

Nobody is above suspicion when a jealous woman is around.

Mrs. Langtry is now a mother-in-law. The world is no longer at her feet.

Miss Stone attributes her rescue to prayer. To what does she attribute her captivity?

A pickle trust with \$30,000,000 capital has been formed. This is one of the sourest doses of all.

The young King of Spain appears to be quite a sensible child. He is permitting the old men to keep on running things.

King Edward is a pretty strong argument against the claims of people who are always prating about the dangers of high living.

An inventor asserts that an excellent imitation of wood can be made from tobacco leaves. Let him try his hand now at making merchantable bricks out of diamonds.

Eskimos claim to have found the remains of Noah's ark away up near the arctic circle. Can it be possible that Noah started in search of the pole without first having a relief expedition provided for?

The multimillionaire who endows colleges and establishes colleges is subjected to a great deal of chaff and is sometimes accused of self-aggrandizement. The millionaire who devotes himself to horse racing, an institution which mainly benefits the professional gamblers, is permitted to pass without criticism. This seems hardly fair.

Another gentleman exhilarated with whiskey-purchased his wife's money—has murdered his wife. Fortunately he was blessed with a sense of the proprieties and accordingly hanged himself, thus saving the overworked taxpayers the expense of doing the job for him. Like another historic character, nothing in this man's life became him like the leaving it.

Many cures for insomnia have been recommended, from counting an imaginary flock of sheep as they jump over one over a gate, to extracting the cube root of a number in six figures; but they all fail at times. The latest cure, according to a medical paper, is automobiling. Now, if the village school teacher will only take a ride every afternoon in a fifteen-hundred-dollar automobile, she will sleep like a top at night—that is, if she does not lie awake wondering where the money is to come from to pay for the horseless carriage. There are some remedies more attractive than practicable.

Although the power of the press can hardly be overestimated, little that is printed leaves a permanent impression. Dr. Edward Everett Hale puts it characteristically in commenting on the sensitiveness of his distinguished kinsman, Edward Everett, to what appeared about him in print. "He did not know, as I do, that of whatever is put in the newspaper half the people who see it do not read it; second, that half of those do not understand it; third, that of the half who understand it, half do not believe it; fourth, that the half who believe it, half forget it; fifth, that the half who remember it are probably of no great account, anyway." To which Dr. Hale adds the remark, personal to himself, "This may be forgotten with the rest." Nevertheless, it has a kernel of truth worth remembering.

Much has been said of the audacity of man in building his home in spots as dangerous as the slopes of Mont Pelée have proved themselves to be. Yet all history affords illustrations of the calm forgetfulness with which the race erects its dwelling places on the sites of the most dreadful catastrophes. Vesuvius still smokes over beautiful Naples. Lisbon rises, beautiful and imposing, where a "convulsion of nature" once brought unutterable fright and desolation. The Japanese still crowd the coasts of their tide-swept islands and the Chinese huddle along the banks of the Hoang Ho. It is not very many months since Galveston was overwhelmed by flood, yet a new Galveston is being built on the dangerous site of the wreckage and the people of the city are ready to take their chances of a similar disaster in the future. There is absolutely nothing to prevent a second tidal wave from the Gulf, yet the city pursues its daily task, apparently unafraid.

Charles Schwab's apple donation gets through the hide into the heart. He was just such a happy-go-lucky boy as you can find anywhere now, and he liked the taste of stolen apples. The original sin in every boy adds sweetness to purloined fruit. It shouldn't be so, but it is so. Let the sociologists explain it if they can. Schwab used to steal his apples from trees on the grounds of Mt. Allyn's Academy at Cresson, Pa. He never forgot it. Men don't forget these things. They love the memory of youthful pranks and tell the tales to their children and their grandchildren. And, way down in the heart, there is often a sneaking desire to go back to the old town, walk up to the farmer from whom he used to steal melons, laugh at the dog, and remark: "Mr. Jones, do you know me? Don't you remember Bill Rogers' boy, whom you set the dog on and shot full of rock salt? Just thought I'd drop in on the old town and see how things look." And then you planned to pay off the mortgage on Jones' farm, leave money for a new library, buy uniforms for the "Umpah, Umpah Cornet Band," and slather money around like a pince. Plenty of men have had those dreams. Few can carry them out. Mr. Schwab could; and, as dramatic as you please, he planked down \$25,000 of good Steel Trust money in payment of the Baldwin he stole many years ago. Every man who has wanted to go back and

"make good" will envy Mr. Schwab the sensation and the pleasure he got out of the gift.

Prophecies of gypsies, astrologers and other readers of the future, foretelling the calamity that recently befel King Edward, are being resurrected, or manufactured after the event, and presented to the credulous with beaming gravity. These pretended prophecies are reminders of the pagan past, when the gods took an intimate and respectful interest in the fate of kings. Portents were seen in the skies warning men that something dire was about to happen to his Majesty, and when he died earthquakes and storms testified to the sympathy of nature with an event so tremendous. Those were the days when a king was a king, and very few had any doubt of his divine appointment to office. Now only the sort of minds capable of crediting gypsy prophecies can look upon monarchy as a heavenly institution. Peoples no longer exist for their kings, but kings for their peoples. The old-fashioned despot is the dodo of politics. Respecting those vestigial remnants of the superstitious past, the prophets, it is obvious that their self-dental is even more wonderful than their powers. It perhaps has not occurred to those who still take them seriously that if there existed a class of men capable of foretelling the date of a king's death months or years in advance of its occurrence little things like the outcome of horse races and the ups and downs of the stock market would be as clear as print to them. In that case, of course, they would soon own the wealth of the earth. But as prophets—gypsies, astrologers, clairvoyants and the rest—are never billionaires, it follows either that they are frauds or the most unselfish beings in a generally selfish world.

On a day early in June of this year a man named Hawkins committed a crime at Marysville, Mo., and then tried to run away from it. Hawkins was a real estate dealer, and left the town because he had forced paper to the amount of \$2,000. When he left Marysville, Hawkins was a fine-looking, middle-aged gentleman, with hair slightly tinged with gray. At the end of two weeks he came back a white-haired, broken-bodied old man. In the interval the man had wandered from place to place pursued by the hourly fear that he would be tracked by bloodhounds. The fear deepened into an overmastering terror. He hid himself in the woods. Finally the fear became unbearable. He returned to Marysville and gave himself up. Twenty years, he said, had been added to his life in less than twenty days. He welcomed the penitentiary as a blessed relief. It is the old story. In seeking to dodge a financial trouble he took upon his shoulders a greater one. The new trouble was so heavy that a prison seemed a heaven of rest after the hell into which he had plunged. When will men learn that justice is never cheated? That every crime brings its penalty, soon or late? When will men learn they are not smarter than fate? There are other bloodhounds than those of flesh and blood that pursue the man who breaks the law. The bloodhounds of conscience will ever bay deep-mouthed to the soul that smother. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that also shall he reap." That is the inevitable law. If a man sows to the flesh he shall of the flesh reap corruption. And he will reap more than he sows. The law of increase holds in the devil's domain as it does in the fields of God.

HEAVIEST MAN IN THE WORLD. Died in San Francisco—Weighed 613 Pounds.

Henri Maurice Cannon, known throughout the world as the heaviest of all men, died unexpectedly from heart disease in San Francisco, Cal., a few days ago. Mr. Cannon had been ailing for several days.

Deceased weighed 613 pounds. A native of Zurich, Switzerland, he was

The recent finding of an egg of the great epyornis floating about in St. Augustine Bay, on the southwest coast of Madagascar, has induced a party of Germans headed by Gottlieb Adolf Krause, the German explorer, to undertake an expedition in search of the interior of Madagascar in search of possible living specimens of this great bird of the post-pliocene period of the world's history. The egg may have come down with the floods from the unexplored interior of the island, or may have been buried for centuries in the sand, preserved by some curious freak of nature, and then carried to sea. Which of these theories is the proper one Professor Krause and his party will try to discover.

According to geologists, at one time Madagascar and the islands east of Africa were one, but that later the land subsided and left the islands separated by a strait, and since that time the islands have developed species to themselves. The climatic changes which ensued are believed by some to have exterminated the epyornis. But others declare that, as the country changed, the gigantic bird retired deeper and deeper into the wilderness, where it has remained for centuries without molestation, unless it has been annihilated by some unknown savage tribe in the interior, and will be found there to-day, somewhere between the desert and the Ankarab Mountains.

The finding of the egg in St. Augustine Bay has deepened this impression, and Professor Krause will try to establish the truth of the theory that the egg is of recent origin and not curiously preserved through centuries. Several French adventurers have tried to penetrate into the interior, but they have returned without definite results, telling only of brief glimpses of queer animals, which were not accepted as valuable by scientists. Possibly the German explorers may be more fortunate.

The egg found is the thirty-fourth in existence, and the largest is 9 by 14 inches in diameter. The bird itself is believed by scientists to have been fully fifteen feet high, and to have weighed more than a ton, far larger than the ostrich, which is itself a dangerous bird to handle; a blow from its claws would be fatal. Stories of some such bird in the interior have long been extant among natives, not only of Madagascar, but of other countries, and interest in them is being

awakened by the finding of the new egg.

The trials the expedition will have to contend with will be the inhospitality of the inhabitants, scorching heat, scarcity of water, malarial swamps, and extreme perils of journeying through primeval tropical forests. Two other parties while in search of the epyornis met death in the burning deserts of Kiliarivo, but, with the better appliances carried by Professor Krause and his party, it is believed that they will make discoveries that will prove the existence or non-existence of this great bird of prehistoric times. Previous researches have not been carried on beyond the high table-land, but the Germans will try to penetrate the wilds beyond the Oulahy river.

SHE WORE THE KEY.

Sad Eyes, Pathetic Droop Made It a Mystery Until Explained.

It was the usual crowd of well-gowned femininity that filled the car, wending its way matineeward. Every woman at all young or at all aiming to be fashionable, wore a chain of some sort from which dangled charms of every kind and descriptions, lockets, heart-shaped and round, small gold or silver purses, lozenges and watches.

The girl in the smart black costume, with exquisite smiles, appeared to be exempt from the prevailing mania, and therefore became the mark for the attention of the observer of details. As the atmosphere of the car grew warmer she slipped the long fur scarf from her neck, revealing the fact that so far from being immune she had eclipsed all the others in the originality of her "dangle."

A small gold chain was worn around her neck and fell half way to the waist. On it was a key set with diamonds. But the real article, an ordinary every-day affair, such as one wrestles with at the front door.

Now, what was the romance connected with that very prosaic key making it worthy to be set with diamonds and displayed so prominently as a treasured possession? The sad eyes of the owner had that misty, far-away look of unshed tears. The Parisian hat failed to hide the pathetic droop of the graceful head.

Here was a story, surely. Imagination conjured up a picture of a betrothal rudely broken by the death of the fiancé, the key treasured as a memento of the many happy evenings they had spent together, and the stolen kisses in the vestibule as he hesitated before opening the door for her. The somber gown hinted at a loss. The wistful eyes and sweet lips accentuated the idea.

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The monarch followed with politeness, if not apparently with very keen interest, a demonstration of the workings of the two lethal weapons, but although the French envoy conscientiously ground out the whole half-dozen tunes which the musical box was able to perform, he failed to elicit the royal approbation.

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OLD FAVORITES

The Widow Malone. Did you hear of the Widow Malone, Ohone! Who lived in the town of Athlone, Alon? Oh! she melted the hearts Of the swains in them parts— So lovely the Widow Malone, Ohone! So lovely the Widow Malone.

Of lovers she had a full score Or more; And fortunes they all had galore, In store; From the B'wister down To the C's of the crown, All were courting the Widow Malone, All were courting the Widow Malone.

But so modest was Mistress Malone, 'Twas known That no one could see her alone, Ohone! Let them ogle and sigh, They could ne'er catch her eye— So bashful the Widow Malone, Ohone! So bashful the Widow Malone.

Till one Mither O'Brien from Clare— How queer; It's little for blushing they care Down there— Put his arm round her waist, Gave ten kisses at last— 'Oh, says he, 'you're my Molly Malone— My own!'

'Oh,' says he, 'you're my Molly Malone!'

And the widow they all thought so shy, My eye! Ne'er thought of a simper or sigh— For why? 'But, 'Lucius,' says she, 'Since you've now made so free, You may marry your Mary Malone, Ohone! You may marry your Mary Malone.'

There's a moral contained in my song, And, one comfort, it's not very long, But strong; If for widows you die Learn to kiss, not to sigh, For they're all like sweet Mistress Malone!

Oh! they're all like sweet Mistress Malone! —Charles Lever.

Little Boy Blue. The little toy dog is covered with dust, But sturdy and staunch he stands; And the little toy soldier is red with rust, And his musket molds in his hands.

Time was when the little toy dog was new And the soldier was passing fair, And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue

Kissed them and put them there.

"Now, don't you go till I come," he said, "And don't you make any noise!" So toddling off to his trundle-bed He dreamt of the pretty toys.

And as he was dreaming an angel song Awakened our Little Boy Blue— Oh, the years are many, the years are long, But the little toy friends are true.

Aye faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand, Each in the same old place, Awaiting the touch of a little hand, The smile of a little face.

And they wonder, as waiting these long years through, In the dust of that little chair, What has become of our Little Boy Blue Since he kissed them and put them there? —Eugene Field.

GIANT PREHISTORIC BIRD.

Egg of the Epyornis Found Off the Madagascar Coast.

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A STUDY IN SCARLET.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

No. 3 Lauriston Gardens was an ill-omened and minatory look. It was one of four, which stood back some little way from the street, two being occupied around two empty.

The latter looked out with three tiers of vacant, melancholy windows, which were blank and dreary, save that here and there a "To Let" card had developed like a cataract upon the bleared panes.

A small garden sprinkled over with a scattered eruption of sickly plants separated each of these houses from the street, and was traversed by a narrow pathway, yellowish in color, and consisting apparently of a mixture of clay and gravel.

The whole place was very sloppy from the rain which had fallen through the night. The garden was bounded by a three-foot brick wall with a heart-shaped and round, small gold or silver purses, lozenges and watches.

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