

Secret of the Plundered Safe

By EMILE GABORIAU

CHAPTER XIX.

In 1840 lived in his ancestral castle on the banks of the Rhone the old Marquis de Clameran and his two sons, Gaston and Louis. They were the objects of his love in the same measure as for his hate he viewed his neighbor, the Countess de Verberie. Stern, old and arrogant, she would have been the general detestation as she was this individual one, had it not been for her beautiful and gentle daughter, Valentine.

The estates were separated only by the river, here narrow but swiftly flowing. It was no barrier for love. Valentine saw Gaston, and from that moment his image filled her heart. But so many obstacles separated them! Yet they met happily, until one fatal evening, when she saw her lover swim the tide at the greatest risk, and fall at her feet, almost exhausted.

"Is it you?" she murmured, trying to lift him up. "Then heaven has heard my prayers, and had pity."

"No," was his gloomy answer, "heaven has not been pitiful, for I am forced to flee. Our love is the sport of the rusties, and to punish the insolent I have nearly killed two of the scoundrels. But what does this exile matter? You will accompany me, and share my home in the wilds."

"I cannot leave my mother, Gaston."

"But if your mother knows we are married—"

"You are poor, and she is determined I shall marry a wealthy man, that she may end her days in luxury."

"She shall have it," said Gaston, bitterly; "make her wait three years, when I shall return rich, or you will be free to wed for money. Meanwhile keep for me those jewels of my mother's, which I vowed should be worn by my beloved alone."

She accepted the pledge, and watched her lover depart in the gloom. Three days after he was on ship, bound for Valparaiso, happy that he had baffled justice, while she was in misery acute.

Her mother had soon heard the story of her secret marriage. It was tempered, by but two causes for rejoicing in this wicked woman's heart; all believed that Gaston had been drowned in the Rhone, and the fear that this was true had carried death to his father's heart.

Valentine could have wished death had included her in this swoop, but for one reason to preserve her. She was soon to be the mother of Gaston's child. She had not revealed this secret to him, but her mother divined it.

She was a woman for emergencies. She escorted her daughter to England, where the child was born, and left with persons hired to adopt it, without, of course, knowing what an aristocratic scion they were fostering.

The young mother, bereft of her son and of his father, returned home with her mother in passive resignation. She scowled for four years without receiving any intelligence of either. Then she learned Gaston was dead. Her mother remained a marble image to her, but she was alive to her selfish interests. She was always looking about her for the means to rise from her genteel poverty, and at this period it presented itself. They made the acquaintance of the young banker, Andre Fauvel.

The first time he met Valentine he was struck by her beauty, and after looking into her large, melancholy eyes his admiration deepened into love—a love so earnest and passionate that he felt that he could never be happy without her.

Before being introduced to her his heart had surrendered itself to her charms. He was wealthy, a splendid career was open to him, and he vowed that Valentine should be his. He confided all his matrimonial plans to an old friend of Mace, de la Verberie, who had no sooner broached them to the match-making mamma than the alliance was arranged.

Eighteen months after her marriage Mme. Fauvel presented her husband with a son. But neither this child, nor a second son born a year after, could make her forget the first one of all, the poor, forsaken babe who had been thrown upon strangers, mercenaries, who valued the money, but not the child for whom it was paid.

Louis de Clameran was now Marquis of Clameran; he was free, and comparatively rich. He who had never had twenty-five crowns in his pocket at once now found himself the possessor of two hundred thousand francs.

This sudden, unexpected fortune so completely turned his head that he felt fettered in the country, and hastened, after disposing of nearly everything, to Paris. He plunged into the sea of dissipation until the day came when he dragged himself out on the shore, penniless, and glad to live quietly, while meditating any means to regain wealth.

Forced to quit his country, he was eighteen years abroad, living from hand to mouth for the most of the time, when at a gaming resort he broke the bank and thought that he might see his home once more, where perhaps the evil he had done had not lived after his departure. He had been twenty-five years absent, but the old tenants remembered him, and warmly gave their welcome.

He, the adventurer, the bully, the base accomplice of London swindlers, delighted in these marks of respect and veneration, bestowed upon him as the representative of the house of Clameran; it seemed to make him once more feel a little self-respect, as if the future were not utterly hopeless.

One of the farmers was eager to buy a piece of land which he had rented so long that he almost felt that it was his own; Louis disposed of it for ready money, and, already tired of rusticity, hurried again to the gay city.

Besides, he had learned the secret of Valentine; he knew of the offspring of his brother and the girl who was now the wife of one of the most opulent of Parisian bankers. Louis meant to levy blackmail on her to increase his store.

CHAPTER XX.

Time had dulled the remorse and anxiety of Valentine. In the genial atmosphere of a happy home she had found rest, and almost forgetfulness. She had suffered so much at being compelled to

deceive Andre that she hoped she was now even with fate.

One rainy November day her husband had gone to Provence on business. She was sitting, gazing into the bright fire, and thoughtfully meditating upon her present happiness, when the servant brought her a letter, which had been left by a stranger, who refused to give his name. Without the faintest presentiment of evil she carelessly broke the seal, and in an instant was almost petrified by the words which met her terrified eye.

"Madame! Would it be relieving too much upon the memories of the past to hope for half an hour of your time? Tomorrow, between two and three, I will do myself the honor of calling upon you. 'THE MARQUIS OF CLAMERAN.'"

Ah! she had hoped and believed that the fatal past was atoned for, and buried in oblivion; and now it stood before her pitiless and threatening.

The dreaded day came, and with it the man. Her emotion was too deep not to serve his purpose, and though she preserved enough coolness not to place herself in his power by accepting his fiction of Gaston dying in his arms and consigning him to the care of his son, she could not altogether shake him off.

On the other hand, she dared not confess to her husband, who would never have confidence in her again, and she refused the sympathy of Madeleine. The girl had divined that she was in distress, and pleaded hard to learn the cause.

The plotter gave time for the poison to work; when he communicated with her again, it was to ask her to call at his hotel. The poor woman, in the coils, dared not stay away. Here another surprise awaited her. The marquis was not in the rooms. He who received her was a cherubic youth, who announced himself in a sweet voice, which wrung her heart, as Raoul Valentine "Wilson." It was her castaway son!

This voice was so like Gaston's that she seemed once more to be listening to the lover of her almost forgotten youth. It seemed only yesterday that Gaston had pressed her to his faithful heart; she saw him still, saying, gently:

"In three years, Valentine! Wait for me!"

Andre, her two sons, Madeleine—all were forgotten in this new-found affection. She imagined that Madeleine looked at her strangely on her return from the Hotel du Louvre. She must suspect something, but she did not suspect the truth.

For several days she asked embarrassing questions as to where her aunt went, and with whom she had been during these long absences from home. This disquietude and seeming curiosity changed the affection which Mme. Fauvel had hitherto felt for her adopted daughter into positive dislike.

She regretted having placed over herself a vigilant spy from whom she could not escape. She pondered what means she could take to avoid the penetrating watchfulness of a girl who was accustomed to read in her face every thought that crossed her mind. With unspeakable satisfaction she solved the difficulty in a way which she thought would please all parties. She would have her married and thus removed from her path and her son's.

Clameran espoused her idea, but wanted to modify it; it was himself that he proposed for the girl's hand, undertaking to shelter Bertomy, to whom she had been tacitly engaged, and he promised, as a substantial inducement for the banker's wife to consent to this change, to transfer to Raoul all the dower that came with the bride.

This time the creature in his talons presumed to rebel. He left her with fear that his plans were not working smoothly as before. Clameran had cause for fear. Mme. Fauvel's determination was not feigned. She was firm in her resolve to confess.

"Yes," she cried, with the enthusiasm of a noble resolution; "yes, I will tell Andre everything!"

She believed herself to be alone, but turned around suddenly at the sound of footsteps, and found herself face to face with Madeleine, who was pale and weeping.

"You must obey this man," she quietly said. "I despise M. de Clameran, and shall always regard him as the basest of men; nevertheless, I will marry him. I will not suffer dishonor to fall upon this house, which is my home, while I have power to prevent it. Am I not indebted to you for more than life? What would I now be had you not taken pity on me? A factory girl in my native village. You warmly welcomed the poor orphan, and became a mother to her. Is it not to your husband that I owe the fortune which excites the cupidity of this wicked Clameran? Are not Abel and Lucien brothers to me? And now, when the happiness of all who have been loving and generous to me is at stake, do you suppose I would hesitate? No, I will become the wife of Clameran."

Then began a struggle of self-sacrifice between Mme. Fauvel and her niece as to which should be the victim, only the more sublime, because each offered her life to the other, not from any sudden impulse, but deliberately and willingly. But Madeleine carried the day, fired as she was by that holy enthusiasm of sacrifice which is the sustaining element of martyrs.

"Have courage; we two can fight the world and silence our enemies. You shall be saved, aunt; only trust in me!"

The Marquis of Clameran was agreeably surprised that evening by receiving a letter from Mme. Fauvel, saying that she consented to everything, but must have a little time to carry out the plan. A line from Madeleine, at the bottom of the letter assured him that she fully concurred with her aunt.

Poor girl, she did not spare herself. The next day she took Prosper aside, and forced from him the fatal promise to shun her in the future, and to take upon himself the responsibility of breaking their engagement.

CHAPTER XXI.

After leaving Valentine de la Verberie Gaston underwent great peril and difficulty in effecting his escape. But for his experienced and faithful cousin

Menoul he never would have succeeded in embarking.

Having left his mother's jewels with Valentine, his sole fortune consisted of not quite a thousand francs, and with this paltry sum in his pocket, a fugitive from justice, and with no prospect of earning a livelihood, he took passage for Valparaiso.

Before Gaston had been on board the Tom Jones forty-eight hours he saw that chance had cast him among a collection of the most depraved bandits and cutthroats. The vessel, which seemed to have recruited at all points of the compass, possessed a crew composed of every variety of thievish knaves; each country had contributed a specimen.

But Gaston's mind was undisturbed as to the character of the people with whom his lot was cast for several months. The Tom Jones set sail for Valparaiso, but certainly went in a roundabout way to reach her destination. The real fact was that Captain Warth proposed visiting the Gulf of Guinea.

Gaston saw that he was serving his apprenticeship on a slave, one of the many ships which made immense fortunes by carrying on the slave trade. Although this discovery filled Gaston with indignation and shame, he was prudent enough to conceal his impressions.

When Gaston had been with Captain Warth about a year the Tom Jones stopped at Rio Janeiro for a month, to lay in supplies. He now decided to leave the ship. He possessed twelve thousand francs, as his share of the profits, when he landed at Brazil.

As a proof that the slave trade was repugnant to his nature, he left the slaver the moment he possessed a little capital with which to enter some honest business. Finally, after toil and struggle, he was worth a million in gold, besides immense tracts of land.

Arranging to return to his native land, he was taken ill and died, but left his fortune and instructions to his faithful cousin Menoul. The latter came to France. An iron mill was for sale near Orleans, on the borders of the Gars; he bought it with the intention of utilizing the immense quantity of wood, which, for want of means of transportation, was being wasted in the mountains.

He was soon settled comfortably in his new home, and enjoying a busy, active life. One evening, as he was rambling over the past, a servant brought him a card, and said the gentleman was waiting to see him. He read the name on the card: Louis de Clameran, who hailed him as a friend of his brother.

"We will have to do the best we can," he said, "and keep house for ourselves. We will live together like two old bachelors, as we are, and be as happy as kings; we will lead a gay life and enjoy everything that can be enjoyed."

A few days after Menoul was taken ill. He had a sort of vertigo and was so dizzy that he was forced to lie down.

"I know what is the matter," he said. "I have often been ill in this way at Rio. A couple of hours' sleep will cure me. I will go to bed, and you can send some one to awaken me when dinner is ready, Louis; I shall be all right by that time."

At the same time he ordered Menoul, his old Spanish servant, who had lived with him for ten years, to prepare him some lemonade.

The next day Menoul appeared to be much better. He ate his breakfast, and was about to take a walk, when the pains of the previous day suddenly returned in a more violent form.

Without consulting his cousin, Louis sent to Orleans for a physician whose wonderful cures had won him a wide reputation. The doctor declared that there was no danger and merely prescribed a dose of valerian, and a blister with some grains of morphia sprinkled on it.

(To be continued.)

THE FARM BOY

Need Have No Regret for His Training and Early Environment.

No boy need ever regret that he was born in the country and reared on a farm. He may lack the keenness and polish of his city cousin. He may be embarrassed by his own awkwardness, and feel that he is at a hopeless disadvantage in the race, but the country boy has a wider range of practical ideas. From the very first his little services are in demand. He becomes at once a part of the force that is making for home comfort and prosperity, and feels the independence of one who is helping to support himself and add to the general store. The farm boy is likely to regard his life as one of drudgery, and such it may be, if he loses interest in his surroundings or is pressed with a continual round of duty. There is something heroic in the country boy's struggle with the elements. Rain, snow and sleet only brace his courage. The garnering of the crops, the housing and feeding of the domestic animals, the gathering and preparation of the winter fuel give a purpose and zest to his toil. Then there is the long tramp, sometimes of miles, to the district school, lessons learned before and after long hours of labor. Is it any wonder there are keen wits developing all outside of graded systems and in defiance of pedagogical order? It is the intensity of purpose with which the mind acts under the influence of vigorous health and the conscious value of time that accounts for these results. So from the farm is being supplied a stream of active world-workers, men not afraid to do their duty, and bubbling over with energy and ambition. Touch the country herd boy, now the merchant prince or the successful professional man, and how responsive he becomes to every suggestion of moral life! The same cannot be said of boys reared in the midst of other surroundings. It is the contact with nature that makes the indelible impression upon his life. No greater gain can come to the country at large than that which comes from the promotion of the love and appreciation of rural life. Health, happiness, purity, and peace are the natural inheritance of those who dwell surrounded by fresh air, beautiful scenes, bright skies and pure social influences.—Agricultural Epitomist.

But for the frames some pictures wouldn't be in it.

TO SAVE CALIFORNIA ELK.

Preserve Being Arranged Near San Francisco by a Cattle King.

The California elk is to be saved from extinction. Henry Miller, the cattle king, is to save the elk. He is at work upon a magnificent country home within easy reach of San Francisco. It is called Mount Madonna, because it tops a little mountain of that name; but Elkwood might be a more appropriate designation, for it is about this surpassing country seat that Henry Miller is arranging a preserve, immune from gun and dog and the civilized things which harry forest dwellers, where the California elk may live on in peace to the perpetuation and even increase of his kind.

The cattle king will be able to carry out his praiseworthy scheme because already he owns about all the California elk which lift their antlers to-day. There may be 150 specimens of these magnificent elk in California. Henry Miller owns 125. His title to them is of the best. He never bought them with money, but he went into their wild haunts and saved them from the destruction which was wiping their species out of existence.

The elk which he now owns compose what is probably the only herd of American elk which it will be possible to save. In the terribly rough Jackson's Hole country of Wyoming, in Arizona and in a few places further east, the last of the elk are now in hiding. Their final refuge becomes often their death trap. In Wyoming many elk die every winter because the deep snows of their retreat leave them foodless so long that they starve. When they follow the grass line down into the lowlands they fall before the guns of hunters eager for the last of the royal sport of elk stalking.

Early game laws have come too late to permit the rejuvenating of their kind in the United States. The elk must soon follow the moose, whose fate was that of the buffalo. Henry Miller would have elk in California when elk are to be found nowhere else in the country.

Miller's elk are on one of his many cattle ranches, the Buena Vista ranch, in the mountains of Kern County, thirty-four miles east of Bakersfield. When the first cattle were driven there the elk were plentiful. Herds of elk grazed and browsed with herds of steer. With the settlement of the country the elk thinned before the settlers' guns. When but a few were left Henry Miller saw that complete extermination was close at hand and he interfered. He chose the best-wooded portion of his land, containing hundreds of acres of timber and thick in places almost impenetrable, and built about the great arena an eight-foot fence. The fence was left open at places, and the natural instincts of the elk taught him in time that it was only within this ideal retreat, always guarded from hunters and intruders, that he was safe. The elk of the whole vicinity took up their home there and their number has increased within the last ten years.—San Francisco Chronicle.

THIS CLOCK A VETERAN.

Timepiece Made Two Years After Columbus Discovered America.

A remarkable clock, over 400 years old, and which still keeps good time and ticks away the seconds and minutes, is owned by H. Halbach, 49 West Neptune street, Lynn.

Made two years after Columbus discovered America, the clock is said to have been constantly in service and after the lapse of four centuries shows but little wear and its wooden works revolve and perform their functions as well as the modern clock made to-day.

Painfully the dates of manufacture and when repairs were made are inscribed and there is no doubt about the authenticity of its history.

The clock, made entirely of wood, with the exception of the weights, stands three feet high and is 18 inches wide and presents a strange appearance with its dial showing old Roman figures, with the quarter and half hours also displayed.

Two figures, each a foot high, stand guard on either side of the dial. One represents a skeleton, and at each quarter hour this figure strikes a bell. The skeleton is supposed to typify the passing of man and the going on of time even after only the bones remain.

The other figure is that of an old man, and in a measure resembles the familiar representation of Father Time. As each hour, half, and quarter is marked by the clock the figure blows a horn. It is an ingenious arrangement. A reed is fixed in the end of the horn, and the dropping of a small piece of wood allows the air to circulate and pass over the reed, making a peculiar sound.

In addition, there is a bell on the top of the clock, and the hours are rung on this, a hammer striking regularly. The bell has a deep, pleasant sound.

Who built the clock is unknown, but for over 200 years it was in the castle Wallenstein, Bohemia, and in 1809 was repaired by Ritta Freiherr von Frederich. For a number of years it was in the castle Kleinska, Bohemia, and when the latter place was being renovated the father of the present owner secured possession and presented it to his son.

The clock is blackened by age, but the wood is hard as flint.—Boston Globe.

When a woman is going away on a visit she never finishes packing her trunk until after the expressman calls for it.

The application of a porous plaster is a great drawback to lovmaking.

THERE WAS DANGER.

The ruddy, blue-eyed elderly man in the blue serge coat, who was addressed as "captain" by his two friends in the smoker, was commenting on a recent newspaper account of the sufferings of some shipwrecked men who were taken from an open boat by a passing vessel.

"Of course, on a well-traveled track like that there's always the chance of being picked up," he said. "I'd sooner be in a shipwreck than a railroad wreck. There's nearly always an opportunity to launch a boat or lash some gratings before a ship goes down, or to grab a life belt, but if anything hits us now at the rate we're going what chance would we have?"

"I was cruising in the south seas about twenty years ago," he continued, reflectively. "We were clear out of any of the trading routes, after an uncharted island that was said to be one part coral and ten parts guano. There came up a stiff gale one night and the seas rolled in on us mountain high. We had shortened sail as much as we dared, considering the sea, and we scudded along before the wind all night. We were driven clear out of our course. At noon the sun came out a little and our skipper took an observation and made out that we were in the exact middle of nowhere and 1,000 miles from any land.

"Toward evening the wind dropped enough so the skipper thought it

would be safe to carry sail and get back to where we belonged. While we were doing this a big sea broke over our quarter and washed a Norwegian sailor overboard. He was a powerfully built fellow and a good seaman, and we were short handed, so as soon as the skipper saw him go he roared out to heave to and lower a boat. But as soon as he gave the order he realized that no boat could live in that sea, so he regretfully countermanded it and we had to let the poor fellow go."

The captain paused to relight his cigar, but the first two match heads broke.

"Was he rescued?" asked some one. The captain checked himself in the application of the third match. "What's that?" he asked.

"Was he rescued?"

The captain looked reproachfully at the speaker. "Now that's an awful foolish question to ask," he said. "Didn't I tell you that he was washed overboard 1,000 miles from anywhere and away from the track of any sort of vessels in a sea that no boat could have lived in? Why, how could he be rescued? That fellow couldn't even swim. Must have gone down like lead."

"No, that incident only goes to show that sometimes it's about as dangerous at sea as on a railroad."—Chicago Daily News.

FAMOUS STATUE OF LIBERTY.

Will Long Perpetuate the Name of the Late Sculptor Bartholdi.

Long after his dust shall be indistinguishable from its mother earth the name of Frederic Auguste Bartholdi, the famous French sculptor, who died in Paris recently, shall be remembered and revered in this country. The colossal Statue of Liberty on Bedloe's Island, New York, is the first object to greet the incomer as he enters the chief portal of the new world, and as the statue is a commemoration of the traditional good feeling existing between France and the United States the ages will be many before its significance is lost sight of. With that statue the name and fame of Bartholdi are inseparable.

Bartholdi was born in 1834 and was intended for the legal profession. He chose sculpture instead, and at an early age entered upon what proved to be his lifework. His first statue was exhibited when he was 22 years old, and thereafter the greater part of his life was devoted to his chosen pursuit.

During the Franco-Prussian war Bartholdi served with distinction and fought under Garibaldi. In the days of the Commune he visited the United States, being unable to pursue his studio work in Paris. The magnificent position presented by New York harbor for a statue of colossal dimensions struck him, and when a body of distinguished Frenchmen formed a society to carry out the project his design was approved. In five years France subscribed the \$250,000 necessary for that purpose. Bartholdi spent on the statue nearly ten years. Levi P. Morton, then United States minister to France, received the gift July 4, 1884; it was brought over on a ship of state, erected on Bedloe's Island and dedicated with imposing ceremonies October 28, 1886, President Cleveland making the speech of acceptance and Bartholdi himself unveiling the statue. For this work Bartholdi made deep study of colossal figures in Egypt, Greece and eastern lands. The statue is the largest bronze figure in the world, being 151 feet from the pedestal to the extremity of the torch, the figure being 111 feet high and the torch being 306 feet above the tide level.

The masterpiece of his creation, however, is the Lion of Belfort. To commemorate the defense of that place during the Franco-Prussian war he sculptured the immense lion, a figure 80 feet long and 20 feet high, partly cut in the rock and partly built up with stone, which stands against the face of the citadel's plateau. As a testimonial of gratitude to Americans for their sympathy and service in that war the statue of Lafayette, in Union Square, was given to New York. It came from Bartholdi's chisel, as also subsequently did one of the public fountains of Washington and the four bas-reliefs around the steeple of the Brattle Square Church, Boston. In the last named the faces of his friends and well-known public men are reproduced.

The sculptures by Bartholdi are numerous. In 1805 he was decorated by the cross of the Legion of Honor.



FREDERIC AUGUSTE BARTHOLODI

Throughout his life he was an admirer of the United States, and it is probable that his Statue of Liberty will do as much to perpetuate his name as any other, perhaps all, of his works.

STOP DISORDER ON DIAMOND.

Hooting at Umpires and Similar Outbreaks a Menace to Game.

It requires no stretch of the imagination to predict that some time or another, somewhere and somehow, something is going to happen to that important American functionary, the base ball umpire, and if we do not misinterpret the steady drift toward violence on the diamond the happening will be a trifle more serious than a profane bombardment of the eardrum, more serious than any of the disgraceful things yet noted in connection with this feature of the great American game. What happened in Jackson, Miss., to Umpire Harlow, when it became necessary for Mayor Hemingway to visit him at his hotel and assure him of protection, and what happened to Umpire Gifford at Monroe, La., during a game there, are but straws showing the drift of the wind.

Baseball is a great game. It has a splendid recreative value. It sweeps the citizen away from the dull cares, the sweat and grime of life's routine and often hints the sunset of existence with somewhat of the glow of yesterday, for though we have slipped into the slim groove of age and may be hurrying to a hole in the ground, we may yet be boys again, and thrill with the remembered passions and excitements of the schoolground. But baseball is too often robbed of its poetic color and the fine exhilarating value of the game by just such disturbances as noted at Jackson and Monroe. Umpires, like other men, are made out of clay. Being clay, they must err. Bias may now and then dominate them and shape their judgments. Consciously wrong sometimes, unconsciously wrong at others, in the decisions they make, they are no better and no worse than the common run of partisans, whether they are of the diamond or not. The presumption of honesty should run in every man's behalf, whether he be baseball umpire or what not, until there is good proof to the contrary.

In any aspect of the case the disorders which now so often mark the progress of ball games cannot do other than injure the sport. Aside from the strictly baseball interest of the question, there is an issue of greater significance and of deeper public concern. Baseball is a passion with the young American. No other form of amusement, no other kind of contest will so stir the blood of the American boy. No other game has ever been able to take its place in his affections. He generally sees the game, staking all his youthful enthusiasm on one side or the other, though frequently put to the stress of pouring his soul through a knothole in the fence. But no matter how, he sees the game and its excitements and passions find lodgment in his nature. If for no other reason, the game should be kept clean and on the square for the good it may do to the American boy. Assaults on umpires, the profanity, the grumbling and other violences in word and deed can do the young American no good and should not be countenanced. Baseball managers should put a stop to all this disorder and vulgar byplay on the diamond.—San Francisco Call.

Travel in Japan.

The railway traveler in Japan buys a first, second or third class ticket; or, if he wishes to go cheaper still, he can get a ticket entitling him simply to stand on the platform! Many of the cars can be entered either from the side or the end.

After all, there isn't a much worse sensation than discovering that a contemporary looks suddenly old.