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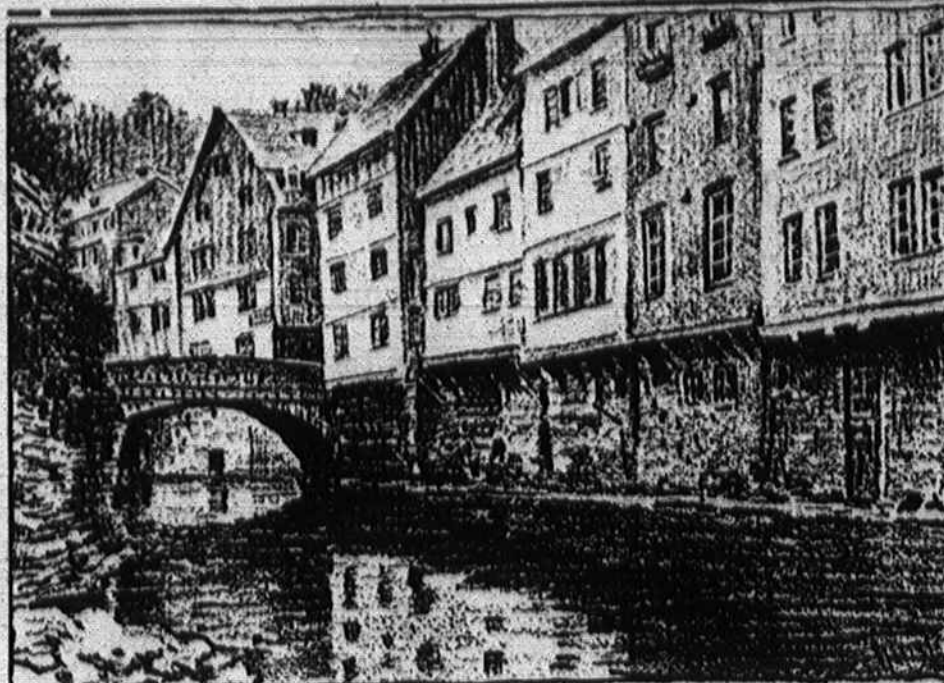
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ROMANTIC MONTJOIE



Bridge Over River in Montjoie.

WHATEVER material advantages may accrue by-and-by to Belgium from the restitution of her old possessions in the Eifel, there can be no dispute that the most picturesque townlet in all those border regions of the former duchies of Limburg, Juliers, and Berg has passed at once into her hands in the ancient and little-known, because secluded, human habitation on the Roer which bears the picturesque name of Montjoie, writes Demetrius C. Boulger in the London Graphic.

In the days of the Franks, before milestones came into vogue, it was the practice to mark the stages along the main routes by erecting a pile of stones, and sometimes it happened that the spot selected was on a field of battle. These heaps or piles were termed "Montjoie" from the Latin words Mons Jovis, and when the name Montjoie was incorporated in the battle-cry of France it signified no more than Forward St. Denis. The Burgundian battle-cry, "Montjoie St. Andre," of the same period, was only Forward St. Andrew. Baedeker's plausible suggestion that the Romans built a fortress here and gave it a high-sounding name may be relegated to the order of fairy tales.

Montjoie then was nothing more than a stage or resting point on the high road of the Franks across Austra to the Rhine. Situated in a gorge of the upper Roer, it gave the easiest access from the south to the centers of Frank, not Teuton, culture in the Aix, Juliers and Stolberg region.

In Picturesque Setting.

Unlike Malmedy, Montjoie aspires to no political role. It rests its claims to fame in the picturesqueness of its situation, and the charm of its medieval buildings bordering its narrow streets. The Roer, here only a shallow stream for three parts of the year, rippling over a stony bottom, flows through the town, and in some places even under the houses! It is swollen in the early spring by the melting snows of the Eifel, but it has scooped out for itself so deep a channel that floods are rare, as it sweeps along with increased volume past Duren and Juliers to join the Meuse in Holland.

Surrounded by the most beautiful forests of the Hertogenwald or Hohe Venn, which completely screen the little town from view, the valley is so narrow that a cricket ball might be thrown from the height on which are the ruins of the old castle to the opposite cliff on which is the Haller or watch tower. This was placed where it is because it allowed of a better view up and down the valley in the days when the robber counts of Reichenstein levied toll on travelers even if they did not completely plunder them.

The scenery is finest in the direction of Kalterherberg, where the Perlenbach may be traced like a silver thread as it flows through the wood to join the Roer. This stream is called the Pearl brook because the dukes of Juliers used to derive from it the pearls for which their treasury was famous. It is true that mussels are still found, but no one has claimed for many a long day to have discovered a pearl.

Quaint Buildings, Narrow Streets.

The little town is worthy of its setting. Against the rocky and precipitous sides of the mountains, through which the river has cut a way, added, perhaps, by volcanic action, the inhabitants have run up lofty and many-storied buildings, which seem to aspire to reach the summits that confine them in so small and cramped a space. Houses of five and six stories are quite common, and even loftier ones may be found. The consequence is that the main street, which at some places is not broad enough to allow of two carts passing each other, is at all times of the day in the shade, and that early in the evening it is buried in gloom. This is the more noticeable because up to a short time before the war only oil lamps were used in the public ways. Locomotion after dark was attended with no small inconvenience, and even peril, for a false turn down one of the numerous passages under the houses might easily lead to a ducking in the river.

The houses, mostly in the rococo

style, are chiefly noticeable for the brass and ironwork of their external decorations, in railings, door knockers, lanterns, and heraldic insignia. Shields, men in armour, gonfalons, and weapons figure in brass or copper to distinguish and to give a name to separate mansions. It is said that the impetus given to metal work was due to French Protestant immigrants, who fled to Montjoie. At any rate, there is something quite French in the atmosphere of the place, and there will be no sharp wrench in the people casting aside the German dress they were compelled to wear against their will for a century.

ABOUT HUSBANDS AND WIVES

One Who Should Know Has a Few Words to Say on Interesting Subject.

In a series of stories written by Jean Pierre Perard, designated the most married man in the world, because he has 23 times led blushing brides to the altar, are many things illuminating to men and women. Two of his stories discuss men and women who make the best husbands and wives. In his own words:

Consideration for his wife's feelings is the good husband's middle name. He doesn't bawl her out in public. In fact he doesn't bawl her out at all, but if something goes wrong or he thinks he isn't getting a square deal somewhere, he has it out with her and gets it off his chest. He doesn't go about with a frown bottled up.

He doesn't keep a strangle hold on the purse strings or dole out the shakels as if he were sitting in a continuous game of penny ante, but neither does he throw the clutch and hit on all twelve cylinders.

When you come to face the facts in the case at hand the "good" husband is the one who heeds the advice of the Good Book and doesn't let his right hand know what the other does—or words to that effect.

The women who make the best wives are the ones who see to a man's comfort without making any fuss about it. They're the ones who take an interest in their husband's comings and goings without keeping tab on him till he feels as if home were a jail and she's the keeper.

They are strong-minded enough to keep husband in the straight and narrow path, but they refrain from pushing him too far or too fast.

To sum it up the women who make the best wives are the ones who regard marriage as an occupation or a profession.—New York Mail.

Essay About Hens.

A child of nine in Standard III of a Sheffield school wrote the following essay on "Hens," says the London Telegraph: "Hens are treble (terrible) things in a garden. They do not chew their food; they swallow it holl. Hens eat bits of pot and then the egg shells are made from these. They lay a lot of eggs if you are ducky. Some people put pot eggs in the hens nest to tys (tice) them to lay. When hens start eating the eggs, the people put mustard in an eggs shell. Hens have cloven feet and scaly (scaly) legs. One kind of hens are called cockerills."

Praise for Yellow Hammer.

Few birds have so many scandals connected with their names as the yellow hammer has in England, where the old wives used to tell that the scratches and hieroglyphics on its eggs were the handwriting of old Nick himself. They go say, too, that this bird "drinks a drap o' the deevil's blood every Monday morning," certainly a bad way to begin the week. So far as I can learn the yellow hammer is really a harmless chap. I've always loved the name given by the Italians to the young of this species which is "rigoletto," the name of the court fool in a well-known opera.—Exchange.

Boarding House Romance.

"Our landlady seems to have no soul for romance." "Eh?" "Displays no interest in those two young people who are in love." "Well, it's this way. It's a romance to us, but to her it simply means the loss of two boarders."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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