

CHAPTER XXVIII.-(Continued.) A little before 12 I arrived at my destination. My vehicle had stopped before a house of modest appearance. It was on the first floor that the young Roumanian lived, and where, having learned her trade as a milliner in Paris, she was engaged in it at Pekin. I read the name of Mme. Zinca Klork on a door. I knock. The door is opened. I am in the presence of a young lady

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who is perfectly charming, as Kinko said. She is blonde, of from twenty-two to twenty-three years old, with the black eyes of the Roumanian type, an agreefigure, a pleasant, smiling face. In fact, has she not been informed that the Grand Transasiatic train has been in the station ever since last evening, in spite of the circumstances of the journey, and is she not awaiting her betrothed from one moment to another?

Mademoiselle Klork is evidently much surprised at seeing a stranger in her doorway. As she has lived several years in France, she does not hesitate to recognize me as a Frenchman, and asks to what she is indebted for my visit.

"Mademoiselle Zinca," I say, "I arriv-ed yesterday by the Grand Transasiatic." The girl turned pale; her eyes became

troubled. It was evident that she feared something. Had Kinko been found in his box? Had the fraud been discov-Was he arrested? Was he in prison?

"Mademoiselle Zinca-certain circumstances have brought to my knowledge the journey of a young Roumanian-"Kinko-my poor Kinko-they have found him?" she asks in a trembling volce

"No-no," say I, hesitating. "No one knows, except myself. I often visited him in the luggage van at night. We were companions, friends. I took him a few provisions."

"Oh, thank you, sir!" says the lady, taking me by the hand. "With a Frenchman Kinko was sure of not being betrayed, and even of receiving help. Thank you! Thank you! He loves me so much, and I love him. We met each other in Paris. He was so kind to me. Then when he went back to Tiflis I asked him to come to me in that box. Is the poor fellow ill?" "No, Mademoiselle Zinca-no."

"He asked you to come and tell me

he had arrived?" "Yes-but-you understand-he very tired after so long a journey."

"Is he Ill?"

"Yes-rather-rather ill."

"The truth, monsieur, the truth! Hide nothing from me-Kinko-"

"Yes-I have sad news-to give you." She is fainting. Her lips tremble. She can hardly speak.

"We have had accidents on the road. The train was nearly annihilated-a 

The unhappy Zinca falls on to a chair -and to employ the imaginative phraseology of the Chinese, her tears roll down like rain on an autumn night. Never have I seen anything so lamentable. But it will not do to leave her in this state, poor girl! She is becoming unconscious. I do not know where I am. I take her hands. I repeat: "Mademoiselle Zinca! Mademoiselle Zinca!"

Suddenly there is a great noise in front of the house. Shouts are heard. There is a tremendous to do, and amid the

Chao would like nothing better than to be our interpreter before the Chinese authorities.

And then, before the weeping Zinca, I told my companions all about Kinko, how he had traveled, how I had made his acquaintance. I told them that if he had defrauded the Transasiatic Company, it was thanks to this fraud that he was able to get on to the train at Uzun

Ada. And if he had not been in the train, we should all have been ingulfed in the abyss of the Tjon valley. What an explosion there was of clamatory ohs! and ahs! when I had finished my recital! And in a burst of gratitude, somewhat of the theatrical

sort, our actor shouted: "Hurrah for Kinko! He ought to have a medal!"

Until the Son of Heaven accorded this hero a green dragon of some sort, Mme. Caterna took Zinca's hand, drew her to her heart and embraced her without being able to restrain her tears. Just think of a love story interrupted at the last chapter!

But we must hasten, and, as Caterna says, "all on the scene for the fifth"the fifth act, in which dramas generally

clear themselves up. "We must not let this brave fellow suffer!" said Major Noltitz; "we must see the Grand Transasiatic people, and when they learn the facts they will be the first to stop the prosecution."

We left the young Roumanian to the caresses of the worthy actress. Madame Caterna would not leave her, declaring that she looked upon her as her daughter, that she would protect her like a mother. Then Pan Chao, Major Noltitz, Caterna and I went off to the company's offices at the station.

The manager was in his office, and we were admitted. He was a Chinese in every acceptation of the word, and capable of every administrative Chineserya functionary who functioned in a way that would have moved his colleagues in old Europe to envy.

Pan Chao told the story, and, as he understood Russian, the major and I took part in the discussion. This unmistaka-ble Chinaman did not hesitate to contend that Kinko's case was a most serious one. A fraud undertaken on such conditions, a fraud extending over six thousand kilometers, a fraud of a thou-sand francs on the Grand Transaiatic

Company and its agents. We replied to this Chinesing Chine that it was all very true, but that the damage had been inconsiderable, that if the defrauder had not been in the train he could not have saved it at the risk of his life, and at the same time he could not have saved the lives of the passen-

Well, would you believe it? This living China figure gave us to understand that from a certain point of view it would have been better to regret the deaths of a hundred victims. In short, we get nothing. Justice must take its course against the fraudulent Kinko. "Gentlemen," said Pan Chao, "I know

how things are managed in the Celestial Empire. Two hours will not elapse from the time Kinko is arrested to the time he is brought before the judge charged with this sort of crime. He will not only be sent to prison, but the basti-

"We must stop that abomination," said Major Noltitz.

"We can try, at least,"

had it not been for Kinko's devotion, the gold and precious stones would be in the hands of Faruskiar and his bandits. And that was worth something else than six months in prison. In a fit of generosity the Son of Heaven favored Kinko with the remittal of his sentence.

I decline to depict the joy, the happiness, the intoxication which this news, brought by Kinko in person, gave to all his friends, and particularly to the fair Zinca Klork. These things are ex-pressible in no language—not even in Chinese, which lends itself so generously to the metaphorical.

And now, my readers must permit me to finish with my traveling companions whose numbers have figured in my note-

Nos. 1 and 2, Fulk Ephrinell and Miss Horatia Bluett: Not being able to agree regarding the various items stipulated in their matrimonial contract, they were divorced three days after their arrival in Pekin. Things were as though the marriage had never been celebrated on the Grand Transasiatic, and Miss Horatia Bluett remained Miss Horatia Bluett. May she gather cargoes of heads of hair from Chinese polls; and may he furnish with artificial teeth every jaw in the Celestial Empire! No. 3, Major Noltitz: He is busy at

Pekin on behalf of the Russian government, and when the hour for separation strikes, I feel that I shall leave a true friend behind me in these distant lands. Nos. 4 and 5, the Caternas: After a stay of three weeks in the capital of the a frame three inches wide and nall to trees it should be in sufficient Celestial Empire, the charming actor around the edge of the box. Then and actress set out for Shanghal, where they are now the great attraction at the box. Then make a frame to fit snug-

the last time: Well, not only did the globe trotter miss the steamer at Tientsin, but a month later he missed it at Yokohama; six weeks after that he was

shipwrecked on the coast of British Columbia, and then, after being thrown off the line between San Francisco and New York, he managed to complete his round of the world in a hundred and eighty-seven days instead of thirty-nine. Nos. 9 and 10, Pan Chao and Dr. Tio-

King: What can I say except that Pan Chao is always the Parisian you know. As to the doctor, he has got down to eating only the yolk of an egg a day, like his master, Cornaro, and he hopes to live to a hundred and two, as did the noble Venetian.

No. 8, Sir Francis Trevellyan, and No. 12, Seigneur Faruskiar: I have never heard of the one, nor have I heard that the other has been hanged. Doubtless, the illustrious bandit, having sent in his resignation of the general managership of the Grand Transasiatic, continues his lucrative career in the depths of the Mongol provinces

Now for Kinko, my No. 11: I need hardly say that my No. 11 was married to Zinca Klork with great ceremony. We were all at the wedding, and if the Son of Heaven had not richly endowed the young Roumanian, his wife received a magnificent present in the name of the passengers of the train he had saved.

ney. I have done my best to do my duty on the three-inch frame which was first as special correspondent all down the put about the box and will not readily line, and perhaps my editors may be satisfied, notwithstanding the slip or two you have heard about.

(The end.)

BURGLARY AS A FINE ART.

No Longer Practiced - Safe Blowers

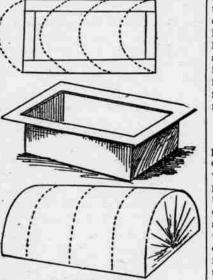
Now Mere Tramps. Not many years ago the bank burglar was looked up to by other criminals with something like reverence, says the Kansas City Star. He was regarded, in fact, as the true aristo- shape of the letter U. As the axle recrat of crime, and was pointed at with volves, this plays the pitman up and



Box for Fumigating.

Certain kinds of plants grown in pots are often subject to the attacks of insects even in the summer, although the trouble is greater during the months of winter, when the plants are grown in the heat of the hears room, without much moisture. To thoroughly cleanse plants of insects they must be fumigated, tobacco burned being the means generally employed. Of course, in this work the main idea is to keep the air from the plants during the process of fumigation.

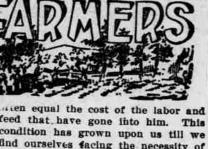
The fumigating box may be of any the hospital he has come to establish at size desired, according to the number of plants to be cleansed, although a box which may be conveniently carried about is preferred to anything larger. After selecting the box, make bore a few holes in one end of the French Residency. No. 6, Baron Weissschnitzerdorfer, Iv over the box (see the upper flus-tration in the cut) and fasten hoops on it. Cover this hooped frame with unbleached muslin, tacking the muslin



TO CLEANSE PLANTS.

to the frame and gathering it in at the ends as indicated. The frame covered with the muslin will not break the top of soft plants, and it is readily con-That is the faithful story of this jour- structed. This framed cover rests upslip off.

> Churning with the Wind. To buttermakers who have to do their own churning with a dash churn I illustrate a method that does away with manual labor. The illustration almost explains itself. A balance wheel must be arranged at one end of an axle, and a four or six-fan wheel, to catch the wind, at the other end. In the center the rod must be bent in the



condition has grown upon us till we and ourselves facing the necessity of working out of it by producing animals that will sell for more than they do at present or discovering some combination of feeds and care that will lessen the cost of production. It is the cat; whistles for dogs who were well to work along both lines .- Exchange.

Watering Trees. Unless the owner of trees under-

stands some of the more important principles of growth, there is danger that he will, when applying water, do more harm than good. To apply water in small quantities through the droughty season is to cause the roots in the ground to turn toward the surface and grow in that direction. Then when watering is discontinued for any reason the roots dry out much more quickly than if they had not been watered at all. When water is applied abundance to soak the ground to a depth of several feet. The roots will then not turn up to get moisture. If It is necessary to apply but little water at a time it should not be put on the surface of the ground. Dig a hole and put in a large piece of drain pipe

so that the water being thrown into this pipe or piece of tile will soak deep into the ground. In case of not having a drain pipe or piece of tile, a hole can be made sufficiently deep to act as a reservoir. Let the water soak into the ground from this hole. The idea is to get the water to the roots from some other direction rather than from the surface of the ground.

### Food for Work Horses.

A number of writers in agricultural papers are urging the abandonment of oats and timothy hay for horses that work on the farm, because of the high price of these foods. As a substitute, these writers suggest clover hay and corn. It is best to be a little careful about making such a change. It may work out all right provided it is not carried to an excess-that is, try it and his beak he opens grape after for a month, then go back to oats and timothy, and then back to corn and away. He easily crushes a pear or an clover. By the end of the third month

one will know pretty well if the plan was a good one. There can be no doubt that oats are by far the best as a present. They were told of his grain to feed horses, and it is at least liveliness and astonishing powers of doubtful if one can safely change to any other grain as a regular ration and make it pay in the long run.

There may be little difference noted able, but the experiment is a doubtful in his cage for punishment he would one. Remember there is such a thing persistently work at the wires till he as false economy, and this may come under that head.

## Can Control Swarms.

An expert beekeeper can manage two or three hundred colonies without help when he has them in hives where he can see what they are doing, whereas if they were in box hives he

# "POLLY PORTER."

## Parrot Who Never Forgot What He **Once Had Learned**

Perhaps all parrots have equally renarkable memories, but twenty-five years' acquaintance with "Polly . orter" enables me to say that he never forgets what he has once learned. Like other parrots, when he is alone he exercises his memory, as if amusing himseif. Then it is that Polly Porter chatters in sentences; laughs aloud, hysterically; calls, in various tones, commandingly or beseechingly; calls the names of servants who, but for Polly, would have been forgotten; calls about him years ago.

Polly's cage is in the bow window of the dining room-a good place for keeping an eye on the family. When the father rises from the breakfast table Polly advises: "Hurry! Hurry up! Hurry!"

Later, with the first movement preparatory to the children's start for school, he repeats sharply: ...urry up! Hurry up! Hurry!"

When a guest comes in he says oriskly, "Why, how d'ye do?"

When he calls "Good-by" to persons passing on the street it seems almost certain that he reasons about the coming and departing guest. He quickly notices little children; coming to one particular corner of the bottom of his cage, he flutters before a little one, attempting baby talk, which is very funny, ending with 'Beautiful child! Beautiful child!" and a loud laugh.

When the house is quiet and his mistress has a visitor in the parlor Polly craves attention.

He repeats the children's names, almost as if he were calling the roll, in sweet, low tones. Then he says 'Mama!" over and over, in a child's voice, till it is common for a visitor to say, "Do answer that child," or "Some one is calling you." He comes very near to telling tales, saying, "Ah, ah!

naughty boy!" with great severity. Polly is most impatient at breakfast time, when he shricks till he receives attention: "Polly wants coffee! Polly wants breakfast!"

He takes a piece of bread cautiously; examines it; if it is not well outtered he throws it down. He enjoys a bunch of grapes, holding it down with one claw while with the other grape, eats the seed and casts the pulp apple to get at the seeds.

Last Christmas Polly was sent by his owner, a New York boy, to friends speech.

For some months Polly moped and said nothing, but at last began calling members of the family by name. If for a long time with some horses, and let out of his cage he fought the pug the saving will amount to consider- and whipped the cat; when shut up would force them apart and walk out defiantly. Recently he began upon his old lessons, and now repeats the cries of the newsboys in the street: "Extrah! Extrah! Journal-Sun-Herald!" And he sings quite well "Yankee Doodle," which was taught him last summer.

Good by, Polly!-St. Nicholas.

I cannot be mistaken. That is Kinko's voice! "I recognize it. Am I in my right senses? Zinca jumps up, springs to the window, opens it, and we look out.

There is a cart at the door. There is the case, with all its inscriptions: This side up, this side down, fragile, glass, beware of damp, etc. It is there-half smashed. There has been a collision. The cart has been run into by a carriage, as the case was being got down. The case has slipped on to the ground. It has been knocked in. And Kinko has jumped out like a jack-in-the-box-but alive, very much alive! I can hardly believe my even! What

my young Roumanian did not perish in the explosion? No! As I shall soon hear from his own mouth, he was thrown on to the line when the boiler went up, remained there inert for a time, found himself uninjured-miraculously-kept away till he could slip into the van unperceived. I had just left the van after looking for him in vain, and supposing that he had been the first victim of the catastrophe.

Then-oh! the irony of fate!-after accomplishing a journey of six thousand kilometers on the Grand Transaslatic, shut up in a box among the baggage, after escaping so many dangers, attacked by bandits, explosion of engine, he was here, by the mere colliding of a cart and a carriage in a Pekin street, deprived of all the good of his journey.

The carter gave a yell at the sight of a human being who had just appeared. In an instant a crowd had gathered, the fraud was discovered, the police had run up. And what could this young Roumanian do, who did not know a word of Chinese, but explain matters in the sign language? Zinca and I ran down to him.

"My Zinca-my dear Zinca!" he exclaims, pressing the girl to his heart.

Kinko-my dear Kinko," she re-"My plies, while her tears mingle with his. "Monsieur Bombarnac!" says the poor

fellow, appealing to my intervention. "Kinko," I reply, "take it coolly, and depend on me. You are alive, and we thought you were dead."

"But I am not much better off," he murmurs.

Mistake! Anything is better than be -even when one is menaced by prison, be it a Chinese prison. Kinko is dragged off by the police, amid the laughter and howls of the crowd.

# CHAPTER XXIX.

If ever the expression "sinking in sight of port" could be used in its precise meaning, it evidently can in this case. I offer my arm to Mademoiselle Zinca, and I lead her to my carriage, and we return rapidly toward the Hotel of the Ten Th ousand Dreams.

There I find Major Noltits and the

go before the court, when I propose we I will try and defend the sweetheart of this charming Roumanian, and may I lose my face if I do not get him off."

CHAPTER XXX. We left the station, invaded a vehicle,

and arrived in twenty minutes before a shabby looking shanty, where the court was held.

There was a crowd. The affair had got abroad. It was known that a swindler had come in a box in a Grand Transasiatic van free, gratis, and for nothing from Tiflis to Pekin. Every one wished to see him; every one wanted to recog nize the features of this genius-it was not yet known that he was a hero.

There he is, our brave companion, be tween two rascally looking policemen yellow as quinces. These fellows are ready to walk him off to prison at the judge's orders, and to give him a few ozen strokes on the soles of his feet if he is condemned to that punishment.

Kinko is thoroughly disheartened which astonishes me on the part of one I know to be so energetic. But as soon as he sees us his face betrays a ray of

Our young advocate was really pathetic and amusing. He interested the judge, he excited the audience with the story of the journey, he told them all about it, and finally he offered to pay the company what was due to them. Unfortunately, the judge could not consent. There had been material damages, moral damages.

Thereupon Pan Chao became animated and, although we understood nothing he said, we guessed that he was speaking of the courage of Kinko, of the sacrifice he had made for the safety of the travelers, and finally, as a supreme argument, he pleaded that his client had saved the imperial treasure.

Arguments were of no avail with this pitiless magistrate who had not acquit-ted ten prisoners in his life. He spared the delinquent the bastinado; but gave him six months in prison, and condemn ed him in damages against the Grand Transasiatic Company. And then, at a sign from this condemning machine, poor Kinko was taken away.

Let not my readers pity Kinko's fate. I may as well say at once that every-thing was arranged satisfactorily. Next morning Kinko made a triumphal entry into the house in the Avenue Cha-Coua, where we were assembled while Madame Caterna was showering her maternal consolations on the unhappy Zinca Klork.

The newspapers had got wind of the affair. The Chi Bao, of Pekin, and the Chinese Times, of Tien-tsin, had demanded mercy for the young Roumanian. These cries for mercy had reached the feet of the Son of Heaven-the very spot where the imperial ears are placed. Besides. Pan Chao had sent to his majesty

Caternas, and, by a lucky chance, young a petition relating the incidents of the is now comple Pan Chao, without Dr. Tic-King. Pan journey, and insisting on the point that penitentiary.

furtive admiration upon the streets when at liberty and in penal institu- The rod should be so arranged that it tions when occasionally deprived of his freedom. Nowadays almost every burglary that occurs in the United States is performed by common tramps or hoboes.

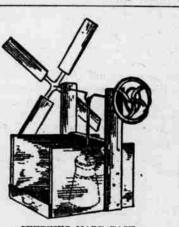
This situation is what the racing men would describe as a startling reversal of form, and it shows to what depth a once exalted profession may fall when it passes out of the hands of those associated with its highest flights. Indeed, as compared with the exploits of the old-timers, or "tool men, as they are technically known, the burglaries of recent days-or nights-might be described as petit larceny, for it is a rare occurrence that more than \$2,000 or \$3,000 has been involved in felonious expeditions during the last dozen years.

In former times, when the bands organized by "the big fellows" went Handles are provided at the bottom of after the contents of a banking institu- the box for turning in the right direction they took pains beforehand to tion of the wind. When not in use, know that large amounts of money the fans can be taken off and the reand securities were housed in the vaults they had marked for violation, left. Anyone can make one, and so and they rarely came away without bringing with them booty worthy of to churn by hand.-Clement Grover. their enterprise. The records of thefts by "yeggmen," the bank vault and safe burglars of to-day, show that they have taken desper-to chances of being shot yet appreciated by her nearest neighor imprisoned for long terms to blow open safes containing amounts as by a prominent Canadian speaker, Mr. small as \$150.

Few of the old-time burglars are stead holdings in Northwestern Canada ever seen nowadays. Some are dead, since 1896 have increased from 297,many have retired to quiet and un- 760 acres to 2,229,120 acres. "If fifty offending occupations, and here and there-but not often-is one who can't million bushels of wheat in 1902 in resist the habit of breaking into the penitentiary. Such, for instance, was the case of Dunlap, of the once celebrated burglar partnership of Scott and Dunlap, who participated in the Northampton bank burglary. , Scott the freight on wheat shipped from Ft died in prison, and a wealthy New York woman spent her time and money in a persistent effort to secure Dunlap's release, in which pursuit she ultimately succeeded.

It was thought that the convict, given a chance to earn a respectable greater than those of either Russia or living, might take advantage of it, and it seemed for a little time that he had determined to do so. But a number of burglaries in Western cities not far that received an average price for the from Chicago were executed with such cattle, horse, or sheep he sent to marskill that they were obviously the ket made money on it, but that time work of a high-class criminal, and sus- is not now. Then land was cheap, picion soon centered upon Dunlap. He labor was cheap, and grain was cheap. is now completing a term in the Jollet Now all of these are high, and the

down. The churn stands in the box



CHURNING MADE EAST.

can be quickly detached when it is necessary to look at the butter. mainder of the crude machine can be help the work of the women who have

The Great Country of the North. The resources of Canada are hardly

bors. Figures were recently quoted Edgar Judge, showing that the homethousand farmers could raise seventy Manitoba, then 250,000 could raise 350,000,000 bushels, enough to supply the total import requirements of Great Britain, besides feeding the people of Canada." The speaker asserted that William, Canada, to London, England, was less than that on shipments from

English midlands, only one hundred miles from London. He concluded that the possibilities of Canada as a grower and exporter of fruit products were the United States.

# Average Stock Prices.

There was a time when the man

average price of an animal does not they will not catch cold.

would be unable to do anything with such a number. A very little reading

and study will give the farmer all proaching rain.

# The Poultry Yard.

If there are any hollows in your poultry runs that are liable to hold ly trip and I am still grateful. I am told, water after heavy showers, fill them however, that you had trouble immedi-up or drain so that the birds will not ately after I left, which leads me to be compelled to wade through muddy water half way up to their knees, so to speak, says Commercial Poultry. Otherwise some of those valuable and highly prized early hatched birds will likely lie down and die. And you will wonder what is the matter with them. They will be dead, of course, but you might have saved them.

For Dry Hoofs. A soaking tub may be made by cutting off about one foot from the end of a stout, tight barrel. The short end is filled with water and placed in the

daily is good for dry, hard hoofs.

The Stable and Pasture. Put fresh hay in the stables. Ventiate the buildings.

Clean the hoofs and clip the overgrowth. Put lighter shoes on the horses.

Curry the horses while they are shedding their winter coat and wash them often.

Cut down the grain allowance of the horses in pasture and see that all the animals get plenty of fresh water. The colt can safely be allowed in the pasture with the other animals, and at be a new word that means the same a very early age should be broken to thing."-Washington Star. gentle habits.

Turn the cows out to pasture gradually, diminishing the grain. See that there is shade for the cows either natural or artificial.

When the horses are hot and sweaty after a long drive or a day's work, sponge them with cold water so that

#### Speaker Reed's Joke.

Henry H. Rogers and the late necessary knowledge for the manage- Thomas B. Reed were close friends, ment of a few hives, so that he can says the World's Work. Ofter Mr. have his swarming (the bugbear of Rogers took a party, including Mark the farmer-beekeeper) when it is most Twain and Thomas B. Reed, to the convenient for him or not at all if he West Indies on his steam yacht. On doesn't want any increase. With box the way back Mr. Reed was compelled hives there can be no control of to leave the boat at Old Point Comswarming-the bees have it entirely fort to hurry by rail to New York in their own hands (or wings), and to argue a law case. The yacht come out when they are ready, re- struck a storm after Mr. Reed left gardless of the fact that their owner it. When he heard of it he wrote may be half a mile away in a hay- Mr. Rogers the following letter (which field, hustling to get ahead of ap- is now framed and hanging in one of his offices), to which Mark Twain added a characteristic postscript:

New York, April 7, 1902 .- Dear Mr. Rogers: I still think we had a most lovecounsel you not to take the yacht out excent when you have on board persons of such weight with the community that they can keep the boat level.

The Colonel, Hilton, Foote, Dr. Rice and Mr. Twain are all well enough in their way-quite interesting people, but -they lack gravity. Very truly yours, T. B. REED.

This is well meant, but not well reasoned, for a yacht needs virtue as well MARK. as ballast.

#### Lattakia Tobacco.

Lattakia tobacco, an article of commerce well known in Europe and America, is black in color owning to stall so that the forefeet will come in its fumigation by the Nusairieh mounthe tub. An hour or two of soaking taineers in the smoke of a tree called "elezer" or "ezr," which imparts to it a peculiar aromatic flavor. The "ezr" grows wild, seldom attaining the size of the oak, and gives out its aromatic odor when burning in the green state.

## Making a Cheerless Prediction.

"Do you think that our country will ever succeed in getting rid of grafters?"

"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum. "There will be a time when grafters are unheard of. But it will be due to the change that is constantly going on in our vocabulary. There will

# Bad All Around.

"She thinks about her troubles so much that she makes herself sick." "True. And she talks about them so much that she makes everybody else sick."-Detroit Tribune.

A man measures his own greatness by the littleness of his neighbors.