The Contrabandist; One Life's Secret!

TRUE STORY OF THE SOUTH OF FRANCE *********

A STRANGE MEETING IN THE POREST.

wood path, and he struck across the field.

this district last, if he remembered right

Fastening Roland in an old shed that

adjoined this cottage at one end, Louis knocked on the door with the handle of his whip. The next moment it was open-ed wide, and before him, shuling her eyes

"Will monsieur be pleased to enter?

Ic is very welcome."

And closing the door again as he came

a half sigh and an air of apprehension

"Perhaps mademoiselle has friends who are exposed to this storm?" suggested

less, he will come home soon. He went to the market this morning. I am sorry

A little silence ensued, when the fair

Jute torrents.

It was just after the close of a some what sullry spring day, when the Count Louis d'Artois took his way along the bonely and gloseny path leading through the very heart of a deep ferest lying to wards the south of France, and not fix the willains seized healt, and brought the very heart of a deep ferest lying to wards the south of France, and not fix the willains seized healt as powerful group, shows then from the south of France, and not fix the wards the south of France, and not fix the south twenty; of a slight and elegant fix was young certainly not more than fix south twenty; of a slight and elegant fix the beautiful winds the new young certainly not more than the group of his assailant, and fix and the head, a proud and ablorate shoulders, with a fine head, a proud and noble brow, about which curied silken masses of reven hair, dark, carneast hazel eyes, a slightly aquiling most and blowing at a glancy, the firm the head of the curing montards, and showing at a glancy, the firm the field whole conformance, with the deficate, fine by out, yet noble features, told of thought, and curry, and power, no less than of the genilest and teaderest feelings with which the human heart is gifted.

Count Louis rode cardessiy onward, thinking of many things—some that were

thich the human heart is gifted.

Count Louis rode careless's opward, blacking of many things some that were like some like so Count Louis rode cardessly opward, thinking of many things some that were pleasant and some that were said, and some, again, that were both now his father, whom he had hast seen, some weeks before, at Paris; now of his nick, the Marquis de Mostauban, whom he was about to visit, and his fair count. Helen, whom he already imagined as watching for him. Louis could have linguised his magnificent cousin Helen as a queen or a disclose, but his wife—never. Yet he liked her—he had always liked her. Yet he liked her he had always liked her from herhood, in a countily way. She was beautiful, graceful and accomplished, too, so far as it was possible to become, in those days; but he had mover thought of her in a meaver position than that which she held at present.

which she held at present.
Suddenly broad, vivid flashes of light-ning it up the forest all about him and with almost the distinctness of poomley in wax clearly, at a little distance beyond his house's head, a human figure, creeping soit, on all fours, from beneath the un-derbroad that skirfed the pathway. Al-man livelenging to the rein soil. most involunturily he drew rein, and, I the pitchy blackness that succeeded the flush, endeavored to discern the figure again; but this was impossible. Yet he sgain; but the was impossible. Yet he was remarking that it must be near him almost at his very side. With a quick but quiet motion, he placed his hand in his baseon. Then he was conscious of another hand laid upon his knes, while a man's voice, in a low but friendly time, and close heade hun, said.

"Count Louis d'Artais, you are in danger. Passes a monager."

And where rosts the danger?" saked Louis, directe-

"Beyond you, monsieur, and behind as well, and on each side. You cannot escape it, even if you would, except by your own corrage, and your own strength and agility, which, I know, have served you ere now. I have heard that you are on your way through this forest to night to your unjo's chateau; that you carry about your person a considerable sum of munch, besides some few jewels of heavy value, which you bear within a of heavy value, which you bear within a small easket, in the inner folds of the broad mash about your waist, and that therefore, he pressed on, and in a few moments reached its friendly shelter, just as the rain came pouring down in absoyour valet you left at the inn this morn-

ing. Thus you are litting prey for those who frequent these places." A feeling of the profoundest astonishment took possession of the count.
"Who are you." he asked, "who knows

"I sim your friend, Mousieur Louis, which is all I can tell you at present," said the man. "Her, in the meantime, take these and defend yourself with them, as you will have need in a little while after you have parted with me." with her hand, with her pretty and perite nilms, with her hand, with her pretty and perite nilms, with her background of a well-lighted apartities ment beyond, worst a young girl, evident.

them, as you will have need in a little while after you have parted with me."
And Issuis felt a brace of heavy pistols placed in his hand.
"My good fellow, I have arms alroady—I do not need them," by returned, though I thank you for them sheeves—look to one of startled surprise as the light from the apartment behind show the strayer force of the properties.

"How?" attered the count, in surprise, ablates. "It is even as I tell you, it was done at Carbigus this norming, after you your, self had charged them. These which I have given you will do you good service, and with them I do not fear for you, although there is danger about you. Be wary, and act with your mount bravery and activations when the danger comes. and calmness when the danger comes, It is not far off."

And so I am to be waylaid?" asked

Louis.
"Think the worst; it is the safest way, for then you will be better prepared for whatever chance presents liself,"
"It is well. I think you for your warning, and will endeavor to be ready."
At that instant, another broad sheet of thehring onlyced like flame and that.

lightning quivered like lating, and lating the beheld the person whom he alreased—a man of middling size, with bashy dark hair, a wild, ancombed heard, and a lating hair, a wild, ancombed heard, and a turned much earlier than this, but, doubt have remarked wearing a rough lacket. lightning quivered like flame, and Louis heavy monorache; wearing a rough lacket and a trend sush with long ends, within the folds of which were stuck a trace of pistols similar to those which Louis now held in his own hand. His head was unin his own hand. His head was un-ed, so that the lightning displayed attures clearly.

covered, so that the lightning displayed his features clearly.

"Good!" said Louis. "I shall not be likely to forget your face in a horry, my friend. Let me thank you again for your timely assistance."

"Nay—keep your thanks, monsieur—keep your thanks until the danger be past." returned the man, quielly. "I only hope you may get safely through this, and that I may be at hand when you need warning again. Good night."

her, and, sitting down by the hearth, began to work quiefly but industricusly, now and then looking up from her can be your thanks until the danger be past." returned the man, quiefly. "I only hope you may get safely through this, and that I may be at hand when you need warning again. Good night."

warning again. Good night."

Louis continued his way, with strangely mixed feelings of wonder at what had just occurred, togother with some degree of apprehension and curiosity as to the danger which menaced him. Nothing in the shape of danger appeared, and for perhaps, the space of fifteen minutes, he was kept in suspense. But, sudden ix, a branch above his head was bent and or the straightful against the suspense was an end winding how exquisitely pretty she was, and wondering what her ix, a branch above his head was bent and or the suspense when the suspense was an end of the suspense when the suspense was an end of the suspense when the suspense was an end of the suspense when the suspense was an end of the suspense when the suspense was an end of the suspense when the suspense was an end of the suspense was a suspense when the suspense was a suspense when the suspense was a su ine was kept in susponse. But, and success the part of again and the figure of a man swung lightly down from the branch to the pathway. A strong hand setzed Roland's bri-dle; a rough voice aftered "Stand!" a pistol was pointed at the count's head. pistol was pointed at the count's head. briefly and sternly.

"What do you require?" asked Louis, field and sternly.
"Whatever money you earry about you, kive it to me, and be quick about it?" spoke to her, and answering him in those quick to to the voice.
"You are mistaken, my man," uttered outs, quietly, while one blow from his ain ceased, and Louis could not but say, as he leaked out from the excement more

Louis, quietly, while one blow from his slight but powerful arm struck aside the uplifted weapon, and a second stretched the ruffinu senseless among the bushes by the path. With a terrified snort, as the count gave him the spur, Roland gal-loped forward, but he had scarcely ca-ered a dozen rols along before two more asked, putting aside her wheel and ris-

men sprang out into the way.

Roland, scared by their sudden appear
"Across the hills youder; half a league, more dangerous.—Frouds."

the old chatcau?"
"Yes, indeed!" she replied, with a pretty smile, and a slight blush. "I go there every day to carry flowers to Mademoiaelle Helen. And I think you are..."
she hesitated, and blushed more deeply, while her glance wavered and felt before that of Lonis. The poor child was astumed of heaving half counce that of Lonis and the control of the second wave here had of heaving half counced wave here. set of having half guessed who he was,
"I am Lamb d'Artais, the cousin of
Mademolache Holen," he supplied. "An-ter," may I not know to whom I she in debted for the hospitality I have received, that I may, at least, return thunks

'My name is Rose Lamonte, monsiem "such a little thing."
"Irens—Hah! The samiler some per year as her father. You and I are not quite atrangers after al). How. I am much obliged to you for your kindness to me to night. I shall not seen forget it.
"You must admit." she said. "this if these days few men the for honor. "Good night, unmident," she returned,

quietly.

The treen slions are noment full up The moon shape are named to the gentle face and prefty figure of his die for dollars might have died for cottage leavess as he took one lest glatter, and then he had closed the door. The hades are was peaceful and, within beautiful to the hade to tiful, as he glatterd over H; field, woo and bill lay calm and quiet all around. The air was still, and the silvery beams of the moon shows fair upon the scene, while some light cloud, at intervals, crossed her sweet face, and reflected a passing ahadow spon the quiet earth be-low. How different this seems from that of two hours before! Louis could hardly realize the violent contest he had had, as he rade along in the silence now. (To be continued.)

CANDID YOUNG PEOPLE.

Shock Some of Their Acquaintances on Their Lack of Esserve. "In my day," said an elderly woman "while poverty wasn't con-

sidered a crime any more than it now, it was a subject carefully kept in the background. "If one had to darn her stockings, it was done in the secrecy of her bed-room. If a dress had to be turned or a

connet retrimmed, these processes 'Hastus-I spec she were never spoken of outside of the an strained her milk. amily circle, and whatever skimping the mistress of the mansion did to keep own household expenses was a secre between herself and her cook. "It wasn't that the family dignity the wealthy old gentleman.

ould have been lowered by the public's knowing that there was a lack of funds it was that it was none of the public's be a great man."
business. The public might be all that "I know, dear Mr. Vanderbilt wished it, but it had no strikes a person never knows when concern in the expenditures to which he'll be called to cook his own meals the gentlefolks were sometimes forced in a hotel." to make ends meet.

That was thirty years ago or more and I remember still weeping bitterly Dennis. dinner gown of the winter before. Ised me inst winter."
Things are so different now that I'm "An' did she?" times schocked. "Only yesterday I heard a girl say shoes."

his way still illumined by the electric flishes that played over the black sky. The rain was failing faster and more viowhen my granddaughter exclaimed at the beauty of some new furs the latter tently, when anddenly a light gleamed 'Lor', child, they were given to me. You know very well we couldn't ford girl so thoroughly?"
afford to buy sables, poor as we are." "Well, it's because her out upon the blackness around it, at some distance shead, and remembering that a small cottage, inhabited, when he was in "And my grandchild replied, 'I wish ly," by some quiet peasants of the neighborhood, stood somewhere near his present position, he concluded that this must be it. Putting the spurs to his beast again, I am. to goodness my relatives, would give me some new rags. Job's turkey wasn't any more poverty-stricken than

'Another young woman in the group declared, "Well, I am going to have a new hat this winter, if I don't get anything else the rest of the year. My old one is positively disgraceful. It's been

unde ever so often.' "These were all young women, whose parents are in comfortable circum stances, but they seemed to delight in giving their hearers the impression that they were in imminent danger of going to the almshouse. This pose, if it is a Jim's old auto-and it's sure to break nese, lan't confined to the gentler sex, down."—Cleveland Plaindealer. but extends to the men.

"If I didn't owe my taller such a por of money. I'd keep you in violets this winter,' one lord of creation remarked to a young lady he had recently met "But you do used them, monsieur, as you will shortly find, for your earn, safe as you think them, have had the charges withstrawn."
"Your parlon, mademoiselle," said Louis You what I'll do,' be continued, 'If I Louis You the storm has overtaken me, and I am forced to ask for sheller here.
"How' uttered the count, in surprise. The young girl stepped back, saying, much as a resched, for I will be down on my luck then for fair.'

with gentle and graceful courtesy as she "Give me the days again when the condition of one's purse wasn't public property and when there was m serve in speaking about private affairs. in, she conducted him into a large and comfortable room and exceedingly near-looking withal. There was no person ex-This way of talking gives a very ingen nons air to the speaker, but I'd like her better if she continued to darn her cept themselves there.

A sharp gust of wind and rain beat against the casement, and he saw the girl look involuntarily in that direction with stockings in the secreey of her bedroom and spent her last five cents for ear fare with the air of one who has the mines of Golconda at her back."-Bal timore News.

> The Sea Lawyer's Speech. Here is one of the humors of the war When the cruiser Topeka was brought

across the ocean her officers had a merry time with the British crew. The cessel was built for Portugal, and her come when our government purchased her, was the Diogenes. On the third day out from Liverpool her officers deelded to mount a few guns, but when the order was issued there was lond pa? grumbling among the grew. Having that believes something be doesn't noticed the prevailing mutinous spirit, the lieutenant in command had the troublesome men called before him and asked what was wrong. The leading sea lawyer of the party stepped for ward and made the following brief and pithy speech: "When we shipped on this 'ere vessel, sir, she was in a British yard, an' we thort she was British time she was squeezed," from stem to stern. But the anchor's no more'n h'isted an' we're no more'n under way 'an ye calls 'er the Diogno ses an' runs hup the Brayzilian flag. That alone were suspicious. We's two days out an' ye runs hup the American mother. "Your father couldn't sign flag an' calls 'er the Tapioca. We think checks with a sword." ye're nothin' but a pirate."-Kansas

City Star. The New Woman in Germany." Professor Kaufmann of Breslau, In inferring the degree of decror of philosophy on Fraulein Immerwahr, the first woman who has ever passed the examination at that university, said that he earnestly hoped study among women would "continue to be the exception with the few capable individuals." inasmuch as it was desirable that they should hold to their primary and noblest calling of wife and mother, "which a man will never be able to ex-

Where all are selfish, the sage is no cetter than the fool, and only rather

perhaps," Louis answered; "as far as SUPPOSE WE SMILE.

HUMOROUS PARAGRAPHS FROM THE COMIC PAPERS,

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over-Engings that Are Cheer ful to Old or Young-Funny Selections that Everybody Will Enjoy.

Mand-I think It's queer of Mabel to old spite against you just because omelody told her you said she was

such a little thing." Trens—Hub! The smaller some peo-

"You must admit," she said, "that these days few men die for honor. "Well, but you must remember," he nawered, "that lots of the men who

"I see the 'sold' tag on Dauber's plo

"Yes, old Smith bought it." "Why don't they hang the tag on

Quite a Strain.



Farmer-What's th' matter with th

'Rastus-I spec she done fell down

Useful These Times.
"I think we better include a branch of cooking in Harry's education," said "Cooking?" gasped his amazed wife,

"Why. Harry will graduate soon and "I know, dear, but these days of

Out of Beason "Why are yer so sad?" asked Dusty

"Why," growled Sandy Pikes, "dat ome of our playmates that my new lady said if I'd split de wood she'd dlk frock was made out of Aunt Lucy's give me an old pair of shoes she prom

"Yes, she give me a pair of suow

Her Envy Was Natural, "Why do you dislike that Bicker "Well, it's because her hair is cur

"So is yours." "But her's curis naturally."-Cleve land Plaindealer,

Her Reply. "What kind of cake do you prefer, Miss Kittish?" asked Mr. Fosdick, as be handed the tray, which held quite a variety.

"Wedding cake," she replied, demurely.-Detroit Free Press.

Careful of Appearance. "But does your mother insist that you must take a chaperon?" "Yes, but she can follow behind in

\$37.50 engagement ring. The Only Way It Could Happen.

113.5.5.5.E.

Talk about yer wonderful divin'! I stayed under water t'ree hours de udder day.

"Huh! D'ye t'ink I'm easy? Where did this happen?"
"Right down yonder by de tracks. I fell asleep under dat water tank."

Definition. Little Willie-What's a hypocrite,

Pa-A hypocrite, my son, is a man

Bay.

"Tou used to say she was like a Dresden doll," said Harry Bluelace. "Too much so," spoke Guasie Gunn, "How could that be?" "Why, she cried 'Mamma' every

Where it Is Strenuous "Mamma," queried little Mary Ellen. "is the pen mightier than the sword?" "Of course it is," replied the wise

Hapid-Fire Thought, "Always think before you speak," said little Tommy's mamma, "Gee, maw," he answered, "if you do that you must do some pretty fast thickin' sometimes when you git to goin' for paw."

He Was Modest. Landlady-What part of the chicken will you have, Mr. Newcomer? Mr. Newcomer-Oh, about half of it will be ample, thank you,

He-Shall I be the first to tell your father? She-No. I'd rather break it to him -Detroit Free Press.

The Safer Way.

Hard Luck. "Oh, dear!" walled the first summer ad. "My new bathing suit is a

wreck " "What happened to H?" asked budlet

"I got caught on the beach in A shower this morning, that's what," auswered she of the woeful wall.

No Mourning in It.
"What of my future?" asked the fair maid.

"You will never know what grief or serrow is," answered the fortune teller. "And-will I marry?" queried the

fair one, anxiously. "Sure," replied the visionary proph etesa, "Four times."

Matter of Choice. Mrs. Homer-I can't understand how Mrs. Mocker can waste so much time on that horrid poodle.

Mrs. Nextdoor-Why, is it possible that you have never met her husband? As Others See Us. He-Charlie Sapleigh and Miss Wierly are doing a courtship stunt.

She-Ah, indeed! Another case of we souls with but a single thought. He-Yes; and it's doughnuts to fudge hat she originates the thought,

An Awful Jolt.

an't east De Borum-Well, it must be about fied him, is held to have been largely ime I was going home. Miss Meeker-Ob, I'm sure it is ever

to much later than that! Byening Up.

Press.

Too Much Pyrography. "Maria," said Mr. Stubb, as he gazed on the scorched cakes, "these new fads are a nuisance."

"What now?" queried Mrs. Stubb passing the coffee. Why, Lucy Ann has gone and practiced pyrography on these flannel

cakes. Rather Ambiguous. Softead-Wasn' that-aw-a beastly absurd rumor about me-aw-losing

me mind? Miss Sinsher-Yes; that certainly was the limit.



"Me gal's a peach!" "What kind of a peach?"

she's got to be polite to the cook the tions of a farmer boy. General Clay exercised in the selection of bottoms same as the rest of us."—Washington divorced her, and she married the for oyster planting, if the planter

Her Frankness,
"I can't see what you find in me to idmire," said the lovelorn youth who had recently blown himself for a

"Why," gurgled the fluffy-baired angel of his domestic dreams, "that's just what everybody else says." And immediately the silence became oppressive.--Chicago News.

Strenuous Service. The parson had just delivered a flery sermon on the evils of rum. One of the members was seen to be wriggling uneasily in his pew. "Behold!" cried the excited parson

One of my shafts has struck right man. See how uneasy our wayward brother is." "Yes," retorted the accused man 'you'd be uneasy, too, if you had a June bug down your back."

Helpful Little Wife.

"Well, I knew you were busy, so I her brother's humble shack in the colored it. "You? How did you color it, pray?"

"Why, I painted it, of course,

Mrs. Blinker-My Tommy has begun a study French. Mrs. White-Has he, indeed?

Mrs. Blinker-Yes; and I know he'll earn the language in no time. I judge. on see, by the rapidity with which The Desperate Straits to Which Some acquired the slang dialect of the street boys.-Boston Transcript.

God's Country.

Do you know where God's country is men going actually to other persons' located? When we were out in the houses and offering girls higher wages. Territories enduring hardships and privations, we used to talk of "back in nearly all the large cities, the States" as "God's country." The A woman who will do this well, early pioneers of the West looked to she will do other things of which ward the Atlantic senboard and the strong language could be used, and yet country along the Ohlo and think of these women are to be found among "God's country." Now the poor devils the best people—that is, it should be who are compelled to remain for a added that they live on the best streets time in the Philippine Islands know in town, but a woman who will hire that any part of the United States is away her friends' servants cannot be the great coal strike. The couple will "God's country." Nearly all of them strictly said to be entitled to any po-upon returning to American shores resistion. This happens every day and mark; "It is good to be back in God's can be accounted for to country once more." It is not likely tent by the scarcity of servants, and that Alaska is included in the good the desperation of housekeepers, who land, for men returning from the big will resort to almost any means to obtainer with its contents. Territory of the Arctic circle upon tain them.

woman puts them in a letter and gives housework servant.

About two days afterward the bell an invention. It to her husband to mail.

"SAGE OF WHITEHALL"

The stirring life

led had begun to tell on him in fate years. He believed that a conspiracy had been formed and some years invite you att down. few weeks ago.

One of the final scenes in the life of a friend. was declared insane. A week pre-viously fors Richardson Brock, the di-vorced child wife of the aged Ken-tuckian, had declared her intention of a month to come to her. De Borum-I wonder what time it going on the stage. It is alleged Genwrai Clay had been insane for several a tea and meets the woman who tried Miss Meeker (wearily)—Really, I years, and his mad love for a 16-year- to get Annie away from her, and they old girl, who was 13 when she mar- glare at each other and pass on, but responsible for his condition.

At the time of the strange marriage General Clay was 90 and Dora Rich- er woman's kitchen.—Chicago paper. ardson was 13. He was cultured, a man of repute in the affairs of the na-Mistress—I hope you'll suit. I've tion, the scion of a famous family, and eleven cooks in the last three and the possessor of wealth. She was illiterate, untutored in the ways of the

General Clay treated his wife as a says the Philadelphia North American,

rang, and when Annie, as we will call General Cassins M. Clay, Noted Ken-tuckian, Who Is Dead.

Death cappage Communication of the door and closed the door and stood talking to Death came to General Cassius Mar- half. So the mistress of the house susclius Clay, warrior, statesman, aboil- pected something and went to the door onist, author, and noted duelist, at and opened it. There stood a woman his home. White whom she knew by sight, but had nev-Hall, in Madison er met, and she was evidently endeav-County, Kentucky, oring to hire away Annie, for the girl His demise was was very red in the face and the wodue to general ex-baustion. man was very white when the door opened. This conversation ensued:

Mistress of the House-Whom did which General Clay Fou come to see?

led had begun to Visitor—I came to see Annie; she is

a—friend of mine.
Mistress of the House—Annie, is this

woman a friend of yours?
Annie (feebly)—Yes'm, she is, Mistress of the House-Well, Annie, invite your friend into the kitchen to

ago fortified his home at White woman departed, and when the mis-Hall and entered a trees of the house interviewed Annie she found she had never seen the wothat ended only a man before in her life, but did not like

to betray the fact when she called her this remarkable man was enacted in a This was such a remarkable state of courtroom at Richmond, Ky., when he affairs to the housekeeper in question This was such a remarkable state of

the woman who was guilty forgets her part of it, and only remembers that she was invited to sit down in the oth-

Great Banks Plud Ready Sale for Sev-

eral Purposes. The average clitzen may not know Cook—That's nothing. I have had world, content amid her lowly surthat oysters are planted, cultivated and harvested like any other crop,



WHITE HALL, HOME OF GENERAL CLAY

she doesn't snub."

books and art. After a few months year, after which time the ground is "Yes, there is," answered Miss Cayshe ran away to the home of her allowed to rest a year before being planted again. Great care must be "If she wants good dinners, prother where she received the atten-planted again. Great care must be young man, whose name was Riley



GENERAL CASSIUS M. CLAY. Brock. Afterward Brock was killed by "Henry," greeted the little blue-eyed a train, and the love of the aged sol-"do you remember of saying dier and diplomat for the young counyou were going to color your meer- try girl then sprang to life again, and sought to have her return to White-"Yes, dear," replied her big hus- hall as his wife in as ardent a fashion as when she first left him to go back to woods.

His children interfered, however, and prevented the reconciliation. By the proceedings in the insane court they blocked his plan to leave his whole estate to Dora Richardson. He was confined to his home with a nurse and guards.

STEALING SERVANT GIRLS.

Housekeepers Have Come A new phase of the everlasting servant girl question has recently come to light—the hiring of servants by wo-

is and in "God's country." But since kind happened to a Chicago woman, a dampening process, or any other our colonial acquisitions, the sobriquet and in recounting the affair to a friend means of penetrating to its enclosure. "God's country" is fast becoming rec-ognised as meaning the United States. of pride for the mainer in which she the words "Attempt to open" to ap-

child and sought to amuse her and make her happy. He bought her dolls, being known as an oyster planter, picture books, toy furniture, and the many other things which have been der cultivation in Hampton Roads, made to amuse children. Finally the which, during the harvesting season, old man purchased his young wife a is often literally alive with the reaping

"Why, a cling; see!"

Always the Autocrat.

"She is very haughty since her family attained wealth," said the sensitive woman. "I doubt if there is anybody where a little, but she had no taste for age and the rest in the third or fourth woman. "I doubt if there is anybody wrote a little, but she had no taste for age and the rest in the third or fourth."

would be financially successful. The largest packer in Hampton opens from 100,000 to 200,000 bushels of oysters in a year. In this house, as the men open the oysters, they drop the shells on an inclined plane, from which they slide into a trough and are carried along by scrapers attached to an endless chain called a "shell con-veyor," which takes them without further labor to the shell pile in the yard. When a shucker has filled his gailon measure he carries it to the rainer where the ed and measured. They are then emptied into large casks kept full of fresh water, by means of which any loose shell or grit is washed out. these casks the oysters are dipped into a second strainer, and when separated from the water are again measured

The shells are sold for from 1 to 3 cents a bushel, and are used extensive ly by oyster planters for the propagation of oysters. They are placed small piles on grounds found suitable for the purpose, where the spat or small oyster will attach itself to the shells. They are also used for making shell lime and for building the excellent shell roads found in some parts of the Virginia penisula.

MARRIED A FAMOUS LAWYER.



MRS. CLARENCE S. DARROW. She was Ruby Hamerstrom, of St. Louis, and a writer of some note. Mr. Darrow, a lawyer, of Chicago, represented the United Mineworkers in the arbitration proceedings which settled spend a year in Europe.

A Telitale Envelops.

A genius has invented an envelopa which records of itself any attempt is imbued with some chemical com Kind words are never lost—unless a in a flat and had just hired a general tive will think twice before pursuing their researches in the face of such