

The Contrabandist; OR One Life's Secret!

A TRUE
STORY
OF
THE
SOUTH
OF
FRANCE

CHAPTER VI.

A month passed. Louis had intended to leave the chateau at the expiration of a month. It went by, but still he lingered; and, as he had no pressing business elsewhere, he said to himself that the summer might wear away as well here as in places where he might not like so well to stay. So he was in no hurry to depart.

Time passed very pleasantly at the chateau. A great portion of his days was passed indoors, in the society of his uncle and his beautiful cousin Helen; and the remainder was spent in the open air, in the pursuit of his favorite amusements. Louis was as fond of sketching as ever, and nearly every morning he might have been seen roving about the neighborhood in search of food for his pencil, as he has already seen him, returning at noon, to display to Mademoiselle Montauban the result of his labor; though, on the first occasion of this kind, it must be allowed that the exhibition of his sketches was subjected to some slight reserve, the picture of Rose and her dwelling being withheld. For what reason, however, he himself, perhaps, scarcely knew at the time.

He had seen Rose two or three times since that visit, both at the chateau and at the cottage, where he had met her father also. The admiration of Louis for his pretty heroine certainly was by no means on the decrease; while Hugh Lamonte was an enigma to him. The peculiarity of this man's appearance and manners was a matter of no little perplexity to him as to others. The gravity and reserve of Hugh were so many subjects of mystery. But it was a mystery not likely soon to be solved. Nobody knew anything concerning him previous to the time of his coming to occupy his present abode. His former place of residence was unknown. Conjecture had done her best, and the mystery remained a mystery still.

Louis often spoke with his uncle on this subject. The good marquis could only shake his head in perplexity.

"He is a strange man, that is all I can say," said he; "and yet there is something about him which attracts me. That lofty sternness which he sometimes wears strikes one most strangely. I never observe it without thinking of—"

"Of what, monsieur?" asked Louis.

"Of my—of Henri—your uncle, my boy. We quarrelled once, he and I, and he was just that look and manner afterward. You never saw him, Louis. And the good marquis sighed.

"What was the reason of the quarrel, uncle?" asked Louis.

"It is a long story. I cannot tell you now," was the answer; "but, some day, perhaps, I will relate it to you."

It was no uncommon thing now for Louis to encounter Jacques Leroux now, in his usual strolls about the neighborhood. They often met; and the young count, feeling an interest in this rough, but evidently honest-hearted fellow, who had taken pains to render him a service, spent many an hour in conversation with him while reclining on the banks of the valley stream, engaged in angling, or roaming over wood and hill, with his big portfolio, for Louis was an unwearied artist.

And all this time Gaspard was away. Hugh and Jacques alone knew where; for the former, Hugh Lamonte, uneasy at a neighborhood so little to be desired, had dispatched him to manage the affairs of that portion of the estate engaged in the contraband trade, well knowing that, being as far distant as the coast itself, he had nothing unpleasant to apprehend from him. Gaspard, as may be guessed, had been no little dissatisfied with this arrangement, and resolved to return, secretly, as soon as an opportunity presented itself.

It was one day when Louis had been rambling about during the whole morning beneath the shadow of a tree to rest, in the midst of a small grove half way between the chateau and the cottage, that he had a book with him, and opening it, soon became deeply engaged in its perusal. Perhaps he might have passed half an hour thus. At the end of that time, however, he closed it, and taking up his gun, which he had thrown on the turf beside him, he took his way towards the road, which was not many steps distant.

But he had not reached it, ere a bullet whistled through the air, struck his left arm, plunging into the flesh as it went, and continuing its course till it lodged in the trunk of a large tree by the roadside.

It had evidently proceeded from some place very near the spot which he had left; but he had no time to look for the source of the compliment, for the warm blood already poured down his arm, saturating completely the sleeve which conveyed it. Hastening on, he sat down by the trunk of the tree, which had received the bullet, and taking his handkerchief out, folded it into a bandage. At that moment, raising his eyes, he beheld Jacques Leroux coming along the road from the village. He called to him, and he ran up.

"What's the matter now, Monsieur?" he asked, in some surprise.

"Shot in the arm? Winged like a wild owl? Why, what?" he glanced at the gun that the count had again laid down, and Louis recognized the impression which he entertained.

"Well, my good fellow," he said, lightly, despite the slight faintness he felt from the loss of blood, "you do not think I would commit intentional suicide—do you? and if I did, I should certainly select a surer spot than this. But I am not you are here. This is a handkerchief, rather awkward. Just fasten the bandage about it tightly, if you please—so, that is it. Be sure the knot is fast."

And during this time Louis had concluded, since Jacques had drawn his ownferences, to let him keep them, and tell him nothing concerning the actual state of the matter; for a thought had suddenly occurred to him, as he had endeavored account for the case himself, which made him resolve to trust his own discretion in finding out the truth, and keep on the subject until then. For never had fired this shot at him was enemy, since he could not bring himself to believe the deed unintentional. What enemy had he besides Gaspard?

Finally laid it out to his own satisfaction.

By this time his arm was almost entirely healed. He had remained within doors for some days; but now resumed his usual out-of-door amusements, taking good care, however, to avoid every place wherein a fly might be concealed.

Some careless inquiries which he made of Rose and her father, assured him that, even if Gaspard were in the neighborhood, they were unconscious of it. He resolved to set a watch, however, to ascertain the amount of correctness in his suspicions.

One day, very shortly after the occurrences above recorded, Louis received letters from Lyons which seemed to interest him very deeply. Business of some importance, he announced, obliged him to leave the chateau sooner than he had intended. The good marquis expressed the utmost concern and regret at hearing this.

"Why, my dear Louis," said he, "I counted on keeping you for months yet. Why will you go? Surely you can submit to your agent, or avocate, all affairs of business for the present."

"My dear uncle, the case is imperative," answered the count.

"Then, as soon as this affair is transacted, you will return to us? I will hear of no refusal."

"I promise you, monsieur, I will return."

Helen Montauban had waited silently for the decision. She made no attempt to urge Louis to prolong his stay. She did not even express a regret at the announcement of his intended departure on the following day; but a closer observer might have seen the emotion which she felt. And she received the parting kiss of her handsome cousin with a smile.

"My dear Helen," he said, frankly, taking her hands in his, "tell me that you are sorry to bid me adieu, or I shall not believe it."

"I do regret your departure, Louis," she answered, in a low, clear tone; "but why should I display it? You say your business is imperative, and I would not detail your affairs to a stranger. I shall return."

"Yes—I shall return," he echoed.

"Adieu, sweet cousin."

"Louis," said the marquis, as he accompanied his nephew to the gate of the court, "you must mind and come back as soon as possible. If the plan which I mentioned the other day succeeds, Rose will be an inmate of the chateau before winter. Poor little Rose! one cannot but wish to see her in such circumstances as seem more befitting her. Helen needs a friend and companion, too, and both will be benefited. If Hugh Lamonte will consent to part with her, she shall come. The first thing that put this plan into my thoughts was the persecutions of that fellow Gaspard. I wished to remove her from his way. To be sure, he is not here at present; but then there is no knowing how soon he may return. I shall talk with Hugh—I shall talk with him; and Helen will use her influence, too, I know, for she likes Rose. So when you return, you may, perhaps, find another cousin, Louis."

"Your plan is an excellent one, my dear uncle," returned the young man, "and I wish you all success. Depend upon it, the endeavors which you and my cousin make, for the benefit of Rose, will not be thrown away."

The gate of the court closed; the guest was gone.

Slowly rode master and man down the valley to the little inn by the roadside, and here Louis dismounted. Immediately, as he did so, there came from an inner room a young man, who, appearing at the door, made a respectful obeisance to Louis, saying:

"Monsieur, you see I am punctual."

"Good!" answered the count. "How long have you been here?"

"Three hours fully, I think."

"That is well. I see you do not forget your master's habits. But come; we must have a room in private for a little while. Francis!" to his valet, "get down and wait awhile. I wish to transact some private business with this person. Come, Robin!"

"You have got your spade and its accompaniments with you, I presume?" inquired the young count of the man he had met, as the two entered a little room together.

"Yes, indeed, Monsieur Louis, and one or two changes of apparel. It is for no more than a month or two, I think you said."

"That is all."

"Then I dare say I brought sufficient with me more than that might be thought superfluous, you know. We must be natural."

"Yes—yes, Robin. It is all right. Shut the door now, and be careful there is no chance for eavesdroppers."

They went in, and the door was closed upon them.

Some twenty minutes might have elapsed when the door re-opened and they came forth again, the young count striking from his varnished boot one or two straws with his riding stick, and bending his head to conceal a smile that curved his mustached lip; while his companion, with less apparent restraint, was laughing outright—a low, musical, but hearty laugh. He quickly grew grave, however, and said, aloud, as they proceeded to the outer door, where the innkeeper was still standing, and endeavoring to draw the usually gruff Francis into something like conversation:

"You think, then, Monsieur le comte, that I shall get employment somewhere about here?"

"O, doubtless—doubtless, Robin!" was the reply. "You will have my certificate of character, if it is required; but your face will do as well, if I am not mistaken."

"Well, I need not tell you to be have yourself, Robin. I wish that you may meet with good fortune."

"Thank you, monsieur," returned the other, gratefully. "I shall endeavor to do credit to your recommendation."

"Ah—well!" muttered Francis, crossly, as he beheld his own little lack, and glanced surlily enough toward his master; "if young people will turn into wild geese, I do not know who will repress them themselves."

CHAPTER VII.

On the day of the count's departure from the chateau Montauban, there stopped at the cottage of Hugh Lamonte a young peasant, dressed in coarse but neat garb, and carrying across his shoulder a heavy stick, on which swung a bundle neatly tied up in a large cotton handkerchief.

This person was of something above the medium height, light and athletic in form, and with straight, shapely limbs, whose grace and activity his rude dress could

not conceal. His countenance was a fine, frank and pleasing one; the features indisputably handsome, and the complexion slightly darkened, evidently by exposure to sun and wind; while the simple openness and honesty of his manner could not fail to please one.

At the invitation of Hugh Lamonte he entered and sat down, stating that he had come from Avallon, and desired to obtain employment in this neighborhood.

"What kind of employment do you seek?" asked Hugh.

"I am a gardener, monsieur," answered the young man, respectfully, "and if I could have the care of a garden somewhere about here—"

"But," interrupted Hugh, in a thoughtful tone, "we do not need gardeners about here. Up in the village, where the people are all farmers, they take care of their own gardens. Besides, it is late in the season for that work."

The young man blushed as he returned: "O, I know that, monsieur—I know that; but I would be willing to work for so much the less."

"Good! But still, I think it is not very likely that you will find employment of that kind. If it were the spring instead of near the autumn now, perhaps the marquis might take you. But as it is, you must think of something else. You are really in need of work, I suppose?"

"Yes, monsieur, I bring a certificate from my former master."

"Who was he?"

"The Comte d'Artois, monsieur."

"The Comte d'Artois?" Hugh regarded the young man fixedly for a moment, till the red color flushed into his cheeks again. "Let me see your certificate, if you please," he said.

The man drew it forth and gave it to Hugh. It said simply:

"This certifies that the bearer, Robin Maron, is industrious, honest and temperate, and will be found faithful and trustworthy by whoever may need his services."

"(Signed)."

"That is well," said Hugh, quietly, as he returned the paper, "and speaks excellently for you, Master Robin. But it will not be of much use here, I am afraid. Is there nothing else you could do?"

"Oh, yes, monsieur," answered Robin. "I like this neighborhood, and I have some fancy for farm work. Doubtless I could make myself useful to some of your neighbors."

"Well, it is a busy time, and there is every chance for one who comes recommended like you. Extra work-people are wanted by several of the farmers. There is Antoine Lebrun and Pierre Martin, both of whom I know need one or two more men. They live something like a mile or two beyond here. You will, without doubt, find work among some of them."

"Thank you, I will try them," returned Robin, rising, and taking up his stick and bundle, which he had laid beside him on the floor.

(To be continued.)

A BRITON'S IDEA OF FREEDOM.

It was to tell himself on the White House Lawn, and he did it.

"I never go to Washington that I do not think of a young Englishman who went around the city with me a dozen years ago," said a man who had just returned from the inauguration ceremonies. "We saw everything that there was to be seen. He was pleased with everything, and he said so; but the thing that impressed him most was the lack of formality and the absence of guards."

"He never tired talking of this and comparing the simplicity of the arrangements in Washington with the way the rulers of Europe are guarded. Particularly he was impressed by the fact that any one who wished was allowed to go into the White House grounds, and wander around without showing any passes or credentials of any kind."

"Well, one day we were wandering around and we went up past the White House. The Englishman stopped and watched the stream of men and women going into the grounds."

"By Jove," he said, "it is wonderful and no mistake. Why, they let you do just as you please. Do you know, I think that if a fellow wanted to he could go in there and roll over on the lawn and there wouldn't be a person who would think of speaking to him about it." Of course, no one would speak to him about it, I said. "What's more, if you want to do it I'll stay here and watch you, and if any one else says anything about it I'll help you lick him."

"Will you?" he said.

"I mean it," I said.

"He looked at me for a minute and then he walked into the White House grounds. There was a crowd there, but no one paid the least attention to him. He went out on the lawn, right in front of the main entrance to the building, and lay down flat on his back. Then he rolled over three times, slowly and deliberately. Then he got up and walked out of the grounds, as happy as though he had found \$10.

"No one looked at him, and no one spoke to him; to roll over on the White House lawn might have been the proper thing to do so far as the attention that it attracted went. The Englishman said that if he had acted that way in any of the capitals on the other side he would have been locked up as a dangerous character. He was very proud of his exploit and I suppose that he is still telling the story of it in England."—New York Sun.

Never Again.

At the mounted games of Squadron A, not so many years ago, a bright young man sat between two pretty girls. In the potato race a trooper of the name of Bellamy came in second.

"Ah! I am so sorry," exclaimed one of the fair ones. "It seemed once as though he would win."

"But," said the bright young man, "he was looking backward" (which had been true).

"He wasn't," snapped the girl. "He never turned around once."

Now the bright young man says he will probably go through life and never see another Bellamy looking backward. Such is the fate of a punster.—New York Evening Sun.

Would Never Do.

"I was thinking," said the architect, "that you might call the house The Crescent."

"Not on your life," protested the proprietor of the new theater, "that would be a hoodoo from the start. The crescent is never full."—Philadelphia Press.

A machine that washes and dries 8,000 dishes an hour has been invented, and it is guaranteed that plates, cups, saucers, and other dishes come out of the wash without a scratch.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Jokelets that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born—Sayings and Doings that Are Old, Curious and Laughable—The Week's Humor.

Hardup—My wife is sick, doctor. What will you charge for attending her?

Physician—Three dollars a visit.

Hardup—Well—er—we don't care to entertain visitors. Couldn't you make it a ten-minute call for a dollar?

Preparing for the Bill.

Wederly—I'm learning to swear in French.

Singleton—Because why?

Wederly—Because my wife has transferred her patronage to a French milliner.

He Was Nearedighted.



Burgomaster (bowing politely to a scarecrow)—The man is certainly ragged-looking, but he is indeed polite.

Wherein They Differ.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what's the difference between a lunch and a luncheon?

Pa—A lunch, my son, is a light dinner and a luncheon is a light lunch.

Natural Distinction.

"As for me," said the boastful stranger, "I don't know what fear is."

"Ah," observed the man who carried one eye in a sling, "then you are a bachelor?"

Great Salvation.

"Superstition is a great thing," said the returned explorer.

"Speaking from experience?" asked the close friend.

"Yes, sir. Why, on the last voyage, when we were just about to finish, every man discovered a rabbit's foot in his pocket, and we had rabbit-foot soup."

Marks.

"They are a family of marked social distinction."

"Why marked?"

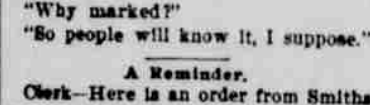
"So people will know it, I suppose."

A Reminder.

Oberk—Here is an order from Smiths for two quarts of berries, but it doesn't say what kind.

Grocer—Send them blueberries. They owe us over a hundred dollars.

Victimized at Last.



The Footpad—Lummy, blowed if some bloomin' thief ain't bin and pinched my pocket 'ankercher.

Caught on the Rebound.

"No," said the fair proprietor of the refrigerator heart, "I cannot be your wife, but I'll be a sister to you."

"Thanks, awfully," rejoined the youth who was left at the post. "If there is one thing I need more than another it is an elderly sister to look after me and prevent me from making a fool of myself."

His Knowledge of Eggs.

"Some physicians declare," remarked the statistician, "that there is as much strength in a couple of eggs as in a pound of beef."

"Huh!" snorted the doctor, "are you sure they mentioned beef or lamb or chicken?"—Philadelphia Press.

Her Last Chance.

"That man, my dear, who courts Miss Rose is rather fast, they say."

"He'll have to be quite fast or else 'Won't let him get away.'"

—Baltimore Press.

Ingenious Artist.

Friend—How did you ever get that beautiful red sunrise.

Artist—I sketched a tomato.

Which Is Wicest.

The Optimist—Sunshine always follows rain.

The Pessimist—Rain always follows sunshine.—Somerville Journal.

Sharp Travel.

The Actor—Do many actors come to this locality?

The Farmer—Should say so. Why, I can't keep a fence because the boys use all the rails to ride them out of town on.

A Young Anatomist.

Some days ago two little fellows of 7 and 8 years heard older people speaking of skeletons. The 7-year-old boy listened intently to the conversation, when the older boy, with an air of superior knowledge, said abruptly: "You don't know what a skeleton is, and I do."

"So do I!" replied the younger. "I do know. I know for certain, I do!"

"Well, now, what is it?"

"It's bones with the people off!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

A Spare Room.

"We're a trifle upset," said the man who lives in a flat. "Had to take all our winter clothes out of the hall closet."

"Why, how was that?"

"To put up a cot in it; friend from out of town dropped in yesterday and spent the night with us."—Philadelphia Press.

Paid for Her Trouble.

Tess—Roxley's young widow has \$2,000,000, I hear.

Jess—Yes; but just think of earning that much money in one year.

Tess—Why, she didn't earn the money herself—

Jess—Of course she did. Wasn't she married to him for a year?—Philadelphia Press.

Apprehensive.

Willie—Er—darling, w-w-hat are those heavy sounds on the stairs?

Madge—That's only papa walking in his sleep.

Willie (skeptically)—Does—er—d—does he sleep with his shoes on?—Baltimore American.

Worse than Lottery.

"Love, after all is a lottery."

"It's worse than that, my boy, for when a man draws a prize it frequently costs him all he's got."—Detroit Free Press.

One of Many.

Mifkins—How does your friend Hooker spend his time since he retired from active business?

Rifkins—Oh, he fishes all summer and lies about it all winter.

Putting Him Wico.

He (on the beach)—What a pity to go into the water with that pretty bathing suit.

She—Oh, I am not going into the water. This is the suit I take my sun bath in.

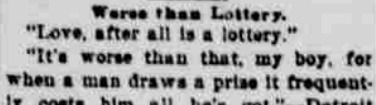
Never Were Them.

"That chap must have come out here to starve," said Amber Pete.

"Why so?" asked the new arrival in the Western town.

"He's a collar salesman."

Accommodating.



Mendicant—Can you help a poor man out, sir?

Fat Party—I am sorry I am too stout to grant your request, but I have a big bounce in the other room, and he will give you any assistance you need.

What Always Happens.

She—Your proposal was quite unexpected.

He—That being the case, you should have been prepared for it.

She—Because why?

He—Because it's the unexpected that always happens, you know.

All in the Family.

He—Will you be my wife?

She—Certainly not.

He—Then will you grant me one favor?

She—What is it?

He—Be a mother to me. Father is going to propose to you to-night.

Then He Pondered.

Rose—Isn't it funny, Mr. Sapp, how one person's feelings affect others?

Charlie Sapp—How do you mean?

Rose—Why, you said you felt better when you traveled, and so did every one around here.

Grief.

When the postman brought the widow only a bill for her mourning gowns, she burst into tears.

"How cruel and inhuman to make me think of earthly things when my grief is so new!" she wailed. "Besides, the gowns don't fit!"

About Women.

Some women are close observers and all women are clothes observers.—Somerville Journal.

A Long Job.

Newsman—I suppose you heard that Bragg had committed suicide.

Grewsum—You mean Bragg, the self-made man?

Newsman—Yes.

Grewsum—Well, well; so he finished himself at last, eh?—Philadelphia Press.

Catching Ring-Tail Monkeys.

Ring-tail monkeys, one of the most valuable and expensive of the smaller animals, are caught in an interesting way. A cocoon is split in two and a banana with a piece of wood running through it placed lengthwise through the nut, the two halves of which are drawn together by wire. Then a hole is cut large enough for the monkey's paw to enter. The monkey spies the tempting nut from his tree. He hops down, looks it over, sees the hole and smells the banana inside. He is fond of bananas. Putting his paw in, he grasps it, but the wood prevents it from coming out. Then the catcher appears and the monkey runs for a tree. But he cannot climb because of the cocoon on his paw and he will not let go of that, so he is captured, pawing wildly at a tree trunk.

The Ounce of Prevention.

Cholly—What makes you think old Niggard thought you had come to him to borrow money?

Jack—Oh, he began talking right away about how hard up he was.—Somerville Journal.

GOOD Short Stories

A newly arrived Westerner was confronted in a street of New York late at night by a ruffian with leveled revolver, who made the stereotyped demand: "Give me your money or I'll blow your brains out." "Blow away," said the Westerner; "you can live in New York without brains, but you can't without money."

A South Sea Islander, at the close of a religious meeting, offered the following prayer: "O God, we are about to go to our respective homes. Let not the words we have heard be like the fine clothes we wear—soon to be taken off and folded up in a box till another Sabbath comes around. Rather, let Thy truth be like the tattoo on our bodies—ineffaceable till death."

The recent death of Martha Canary—better known as "Calamity Jane"—has revived many tales of her remarkable adventures in the West during the early troubles. Once, it is related, she was riding in a stage-coach driven by Jack McCaul, a notorious character of Deadwood, S. D., when a band of Indians swooped down. McCaul was wounded, and fell back on his seat. The six passengers in the coach were helpless with fright. "Calamity Jane" scrambled to the seat, lashed the horses into a run, and escaped. It was this same McCaul who afterward was made the most memorable example of "Calamity Jane's" vengeance. McCaul shot "Wild Bill" Hickok from behind a tree, for a reason never known, after "Wild Bill" had stated him. When "Calamity Jane" heard of it, she started at once to find McCaul. "Wild Bill" was her friend, and the fact that she had once saved McCaul's life did not deter her from taking it. "I gave it to him once," she declared, "I'll take it back now." She came across him unexpectedly in a meat-shop, seized a cleaver, and, threatening to brain him if he moved, waited till her friends bound him. She was one of those who tugged hardest to pull him over a cottonwood limb, and with grim satisfaction she watched him kick his life away.

Dr. Gardner told Walter Wellman the following story, the other day, of a lucky escape from the bullet of an assassin which ex-President Cleveland once had: "Between his two terms as President, Mr. Cleveland lived in Madison avenue. A demented fellow imagined that he was in love with Mrs. Cleveland, and used to send her a love-letter every day. One morning, Mr. Cleveland was coming down the steps of his house to drive to his law office in William street, when this crazy fellow met him face to face, and pulled the trigger of a pistol aimed straight at the heavy figure standing on the steps two yards above him. By one of those miraculous interpositions of chance, the cartridge missed fire. Before the miscreant could use his weapon again he was seized and carried away. He was found to be insane, and in less than 24 hours was placed in an asylum, while the story was kept out of the newspapers. I was at the house within a few minutes, and the pistol was given to me. I have it yet; and the bundle of crazy love-letters. It was a well-made rim-fire revolver, and every other cartridge exploded at the first trip of the trigger. Mr. Cleveland probably owes his life to the chance that the one cartridge which had too thick a rim was the one which the insane chap tried to fire."

Law Too Costly a Luxury.

A lawyer, addressing the Louisiana Bar Association, declared that litigation has become so much of a luxury that lawsuits are diminishing; that the great expenditure of time as well as of money required in the prosecution of a lawsuit deters men from resorting to the courts for the redress of their grievances. A Southern judge was quoted as saying that he had spent one-fourth of his professional life waiting in court houses for his cases to be called. The delays of the law are an ancient grievance, but it is not certain that they are an unmitigated evil.

The deliberate procedure of the courts may not encourage litigation, but it promotes settlements out of court. Substantial justice is often reached by compromises which save time and cost of suits. The slow methods of the courts have resulted in voluntary arbitration in certain trade disputes. Much of the law's delay is due to the technical errors of lawyers in the conduct of suits. An examination of the records of appellate courts showed that a large percentage of appeals were on points of practice. A more thoroughly trained bar would, therefore, hasten suits to judgment. Legislation being largely controlled by lawyers, it is somewhat surprising that avoidable delays in procedure have not been removed. Their removal, according to the Louisiana attorney, would tend to increase lawsuits and professional emoluments.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Typical City of America.

The results of recent investigations show that Philadelphia is pre-eminently the American city. In 1790, when the first census was taken, and for at least two decades afterward Philadelphia contained more inhabitants than any other American town. As early as 1810 the population of Philadelphia was 111,210. According to the census of 1900 Philadelphia contained 1,203,097, of whom 908,387 were native and 294,710 foreign born. In not a single ward of the city are there more foreigners than natives. Of these inhabitants both of whose parents were born in the same foreign country, 221,596 claim Ireland as the birthplace of their parents; 159,238, Germany; 53,026, England; 44,320, Russia, and 27,960, Italy.

Of the native born population of Philadelphia (908,387), 84,548 were born in Pennsylvania, 30,078 in New Jersey, 23,194 in Maryland, 21,868 in New York, 20,088 in Virginia and 16,555 in Delaware. Comparatively few residents of Philadelphia were born in New England or the Western States. That is to say, Philadelphia does not exercise upon those sections of our country the magnetic attraction exerted by New York.

Of foreign born residents in Philadelphia only 85,884 are naturalized. It follows that the political influence of the so-called "foreign vote" is insignificant.—Harper's Weekly.

What Happened to Muldoon.

O'Toole—Muldoon struck his wife yesterday.

McKiek—Is he in jail?

O'Toole—Naw; he in 'th' hospital!

—Baltimore American.

A man is punished so much for being too free that an old man usually talks less than a young one.