

May's Landing Record.

VOL. XXX

MAY'S LANDING, ATLANTIC COUNTY, N. J., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1906.

NO. 16

There's no denying that as a conversational topic the trial marriage is a sure success.

People who need the advertising non-merely have to offer Count Boni a job at a liberal salary.

That dentist who has been robbed four times in three years should hereafter go armed to the teeth.

George Bernard Shaw doesn't think much of the Ten Commandments, but it is too late now to change them.

If Kipling's critics don't soon stop he will be justified in once more writing something that is worth reading.

Fortunately for Eve, she is spared the pain of knowing that her diary has been excluded from the shelves of the Worcester public library.

A German singer committed suicide because a married American woman wouldn't marry him. Probably his husband wouldn't let her.

Messie's richest man is going to give his money to people who need it, thus running the risk of being regarded as eccentric by other rich men.

These long evenings are being brightened and made profitable by the game of guessing what Mrs. Sage is really going to do with her money.

The Cuban army is reported to be getting restless again. Why not give that army for all time by setting up a free soup kitchen for it somewhere?

Let us have politics without prejudice, without selfishness, without graft, etc., please an exchange. And while we are at it, let us have the million.

There are times when it becomes a matter of wonder how this country has been able to grow so big and prosperous without taking the advice of the college professors.

Kind-hearted housewives should be warned that it is too early to feel every tramp that calls at the back door with the plea that he is a poor Standard Oil magnate out of a job.

There can be no further doubt that Mr. Harriman is of the opinion that the much greater ability is required to run the railroads of this country than it needed to successfully run the country itself.

A negro was arrested, tried, convicted and executed, all within a space of two hours, in Texas a few days ago. Surely they can't bring up the law's delays as an excuse for lynching after this.

Persons who may have felt like asking Mrs. Russell Sage for enough money to get a start in life will do much better by saving the price of the postage stamp and making it the nucleus of a bank account.

The one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow is to be celebrated by the Cambridge Historical Society. A special bronze medal will be issued in honor of the event, copies of which it is hoped will be preserved in libraries and museums. Longfellow wrote many lines which will be preserved in the popular heart longer than the bronze will last. This is one of the reasons for celebrating the anniversary of his birth.

Most people have their weak spots. Few are roundly normal. Some slip their friends on the back, some barkle in public places, some keep walking dogs, some speak monologues and think they are "conversing" and so on, but there is some hope for a tendency or a habit that is not deliberately designed to be mischievous, such as the playing of pranks on newly married people. These jocular outbreaks have undergone various "refinements" and they have now reached the point where a honeymoon voyage has been anticipated by a "bill of particulars" printed in circular form and distributed among the passengers of the ocean liner. The discouraging thing is that the propensity does not "redne" itself out of existence. It is generally speaking, as perversive as it was when the uncouth but equally well-meaning country folks surrounded the house of the bashful bride and groom on their wedding night and made the time hideous with the beating of pans and old copper boilers with what was called a "belling."

Official Labors in China.

Everybody in China works hard, even those who have reached the high official positions. It is related of a member of the Chinese cabinet that he left home every morning at 2 o'clock, as he was on duty at the palace from 3 to 8. As a member of the privy council he was engaged from 6 to 9. From 9 until 11 he was at the war department, of which he was president. As the member of the Board of Punishment he was in attendance from 12 till 2 and as a minister of the foreign office he spent every day from 2 till 5 or 6 there. In addition he frequently served on special boards or commissions.

As All Wind, Etc.

"Her marriage was very unfortunate wasn't it?"

"Oh, no, she considers it quite fortunate."

"Why, I understand she was divorced."

"Exactly, and her divorce was the opening of her stage career, which is now very promising."—Philadelphia Press.

Planning a Brutal Act.

"What do you expect to give your wife for Christmas, or have you thought of it yet?"

"Yes, I'm going to give her a receipted bill for the parlor table she bought me on installments last Christmas."—Philadelphia Press.

"It would therefore seem well, from this point of view, to encourage early trial marriage, the relation to be entered into with a view to permanency, but with the privilege of breaking it, if proved unsuccessful, and, in the absence of offspring, without suffering any great degree of public condemnation."

Mrs. Elsie Clever Parsons, a doctor of philosophy, for six years a lecturer on sociology in Barnard College, daughter of a rich banker and wife of a Congressman, proposes this "startling reform" in a book, "The Family," just issued. "Trial marriage" certainly sounds sensational. But as prosaic matter of fact, the commonness, cheapness and respectability of divorce has rendered all marriage "trial marriage."

It is difficult to imagine greater facility in the annulment of marriage than now obtains in most of the States. No reform is necessary to bring about precisely the condition, in effect, which Mrs. Parsons proposes. The reform is needed in the other direction. We need to get rid of the feeling that marriage is a mere experiment. Of course, all couples at the time of marriage expect to live happily ever after. Trial marriage could mean nothing to them at that time. People who do not feel for the time at least, that they can take each other for life need no "trial" to prove they are not fitted. The absence of offspring during "trial" would be a powerful cause of failure in many marriages that might otherwise have been successful. But that would be nothing new. It is the case now and always has been. Until there are children to tie the heartstrings together there is no real trial of marriage. We are too apt to forget that most of the laws which operate toward successful marriage are provided by Nature. Human statutes provide for failure—and, alas! there are too many of them already.

The coroner who investigated the wreck on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad near Woodville, Ind., in which six persons lives were lost, made a report in which he fixes the blame in the most positive manner. He finds that the engineer of the first section of the passenger train did not properly give the required signals and note the responses to them. Consequently he is to be held to the grand jury for manslaughter. But beyond that for manslaughter. But beyond that for manslaughter. But beyond that for manslaughter.

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Where the rough road turns there's a valley sweet—
Where the skies are starred and fair;
We'll forget the thorns and the noontide heat
And rest in the roses there.
And the dark of the dreary, weary night
Will be lost at last in the morning light.

Where the rough road turns there's a haven blest
Where the ships at anchor ride,
And the sea-winds sing sweet songs of rest
Over the dreamless tide.
Where the tempests fade from a silent shore
And the sails are furled forevermore.

O rest in the beautiful haven sweet,
And rest in the haven still,
What though the storms on the brave ships beat—
Though the thorns are keen to kill!
Let us dream that the dark of the dreary night
Will be lost at last in the morning light.

THE END OF THE WAY.

THE BLUE DIAMOND
of the CHATEAU of
KER-STEARS

THIS is the story of a famous blue diamond which mysteriously disappeared, a mad count and a Russian diplomat, and the interest of the tale lies in its truthfulness.

M. Alexandre Greger, a Russian Councillor of State and connected with the Imperial diplomatic service, with his wife had been spending a fortnight at the charming Chateau Ker-Stears, which, commanding the Cliff of Saint-Marc, stands like a gray sentinel over the town of Brest in Brittany. The silhouette of the castle against the blue sky is the most prominent and romantic feature of the landscape. M. Greger was ready to depart. Madame Greger had had a delightful time as the guest of the Comtesse de Rodellac, the mistress of the chateau. She regretted the hour for parting had come.

For two weeks the Greger had enjoyed the hospitality and the social distractions provided by their hostess. Just as they were ready to leave the chateau M. Greger, the "commissaire central" of Brest arrived, making an official call to the Russian. "I arrest you in the name of the law for theft."

"Theft?" The guest could scarcely believe this was not a worrying dream. "Theft?" he echoed, looking from the commissaire to his wife, casting an inquiring glance at the Comtesse.

"You are charged with the theft of the blue diamond ring of Madame la Comtesse," the official replied with exactness. "Then he added, 'It is my disagreeable duty, monsieur, to search your effects.'"

M. Greger remonstrated; then he protested his innocence, and finally, seeing the law would take its course, became calm, determined.

"This is all some hideous mistake," he declared, as he handed the officer his bunch of keys.

The officer began his search. Trunks, hatboxes, bags, traveling cases of both the diplomat and his wife were as minutely examined as the handbag of a suspected smuggler. The contents of the traveling case of the Russian were turned out. The ring was still undiscovered.

But the officer was persevering. There was a bottle of dentifrice almost filled. He spread a piece of paper, and, unscrewing the bottle's metal top, poured the contents into the paper.

"There is your ring, Madame la Comtesse," remarked the officer, with the smiling face of the successful prophet. The Russians were speechless. What could M. Greger say? How could he answer evidence produced in this splendidly theatrical manner?

Protesting his innocence, M. Greger was taken before the examining magistrate. The Russian Ambassador was notified, and, after the formalities were arranged, the accused diplomat, upon the request of the Russian government, was paroled.

Here ends the first chapter in the mystery, but there is another one, which, perhaps, should have preceded it.

Not so many years ago, say fifteen or twenty, a wealthy American named Stears, who had married the daughter of an old American family, the Ker-Stears, had built for himself a beautiful and elegant house which overlooked Brest, and which in the twilight has the appearance of a medieval castle surmounting the hill behind the city. A local architect, a certain M. Lapiere, an old pupil of Viollet-le-Duc, and regarded locally as a man of talent, designed the chateau, and as his orders called for a luxurious modern abode, a fit nest for a man of millions, he exerted himself to build a house which would stand as a monument to his taste and architectural skill. Mr. Stears supplied a name for his elegant home by calling into use the Breton word ker, in place of dwelling, and adding his other family name.

A few years ago the owner of Ker-Stears died, and his widow, a handsome and charming hostess, gave her home to a Breton gentleman, the Comte de Rodellac du Porcel. They continued to dwell in the great mansion.

The Comte and Comtesse are famous for their hospitality. The most courtly spirits are entertained there every summer. They have as their friends many distinguished persons, men and women of title and people of distinction generally. M. Greger, a Russian diplomat, and his wife, a most engaging woman, were numbered among their friends.

Having been left a vast fortune by her late husband, Mme. de Rodellac, having the universal feminine love of jewels, acquired many gems of great value. The most prized of her collection was a magnificent blue diamond set in a ring. Now, apart from the enormous value of the rare stone—a blue diamond such as Mme. de Rodellac's would arouse enthusiasm anywhere—this particular gem had the additional interest of historical association. It was one of the jewels in the crown of Louis Philippe, and descended to the Bonaparte Duc d'Angoulême. Finally it passed into the hands of Mlle. Leonide Le Blanc, at whose sale Mme. de Rodellac, then Mme. Stears, purchased it for about 50,000 francs—say \$10,000. Its value in the market to-day would be much greater than that sum.

So much for Ker-Stears and its famous blue diamond, which once adorned the crown of the King of France. Possessed of a magnificent home, a king's jewel and a titled husband, the widow of the American millionaire has not been entirely happy; at least, that is the opinion of one who has listened to rumors and the little-tattle chronicling among people of fashion.

When the widow married the Breton Comte he was scarcely 25, and she was—well, somewhat older. The young Comte de Rodellac developed, or at least revealed after his marriage, a violent, brutal character. Some who are his intimates say he is mad. Perhaps that is an exaggeration, although members of his family have broken relations with him, and he is reported to have once threatened the Comtesse with a revolver. At any rate, all has not been well at the Chateau Ker-Stears, and there has been a good deal of misery in the midst of luxurious surroundings.

Mme. de Rodellac, regarding M. and Mme. Greger in the light of confidants, spoke to them about her miserable marital existence. Having related to her Russian friends a particularly violent scene during which her husband threatened to shoot her, she was advised by M. Greger to sue for a divorce. This statement, however, requires affirmation, and she was on the strength of the Russian diplomat's assertion, but since the scandal about the disappearance of the ring and the arrest of M. Greger for theft, Mme. de Rodellac denies that she had been advised to seek a legal separation from her husband.

The central figure in the drama is M. Greger, at present a Russian Councillor of State, formerly Secretary of Embassy at Washington and at Rio de Janeiro, and who was about to be raised to the rank of Minister Plenipotentiary when the crash came.

Both the Russian diplomat and his wife were welcome guests at Ker-Stears. They were two of a pleasant house party given at the chateau. On the evening of their arrival, at dinner, M. Greger is said to have expressed admiration for the beautiful blue diamond ring which the mistress of the mansion wore. With the pride of a collector she held forth her hand, that her Russian guests might be entranced by the historic gem.

After dinner the guests went to the large salon of the castle, where Mme. de Rodellac entertained them with an improvised musicale. Seating herself at the piano, she stripped her fingers of their jewels and removed her bracelets, all of which she placed on a convenient piece of furniture.

As the party was about to separate for the night the Comtesse suddenly remembered she had forgotten to extinguish the lamps in the salon. M. Greger gallantly offered to assist her. They returned to the music room, and there he himself turned on the lamps on the piano.

In a short time the mistress of the chateau remembered she had not taken up her jewelry, and sent a chambermaid for it. The girl was accompanied by the steward. They brought to Mme. de Rodellac two bracelets and three rings.

The blue diamond had disappeared! The police of Brest were notified and M. Jerome began his inquiry. For a fortnight M. and Mme. Greger remained at the chateau, enjoying themselves with the many distractions which Ker-Stears provided for its guests. Then, when the time came for them to depart, the police stepped in, as they do in the last act of a melodrama, and placed the Russian diplomat under arrest.

Where the famous jewel was found has been told. The question which remains to be answered is, "How did it get into a bottle of tooth powder which was in a locked traveling case of the Russian diplomat?"

Also, "How did the police, with unexampled certainty and perspicacity, proceed to the hiding place of the treasure? Was it clairvoyance?" Sherlock Holmes never surpassed the feat.

M. Greger sees nothing phenomenal about the marvelous sagacity of the police on this occasion, and intimates very plainly that the diamond was found in his tooth powder, because some person put it there and then gave a hint to the police. He vows to have the mystery cleared up and his innocence established.

Although he has been released provisionally at the request of the Russian government, and there has developed a tendency to have the case against him ended by a kind of Scotch verdict, M. Greger says he will insist on the action being continued, and the whole of the mysterious circumstances dragged into the light of day.

"I will not be satisfied with a 'non-lieu' from the examining magistrate," he declared, "in other words that the evidence against me is insufficient. I insist on the whole matter being 'tire au clair' and my complete innocence established."

"Now let us take the charges against me. I am accused of stealing the famous blue diamond ring of the Comtesse de Rodellac. But such a ring would be utterly worthless to any one but its legitimate owner. Such stones have their pedigree and are known to every jeweler. No one could for a moment dream of disposing of such a jewel. As I did not take this ring, the question on which the whole matter turns is to how it got into my valise. This valise is the one in which I carry my revolver, my private papers, my money, etc., when I am traveling. It is generally locked, and I carry the key."

"Now, as regards my boots," continued M. Greger. "This is the more delicate part of the affair. The Comtesse has often discussed her relations with her husband with myself and my wife. In fact, the position of affairs is notorious. We are not the only people whom she has taken into her confidence. The Comtesse de Rodellac has even had her husband kept under medical observation in regard to his mental condition. Under these conditions it is not to be wondered at that I gave her the advice to obtain a divorce, though this she has since denied. I am of opinion that in a moment of exasperation she informed her husband of this, which explains his violent dislike for me and renders anything on his part possible."

"The end of the scandal has not yet been reached. The Comtesse de Rodellac has been seen in the company of a man who is known to be a Jew. He is a man of the name of Winifred. He is a man of the name of Winifred. He is a man of the name of Winifred."

In the morning when the construction of permanent tramways would be on the question owing to prohibitive initial cost, there are in use in Germany and France electric transport systems running on the ordinary roads. These draw their supply of electricity from overhead wires similar to those in use in tramway works. Provision is made for passenger traffic by means of omnibuses run singly or with a trailer, while goods traffic is handled by motor vehicles drawing two or three trailers. The first of such lines was opened in 1901, and since that time quite a number of services have been inaugurated in different districts. The routes are for the most part comparatively short. One of the longest lines is that of the Charbonnières-les-Bains, near Lyons, which is worked with six motor cars of a seating capacity of thirty-eight passengers each. A line is also working between the towns of Neuendorf, Walpethal and Abzweller. A line is working regularly in connection with an industrial center in the neighborhood of Wurzen, Germany, over which some thirty wagons are taken every day.

GOING TO THE CITY OF BLONDES.

Traveling Man Always Knows When He is Nearing New York.

"I can always tell when I am getting into New York by the way the blondes begin to thicken," said the traveling man. "When I am away from the country districts visiting the small towns the sight of a real blonde is rare. The half of the majority of the country maidens is dark. Though I pass an occasional light-colored or red head on the streets. Their hair is often a marvelous becoming, but with a Marcel wave. Their complexion never has the steamed appearance of the city belle, but are fresh and wholesome."

"But day after day as I get nearer New York the lemond ring blonde begins to crop up. She boards the train bound for New York from the little town where she has probably been visiting relatives and her thoughts probably turn once more to the quick lunch and chewing gum and dignity, or to her place third from the right in the second row of the chorus."

The dark haired sisters begin to melt away the closer the train gets to the city, so that by the time the outlook of New York are sighted the dark crop has given away entirely to the petriote fair with the rippling Marcel wave and the adjustable waist line. I had heard about blonde being the proper thing in hair, but I thought it was a comic paper joke till I took to the road. One thing certain—New York is the city of blondes."—New York Press.

So Nice of Him.

Gunner—The pretty little postess is blushing.

Guy—Yes, she's a poem to the editor called "The Kiss."

Gunner—Well!

Guy—Wow, he returned it.

Almighty Perfect.

Here it was had an opportunity to kiss a pretty girl would improve his mind.

She was me, but I really can't say as much an opportunity could be taken.

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GOING TO THE CITY OF BLONDES.

GOOD
Short Stories

A fond mother, hearing an unusual noise in the nursery overhead, hurried up stairs to find out what was the matter. She found Johnny sitting in the middle of the door quietly smiling.

"Oh," said he, "I've locked Grandpa and Uncle Henry in the cupboard, and when they get a little angrier I am going to play Daniel in the lion's den."

A certain doctor of divinity was accustomed to slip down a side aisle at the conclusion of his service and to the door of exit to greet the people as they passed out. He was especially cordial to strangers. One Sunday he extended his hand to a young German woman, who, in answer to his inquiry, said she lived in a certain suburb. The minister then told her he would like to call and see her some time, whereupon the girl, with a blush, stammered: "Please, sir, I've got a young man already."

Thus spoke Congressman Cushman in a duel of wit with Bourke Cockran. My admiration of Mr. Cockran was so great that a few days ago I said to a friend of his, "Is it

HOW THE RAIN CAME.

A Testimony Given in a Strange Case.

For a real lively, genuine performance the coming of the rainy season in the Philippines has no end of right to be considered.

This is the experience of one woman who supposedly arrived during the dry season at her window she could hear a roaring tattoo in the grove of abaca palms to the south. The noise roared, roared, thundered.

Long, little cocoanuts began an inexplicable bending to and fro, their tops circling in trembling descent almost to the earth, then swinging back to the spring of the bow tense trunks in a movement exaggerated and violent, like that of some stage tempest.

Out in the grove, beaten, trampled down, these advanced into the open a black wall of rain, perpendicular from earth to sky. Ahead of it dust, driven rubbish, suddenly ascended to tower in rotary spirals. Trees were fayed of their leaves. Roofs flew up like gigantic bats.

Then her own house, strongly built, shook as with earthquake. The thatch of the roof sprang vertically, like that of a ship with full sails, between the instant she saw the muddy sky stream by.

A powder of debris, of dry rot, snowed down upon the heads, unperched, the chairs, just as the rain, which struck the floor with a squeak like that of a mechanical doll, remained as dead for a long minute, then scampered across the room and up the walls, again. Great black spiders, centipedes, scorpions, fell, sometimes to the floor, then the slips clicked back to position as a box is shut. Breathless silence, a heavy immobility, petrified the world. There came three or four detached, resounding raps upon the roof, and suddenly a furious roaring beating as of stones coming down, great stones chuted in thousands, in millions, the whole land, disappeared in a yellow swirl of water—McClure's Magazine.

GOUDAU'S SHEEP.

It Matched His Dog and Satisfied the Curious.

Emile Goudau, a celebrated character of Paris, was one of the most curious bohemians that ever lived. There is a story of him and a certain black spaniel which with the historic little lamb attached itself to the historic little Mary. Goudau and the dog, in fact, were never separated. It dawned upon the neighbors of the neighborhood that Goudau had not paid his dues for the "inferior brother."

He approached him, therefore, in as friendly a spirit as possible, being, indeed, an old acquaintance, and said, "Goudau, I must ask you to pay your tax for the spaniel."

The bohemian was immensely surprised, or affected to be. "But don't you know, my dear sir," he said in a tone of remonstrance, "this is a sheep dog, useful to me in my work and consequently exempt from the tax?"

"But you are no shepherd," returned the tax gatherer, "you are a dog, and you know it." "No shepherd," replied Goudau. "Every poet is a shepherd. Have you not heard of Virgil and Theocritus?"

Other names if the tax gatherer, alarmed at such a display of learning, had not stopped him. "But at least you have no sheep," he said. "No, I admit that," said Goudau. "It is because I am too poor. But I will rectify that."

And he did. Next day he was observed promenading the streets of Montmartre with the same old black spaniel, but with a newcomer in the shape of a real, live, woolly sheep—London Sketch.

The Word "Cutler." "Cutler," according to its present use, should mean a man who makes things that cut, but really it has more to do with "cut" than "cutlery" and "cut" here, which is just nothing at all. "Cut" has some Teutonic origin, but "cutler" comes through French from the late Latin "cutellarius," which meant either a soldier armed with a knife or a knife-maker, and "cutlery," a little knife, was the diminutive of "cutler," which, among other things, meant a plowshare or "coultre." "Cutlery" comes from the same source, and "cutlet" is "coulette," a little rib.

One Thing Lacking. "What while you were playing in one of the country towns a fire broke out in the theater?" "Yes," said Low Comedy, "and there might have been a horrible panic but for one thing."

"What was that?" "There weren't enough people in the audience to create one."—Moonshine.

The Regular Charge. "I've come to pay my bill," said the patient. "120, I believe?" "Yes," replied Dr. Soakem, "making a total of 122."

"Er—I don't quite understand." "That brings it up to date, including today. I charge \$2 for office visits, you know."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Figs and Dates. It is a good plan to wash figs and dates before giving them to children, or, for that matter, to any one. Their sweetness attracts insects, and their stickiness makes them a perfect home for dust and its undesirable germs. Yet most people seem never to think of this at all. Washing will not impair the flavor. On the contrary, it makes them more agreeable to the sight and touch as well as to the taste.

Versatile. "It was as much as I could do to keep from laughing when Miss Guschor remarked that her fiancé was so versatile."

"Meaning Dummy? Well, he is rather versatile."

"Nonsense! He's a regular idiot."

"Yes, but he's so many different kinds of an idiot."—Philadelphia Press.

Friendship. Friendship, this beautiful relation of life to life, soul to soul, is of most serious import. It sometimes makes our warmest friend in reality our worst enemy. Bad qualities in a friend are false lights that lure to evil. Many of us are constituted so that it is easy for us to form friendships. Let us be careful of those thus brought under our influence and power.

Let us keep them unswayed. Let us feel that grave responsibilities rest on our friendships and that they also enshrine glorious opportunities.

To know the disease is the commencement of the cure.—Don Quixote.

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Boys' Suits from 3 to 14 years, regular price \$2.50 to \$3.50, to go at \$1.48.
Men's \$1.00 and \$1.50 pants, to go at 75c.
A big lot of Ladies' Long Coats, regular price \$5.00, during this sale \$2.98.
Misses and Children's Coats, regular price from \$4.00 to \$6.00, to go at \$2.98.
A big lot of Children's sample dresses, sizes 4 to 14 years, real value \$3.98, to go at \$1.48.
100 doz. Ladies' Embroidered Handkerchiefs, regular 12 1/2c. to 25c. quality, they are slightly mended, 5c. each.



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HOW WARRIORS DIED.

Grant, who time and again stood untouched amid a hail of bullets, finally died of cancer.

William the Silent survived numerous wounds and campaigns, only to be assassinated after he was victorious.

Napoleon, apparently bullet proof and believed by his followers to have a charmed life, died almost alone of a cancer.

Cortez, the conqueror of Mexico, after half a lifetime of desperate fighting, died in Spain of typhoid fever, neglected and despised by those whom he had benefited.

Washington survived the perils of the wilderness, the dangers of Indian warfare, all the bullets and balls of a score of Revolutionary battles and the hardships of a seven years' campaign to be killed by a common soldier.

Lord Clive, the English conqueror of India, a bold, active warrior, exposed to death in scores of desperate battles and by several plots, fell a victim after his return to England to the opium habit and committed suicide.

Sorrow of an Artist.
A first class journeyman tailor who is both sensitive and ambitious must have more than his share of sadness and heartache. The completeness with which he is ignored by those who are made happy by his workmanship cannot fail to cause him mental agony.

The boss knows him and appreciates his work and so do his fellow craftsmen, but that is all. Beyond them he is unknown, unthought of. His work goes out into the world to delight and to be admired, but it brings to him neither fame nor praise. He is no more thought of or remembered by those who wear with pride a garment he made than the sheep is from whose back the wool was sheared that went to its making—American Tailor and Cutter.

They told the youngster to soak his feet in a tub of salt water if he wanted to get a healing. He soaked for hands too. "It's pretty near time for me to get a healing," he explained. "Tomorrow I'm going to sit in it."—New York Sun.

To know the disease is the commencement of the cure.—Don Quixote.

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