The Chauffeur and the Jewels

By Edith Morgan Willett

CHAPTER V.

It was a full hour later that a tall young man in a spring overcoat mounted the shallow steps of the Albemarle Adelphi hotel and entered the lobby, which seemed curiously full of people. Some were sauntering about, others sitting or standing in little groups, while quite a number were leaving. The attention of the crowd was riveted on the hotel omnibus which stood in front of the door.

The young man pushed past the throng of loiterers with scant ceremony and made his way to the clerk's desk.

"Look here!" he said, addressing that individual; "just a minute, please! Any truth in this report about the Prince del Pino's attack? I'm on the Morning Post and have been sent to get the facts."

The clerk did not look up from his writing.

"Report officially denied," he said, in his usual singsong. "Boxes taken down to the docks this morning. The prince himself leaves this afternoon. Will be down in the course of an hour."

His speech created a little hush in the buzz of talk around, and two or three people turned their heads to listen.

"That's true," said a man who was standing near the clerk's desk. "I saw those trunks myself go out in the van three hours ago—crest on every one of them." He was speaking to a showily dressed woman, evidently an American, who shrugged her shoulders incredulously.

"He'll have to let his trunks go without him, then," she remarked in a low tone. "The doctor's been here three times to-day, and you know what the chambermaid said. No, I won't believe he's going till I see him with my own eyes. Look! There comes the proprietor!" She stopped short, as a stout man in a frock coat walked pompously to the telephone near the clerk's desk and took up the receiver.

"Give me Adelphi stables!" he ordered, in a voice that carried through the entire lobby. "Hello! Jim, send a covered four-wheeler right here for His Excellency the Prince del Pino."

Then, turning his back to the room, he became absorbed in an interested talk with a man who had just come in—a trim-looking man with a very white face and dressed in black.

"The prince's valet!" the American informed her husband, in a loud whisper that reached the ears of the reporter standing near. Stepping across, he accosted the valet ingratiatingly.

"Would it be possible for me to obtain an interview with the Prince del Pino? I come on behalf of the Morning Post.

The valet shook his head.

"The prince is very hurry," he explained suavely; "he leaves in one all little moment for to take passage of the Majestic for New York." He dropped his voice. "His Highness trusts that you will most kindly contradict the so false report, which has unfortunately been circulated. Son Altesse has had a severe cold, from which he has but now recovered. You will excuse me?"

Bowing politely, he passed out, followed by the proprietor, just as a large four-wheeler drew up in front of the entrance.

Some minutes passed.

The little groups in the lobby began to show signs of impatience and that restlessness which heralds the appearance of a long-expected star, and there was a general murmur of relief when the whispered announcement, "Here he comes!" was passed around.

At the other end of the lobby a lift door shot back and four men came quickly out. The porter was ahead, much encumbered with luggage, then came the valet, followed by the proprietor himself, who walked loftily across the hall, abreast with a tall slight man muffled in a triple-caped military overcoat with a high collar and wearing a tall silk hat.

As he passed rapidly, the lobby caught a glimpse of a handsome, clean-shaven face and a glistening monocle.

"Certainly he looks well enough," admitted the smartly dressed woman near the clerk's desk, in an aggrieved tone.

The reporter drew a step towards her. "Do you know His Highness by sight, madam?" he inquired, in the confidence-inspiring voice of his class.

But the American was not to be drawn out. "No, I don't," she said shortly; "he came here a week ago and has been in his room sick all the time. Nobody's seen him before."

Then, turning, she stood on tiptoe, craning her head like the rest of the room to get a glimpse of the four-wheeler containing the departing grandee, as it bowled rapidly out of sight.

As it rattled off in the direction of the quays, Ludovic Sarto, the undeserving object of so much solicitude and interest, sat leaning back on the cushions of the cab, smoking one of the Del Pino cigars, and outlining his plans to Alceste with a loquacity that had not hitherto characterized the prince's treatment of his valet.

"It will be easy enough to keep this up," he said hopefully, in French, "now that it's started. I shall avoid people as much as possible on board and stay in my stateroom. There's one chance in a hundred that there will be any one on the steamer who has ever known either the prince or myself before."

"Most improbable," the valet agreed; "and you swear that you will leave those trunks at the Waldorf as you found them, precisely?" There was a sharp note of anxiety underneath his nervous insistence. "Remember, Sarto, what I am risking."

The other met his glance imperturbably.

"Have I ever failed you?" he asked quietly; "you and I have been through a great deal together, mon vieux."

There was a pause.

"I hope the money I have given will be enough for all immediate needs," Alceste pursued, changing the subject restlessly. "For myself, I do not know what the outcome of this affair will be. The proprietor has promised to do his utmost, but"—he sighed—"I shall neither sleep, nor eat bread, till Son Altesse is safely and secretly out of that maudit hotel—that is, provided he does not die before he can be moved."

"Mache!" the chauffeur laughed derisively, "The prince has no more the scarlet fever than I who speak to you. Can you not see what the doctor really thinks? He will be ill enough but to realize that it is his faithful valet who has saved his life. Hein Alceste! And, if questions are asked, thou hast thy story ready."

"The trunks had to go to allay suspicion," mumbled the valet, as if he were repeating a lesson.

"Exactly. And they went in the charge of a trusted, discreet friend of thine—remember, my name does not appear—who has left them safely at the Waldorf. Thou wilt get my cable assuring this before the prince is well enough to inquire into the affair. How he will be diverted by thy witty plan for hoodwinking the hotel canaille!"

"I never should have thought of it myself," confessed the valet, with a certain enthusiasm. "During the ten years we have known each other, it was always you, Ludovic, who devised the daring plans."

"And thou who carried them out successfully," finished the other graciously. "I have faith in thy diplomacy. Remember, the prince must lie perdu while he is in England, and travel to America incognito, resuming his identity only on the other side of the ocean. Del Pino was always ready enough for a masquerade!" he chuckled reminiscently. "The quay already!"

As the shades of evening fell and Roderigo, Prince del Pino, lay tossing irritably on his unwelcome sick bed in a darkened room of the Adelphi, his ex-chauffeur stood in the most sumptuous stateroom of which the Majestic, queen of Star Liners, could boast, taking in his new quarters with much satisfaction.

Certainly Alceste had managed artistically, the two steamer trunks backing the wall, with the Del Pino crest in full sight, being proofs sufficient to convince the most suspicious steward that their owner was actually on board.

With a sense of security and relief that he had not known for three long days, Sarto's eyes dropped to an inconspicuous looking waterproof valise at his feet. Stooping, he opened it and drew out a long, narrow parcel. With deft fingers he unwound its chamois wrappings and let the contents roll out on the floor. He had seen superb jewels in his day, but the eye of a connoisseur told him that Mrs. Waring's diamonds were deservedly renowned.

Taking up a snake of brilliants, the chauffeur held it by its emerald fangs, picturing the gleaming folds around a certain white throat; and then with a curious impatience whipped back the gems into their fittings and, closing the bag on them, remained kneeling by it absently, his mind going back over the events of the past few days.

What a close shave it had been!—one hair-breadth escape after another in the desperate race with his pursuers from the Hotel Maritime to the Majestic. He had won, to be sure, beaten them for the nonce; there was a note of triumph in the thought; but—in the gradual reaction that was setting in with him now—the chauffeur asked himself moodily if the game had been really worth the candle? What had he gained, after all; what was that serpent of diamonds at the bottom of the valise compared with the tremendous price it had cost? Dishonor, flight, probable capture, eventual imprisonment; why had he done this thing?

Again and again the question recurred to him persistently, and, like others of his sex, beginning with the very first man long ago in a garden, Sarto shifted the blame on to feminine shoulders, making use of Adam's time-honored plea. According to the Italian's fatalistic creed, it was a woman's malign influence, combined with that mischievous power known as force of circumstances, which had brought him to this pass—was responsible for his being here in the cabin of the Majestic, with a borrowed identity and fifty thousand dollars' worth of borrowed (?) jewels.

At this point Sarto's scattered thoughts concentrated, narrowing to an inevitable focus. What was to be done with the Waring diamonds? The answer seemed obvious, but it met the chauffeur unprepared.

Whatever moralists may say, between the man who commits a crime and the professional criminal there is a great gulf fixed. Sarto had fallen very low in taking the jewels; but when he faced the consequences of his act, the adventurer, hardened as he was, shrank from the thief's career that lay before him and, hesitating, looked half-longingly back.

And while he hesitated, from the deck outside came the ceaseless tramp of feet, and against the shuttered window shadows of different shapes and sizes passed and repassed. As he knelt there Sarto found himself watching the shadows furtively, and from time to time he glanced at the stateroom door opposite, quite unnecessarily, for he had locked it himself.

At last, obeying a perfectly inexplicable impulse, he rose, rather sheepishly, and felt the knob, trying the lock, merely for the satisfaction of reiterated certainty. And then, crossing the room, he crouched down, with his head to the level of the window, and looked out with a vague, interrogative glance, which gave way instantly to one of blank, startled incredulity.

For there on the deck, within ten feet of him, leaning quietly on the rail, his head and shoulders outlined by the evening sky, was the man in the brown overcoat.

CHAPTER VI.

The detective had his back turned.

That was a momentary advantage, giving the breathless chauffeur an instant to take in the full ominous meaning of the situation. For there was only one possible way of accounting for that figure outside the shutters. He had been recognized, even through the Del Pino disguise, followed all the way from the Adelphi and was at that instant a prisoner in his stateroom.

With his eyes on the locked door opposite, Sarto stood an instant and meditated, a dangerous glint in his queer eyes, his right hand thrust into a waistcoat pocket, lightly fingering something that lay there—a chilly, metallic object—a last resort if it came to the worst. Then, making up his mind with characteristic swiftness, he swung himself down to the level of the window and peered out through the shutters.

What in the world was the matter with the man outside? If all had gone with him as the chauffeur supposed, where was the alertness, the unmistakable watchfulness of the pursuer who has landed his prey? Why that languid droop of the brown overcoat? The careless pose of the head? And even as the chauffeur watched this last it turned slowly in his direction, a profile came into view, an eye glanced around negligently.

Ah! Sarto bit his lip sharply to suppress an irresistible laugh—a laugh at his own expense. For he had been absolutely mistaken. Whatever might be the detective's purpose in crossing the ocean, certain it was that his being in the same steamer with the man he was after was something of which he was sublimely unaware. That lack-lustre eye gave away the situation. For the moment the bloodhound was off the scent!

At this top notch in the chauffeur's deductions, a distant bell-like note came along the decks. It rose, sang, swelled with a dozen measured modulations, filling the ship with the unmistakable brazen clamor of the bugle.

Starting at the noise, the detective glanced at his watch interrogatively. Then he sniffed the air, hesitating, and finally, turning on his heel, his hands in his pockets, followed the guiding sound.

"Full cry for dinner!" sneered the watcher behind the shutters. "With the man he's after and the money within six feet of his nose! Ugh! Bah!"

And, with a snap of his fingers in the direction of the vanishing brown overcoat, the chauffeur moved away from the window.

For some minutes longer the bugle blew sonorously, but to one at least of the steamer's five hundred passengers its brazen clamor was absolutely inaudible, as, standing in the strip of light from his window, Sarto opened a Russia-leather photograph case he was holding and scrutinized the face inside with intense anxiety. A long, narrow, clean-shaven face it was, with pin-point eyes embedded in bristling eyebrows that met uncompromisingly. And yet the high bony nose and the thin-lipped mouth had a certain harsh distinction—the hall-mark of a dozen generations.

With a smothered ejaculation, Sarto took a step forward, staring half defiantly at the man who came to meet him out of the opposite mirror. A tall, slenderly built, olive-faced man, who moved with sinuous grace, his clear-cut features very subtly moulded—as impassive in their aquiline setting as a handsome bronze. There was no trace of the brown-bearded artist in this attractive personage, no sign of the mustached, bearded, begoggled chauffeur—and, on the other hand, no resemblance to the man he was personating.

Seting his brain to work, the discomfited Sarto now tried experiments with a bit of charcoal, drawing his brows together, slightly accentuating the lines about the eyes and mouth. But, alas! the result was in the main the same—so was the difference; beyond being of approximate height, build and coloring, the real Prince del Pino bore not the slightest likeness to his counterfeit self.

"If Brown Overcoat has ever met Del Pino before, my game is up," mused this last.

But it was a long "If."

The chauffeur's chance lay in the eternal chance—the infinitely small possibility that on the vast checker-board of Europe these two particular pieces should have been jostled together. The prince and the detective! Odds—enormous odds—lay on the probability that they had never laid eyes on each other.

(To be continued.)

Gladstone and Victoria.

Names largely follow lines of historical development, but their real significance can only be known by noting the latest phases of that evolution. There was a time, indeed, when the King could make a speech to the British Parliament and rely on having his will carried into immediate execution. But it came to pass in the progress of the ages that the King was only safe in the theory that he could do no wrong because his ministers would not let him. To reinforce this theory it was necessary to adopt in practice a program that no royal edict had force unless signed by a minister. From that came, in time, the idea that an edict signed by a minister must be signed by the sovereign.

Queen Victoria had a moment of vacillation about that. She had, doubtless, some recollection of the theories of the divine right of kings, so when Mr. Gladstone, then prime minister, brought her a paper to be signed she said:

"I cannot sign it. That does not represent my sentiments."

"Madam," said the premier, "you must sign it."

"Do you say must to me, Mr. Gladstone? I am the Queen of England."

"Madam, I am the people of England. Sign."

And she signed.—Courier Journal

All the horses belonging to the late British ambassador at Constantinople, Sir Nicholas O'Conor, have been sold at auction. The usual notice was put in the local newspapers, but the censor took exception, as there were horses in the list with the names of Pasha, Selim and Haroun, which he considered was offensive to Turks, and the list had to appear without the names.

He that will lose his friend for a jest deserves to die a beggar by the bargain.—Fuller.

Some Democratic Convention History

Westward the course of empire takes its way. The twentieth Democratic national convention went farther west to hold its momentous deliberations of 1908 than has any preceding convention of either of the dominant parties. The Missouri river has heretofore limited the western movement of the great political organizations, St. Louis and Kansas City having each been honored in the past. But a westward strike of 500 miles brings the Democratic delegates of this year to the Rocky Mountains, to a city which does not even call itself of the Middle West, but is distinctly and wholly Western.

It is seventy-six years since the first national Democratic convention was called at the behest of Andrew Jackson, then President, to nominate the man whom he wished to serve with him as Vice President during his second term. Jackson's popularity with his own party was so unquestioned that he was nominated at this first Democratic national convention by acclamation. So far as he was concerned, no convention was needed to set upon him the party stamp of approval. And the convention wisely enough decided that with so perfect an embodiment of Democracy at its head as "Old Hickory" no formal declaration of party principles was necessary. The committee appointed by the convention of 1832 to prepare an address to the people reported that they considered an address unnecessary and recommended the several delegations to make such explanation by address, report or otherwise to their respective constituents of the objects, proceedings and result of the meeting as they might deem expedient.

It was not until 1840, the year in which the party failed to agree upon a vice presidential candidate, that a Democratic convention made a formal declaration of the issues upon which they appealed to the people for support. Since 1840 every Democratic convention has issued such a declaration and gradually the platforms have come to be regarded as having the binding force of party law. Within their limitations they are accepted as unquestionably as the Thirty-nine Articles of the Westminster catechism.

The first Democratic national convention of 1832 was held March 22 in Baltimore, a city which has been honored by the gathering of the party's great quadrennial meeting eight times since national conventions were evolved as nominating bodies.

The conventions of 1832, 1836, 1840, 1844, 1848, 1852, 1872 and the adjourned convention of 1860, which first met in Charleston, have been held in Baltimore. Chicago furnished the theater of action for the meetings of 1864, 1884 and 1892. But before the convention selected a city so far to the West as that of the Illinois metropolis in 1864, it had met in Cincinnati in 1856 and in Charleston, S. C., in 1860, at which city the longest balloting on record proved futile, and an adjournment without nominating followed. Tammany Hall held the delegates of 1868, when the New York statesman, Horatio Seymour, presided as permanent chairman, developed suddenly into a dark horse candidate, the third the party had brought forth up to that time, Polk and Franklin Pierce having preceded him as such. Having reached Chicago, the step to St. Louis was not hard to take, and the conventions of 1876, 1888 and 1904 were held in the Missouri town which still regards itself as the rival of Chicago, as it really was back in the '70s. Cincinnati in 1880 and Kansas City in 1900 complete the tale of the cities which now include the town lying near the peak which in the days of the prairie schooler was the destination of many a hardy pioneer.

At the first Democratic convention a committee appointed to prepare the rules recommended that two-thirds of the whole number of votes of the convention should be necessary to constitute a choice in making nominations. At every national convention since that time this has been reaffirmed as the law of the Democratic party. In 1836 an attempt was made to repeal the rule. In fact the effort was successful by a small margin of votes, 231 to 210, but upon reconsideration the rule was put in force. In 1844 the two-thirds rule was bitterly, even savagely, opposed by the friends of Van Buren, who had a majority of the votes on the first ballot, but at no time could muster two-thirds.

The Democratic convention of 1848, which nominated Lewis Cass of Michigan for President and William O. Butler of Kentucky for Vice President, directed the appointment of the first national committee ever organized. Its candidate, like the Democratic candidate of 1840, was defeated by a Whig soldier candidate, Gen. Taylor, who, like Gen. Harrison, had no preparation for the executive office and was nominated by the Whigs in obedience to the doctrine of availability.

In the convention of 1852, held in Baltimore, there occurred another of those strange and sudden movements by which the contest between prominent and favored candidates causes them all to be discarded and the position to be given to some heretofore unknown quantity. To use an old and much used if not abused figure, when the tournament opened four renowned knights entered the lists. They were Lewis Cass of Michigan, the defeated candidate of 1848; James Buchanan of Pennsylvania, Stephen A. Douglas of Illinois and William L. Marcy of New York. After many exciting tilts, Franklin Pierce of New Hampshire, a knight who had remained in the shadow with visor down, dashed in, unhorsed his opponents and won the prize.

It took seventeen ballots to nominate James Buchanan of Pennsylvania in the Cincinnati convention of 1856. From the first he was the leading candidate, but could not control two-thirds of the votes. On the sixteenth ballot the contest had narrowed down to Buchanan and Douglas. On the next ballot delegation after delegation changed its vote until the entire number, 296, were cast for Buchanan. Stephen A. Douglas of Illinois, who had twice been a presidential candidate, at last succeeded in winning the nomination in 1860. But the shadow of secession was over the land, and the party, like the country, was suffering. The convention assembled in Charleston April 23, 1860, and continued until May 3. After fifty-seven fruitless ballots, in which Douglas had a majority but not two-thirds of a full convention, the regular organization adjourned to meet in Baltimore on June 18, when Douglas was nominated.

The first Democratic convention to meet in Chicago was that of 1864. It nominated Gen. George B. McClellan of New Jersey on the first ballot. George H. Pendleton was named as the vice presidential candidate.

In 1868 the convention assembled in Tammany Hall in New York. Horatio Seymour was in the chair. When some votes were cast for him he declared that he was not a candidate. A stampede in his favor followed. He was given every vote of the convention on the twenty-second ballot. Francis P. Blair of Missouri was nominated for Vice President on the first ballot.

The Democratic convention of 1872, which met in Baltimore, July 9, 1872, accepted the principles of the Liberal Republicans and indorsed their candidates, Horace Greeley of New York and B. Gratz Brown of Missouri. Some rock-ribbed Democrats refused to abide by the action of the convention and held a convention of their own in September, 1872, nominating Charles O'Conor of New York for President and John Quincy Adams for Vice President. Both nominees declined, but their declinations were not accepted.

Samuel J. Tilden of New York and Thomas A. Hendricks of Indiana were candidates for the presidential nomination in 1876. On the second ballot Tilden was named for the higher office. Hendricks was nominated by a unanimous vote for the second place. The convention of 1880 was a short one. It was called to order in Cincinnati June 22 and adjourned June 24. Gen. Hancock was nominated on the third ballot and William H. English of Indiana was nominated for Vice President by acclamation.

The convention of 1884 selected a man whose recent death brought forth expressions of respectful regret from all classes of men. Grover Cleveland of New York, though opposed by Tammany, was nominated on the second ballot, and with Hendricks of Indiana carried the party back into power. To defeat him, Tammany tried to break down the unit rule followed by Democratic conventions, but the attempt was not successful. The convention of 1888 was the first in forty-eight years to nominate a candidate by acclamation. At this convention Grover Cleveland was nominated for a second term by resolution without opposition. For Vice President Allen G. Thurman of Ohio was nominated on the first ballot, receiving 680 votes. This convention met in St. Louis. The Chicago convention of 1892 again nominated him on the first ballot, despite the determined opposition of his own State. He was thrice honored by his party. The convention of 1888 nominated him for a second term by resolution without opposition and the convention of 1892 nominated him again on the first ballot.

Women's Work in Norway.

The scope of women's employment is much wider in Norway than with us, writes H. H. D. Pierce in the Atlantic Monthly. Even large public banquets are chiefly served by maids, and in the shops customers are waited upon, generally, by saleswomen.

This is by no means confined to a few classes of shops, for both men and women; in jewelers' and silversmiths', in fact, in almost every branch of retail trade, while women are not exclusively employed to wait upon customers, they decidedly predominate. In the banks also, in the post and telegraph office, and upon the railways women are much employed, not only in clerical capacities, but for work exclusively performed in America by men.

In the University of Christiania both sexes attend the lectures indiscriminately and are upon the same footing. In the practice of medicine, and especially of dentistry, there are quite as many female as male practitioners. In a small block of buildings close to the legation I have counted the signs of six dentists, three of whom are women. Even in the law women are admitted to practice.

The hospitality of the homes is that truest hospitality which invites the guest to share in good cheer without ostentation or display. Dinner is at three or four o'clock, served by trim, fresh-looking maids, and supper at eight, when, except on formal occasions, the guest is free to forage round the table for himself. Adjourning to the drawing-room, the guests thank both master and mistress of the house, and on the next meeting never fail to say, "Thanks for the last time."

Chinese Torture.

The ingenuity of the Chinese in devising punishment for offenders surpasses that of the most cruel people of the middle ages. Some time ago a boy was kidnaped from a village about thirty miles from Chinkiang and brought to that city to be sold. The kidnapers were arrested and returned to the village, where the people dug a hole in the ground, like a grave, about three feet deep, covered the bottom and sides with unslaked lime, placed the offender, with his hands and feet tied, upon the lime and covered his body with the same material. Then they filled the hole full of water, and as the lime slaked he was roasted alive and his body consumed.

Evidence Oft Made to Order.

Tommy—Pop, what is expert testimony?

Tommy's Pop—Expert testimony my son, is a thing supplied by men who tell the truth to the highest bidder.—Philadelphia Record.

All It Is Worth.

"Do you think there is anything of a binding obligation when a man establishes osculatory reciprocity with a maid?"

"Of course not; that is mere lip service."—Baltimore American.

A woman will take abuse from her husband through love of him that a clerk will take for money.

Legal Information

The United States Circuit Court for Ohio in Wall Paper Company v. Louis Voight & Sons Company, 148 Federal Reporter, 939, denies the right of the wall paper trust to recover from a wall paper dealer for goods bought by the dealer from various members of the wall paper combine.

Connecticut has a law giving any railroad company which, acting under authority of the laws of the State, shall have acquired more than three-fourths of the capital stock of any other railroad, and which cannot agree with the holders of the outstanding stock for the purchase of the same, the right to have such stock appraised and surrendered to it on payment of the appraised value. The validity of this statute is upheld by the Supreme Court of the United States in Offield v. New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad Company, 27 Supreme Court Reporter, 72. As sustaining authority is cited the case of Long Island Water Supply Co. v. Brooklyn, 116 U. S. 685, 17 Supreme Court Reporter, 718.

The distinction between the rights of a parent and a stranger to induce a wife to leave her husband is pointed out by the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts in Mutter v. Knibbs, 79 Northeastern Reporter, 762. A stranger may disprove any intent on his part to cause a separation in advising a wife to leave her husband, and show that his advice was honestly given. But the rights of a parent are much greater. He may give his daughter such advice and bring such motives of persuasion to bear on her as he fairly and honestly considers to be called for by her best interests, and is not liable to the daughter's husband in damages for her desertion resulting therefrom unless he has been actuated by malice or ill will.

An ingenious marriage contract not to be performed until the death of the young lady's mother, presumably to avoid any disagreeable interference by the mother-in-law with the connubial bliss of the wedded pair, is revealed in the case of Bailey v. Brown, 88 Pacific Reporter, 518. Judge McLaughlin, of the California Court of Appeals, who filed a concurring opinion in the case, intimates that a breach of such contract did not constitute a cause of action. He asked the question, "How could a contract to marry exist when the promiser might never be under an obligation to marry the promisee, and vice versa?" and continued: "If this good mother should live to a very ripe old age, as mothers sometimes do, no human could tell what might happen. Either of the parties might be waiting for the other, harp in hand, beyond this vale of tears, or both might pine away and die before this promise of future connubial bliss could ripen into a cause of action enforceable in earthly courts."

WOMEN IN OFFICIAL LIFE.

Results of Elections in Bohemia and Norway—Swedish Policewomen.

The progress of women in official life in Europe is slow, but it cannot be doubted that progress is being made.

Within the last few weeks women appeared for the first time as candidates for election to the Bohemian Diet. It had been demonstrated as a logical proposition that if they fulfilled the other requirements their sex was no bar to their election.

So far their candidacy stands merely as a demonstration. Two women received votes of some importance. One, Marie Jumore, who ran in the district of Hopenmouth, had 144 votes, while the man who won had 502. In Prague the social democrats made a woman, Miss Macheva, their candidate. She polled about 20 per cent of the total vote.

The woman suffragists of Norway were disappointed at the outcome of the local election in Christiana. In all the other parts of the country they elected important delegations to the commercial councils. In the capital only five women were chosen in a total of eighty-four city councillors. There is an active agitation going on all over the country to bring the women—and men—voters of Christiana to a different frame of mind.

Of advances made where the suffrage was not involved, the appointment of three women policemen in Stockholm is an instance. The authorities have determined to experiment with them. They are to have salaries of 1,500 kronen, or about $390 a year, to begin with.

England also has just named her first woman school physician. She is Miss Sophy B. Jackson, M. D., and she has been appointed in the borough of Croydon.

Where Total Eclipses are Rare.

It is a fact well known to astronomers that the average number of total and partial eclipses in any one year is four; that the maximum is seven and the minimum two. Where only two occur they are always both of the sun. There are a great many more eclipses of the sun in the course of a year or a hundred years than there are of the moon. This fact, notwithstanding, however, London, the metropolis of the world, seems to be a place where such obstructions to the sun's light seldom occur.

The most natural man in a play is the villain.

A man usually deserves as much as he will stand.