Woman's Civic league—in fact it is the opening league meeting of the season—but in view of the widespread interest manifested in the proposed home for club women, it is not probable that the attendance will be confined to club members. In fact the league officers have extended a cordial invitation to all interested in the proposed new building. The subject for discussion will be "Women's Club Buildings; How They Are Built and to What Uses They Are Put." Brief reports will be made on women's clubs in various cities. Miss Mary Sturgis will outline a plan for a building to answer similar purposes in St. Paul. A general discussion will follow the presentation of the subject.

Yesterday the Woman's Civic league issued its printed prospectus for the season. In this prospectus attention is called to the fact that, with the exception of Jan. 31, the league meets the first and third Fridays of the month. Particular attention is called to Prof. Zueblin's lecture on "William Morris," which will be given the afternoon of Dec. 11. This lecture will be illustrated with colored slides of the artist's work. Among the views that will be shown are Oxford, Burne-Jones, Ruskin, Rosetti, "The Day Dream," Stained Glass, Omar Khayyam, illuminated; Kelmscott Manor, the Old Tithe Barn, Hammersmith, Kelmscott House, Merton Abbey, Morris, Carpets, Fabrics, Prints, Furniture, Wall Paper, Embroidery, Tapestries, the Kelmscott Press.

The league is getting out a unique calendar which will be issued during the holiday season. This is a new departure for a St. Paul club, and the appearance of the calendar will be looked forward to with interest.

YZNAGA-REGAN NUPTIALS.

Brilliant Wedding Yesterday Brings Washington Girl to St. Paul.

The marriage of Miss Consuelo Yznaga, daughter of Mrs. Joseph H. Yznaga, and Lieut. James Regan Jr., U. S. A., was solemnized yesterday morning at 1 o'clock at St. Patrick's cathedral in Washington, D. C. Rev. Father Stafford was the officiating clergyman.

The wedding was a military one and extremely brilliant. The church decorations consisted of a simple but very striking arrangement of large flags grouped at the entrance of the church on either side of the altar. The groom and his attendant, Lieut. Joseph F. Gohn, and the ushers—all of them military men—were in full-dress uniform. The bride's attendants were her sister, Miss Yznaga, who acted as maid of honor, and Miss Florence Murphy, of Washington, who was the bridesmaid. The wedding was attended by many of the fashionable set of both New York and Boston, as well as of Washington.

Following the ceremony at the church a wedding breakfast was served at Rauscher's, at which only members of the bridal party were present.

Lieut. Regan's bride is the kinswoman of Consuelo, Dowager Duchess of Manchester. She was educated in Paris and has spent much of her time, since leaving school, abroad.

Lieut. Regan is the son of Col. James Regan, of the Ninth infantry. He entered the army as a private and rose from the ranks. He was with the army in the Philippines for two years, serving with distinction. Lieut. Regan came to Fort Snelling last September with the Fourteenth infantry.

Lieut. and Mrs. Regan have gone to New York and Montreal for a wedding trip. After Dec. 6 they will be at home at No. 19, officers' quarters, Fort Snelling.

MENU FOR SATURDAY.

BREAKFAST.

Cereal. Fruit. Cream.
Oyster omelet. Bacon.
Milk biscuit. Coffee.

LUNCH.

Macaroni balls. Tomato sauce.
Shrimp salad.
Pulled bread. Cereal coffee.

DINNER.

Cream of corn soup.
Cold roast mutton.
Glazed sweet potatoes.
Stewed tomatoes. Baked onions.
Fruit salad.
Cheese. Coffee. Wafers.

Thanksgiving Ball.

Ramsey Camp Degree Team, M. W. A., will give its annual ball Thanksgiving evening, Nov. 27, at Central hall, Sixth and Seventh streets. The arrangement committee includes: E. B. Powers, Philip Gallagher, William Young, Joseph Maternia and Edward Bader.

Excellent Sacred Concert.

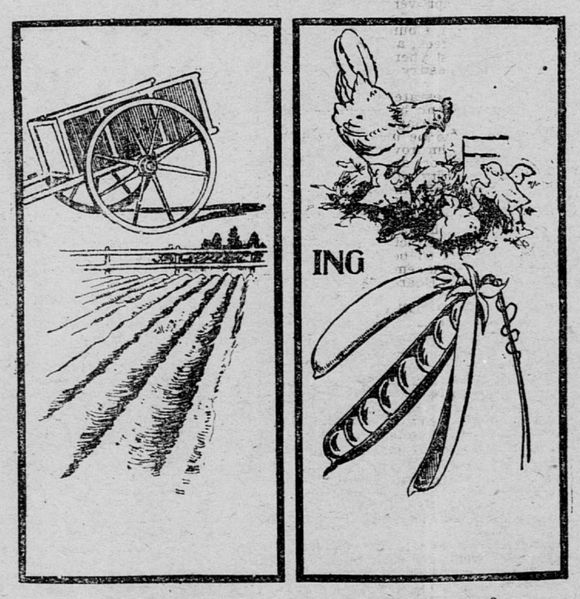
An excellent sacred concert was given last evening at the Norwegian Evangelical Lutheran church, Canada and Thirteenth streets, by the choir of the church. The members of the choir were assisted by Mrs. C. P. Montgomery, pianiste; Peter Johnson, organist; the Luther Seminary Male chorus and the Fram Male chorus. Especially enjoyable was the singing of these choruses and the numbers given by the choir. John Dahle, who is director of the choir, obtains some excellent effects in ensemble singing. Miss Signe Dahle, Miss Nora Christianson and Harold Soraas sang the solos with fine effect. Mr. Johnson's organ solos and Mrs. Montgomery's piano work were excellent.

Women's Christian Home Reception.

The board of managers of the Woman's Christian home will give a reception this afternoon at the home, 480 North street. All those interested in the society will be made welcome.

The following women will assist the board of managers in receiving and have general charge of affairs throughout: Mrs. Clinton Warner, Mrs. Parsons, Miss Webber and Mrs. Schott.

PICTURE PUZZLE.



Two parts of a hunter's outfit. Can you tell what they are?

Solution to puzzle in yesterday's Globe: You will find one man under the prisoner's left arm, and the other one between his feet.

A LITTLE AHEAD... With Xmas Goods

Have you seen our cut glass Atomizers? Our Wave Crest Ware? Photo Holders, Fern Dishes, Bonbon Dishes, and other novelties in this and other lines at

PARKER'S, FIFTH AND WABASHA.

Corner for Children.

A VISIT TO GRANDPA.

The 1st of May was the happiest day of all the year to Clara, for it meant a visit to grandpa in the country.

For weeks beforehand she had kept her "weather eye" on the clouds and the thermometer and had grown to be as skillful as a little weathercock in noting the changes of the wind, for papa would not set out on so eventful a journey in bad weather, and Clara ended her prayers each night with, "Oh, Lord, please let the 1st of May be clear."

And it was.

It was only a thirty-mile trip to grandpapa's, but there were so many different ways of getting there it made the journey a long and exciting one.

First came the ride on the train, which was such a very accommodating accommodation that it was papa's annual joke to call it "The Virginia Creeper."

Next came the transfer to a very rickety old stage, where, to her delight, Clara was allowed to sit on the front seat with mammy and the driver, and to hold the reins while the horses plodded through the deep, sandy road.

And then, most exciting of all, was the river, and the big ferry boat into which the stage was driven.

The driver handed her the reins as he jumped down to stand at his horses' heads, and said: "Hold on, thar, now. Don't let 'em git away from you and run us all into the river."

It was the most important moment of Clara's life when she felt that she held the lives of a stage full of people in her own two hands, and she sat up very straight and called: "Whoa, there!" if a horse so much as stamped his foot.

But she almost forgot to watch the horses when the two big, strong colored men who had been waiting for everything to get settled, picked up their long poles and, plunging one end into the river, planted their shoulders firmly against the other end and began to "shore off."

Clara held her breath with delight. There was a stillness over all the world, only the water swishing and lapping under the boat, and falling like a shower of diamonds from the poles as they were lifted for a new plunge, and the steady tramp, tramp of the men's feet as they walked backward and forward the length of the boat.

Presently they began to sing in low, deep voices:

Peter fishin' by the sea
(He would lay down his life for his Lord.)
Take up your nets and follow me.
(He would lay down his life for his Lord.)

Their voices echoed along the shores and broke into fragments which came back to them.

For his Lord, for his Lord,
He would lay down his life for his Lord.

All too soon Clara heard the grating of the sand as the ferry boat touched bottom on the other side, and the ferry men let down the little platform at the end, across which the stage was driven once more to dry land.

She longed more than ever now to have been born a boy so that when she grew up she might pole a ferry boat across a beautiful, shining river all day long, with no one to say, as mammy so often did, "Take keer, chile, you git your feet wet."

It was only a short drive from the river to the little road house, where "Old Jeems" was waiting for them with grandpapa's old-fashioned barouche, which had big C springs at the back, and queer steps which let down when he opened the door.

Once tucked inside his sorreis whisked them so quickly over the remaining eight miles that Clara had only time to shut her eyes before she heard her grandpapa say: "Bless my soul! Here they are at last!" This particular visit had been looked forward to with great eagerness by Clara, for grandpapa had written that he had a special little maid for her, a little pickaninny of about her own age and size who might save mammy some unnecessary steps and keep Clara from being lonely in the big, quiet country.

Early next morning when Clara was still rubbing the sleep from her eyes, a very shy voice from somewhere near the floor said, "Here I is, Miss Clara," and peeping over the edge of the big tester bed Clara beheld the blackest little darky she had ever seen, who, with eyes shining and teeth showing announced that she was "Sa-rann," and ready for anything in the shape of fun.

What a day it was!

There was sunshine everywhere, and Clara early eluded the watchful eye of mammy, and was out in it, hatless and happy, followed by the adoring Sa-rann.

There was a mild dash to "the quarters" to see how many partridge eggs Unc' Jonas had found for her in the wheat fields, and the gooseberry bushes in the garden had to be inspected and sampled, and a prolonged visit paid to the cherry tree where, presently, breathless with pursuit, came mammy, a sun bonnet in one hand and a little silver box in the other.

"Ef dats de way you gwine be-have, runnin' off widout your bonnet an gitten freckles an' sun-burnt all over your face, I'se gwine to sen' Sa-rann straight back to de quarters.

"Come heah an' lem me tie dis bonnet under your chin, an' put some starch on dat nose."

"Whuffer yer mammy put dat stuff on yer face?" inquired Sa-rann, when mammy's back was turned.

"To keep my skin from getting sunburnt," said Clara.

"Sun done burn me black now," said Sa-rann thoughtfully, as she swung her small body up the cherry tree.

That afternoon, when Clara, clean frocked and freshly bonneted, descended into the yard, she gave a shriek which brought the whole family to the door.

"It's a ghost," she screamed, pointing her finger to a small figure, who, with sun bonnet well tilted back and dangling by the strings, presented an abnormally white countenance to the public gaze.

"Oh, mammy, I'm scared of her," wailed Clara.

"La! Miss Clara," said the little object, blinking her white eyelashes, "I ain't no ghost. I'se Sa-rann.

"I jes dip my face in de flour bar'l ter keep from gitten sunburnt like you, dat's all."

Notes on New Hats.

The military coque plume of last year has been superseded by fluffy ball-shaped ones.

Large white wings are much seen on the new toques.

Flowers are used on cold-weather hats.

White Irish crochet lace is exceedingly swagger in combination with sable.

Liberty panne velvet and metal-adorned velvet are two new materials in the millinery world. The latter has tiny metal polka dots sunk in its pile.

Self-tone stitching is a prominent feature of many of the newest hats.

Low, broad, flat crowns, with medium brims, are the prevailing shapes.

Soft masses of silk drapery are the vogue for trimming, and silk rosettes or bows of ribbon are passe.

Although the correct shape of the very popular Gainsborough is not overly large, its flare is quite decided.

Far Away.

"It is feared now," said the Britisher, "that our troops in South Africa may be attacked by a smallpox epidemic. The disease is quite prevalent among the Boers."

"No danger. You can't catch smallpox unless you get within a mile or so of it."—Philadelphia Press.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE **CASTORIA** ALWAYS
Bears the Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher.

The Kind You Have Always Bought
In Use For Over 30 Years.
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

The Globe's Daily Short Story

From the Sea.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

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Fronting the open sea, between St. Valery and Fecamp, is a long stretch of desolate white sand. At low tide it is dotted and wrinkled by black, oozy rocks and long sinuous lines of seaweed. Here and there are bits of spars and wreckage that have been cast up by the reluctant sea. And among the seaweed, and in the little pools of water that are lingering about the bases of the rocks, are small crabs and shell fish, and queer jelly-like things which scarcely seem to have any substance at all. Overhead seamews and ospreys wheel and circle about, and make sudden descents among the seaweed after dainty morsels which their keen eyes have espied.

But when the tide comes sweeping in over the black, irregular outer reefs and over the flat rocks from which the fishermen cast their bass lines; and up, up, almost to the very base of the sand lines themselves, the beach narrows down to a long yellow ribbon which swirls and sifts its fine sand under the fierce lashings of the north winds.

One morning, as the ebb tide was slipping and gurgling from rock to rock, a woman emerged from the dunes and went slowly along the beach, stooping here and there to pick up bits of wreckage which had been washed up by the waves. When she had gathered all she could carry she took some rope from her pocket and made the pieces into a strong bundle. With this slung across her shoulders she moved back toward the dunes.

Suddenly she paused and gazed earnestly at the water. It was only a plank she saw, rising and falling with the waves, but it was fuel, and dropping her bundle she waded out until she could reach and draw it ashore. Only then did she discover that there was a small metal box, twelve or fourteen inches in length, securely lashed to the plank.

The strong ocean currents which set toward the north shore of France bring in many strange bits of wreckage, and the woman had had her share in finding them. But none the less eagerly did her fingers work at the fastenings which secured the box. So much precaution was not without its meaning. The box was valuable, and if no owner was found—well, perhaps it would help her toward the 300 francs she had been longing for for so many months.

But when the box was released she found that it was securely locked, and that all her efforts to open it were unavailing. In the cover were strange little marks. She peered at them eagerly and shook her head. Well, she would take it home to little Jean. He could read and would explain the little marks to her.

Over behind the dunes and hidden from the sea by the mimic mountains of sand were several storm-battered houses. They were built of rough slabs and wreckage and had neither doors nor windows on the exposed sides. Behind them were drying-benches and other apparatus for curing fish.

The woman passed around one of the houses and threw her bundle down near the door. A man was seated on the ground, mending a net. He looked up as she approached.

"Bien!" he growled, "you have come at last! I must have my breakfast so that I can catch the low tide. Mais, Elsie, what have you there?"

He took the box and examined it carefully. Then he tried to open it, but without success. When he picked up a hammer she snatched the box from his grasp.

"Non, non, Jacques!" she protested. "You shall not break it. The box is not ours yet. We may find the owner."

He laughed, jeeringly.

"We will not look very hard," he sneered. "But truly, Elsie, you must not think of giving it up. The sea gives to those who find. You should remember your husband and children, ma chere. The box may contain jewels or money. Bien! who knows but it would buy me a new boat and a keg of wine."

"I shall let Monsieur le Cure have it tomorrow when I go to town," she said, firmly. "Perhaps he will find the owner. If he does not I suppose the box will be mine. But it will not go for a boat and a keg of wine, I can tell you that, mon ami. I have other use for it."

"Bah! the miserable 300 francs you are forever dinning into one's ears!" he grumbled, sullenly, as he picked up the seine and resumed work. "How much have you got of it, Elise, and what is it for?"

"I have 20 francs," she answered, placidly. "But never you mind what it is for, Jacques. Better mend your seine so that it will be ready for the low tide."

He muttered something under his breath, which she passed unnoticed. In the wine shop of M. Decoux, and among the fishermen on the beach, he was a great man, but at home it was Elise who arranged things.

After a time the children began to straggle in from the parish school at St. Valery, two miles away. First, there was Guillaume, of the strong limbs, who loved the sea and hated books. Then there were Francois and Henri, who could race along the beach like the wind; and Sophie and Helene, whose hair was the color of the waves when the storm clouds are shadowed in them, and whose faces were tanned and roughened by the wind and sea, and, like Guillaume, all of them abhorred the little schoolroom at St. Valery. And then there was little Jean.

But, curiously enough, Jean was not so small as one would think. Indeed, he was of the same age and almost as large as Guillaume himself. And he loved the sea, and the open air, and the games; but far, far above all the rest, he loved his books. So the neighbors lowered their voices and spoke of him compassionately as pauvre garcon, and Jacques shook his head and growled, mauvais, mauvais! And it was not so very long before that even Elise herself had shared their opinion and thought of her precocious boy with misgivings.

But one day Monsieur le Cure had called on her, and he had spoken so warmly of little Jean and the possible honor in store for him that she felt almost oppressed by the sudden rush of affection and pride which had overwhelmed her.

After the good man left she had gone out on the beach and given herself up to meditation until she was aroused by the children coming from school. And after that she had always mentioned Jean first instead of last. But as the days went by an unspoken dread began to trouble her. At the end of the year Jean and Guillaume would be too old to attend the parish school. Then there would be nothing for them but to come home and help their father with the fishing. It was all right and proper of Guillaume. But Jean?

In the evening she called Jean from his books and asked him to explain the marks. The boy gazed at them intensely for some time, then spelled out: "Honore Ferregaux, Rue St. Martin, Paris."

Jacques raised his head angrily.

"You will be a fool if you give it up," he said, sharply.

Elise did not answer, but the next day she wrapped the box carefully in her shawl and carried it to M. le Cure at St. Valery.

And now the days and weeks went smoothly by. Jacques recovered his good humor, and smoked and sang and told stories, and now and then sauntered down to the beach and caught a few fish, or made himself the center of a group of admiring friends.

One day as they sat down to dinner the Cure entered.

"Bien! I am just in time!" he cried, gayly, as they placed a chair for him at the table. "I have good news for you. The box is in the possession of its owner."

Jacques looked anything but pleased, and even Elise seemed a little embarrassed. But the Cure did not appear to notice.

"I had a letter from the owner this morning," he continued, as he took a roll of bills from his pocket. "He writes that the box is very valuable, and that the finder must accept this as a slight reward," handing the bills to Elise. "I congratulate you, Mme. Jacques. Four hundred francs is a good day's work."

Jacques caught his breath sharply and half rose to his feet; then he sank back and tried to turn off his elation in a laugh. But after the Cure's departure he allowed his enthusiasm to again break forth.

"Four hundred francs!" he cried, joyously. "Four—hundred—francs! Bien! bien! It will buy me a new boat, and a seine and two kegs of wine; and—and you can get a new dress, Elise, ma chere. Four hundred francs! Vraiment, we are rich!"

"I found the box Jacques," said Elise, quietly.

"Oui, oui! You must have a new dress and—and what else, ma chere?"

"Let me see," said Elise, counting on her fingers, "I shall use one hundred francs to buy new clothes and sabots for the children, and a dress for myself and some hens for the hen yard."

"Vrai?" impatiently, "but the three hundred francs?"

"They are to buy a scholarship for little Jean at Beauvais. I have spoken to M. le Cure about it. Three hundred francs will pay for his education at the good Home. He will have to leave us, of course, but he will come back a man. Surement, Jacques, we have had good luck from the sea. But it is le bon Dieu who knows our needs."

Book Club Announcement.

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