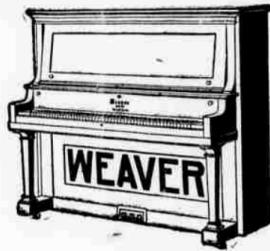


WEAVER UPRIGHT GRAND PIANO

THE WORLD'S BEST UPRIGHT PIANO

Last year Reinald Warrenrath toured the country with Geraldine Farrar and his beautiful baritone voice was so pleasing that he has been re-engaged for this year in nearly every city where he appeared last year. He makes records for the Victrola and his reputation as a musician is country-wide. Mr. Warrenrath says of the WEAVER PIANO:



"It gives me much pleasure to express my genuine admiration for the Weaver Piano. I find it capable of the most delicate and limpid pianissimos with absolute smoothness throughout the entire scale. When forced, the piano has tremendous power and charming brilliancy without the usual metallic effect. I consider the Weaver Piano artistic in the superlative degree."

To those who want tone in a piano, the Weaver stands as the supreme development of the present day. You can hear for yourself why the WEAVER should be in your home, if you let us demonstrate it.

The Weaver Piano is manufactured by Weaver Piano Co., York, Pa. Established 1870.

F. O. MILLER PIANO CO.

39 W. Forsyth St.

Jacksonville, Fla.

MARIE ROSE OF MUSTARD STREET

(Continued from Page 2.)

and presently threw down its freight. The charwoman of the Theatre du Peuple, by this time crouching in the cellar of the Hotel St. Antoine, where she had been dragged against her will, heard the yells of terror far above her. She pushed her path out of the huddling crowd, she found the stairs and went up; she got to the entrance, it was barred up. She found a window, unfastened it and climbed out.

The heat struck her in the face and the smoke struck her in the eyes and throat, and the ploughed-up streets were burning her sabots. The buildings were falling around her and the dead cumbered her way. The fires, flaming fiercely in all quarters, lighted her path, and the screech of the monster guns, the whirl of the bullets, the sickening cries of women and children, all these met the scrubwoman as she sped on southerly to her quarter of the town.

What she thought was, "But if little Marie Rose were to knock at the door, and I not there to open!"

Yet when she reached her corner the convent of the Templars had disappeared in a heap of ashes, the Rue des Cerceaux was a ditch filled with human flesh, the theatre had lost its facade. One could not hear the river as it ran any more, all the red chimneys were standing up in their places in Mustard Street, and the stone steps were there, but the lead had torn a hole in the walls of Marie Rose's home, a jagged, gaping wound; it yawned at her, and her cupboard bed and quilts, her stools and table were blown to shreds somewhere far away.

She looked at her ruin. Then steadily, all alone, since most were dead and the rest fled, she climbed the stone stairs.

The door, the fine mahogany-carved door of the scrubwoman's home stood unmarred by scratch or gash.

"So," she muttered to herself, "my door is still quite in its place, so that Marie-Rose when she comes, maybe, can knock on it, still!"

That day Antwerp fell into the jaws of Ambition and World-lust.

The Kaiser's troops entered the city. The Black Brunswick Hussars, with their death's head badge, came first through the gates, their horses exhausted, then the solid phalanx of the infantry taking possession of the barracks, regiment after regiment, piling arms quietly, wearily.

Wilhelm's first march toward Paris gained.

On the fifteenth of October the charwoman and the leading lady went together to read the lists of the dead posted up for relatives and friends to scan.

"Monsieur le Capitaine will return, Mamzelle," Marie Rose said, comfortingly. "You will never find his name posted up."

Mamzelle was very pale. She searched the lists greedily.

Marie Rose could not read.

So when Mamzelle came to the "M's" she had to do the reading. She laid her hand very gently on the scrubwoman's arm.

"Madame," she said, as if speaking to a great and noble lady, her accent was so pit-

eous, "Madame, Monsieur your son,

Philippe Menthe, has died for his country."

Together before the big slates with the chalk-written messages of loss, the two women knelt. And both women sobbed as the white hand of the theatre lady and the brown hand of the theatre scrubwoman clasped together.

No one heeded them. They were only two more among the myriads of the desolate. By and by they got up. It was the charwoman who spoke first.

"It is very well, Mamzelle. For his country life of man must be spent; but oh, if he could have left for me a little Marie Rose of his." Then her tears fell fast enough.

Mamzelle, as they approached the ruins of the playhouse, said, "Come in here, Madame, there will be perhaps coffee and bread, and you must not forget your own Marie Rose, she who lives in the country; she is no doubt safe and maybe you can now go to her."

The scrubwoman looked up suddenly at Mamzelle and her eyelids quickly fell again, and beneath their cover she seemed to herself to behold the Marie Rose for whom her heart had hungered these many years.

And the tears in her eyes were comforted away by this vision of her soul. As they drew near on the sidewalk before the ruins of the theatre, they saw some of the players, the director and the notary, Monsieur von Mier, were gathered in a forlorn group.

To them Mamzelle made the sign that Dame Menthe's son had been shot to death. She put her finger on her lips behind old Marie Rose's back and whispered, "We must take her with us."

Von Mier came up and took her hands in his, so did all of them. People in Belgium those days did not say many words. There was this little group of theatre folk, all silent, all with bowed heads, yet each with a prayer in his heart just for a few minutes.

Then the poet-notary said with his hat off, "Madame, we are all leaving Antwerp, we join the lost crusade of the thirty thousand now immediately; you will go with us off into Holland, we will never live, or eat, or drink or sleep beneath the Kaiser's rule. We will start in two hours—if—" he paused a second, for the last bomb—the cruelest bomb that fell into the capitulated city from a Zeppelin that claimed to have made "a reasonable blunder"—divided his speech and struck very near.

They all sprang into the shelter of the black walls of the theatre. Presently they came out, they descried, even through the smoke, where the belated bomb had fallen.

The home of the charwoman had been struck a second time. She shaded her eyes with her broad palm, peering eagerly into the smoke film, waiting for it to rise and give her a clear sight. When it did, she clasped her hands together and smiled.

"Look, Messdames and Messieurs, look! my door still stands; the good providence has spared it so that Marie Rose may still find it there to knock upon when she comes."

But all the southern wall was banged out, and when Marie Rose mounted the half-demolished steps and got inside, she found that her mahogany box had been stolen. In it had been the will and the 5,000 francs.

Mamzelle and von Mier had come up and in with her.

They began to console, to utter cries of vengeance and despair.

But Marie Rose said with much simplicity, "I can begin to save again, and see! the bureau full of Marie Rose's little garments, and the toys and books and the small Christmas tree you gave me four years ago, made of cloth so perfectly, all these are safe—and my door!"

"Yes, Madame, this is true, and you are a philosopher of the philosophers! But you will come away into Holland with us, for, Madame, God knows alone what the Germans will do to us if we remain here. Antwerp is theirs, Madame." The poet-notary spoke with authority and decision.

Mamzelle, too, put a companionship arm around the old charwoman, who, however, drew back, leaning against her cracked and miserable stove.

"No, Mamzelle; no, Monsieur von Mier, I will not go into Holland. I will stop on always in Antwerp, where I was born, reared, married, and will also die. I could not go. You see, I will explain, for Marie Rose, the little one, might arrive while I was absent and knock, and there would be no one to open. Besides, when she comes, she must be a Belgian child, one worthy to grow up under our flag. Without disrespect, Mamzelle and Monsieur, Marie Rose must stay here and endure even the rule of the hyena, until Antwerp is once more her own. Marie Rose must never have to remember that she or I fled away from anything that Antwerp had to suffer."

"Alas, Madame, you are a poet!" exclaimed von Mier, which Marie Rose did not in the least comprehend.

Mamzelle said, with reason, "But, Dame Menthe, you will have to live under the German flag and swear allegiance to the Kaiser."

"Maybe, Mamzelle; for a while, a little while. Meantime, Marie Rose and I, we will know we are Belgians, that we hate and despise the Germans, the robbers! the hounds of blood! the hunters after our land. That will uphold us until our own king and queen come back to their palaces. Farewell, Mamzelle and Monsieur. But, no," she stood there on the top step of the half-shot-to-pieces flight, her arm out from her long blue cloak, the light in her Flemish eyes as the light of a prophesied, "No! we will not say farewell; it is but au revoir."

Then they went sorrowfully away into Holland with the long and terrible train of the devastated hecatombs. And Marie Rose went inside her shattered house and shut the door.

The Germans commanded one of Marie Rose's dogs, merely leaving her the other one because it had a sick paw. Since there were no cows remaining in the country roundabout, the enemy having seized them all for beef, there was no milk for her to buy and sell. She had a few coppers, a little meal. The small restaurant, Leopold Second, was reopened by a Belgian who, like Marie Rose, would not go into Holland.

Then, since this man was a friend of hers, the charwoman scrubbed the floors made black by the heels of the soldiers of the Kaiser, receiving in payment only food. The Belgian man had as yet no money to spare from his provision-buying, since, of course, he had to purchase from the victors.

But Marie Rose scrubbed on. By and by, on a day when the restaurant was slack of patronage, the Belgian

man came and mended Marie Rose's house for her, nailing up boards and slats and bits of sail cloth against the winter which was nearing. Also he replaced the tiles in her stove, patched her up a bed shelf and cupboard, and a table of the rudest, so that she could sleep and eat. All this was done early in November.

By the middle of December she had so contrived, with that curious, inestimable thrift which is the gift of some of the poorest people, that her home began to have an air of joyfulness and peace.

As she sat there each day making lace by the waing twilight, for there were no more candles for her, there was such an expression of holy expectancy on her round russet face as bestowed upon it something like the radiance of a saint in a picture.

It grew dark early on the twenty-fifth of December. But there was the stove, and Marie Rose, like many others, was out every day gathering in wood with her little cart and her lame dog, the faithful beast trotting along happily enough if he got a bone or a crust from the restaurant Leopold Second. It was not difficult to gather wood in those days in Antwerp.

There was plenty of it, fine wood, rosewood of pianos, walnut, oak, mahogany, maple, cherry, ebony, not to speak of coarser kinds, bits of every conceivable piece of household furniture made into fuel by the pitiless German shells.

So the Kaiser chopped Marie Rose's firewood for her, as she laughed to herself and said, when she fed her stove while the flames leaped high and crackled cheerfully. She had put by her lace pillow and her knitting needles as well. She pulled open the five bureau drawers, as she did every night, and inspected Marie Rose's garments in all their bravery of muslin, crocheted lace and cheap ribbons. She also fetched from the inner room, from Philippe's bed-cupboard, where she now stored it, the beautiful artificial tree, green and fresh and fine as ever, which the merry, generous player-folk had long since sent her for Marie Rose, the carton of colored balls, the festoons of tinsel fringe, the tin candle-sticks with their green tiny candles, the jack-in-the-box, the Noah's ark, the tin kitchen, the washboard, the milk cans, and dog and cat that barked and meowed, and the splendid china angel with outspread wings, to be hung on the top branch of the muslin tree.

To be sure Marie Rose said to herself, "It is only a month away and I may as well make a festival tonight, for it is a bad storm, with snow and wind and freeze; maybe, when the saints look down they will be pleased to see at my window, through the paper pasted there, a gay appearance. I will arrange it all as it will be when Marie Rose, the little one, arrives!"

Whereupon, first of all the scrubwoman knelt down before her mantelshelf and prayed fervently that all the German soldiers who stepped upon the floors she had scrubbed in the restaurant Leopold Second might slip and break their bones and suffer a great deal.

Then she rose up, refreshed, and dressed the muslin tree in all its finery and piled the stove quite full of the bits of an oak dining table, and in the genial warmth Marie Rose sat down on the rush chair and fell asleep.

Outside the blast howled and roared, and the snow swirled and the mists from the Scheldt crawled up with the snow and rode on the wings of the wind all through and through the fal-

len city. Biting in upon the people in their desecrated homes where the glass was shattered at their casements and where the walls were often sliced wide apart with shot.

The drifts out in the narrow Rue de la Moutarde came piling high, and there was neither moon or star to light the way, yet someone found a path.

Someone carrying a burden stumbled on when they beheld the one light shining in that quarter, the light from Marie Rose's fire.

The scrubwoman sleeping in her rush chair awakened with a start. There was a knock at the door.

She jumped up, sprang to the knob as the knock came quicker, a little louder, Marie Rose Menthe opened.

On the top step, by the flicker of the oak flames in the stove, there lay a little child wrapped in a bit of horse blankets, a little girl child of something above two years old.

"Oh, Marie Rose! My Marie Rose!" cried the charwoman of the Theatre du Peuple as she caught it to her heart, came in and shut her door. "And have you come to me at last!" she laughed and cried and kissed it.

Marie Rose, too, laughed at the warmth and the Christmas tree and put out her baby hands immediately for a grasp at some of the gilt baubles.

She was cold, half-frozen, but a lusty little one, and quickly thawed. She ate some mush with evident relish and sucked gleefully at the stale candies from the branches.

Then the scrubwoman said to the child, looking at the rags in which it was clad, "Since you are warm and have eaten, I will take off these unclean garments and put on you these; look!" And she showed the child the five drawers filled with clothes.

It was solemn, it said not a word, but later on it laughed and put out its arms.

So then the scrubwoman undressed it, removing the horse blanket coat, the thin calico petticoat, the little waistband, the flannel drawers, so that Marie Rose, for the moment, stood quite as when she was born—except that hanging on her chest, from a string around her neck, there dangled a crumpled something.

The scrubwoman, into whose mind the question of the child's origin or appearance never entered, either then or forever, unfolded this scrap, which was, by touch, of cotton cloth.

She unfolded a German flag, which had printed on the obverse the German national air, a not uncommon talisman among the Kaiser's subjects.

Marie Rose could not read the German song, but she beheld the German flag and her soul revolted. She cast it on the ground and set her heel upon it.

Then the child whimpered and doubled up her tiny fist and snatched up the flag and waved it defiantly in the scrubwoman's angry face.

Marie Rose Menthe, her eyes bursting with grief, turned to her little shrine, to the angel on top of the tree. She could not read, but she knew the angel's legend painted in his scroll quite by heart, "Peace on earth, good will to men."

So quietly, in a little while, she whose mother heart had been pierced by the Kaiser's bullets, she who had remained in her country rather than flee it in its despair, she who had hungered for a little girl, must needs take into her arms this waif blown from the dead arms of some German mother into hers.

The scrubwoman laid the German

THE PRICE OF A SOUL.
Wm. J. Ryan.

The fact that Christ dealt with this subject is proof conclusive that it is important, for He never dealt with trivial things. When Christ focused attention upon a theme it was because it was worthy of consideration—and Christ weighed the soul. He presented the subject, too, with surpassing force; no one will ever add emphasis to what He said. He understood the value of the question in argument. If you will examine the great orations delivered at crises in the world's history, you will find that in nearly every case the speaker condensed the whole subject into a question, and in that question embodied what he regarded as an unanswerable argument.

Christ used the question to give force to the thought which he presented in regard to the soul's value. On one side He put the world—all that the world can accumulate, all the wealth that one can accumulate, and all the happiness that one can covet; and on the other side he put the soul; then He asked the question that has come ringing down the centuries: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

There is no compromise here—no partial statement of the matter. He leaves us to write our term of the equation ourselves. He gives us all the time we desire, and allows the imagination to work to the limit, and when we have gathered together into one sum all things but the soul, He asks—What if you gain it all—all—ALL, and lose the soul? What shall it profit?

Nervous Women.
When the nervousness is caused by constipation, as is often the case, you will get quick relief by taking Chamberlain's Tablets. These tablets also improve the digestion. Obtainable everywhere.

NEW TREES FOR OLD.
Why Saplings Should Be Planted About the House.

Aren't there some promising saplings wasting their good looks in your wood lot that you can find time to dig and plant near the house? Have you an old shade tree that is getting ready to die or a bald spot in the yard with no tree at all? Put in a little one, advises G. B. Hill in the Farm and Home, and you'll find it pays, not only in beauty and sentiment, but in comfort in dog days and in the salubility of your place if you ever want to sell.

In moving a tree first dig out a circle as near the edge of the crown of the tree as possible, making sure to get all the roots. Leave the sod on; it holds the soil together. Cut all broken roots off smooth.

In setting have the hole deeper than the roots will reach, which insures them a soft place to start. Spread the roots naturally and sift in rich surface soil. The tree must be set no deeper than it stood naturally. This is so important that one person had better hold the tree up while another shovels.

Water the tree if it is planted in its growing season, otherwise not. Heap a mound of dry soil around the base and keep this stirred to prevent caking. Don't let sod form near the tree at first. The best time to transplant is just before growth starts, though the fall or late spring will do. Pick a cloudy day for the work. Prune the top according to the amount you cut off the roots.

Then and Now.
"Yes, we pay spot cash for everything."
"Ah! I often speak to my husband about the time when we had to."—Puck.

Juno's Diet.
"That girl is as regal as Juno."
"Isn't she?"
"She's calling for nectar at the soda fountain too."—Kansas City Journal.

Her Congenial Job.
"That pretty girl clerk of yours seems to enjoy her work."
"She does. She opens the proposals."—Kansas City Journal.

An honorable defeat is better than a mean victory, and no one is really worse for being beaten unless he loses heart.—Sir John Lubbock.

Cough Medicine for Children.
Mrs. Hugh Cook, Scottsville, N. Y., says: "About five years ago when we were living in Garbutt, N. Y., I doctored two of my children suffering from colds with Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and found it just as represented in every way. It promptly checked their coughing and cured their colds quicker than anything I ever used." Obtainable everywhere.

Classified.
Was there ever a better example of the witty and concise form of expression than the answer of the grim man who when asked about the character of a neighbor sententiously replied:

"Mister, I don't know very much about him, but my impression is he'd make a first class stranger."—Exchange.

Break your Cold or LaGrippe with a few doses of 666.

flag down at the feet of the angel of the Christmas tree; she took the child in her arms and together they knelt before the tawdry little shrine—before the throne of God.