

The Chauffeur and the Jewels

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By
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CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

Women of Gussie's stamp are as elusive, as intangible, as running water, and when, with painstaking zeal, some poor, deluded mortal attempts to corner the pretty, sparkling thing—lo and behold! it slips away through his fingers to ripple gayly down hill.

"No, don't speak," Gerald shook himself determinedly. "I think I see how things are, and there's no use in losing one's temper." He spoke tersely. "Did I know a very different affair from your other amusements? This fellow's got money and position, and he's in earnest. It's just this. Things have come to a point where you've got to decide which of us it is to be, Gussie. You can't put me off any longer. Rather know the worst, you know. Come! Which of us it is to be?"

"Gerald!" Poor Gussie Waring felt all the natural irritation of a professional gamester whose hand is forced unwarrantably by a clumsy amateur. "How absurd and uncalled for this is!" she objected petulantly. "I might just as well call you to account for the time you spend with Annette. You're certainly not alone when the prince and I are together and Annette."

"She's a nice girl," the interruption came uncomprehendingly, "and you know our standing perfectly well. Would you mind answering my question? I'll not trouble you again. Do you consider yourself engaged to me?"

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still in matter-of-fact tones and between steady whiffs of his cigarette.

The detective looked vaguely injured. "All I can say," he volunteered sulkily, "is that there isn't a corner of the ship that I don't know about and not a passenger who can't be accounted for. No," he turned decisively to Mrs. Waring. "My hopes are now all banked over here. We've got our men on the lookout, you see, and no shipping can get in without being pretty thoroughly overhauled. My opinion is that we'll land him before long."

"I should not be at all surprised if you are right," agreed the individual in question.

He was standing up now, his hand in his pockets, watching the detective with a cool, patronizing stare. "And yet, as you English have it, 'It takes a thief to catch a thief.'"

He relaxed into an irrepressible smile. "I cannot tell you how much I am interested in this capture of yours, Monsieur Blantock. Just keep your eyes open, my friend—that is my advice—and, believe me, you will come across Sarto before you know it!"

A half hour later, amid the shrieking of whistles, the rolling of trucks—in fact, the composite roar of a great city, that affects so disagreeably the nerves of the returning American—Ludovic Sarto, having passed successfully through the purgatory of the custom house, found himself in the comparative paradise of Eleventh street, standing with Gerald Blantock outside of Mrs. Waring's carriage window, which was indeed effectively blocked up by the Englishman's thick-set form. Gussie's attention being temporarily absorbed in biding her rejected suitor a sisterly goodbye.

Quick to realize the advantages of the moment, the pseudo-prince made his way around to the other side of the carriage, where Annette was leaning out of her window expectantly.

"I wonder," he said, smiling down at her, "if it is to be actually a final adieu; do you know, Miss Bancroft, I have a curious—shall we say presentiment?—that I am to see you again. That is the reason I am about to ask for your card."

He stopped short, struck, startled even, by the deep flush that swept over the girl's clear skin at his slight words.

She looked down hurriedly, however, and, searching for a card in the bag on her lap, handed it to him silently with eyes averted.

"Does that mean," she faltered, "that Your Highness is really thinking of coming to Washington?"

Again Sarto wondered over her irrepressible agitation, with a faint, curious thrill somewhere in the region of his collar-bone.

"Who knows?" he returned laughingly: "I am nothing but a feu follet, what you call will-o'-the-wisp, appearing now here, now there. Who knows where I may turn up?" and he pocketed the strip of pasteboard, conscious that Mrs. Waring's eyes were upon him, viewing the incident with small favor.

"We've really got to be off!" she now announced crisply. "Gerald, just tell the man the St. Regis, please. Well, prince," holding out her hand as that individual came hastily round, "I'm going to be in Washington for a week of getting to rights before leaving for Newport. We're off by the four o'clock train this afternoon." She bent towards him, dropping her voice. "Don't you leave then, too?"

Sarto looked at her an instant. There was a queer, twisted smile about his mouth and a very wistful look in his eyes.

"Why do you tempt me?" he asked reproachfully.

"Tempt you?" Gussie laughed. "Dear me! There is nothing going on in Washington at this season. Every one has left; even your friend Count Souraviell is in Newport now. I have positively no inducement to offer you."

"Except the only one that matters to me," finished the other in a very low tone.

He glanced around. Blust was shouting directions to the cabman, and at the other end of the cab sat the girl looking determinedly out of her window. Then, with a daring laugh, "I ought not to go," said Sarto sotto-voce, "but I cannot resist it just for a few days!"

"Four o'clock then."

And he drew back as the carriage started off, his parting look more than his words haunting Gussie for the rest of the morning, filling her with an agreeable sense of satisfaction—and Mrs. Waring needed satisfaction.

Never in the course of her successful career had she been so baffled! For, in spite of the enforced propinquity given by a long five-days voyage, exposed to the romantic influences of the sea and every opportunity that art could devise and coquetry sanction, the incredible fact remained that the Prince del Pino had not proposed!

The cab with its two inmates had rolled away, and Sarto was making off, his eyes on the ground, mechanically retracing his steps into the quay office, when he bumped violently against some one who was hastening in the opposite direction—a middle-aged person, evidently a foreigner, in a light gray spring suit, with a striped waistcoat, vivid tie, and immaculate derby.

Throwing a casual glance at our friend, this man was passing rapidly by him with an angry execration in French, when a sudden idea made him stop short and whirl spasmodically round on his heel.

"Sarto!" he cried, still in French. "Why! It is my old friend Ludovic Sarto!"

Flushing and paling by turns, the chauffeur stood still, gazing about him with swift apprehension.

Heaven be praised! Blust had taken himself off just in time! Recovering himself, "M. le Comte Souraviell," he said, also in French, with a deferential bow. "This is indeed a pleasure."

"You came over with the prince, I take it," the other returned, with a smile. He had remarkably white, even teeth

and keen gray eyes that lit up pleasantly, the effect of his well-modelled, strong-jawed face being, however, somewhat marred by a large aquiline nose shaped like a vulture's beak.

"By the way, where is Son Altesse?" Sarto glanced around, his abnormally alert mind sorting out the possibilities of the situation just as an experienced gamester looks over his hand. "Where is Son Altesse?" he echoed wonderingly. "But a moment ago he was handing some ladies into a cab, and now I see him not anywhere."

"Gone!" ejaculated the other blankly. "And I came to the docks especially to meet him. What can have become of him, do you suppose?"

The chauffeur shrugged his shoulders. "Who knows?" he said, in his characteristic way. "My orders are to await Son Altesse at the Hotel Waldorf. That is all I can tell you."

There was a moment's pause while Souraviell seemed to be considering the situation.

"Well!" he said at length, hailing a cab, "there is nothing to be done, so far as I can see, but to return. Come, my friend, I will give you a lift to your hotel. It is in my own direction. Diable!" he jumped into the trap with a word to the driver, Sarto following. "Curse take these steamship companies. Here have I been, since eight o'clock this morning, kicking my heels in their wretched office, and I am now only granted my permit in time to find—parbleu!—that the prince, whom I especially wanted to see, has already departed."

"Too bad!" ejaculated the chauffeur hypocritically. "If your Excellency had only reached there five minutes earlier—"

He did not complete his sentence, and, indeed, how could he? What would have happened if Count Souraviell had reached there five minutes earlier?

For a moment, as the latter settled himself on the cushions and the cab rolled off, Sarto fell to wondering over the Count's recognizing him in the disguise which had so successfully taken in his late employers, and yet—what could be more natural? They remembered him as the mustached and bearded chauffeur, disguised by an all-concealing mofing set-up, and he had been clean shaven during that tour in the Troly when he was thrown with Souraviell.

"Well, my friend Sarto," the latter remarked good-naturedly, after a short pause occupied in lighting a cigar, "how has the world gone with thee since we last met?—well, judging by thine opulent appearance. Ma foi! With that Parisian overcoat and expensive hat one would almost take thee for the prince himself. Ah!" he chuckled and blew great rings of smoke into the air, "hast thou forgotten the little masquerade at St. Moritz, when thou personated the prince in the Casino so that he might prove an alibi in that affair we knew of? Ha, ha, ha! His Highness was not any too well pleased when he had to pay for the money thou lost for him that night, thou roguess!"

A slight smile crept over the chauffeur's impassive face. He was thinking of other and greater escapades since then and asking himself with decided curiosity if the count read daily papers.

"Son Altesse has not been well of late," he ventured guardedly. "He was quite seriously ill at Liverpool, and those English journals have it that he is down with some malignant disease at the present moment."

"I am not surprised," assented the other indifferently. "The reporters probably say the same things about myself. I never have time to read anything nowadays but the foreign dispatches. A diplomat's life is no sinecure in this country, where one is feted and entertained from night till morning! A hall here, a dinner there, a carnival beyond—one can scarcely keep one's appointments at the Embassy." He yawned. "Ah, bah! I have not slept for a week, and the appetite it comes no more in eating. Sarto, thy simple, uneventful existence, my man, is more to be envied. The fatigue! To-night I am at Newport—only here for the day to meet some ladies," he rubbed his nose savagely, "whom, alas! I have not met. Plague take those steamship companies!"

And he fell silent, musing over his wrongs, while the chauffeur gazed out of the window and the cab pursued its tortuous way.

At last Count Souraviell turned his keen gray eyes on his companion.

"There were two American ladies on board the Majestic," he said suddenly, "friends of mine—a Madame Reechard Warreng and her dame de compagnie, vous les avez remarqué, mon ami Sarto?"

(To be continued.)

Mr. Brown of Shopless Town. Mr. Brown of Shopless Town is very much distressed—Cannot buy the things he needs; The stores are all non est. Merchants closed 'em up last year And started out to roam Till they found a trading place Where people trade at home.

Mr. Brown of Shopless Town. When shops were plenty there, Used to mail his cash afar For trifles light as air; For substantial things as well, To those mail order traders—'Tis no wonder that at home The merchants went on 'busis."

Mr. Brown of Shopless Town. Is very sad and sore; Stands around from dawn to dusk, Emitting quite a roar. Needing food and clothes—but, see, I've nothing, too, to do. So he mails no orders now—He cannot buy the stamps!

—E. Sapp, Jr.

Just a Side Issue. "Some of those fortune tellers produce the goods all right." "That so?"

"Yes, one of them told me that I was to have a stroke of great good fortune and when I got home yesterday I found my wife's pet lap dog was gone."

"But I heard that your wife was gone with it?"

"Oh, yes, but that is a mere detail."—Houston Post.

An aim in life is the only fortune worth finding; and it is not to be found in foreign lands, but in the heart itself. —R. L. Stevenson.

YOUNG FOLKS

The Crow's Mistake.

A saucy old crow hovered high in the air; Of pride and conceit he had more than his share. As he gazed on the cornfield afar down below, Where tender, green blades were beginning to show.

And, as if standing guard o'er his acres so fair, A gaunt, ugly figure stood motionless there. His coat inside out and all ragged at that, His head quite concealed by a battered old hat.

He stood as though planning some work to be done, While leaning on something that looked like a gun. But old Mr. Crow cocked his head on one side, When the queer looking figure beneath him he spied.

Quoth he: "For a scarecrow you really look slick, But I'll not be cheated by any such trick. That make-believe gun is indeed very fine, But down in that cornfield I'm going to dine."

In vain did his sable mate urge him to pause, While voicing her fears in most vigorous "caw's." The obstinate bird heeded not her advice, For down to the cornfield he swooped in a trice.

He thought to alight on the grim figure's head, But, bang! went the gun, and his crow-ship fell dead. And the scarecrow remarked ('twas the farmer, you've guessed): "Your thieving is ended, you bold little pest!"

—Katherine L. Danhier.

Table Talk. Come eat a piece of pie with me," said the Knife to the Soup-ladle. "No, thanks," said the Soup-ladle. "I may be in the soup, but I never eat pie with a knife."

"Let's go to sea," said the Spoon to the Salt. "You are an old salt." "That's so. But what'll we go in?" asked the Salt. "The gravy-boat," said the Spoon.

"I hate soup," said the Soup-tureen. "And I hate toast," said the Toast-rack. "Well, let's swap trades," said the Tureen. "You hold the soup and

I'll hold the toast." "I'd look well trying to hold a quart of soup, wouldn't I?" sneered the Toast-rack. "I believe I've got a chill," said the Salt. "Well, who wouldn't, living in a cellar all the time?" jeered the Olive-fork.

"Isn't this room a little cold?" asked the Oil. "I feel a little congealed." "I don't think so," said the Red Pepper. "I'm hot."

"Helgho!" sighed the Napkin. "What's the matter?" asked the Fork. "I'm wondering whether I'll ever grow big enough to be a table-cloth."

"You are very impudent," said the Big Spoon to the Little Spoon. "Well, I can't help it," said the Little Spoon; "Jack used me when eating his cranberry sauce last night, and I'm naturally saucy."

"I think it's real mean!" sobbed the Dessert-spoon. "Here they're going to have rice pudding for dinner to-night, and I've got to go upstairs to give Jack—his cod-liver oil. Ugh!"

"I was very much disappointed at dinner last night," said the Table-cloth. "I simply love currant jelly, and nobody spilled a bit of it on me."

Pictures by Telegraph. What would you think if you saw in your newspaper some evening an actual photograph of some event or scene that took place in Europe that day? It would seem like magic, wouldn't it? And yet such a thing is entirely within the range of possibility. A scientist of Lyons, France, M. Bellin by name, has recently succeeded in transmitting the photograph of a landscape by wire, and the distance to which a picture may be sent seems to be only a question of further experimentation. It transmits the picture direct from a camera print. Little metal points glide over the surface of the paper, which is in relief. It is these depressions or elevations on the surface of the paper that are sent over the wire. At the receiving station the impressions are sent to a sensitized film by the aid of a mirror and a lens. M. Bellin's method is different from that of Prof. Korn of Munich, who has for some time been sending photographs of persons by wire.

What a Geologist Says. Don't get excited when the editor tells you something that a distinguished French geologist says about the earth. It is that the average height of the land surface all over the globe is being reduced every year, and that

the time is coming when the whole earth will be covered with water. Of course that means the complete extinction of the human race and of every kind of life; but, as has been said, you need not get excited about it, for that supreme condition will not come for at least 4,500,000 years. The statement, as here given, is general in its nature, but the scientist has figured it down to detail. To be exact, the annual reduction of the land surface height is about six-thousandths of an inch, which, after all, is not startling, for six-thousandths of an inch is an almost inappreciable quantity. But when that reduction goes on year after year, and still year after year, there is no avoiding the scientific conclusion that the Great Hour will come in time, unless, indeed, some cataclysmal disturbance that cannot now be foreseen should interfere with the natural course of things. But you need not lose any sleep over the matter.

SWINDLERS GO SCOT FREE.

Bank Wreckers in Some States Escape Punishment Altogether. One of the commonest ways of giving fictitious value to stock and of selling large quantities of worthless certificates is by paying large dividends not out of the actual earnings of the company, but out of the money paid by stockholders for their stock. Stockholders and others, believing from these dividends that the company is actually prosperous and earning money, either increase their holdings or buy stock at high prices, only to find later that it is worthless. The penal code provides that the directors of a corporation who perpetrate this swindle are guilty simply of a misdemeanor. Equally serious is the action of directors in knowingly making and publishing false statements or reports as to the financial condition of the company of which they are trustees.

Whittaker Wright (the great company promoter who committed suicide after being sentenced to hard labor for issuing false balance sheets of the wrecked London and Globe Finance Corporation) was convicted in England under a statute substantially similar to this section of the penal code. He was sentenced to seven years penal servitude. Under this New York law the maximum penalty which he could have received would have been one year's imprisonment or a fine of \$500.

In dealing with offenses by criminals of previous good social standing we rarely look beyond the offender himself to consider the welfare of the community. If, for example, a man steals, and, after his indictment for the crime, his friends or relatives repay the amount of the theft, in America that is the end of the matter, and the offense committed against criminal law, devised as a protection for the public, is entirely negligible.

The greatest bank wrecker in American criminal history now lives undisturbed in New York. He never served a day in jail for a defalcation of \$8,000,000. The indictments against him were all dismissed a few years ago. He even seems to have returned to some sort of social position and the society columns of the New York Times, commenting some time ago upon a reception at his New York home, alluded with becoming gravity to certain Canadian guests as friends whom their host and family had made "during their long stay in Quebec!"—Atlantic Monthly.

HOW TO DISCOVER SPRINGS. Indians and Frontiersmen Know a Good Deal From Signs About Them. There is undoubtedly a practical art of discovering springs. Indians or frontiersmen can find water in the desert when a "tenderfoot" can not. Mexicans and experienced prospectors can similarly find ore. These arts consist mainly in the recognition of superficial signs which escape the ordinary observer.

It is not necessary that the operator should consciously note these signs separately and reason upon them. No doubt he frequently does so, though he may not give away the secret of his method to others. But in many instances he recognizes by association and memory the presence of a group of indications, great or small, which he has repeatedly found to attend springs or ore deposits.

This skill, due to habit, is often almost unerring for a given limited district, but under new conditions it breaks down. Old miners from California or Australia have often made in other regions the most foolish and hopeless attempts to find gold, because they thought this or that place "looked just like" some other place in which they had mined successfully.

Apart from the magnetic minerals, there is no proof that ore deposits exhibit their presence and nature by any attraction or other active force. With regard to water, however, there may be an action affecting the temperature and moisture of the overlying surface. Even here, however, it seems more likely that such effects are manifested visibly to a close observer rather than by direct affection of his nervous or muscular system. The favorite fields for water diviners are regions in which water is abundant, but not gathered upon given horizons of impermeable strata underlying porous rocks.

MELBA'S SON HAS MARITAL TROUBLE



Mrs. George Armstrong Melba.

The son of Mme. Melba, the great prima donna, has been having marital troubles. The youth, George Armstrong, recently sued for a divorce, and in turn was sued by the beautiful girl he married less than two years ago. Before her marriage Mrs. Armstrong was Miss Ruby Otway, daughter of Sir Jocelyn Otway, owner of the famous "Trafalgar" collection of paintings. He has a town and a country house at Taplow. His wealth is estimated in the millions and his daughter is his principal heir.

Mme. Melba's son fell desperately in love about two and a half years ago at a garden party on the upper Thames, where Miss Otway's parents had taken a house. The attachment did not become known to the parents for three months. When the truth was admitted both Sir Jocelyn and Mme. Melba expressed their strong disapproval. Mme. Melba settled \$10,000 a year on her son, of which \$4,000 secured the marriage settlements. Clouds of distrust and discontent began to gather, and then came separation. Most profound sympathy is expressed for Mme. Melba.

Precursor of the Eagle. Everybody recognizes the American eagle as the emblem of the United States, but not everybody knows that before the eagle was adopted the popular symbol of the young nation was a rattlesnake.

Early in the revolutionary war flag used to be carried by the colonists which bore a rattlesnake with this motto: "Don't tread on me."

Those who adopted this symbol believed that the reptile was specially fitting as an emblem of the national character. The rattlesnake does not willingly attack man but when driven it becomes vicious; nevertheless, it always gives fair warning of its presence and intention. The poets of the day said that the bright eyes of the snake, free from lids, represented ceaseless vigilance.

In course of time, however, the humble snake became too insignificant as a national emblem and a more impressive symbol was desired and the aspiring and expanding colonists lifted their eyes from the creatures of the earth to the heavens and chose the eagle as best suited to their needs. The eagle means vigilance and activity and speaks of lofty heights, of endurance and fierce courage and of protection to home and young ones.—Philadelphia Record.

Bullet That Does Not Kill. A bullet that hits the mark but does not kill has just been invented by Dr. Delillers of Paris. The details of its construction are not mentioned, but it is said to be hollow and can be used several times. In a test for duel practice pistols were used with steel guards resembling a sword hilt, because, although the bullet does not penetrate the clothing, it will wound naked flesh. Both men wore goggles. Out of 272 shots 262 struck some part of the bodies of the duelists.

Reserved for a Purpose. A certain Kentucky justice of the peace was called upon to marry a runaway couple who drove up to his house. When the final words were said the bridegroom fumbled in his pockets, and finally fished out a silver dollar.

"Judge," said he, "this here's all the cash I've got in the world. If you wants it, you kin have it; but I don't mind tellin' you that I set it aside for the honeymoon expenses."—Woman's Home Companion.

The Fun as Bad as the Play. "I see that Sastley's play has made quite a furor." "Indeed, and what did the few roast 'Shoot the author!' 'eat!' and so forth?"—Boston Transcript.

The Only Way. Belle—I told you not to kiss me repeatedly. Jack (already a delinquent)—But that's the only way I can kiss you now.—Boston Transcript.

Many a man is too lazy to marry a rich widow.