BEAUTY AND FORTUNE FLED.

Three Women to Whom Life Has Been More Than Ordinarily Cold and Gruel.

Once they had all the honors which beauty and fortune could attain. Today they are cruelly disenchanted. One is the Russian Countess Pavlovna Lavetsky She was received at the court of St. Petersburg. Her husband had castles, hundreds of serfs, millions of rubles. She had more fewels than the wife of a maharajah. But the count, an ardent soul, joined hands with the revolutionists. Implicated in the Riga affair he was shot. His possessions were confiscat-

The countess fied. She found a refuge in Geneva. Soon the little money she had brought with her was gone. She sold her jewels and found herself empty-handed. Then, courageously, she accepted a humble position in a cafe. She is there to-day waiting up-

on the patrons.

Another is the countess of Beauclerc, who a few years ago at Rome inspired Prince Victor with love. Were they married? She says so, the prince denies it. Their child had for its godmother Queen Marguerite, who gave it her name. The prince went to Brussels to forget his Roman adventures. The countess is at Milan,

making hats and doing needlework.

The third is the baroness of Groustadt, whose authentic titles go back to the middle age. She is a dress-maker in a Parisian workshop. Poor women! Their romance is more cruel than those of the novelists.—Le Cri

"PIPE OF PEACE" RESTORED.

Graduates of Colby College Are This Year Enabled to Continue Old and Honored Practice.

When the class of 1862 left Colby they introduced a custom which lasted until 1903, with all the succeeding classes, says the Lewistown Journal. This custom was that of smoking on commencement day a pipe, which was kept at the college for this purpose. and on this eventful day in the lives of the graduates they all took a smoke from the pipe, whether they had ever smoked before or not. The socalled "Pipe of Peace" was an immense pipe with a stem two feet long and a bowl with a human face ongraved upon it in the front, while around the sides were found many other profiles. This wonderful pipe remained at the college for forty-odd years and was smoked by every man who graduated during that time, but in 1908 it mysteriously disappeared, and was not heard from until the past week, when it was returned to the college. With the thappearance of the pipe the ousteen disappeared, not had the privilege of smoking "pipe of peace." Now, bowever, that the pipe is safely back at the college, mand to being watched over by Dr. Hall at the library, it is very probable that the old custom will again be taken up and that the class of 1909 will on commencement day of this year be seen puffing away at this valuable old relie.

A Weman Onion Grower.

"You may have heard how the Rio Grande country has put the Bermuda paion growers out of business," said Capt. George H. Darter of Laredo, Tex. "Our most successful grower, by the way, is a lady, Mrs. B. C. Dodd, who lives in my town. She cultivated 135 acres this season and made a not profit on her onion trop of a little over \$80,000. To make land bring a gain of \$400 an acre in seasothing few men have the ability to do, and yet this lady does not seem to regard her feat as entitling her to any great

"Mrs. Dodd looks after every detail of her farm in person. Raising onloss is no child's play; it involves hard work and great expense in our section, where irrigation is necessary. It is the intention of Mrs. Dodd to plant "on a still bigger scale as she gradually brings issues of her land under frrigation."—Baltimore American.

The Little Blind Bate.

Benesth the ruin there still existed a dungeen vault, glossy and grintte groined, yet, save for breken wall and stairway, perfect as when poor wretches moldered there at the mercy of their feudal masters. New not so much as one specter of a vanished sufferer haunted the place; only the bats passed their election hours among the arches of the roof and hung, from five-clawed hands, with sinister, wrapped wings—like little dusky cherubin that worship with veiled faces at some mystery-seat of evil.—Eden Philipotts, "Bons of the Morning."

Condemne Meter-Speeding.

Bishop Samuel Pallows of the Reformed Episcopal church, preaching in St. Poul's church, Chicago, recently on "The Race for Life," took occasion to warn his congregation against motor speeding. "Let your mederation be known to all men, should be injectived on every oar," said the bishop. "The commercial, military and other nees of the automobile are endless. We therefore half its advent with joy, not untempered, however, with wholesome feer."

Foresight of a Haymaker. Mond Mulier watched the Julipa ride

"He will teens in finite if I want in divorce," she meditated.

Herewith she necepted the village

1

SOUNDS PRAISE OF THE PIE.

"Perfection of Feasting," Says Writer
—Compared to Ambrosia of the
Immortal-Gods.

Pie alone, or as a prelude or postlude to appropriate viands, is the perfection of feasting. It may be grace before meat or after, but it is always a benediction, a blessing. There are travesties of pie, but of them we do not speak. Pie that is worthy the name, pie that is pie, is the light that never was on sea or land of Cockaigne, the consecration, and the poet's dream of fast breaking-the fine fancies of transcendentalism were nourished on pie for breakfast. It is heaven's best gift to man. We do not know exactly what the ambrosia of the immortal gods may be, nor their nectar either, but there is reason to believe that the Olympian bill of fare is the pie and milk of mortals. At least, it is beyoud mortal mind to imagine a more excellent menu, and the perfection of pie itself is its all-encircling outer edge of crust.

If the appreciation of pie is to begin at its criep circumference, why are pies divided into wedges? The instinct of the race is sound upon this point and is the convincing answer. A pie is not made; it grows under the hands of genius, and its periphery is the finishing touch of creation. It is the last word in pie. The apex of a wedge of pie is the alluring overture to a crescendo of delight which reaches its climax in the "crust end," and as this crust becomes part of oneself one knows what pie is for. The "crust end" is the final cause of pie itself, its raison d'etre, the solution of the blissful riddle, why is pie. It is the last act of the play with a happy ending, the concluding chapter of the romance is which they lived happily ever afterward. It is that which whets the appetite for another wedge. It tastes like more.-New York Evening Sun.

NERVES RASPED BY WEATHER

Fat Man Suffering from the Heat
Made Things Uncomfortable
for Conductor.

Between the warmest hour in the day and the hottest man on his car, a conductor on a North Nineteenth street trolley put in a decidedly emharrassing five minutes yesterday afternoon.

The perspiring passenger, a short, fat man, with a remarkably red face, sat in the center of the car, with his head as far out of the window as safety permitted. The conductor, also very warm, touched him apologetically on the shoulder.

"Did I get yours, sir?" he asked.

Drawing in his head with a jeck,
the fat man giared at the conductor
ferociously.

"Don't you know?" he demanded.

The conductor smiled faintly and explained that in a crowded car he could never be quite sure whether he had collected all fares or not.

"It's your business to know, is it not? That's what you get paid for, isn't it?" pursued the other.

"Yes, sir; but—"
"Well, if you've failed in your duty
you may expect no help from me,"
and the fat man poked his head out of
the window again.

And as the conductor retreated as gracefully as possible under the circumstances the glances bestowed upon him by all within earshot were expressive of almost everything but sympathy.—Philadelphia Times.

A Drunken Clam.
"I once tried if a bed of clams would get, drunk," said a clam opener.
"They did. I guess there's nothing living—except a good man and a good woman—that won't get drunk if you give it the chance.

"I had these clams in a little salt pool down Watertown way. One morning I poured some whisky into the water. By jingo, they all got drunk in no time. Drunk as fiddlers.

"How did I know they were drunk? By their open mouths, of course. Their mouths hung open in such a sifty way. I could put my hand in—they tried to close on me, but it was no go—I could put my hand in and drag a drunken clam clean out of his shell without his knowing it.

"The bed of clams got over their spree in a pouple of hours. They shut up and toohed glum then, the same as a man does after a spree."

Making Extensive Journey.

Four Hackensack (N. J.) women started across the continent recently on an automobile trip. The car in which they started centained a complete camping outfit, materials for cooking and utensils, pick, shovel and even firearms. They expect to arrive on the coast about a month from now. Mrs. Alice R. Ramsey will drive the entire way of between 4,300 and 4,500 miles, and if she makes the journey as planned will be the first woman to ride in an automobile over the mountains unprotected by men.

Megnanimous.
Infuriated sportsman (showing bullet-punctured hat)—You manalaugh-tering young imbectle! Do you see

what you've deme?
"My dear-okap, M's my hat you've been sporting all day, and if I don't mind I den't see why you should."—

He Change.
"If think it's wrong for a married
men to gamble."

"K's werge, then wrong. It's iffetie.
We wife gives him Six M. he lesse and

espherates the proceeds if he wins."

DECALOGUE FOR FIRST VOTER

Drawn Up by Boston Clergyman with the Object of Encouraging Civic Virtue.

A meeting was held at Faneuil ball, Boston, recently for the purpose of "encouraging immigrants in taking a practical interest in the civil affairs of the country and of the cities in which they live." Among the members of the Beston Equal Suffrage association, under whose auspices the meeting was held, was Rev. Mr. Eichler, who presented for adoption this document, which he called "a first voter's decalogue:" "I Love thy country, which has redeemed thee from tyranny and bondage. 2. Thou shalt not worship any political idols, nor bow down to them, nor serve them, for their iniquity will be visited on thee and thy children until the third and fourth generation. 3. Thou shalt not take the name of patriotism in vain, nor use it to hide thy selfish motives. 4. Remember the day of election to keep it holy. 5. Honor the sanctity of the ballot that the days of the republic may be prolonged. 6. Thou shalt not kill the spirit of freedom by neglecting to exercise the prerogatives of a freeman. 7. Thou shalt not adulterate the purity of civic life by entering politics for gain. 8. Thou shalt not encourage public servants to steal by thy indifference. 9. Thou shalt not let greed for political reward bear false witness against the spirit of patriotism. 10. Thou shalt not covet a public office which thou art not fit to fili."

ART AS VIEWED IN ENGLAND

Swinburne's Secial Connections Rather
Than His Exquisite Verse Gave
Him Consideration.

Booth Tarkington, in his brilliant fashion, was talking about the poet Swinburne.

"They buried Irving in the abbey," he said. "They let Swinburne be buried without any official recognition whatever. Tet Swinburne was to Irving as a diamond is to a pebble. Actors like Irving crop up every year or two, but there was never a singer like Swinburne. Neither Coleridge nor Shalley nor Shakespeare could match that music.

"The English didn't appreciate him.
Only, in France is art appreciated.
The English idea of art is well portrayed in a story Mrs. Henniker Heaton sometimes tells.

"Mrs. Henniker Heaton, a connection of the poet's, was showing to some ladies miniatures of Swinburne's titled relatives.

"One of these ladies, as she studied a ministure of Lord Ashburton, turned to her daughter and said:

"'My dear, I had no idea Swinburne was so well connected. Remind me, the next time we are at Mudie's, to buy his works."

Not Perfect. But Try to Be. It may be safely said that no men are more painfully and constantly conscious of the imperfections and shortcomings of our newspapers than those who are engaged every day in the task of their fabrication, and yet it must be said to their credit that none are more conscious of their responsibility to the public and none more constantly on the alert to verify every detail of the news they set before the public or more conscientious in and fairly the events that demand critical attention. Newspapers are imperiest, and doubtless the Martian press, equid teach the best of American neverpapers very much that would be well worth the knowing, but the Times does not believe that ever in the history of civilisation was the great body of the press asutated, by higher purpose than now or implied by a more general determination to tell the truth and to interpret according to its best intelligence the significance of passing events.-Brooklyn

Oh, Vas. We're Superstitious.

A men stool on a lover Broadway corner with a box of good luck rings. They were horseshoe nails made into rings. It was amazing the number of people who went up and bought these rings of the man, fitting them carefully on their fingers, paying for them, walking off with them, turning them this way and that to admire them, though their price was only a nickel.

though their price was only a nickel.
"Do you make your living selling them?" asked a woman who bought a very fetching one for her third finger.

"Yes, madam," said he.
"There must be a lot of superstitious people in New York," said she,
"If a man can make his living by seliing horsechoe nail rings at a nickel

"There are, madam," said he.—New York Press.

Respon Enough,
Teacher—Tommy, you should comb
your hair before you come to school.
Tommy—Ain't get no comb.

Teacher—Then borrow your father's.

Tommy—Father ain't got no comb, neither.

Teacher—Abourd! Doesn't be comb
his hair!
Tommy—He ain't got no hair!—Lippincott's Magnaine.

titible from of Bear Cabe.

Dies fothe are popular pots in Londen but uspr. A preintment dealer approaches the Syrba, variety, while a short time age the Malayan bear was all the feaking.

REVEALED BY THE TONGUE.

In Many Ways the Organ of Speech Is Capable of "Giving Away" Its Owner.

From the observations made a physiognomist it appears that the tongue when quite still can be as eloquent in giving its owner away as when it is wagging sixteen to the dozen. This is a hard fact for a silent man to swallow—in silence. His only remedy is to keep well so as to obviate the necessary injunction of the doctor to put his tongue out, for by this thrust out sign the doctor shall known him.

sign the doctor shall known him.

The tengue of the talker when obtruded inclines to the right side of the mouth, we are asked to believe, whereas the seldom used tongue gravitates to the left side. Orators, preachers and barristers are endowed with right sided tongues. Verbally parsimonious persons have left sided

Furthermore, "the tongue that shoots out straight without turning or wavering indicates a solid, reliable man of affairs." Tongues that turn up indicate impractical natures. A downward, drooping tongue belongs to a person born to poverty and a ready eye for the hopeless side of things.

The cruel tongue flattens and broadens when extended. The delicate speaking organ with curied up edges is the property of an imaginative and artistic being. When the tongue issues forth as if gripped in a dental vise, it signifies a love of life more than ordinary.

Finally we are warned that the individual who therets forth his tongue to its extremest verge is a person to whom no secret should ever be confided, for he is an irresponsible chat-

OF A TYPE THAT HAS GONE.

Oldtime English Coschman Had Ideas
That Would Shock Modern Ex-

"I rode to Brighton one June day with Alfred Vanderbilt on his coach," said a Minneapolitan. "It was fine.
"We chatted, Mr. Vanderbilt and I, like two old friends, and the coach, tooting its horn, bowled out of London with all the cabbies giving us the whip salute, and soon struck the

white road to the sea.

"As we glided along that white road, between groves loud with bird music, through quaint old villages and ever hills that gave us glorious views of the sunny, windy downs, Mr. Vanderbilt told me stories of the old conchman of the past. It seems be collects, you know, coaching prints, rars old books on coaching, coaching assectors and so forth.

"One coaching anecdote he told me was about the way those fat red coachmen of old could endure the cold.

"On a January day of wind and sleet, he said, the coachman of the Liverpool mail made fun of a shivering passenger who shared the next seat with him.

"The coachman, red and comfortable in the storm, looked at the blue and shivering passenger with coatempt. Finally he sneered and said:

"I deresay as yet one o' them girds

"'I daresay as yer one o' them girds wot washes their feet, sh? Well, there's a pair of feet in these 'ere boots of mine wot ain't been washed since I was a sipper. Wash my feet? I'd as soon think o' washin' my 'ead!'"—Exchange.

For the "Near Incane." There has been recently incornerated in New York a neurological inetitute for the study and treatment of nervous and mentally disturbed patients and for the training of physiclans in the diagnosis and care of this class of disorders. We doubt whether there is foundation for the general belief that these disturbances are more frequent, and, more destructive than in earlier generations, or in other countries, but it is structive enough to cause grave concorn, and it is certain that fooreneed attention to them by the modical prothropists will prove a wholesome corrective to certain unacientific and erratic notions which have gained rether extraordinary currency.-From the Survey for June.

Play Plane for Bad Children. Dr. Julia Soton Sears, the renowned metaphysician, has done considerable experimenting at her school in Oscawanna, N. Y., in correcting the faults of children without punishing them. Her advice to mothers is to play on the piano for their children when they are disobedient instead of purishing them. She says to play something the children know, as their childish emotions are not so responsive to unfamiliar airs. She is convinced of the infallibility of this cure and says it is equally effective in the cade of grewn-ups. Worry, anxiety, care and irritability may all be soothed by certain classes of music, secording to Dr. Sears.

Adapting Proverts.

He (degratically)—Straws about which way the wind blows.

She (denlicatin)—Well, name-them, in a tracing party, they show complety is relaing the wind.

Water Parified by Custo.

Brinking water supplied to Nibo,
Praces, and several smaller. French
etties, in new, purified by coons, in
addition to filtration. Nice is a city
of 105,000 people.

TIRE OF LIFE WHILE YOUNG._

Increase of Suicide Among Children a
Pitiful Phase of Our Mod-

"Scientific men are puzzled to account for the increase of suicide among children," said Dr. G. A Austell of Boston. "A generation ago the taking of their own lives by minors was almost an unheard-of occurrence Now it is becoming alarmingly frequent not only in this country, but in Europe. In most cases the phenomenon can be set down to the artificial life people lead and to the complex conditions of modern existence. Very often parents are too ambitious for their children, and by constant appeals to them so work on the mervous temperaments of their offspring as to bring on a derangement of the mental faculties. One of the most noted specialists of France, Dr. Berillon, who has made a study of the matter, asserts that children who have a suicidal tendency are for the most part wanting in the sense of smell. He makes recommendation that all who suffer from this defect? should be taken to an expert for examination as it might tend to forestall some future tragedy."

EXCUSES MANY AND VARIED.

Ungaliant Bachelors Give Their Reasons for Refusing to Enter the Married State.

At a wedding breakfast the backelors were called upon to give their

The following are among them:
"I am like the frog in the fable,
who, though he loved the water, would
not jump into the well because he

could not jump out again."
"I am too selfish and honest enough

to admit it."

"I prefer, on the one hand, liberty, refreshing sleep, the opera, midnight suppers, quiet seclusion, dreams, cigars, a bank account, and club to-on the other hand—disturbed rest, cold meat, baby linen, soothing sirus, rocking-horses, bread pudding, and empty pockets."

"I have a twin brother, and we have never had a secret from one another. He is married."—London Tit-Bits.

The Hearts of Sam Houston.
In the newly published "Memoire of a Senate Page," Christian F. Soblog recalls the years just priorr to the outbreak of the civil war, when Summer, Wade, Douglas, Hamlin, Houston, John P. Hale, Breekenridge, Toembe and Jegerson Davis were debating the great questions upon which the north and south were at variance. They were an imposing body of men, meetly clad in black broadcloth and wearing high silk hats.

high silk hats.

But there was one senator who refused to be dignified—Senator Houston of Texas. "Day after day," eays Mr. Eckloff, "during spere memeets, he set there in his sest carving hearts out of soft pine wood. They were places about the size of the hand. When he had completed one of these works of art he would summen a page, and, pointing toward seme fair spectator in the gallery, would say: "Give this to that lady up there, with Gen. Sam Houston's

compliments."

Mr Eckloff remembers Houston as one of the gentlest and kindest of men.—Boston Globe.

... Would be Water Nymphs No. Undine gowns have been used on the stage, off and on, and the mispin gown really is only a form of that garb which, in other days, would not have been permitted except in a bathing sown. One Undine gown that came from Europe was of seft skimmoring satin, made as close to the figure as the taller's art could get, and covered in undulating waves with large crystal beads. With frosted leaves, or with sprigs which look like winter branches covered with hoar freed, this outfit events suit Undine if the were a polar guideas. Pale green volvet also has been utilized for the nacine gows, and with the proper arrangement of crystats it looks so it it came sparkling up from the depths of the sea.

Fateful Breach of Etiquetts. Under the third empire in France Balato-Bouve brought diagrace upon himself because at breakfast at the Tuileries he carelessly opened his napkin and placed it over his two kness. To this he added the crime of cutting his egg in two at the middle. Court etiquette prescribed that the haif-folded napkin should lie on the left knee and the top of the egg was to be merely broken with the edge of the spoon and drained with the the of the spoon. For his failings in these respects Sainte-Bouve's name was stricken of the imperial visiting list.

Where He Drew the Line.

"Arabelia," sold o'd Billyene, as the finished his dinner, "I am going to sake you to do me a favor. I wast you to give your young man, Mr.—Mr. Wainhisname—a message from me."

Arabella blushed and looked down

"Tell him," the hief old millionaire age, on, "that I don't object, in, his staying he my and running us my and think, but that I do object to his quity fifth the morning paper and with him when he leaves."—Strug Stories.

Ought to On.
"Why doesn't something make a Mt.
In the olgan trade."

so the older trade:
"By putting but a signr with three
gorgoous basels on it."

DID HIS DUTY AS EXECUTOR.

Thrifty Scot Simply Carried Out the Terms of the Will as He Under stood Them.

Alexander Wright, brother of the county auditor, who is visiting Cleveland for a vacation period, and who is in the public service in his Scottish home, tells this tale anent one McGregor, a thrifty man in a land of thrift, who was seen in Glasgow wearing a lustrous sparkler in his cravat. To him said Sandy McDermott "Who gi'n ye the di'mon', McGregor?"

"Nobbut myself," was the answer.
"Oh, aye," ventured the questioner.
"Ye've been trating yersel', eh?"

"No that, eyether," McGregor made reply. "But ye ken I'm executor of the estate o Sammis McDougal" "An' ye has yer han's in the pile

the noo?"

"Hush, mon," said McGregor, looking hurt. "Tis a' i' th' will. First, it said, his lawfu' debts were to be paid, which was onnaicessary under the law. Then, it said, th' execooter was to set aside thirty-fi' pun' for th' buryin'. D'de mind?"

"An' then he wished th' execotor to procure as handsome a stone as could be had in a' Glasgy for a matther o' seventy pn'."
"Aye?"

"Oh, aye," responded McDermott.

"Aweel mon," concluded McGregor, "this is the stone."—Cleveland Leader.

PUT END TO INTERROGATION.

Chauffeur's Quiet Rebuke Adminietered to Too Inquisitive Clubman.

Senator Depew rebuked quaintly, on his 75th birthday, a reporter who asked him a too intimate question. "You remind me," he said, smiling, "of an elderly colonel in a New York club. There is no question this colonel

club. There is no question this colonel hesitates to ask.

"The other day he saw drawn up before Sherry's a fine motor car, and at the wheel of the car sat a chauffeur who had formerly been in his own employ. The colonel stopped and asked the chauffeur who his master was, how he liked his job, and what

"The changeur answered these questions politely. There was a cold glitter in his eye, though. He was waiting for an opening. It came when the

inquisitive old clubman said:

"Er—Gaston, what—er—how much
did your empoyer pay for this car?"

"The fact is, sir," the chauffour answered promptly, 'I never had the impadence to ask him."

A recently published interview with the famous novelist and dramatist contains the following puragraph, from which it would seem that Mr. Barrie is more attentive than ever to "My Lady Nicoline"

Lady Nicotine." "I agent exactly 65 minutes with the great draumtist. When I entered he was smoking a calabash pipe of generous proportions. He smoked it out in a purposeful way and laid it on the masterpiece to cool. Then he left in his right coat pocket and, produced a hasteome briar. This be loaded and lit. When it was donn he laid it on the shelf and took out a second briar from another pecket. He smoked it out, and then nasuring himself that the calabash was cool again. went back to H. He smoked three and a half pipes within the hour and finished up with a cigaretta."

Denounce the Use of Tea. of "populous old believers," .recently held in Moscow, storaly denounce ten drinking. They maintained that the use of ten, codies, sugar, vedka and tobacco, and also the practice of shaving the beard were heretical. The question of ten thrinking was dis sussed at great length, the Stherlans standing out for the excommunication of persons guilty of these size and for their sectorion from the charch until they repented of their . Wickedness. They declared that tog defahers were guilty of the sin of sixting... The congress fault declared that the pretices demission were not heretical, al-though undoubtedly statut. In toture ton drinkers are to be excluded from public worship until they smood their

The Gold Made Bannel A. Bonifield, known throughout Alaska as a "square", gambler, a millionaire and president of two books, has gone insone and all because of the glare of gold. Bonifield gambled, but gambled "square" and prespered. But the glare of gold was eating into his very soul, and, with opise to haif a million saved up the gambling king went into the banking business. In his bank he haugod the gold dust from the mines near Fzirbanks, powed over and weighed tons of it: And one day his gold talked to him and he walked out into the sunlight to escape the spell. He disappeared. After several days be was discovered became in the Seattle police court.

No Vacation

"In your wife going to a summer resert this year?"

"No she'll have to step at home.
The dector says also needs rest."—
Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Membe Reflections.

Achilles mused.

"Birnagh," he cried, "that my enly valuerable spet is where I fidn't put my feet in it."

Here indeed was hope for blunder-

ing humanity.

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS

done by common day area to confidential. This de l'abstraction for l'anni y anni l'anni l'ann