

LOVERS KILL SELVES

Sequel to Forty Years Romance of French Sweetheart.

After Marriage Was Forbidden Jules and Marguerite Met Daily and Exchanged Vows—Are Found Dead.

Paris, France.—Tragedy has closed the remarkable love affair of Jules Denis and Marguerite Plezezins. They were engaged forty years. Marguerite had to nurse her father, Jules had to plan and scrape to keep his mother. The first duty of each was to the parent.

The years went creeping on and it did seem, at last, that they would be married. But Jules was robbed and lost his position and the doctor told Marguerite her aged father would live another ten years, because she nursed the old man "so wonderfully well."

Then the next morning the concierge of a house in Belleville sent a messenger boy to the fifth floor with a note to Jules Denis. At the same time the concierge in a street in La Villette sent a boy to the fourth floor with a message addressed to Mlle. Marguerite Plezezins. Both boys returned with the notes. They had knocked but had received no reply.

Each concierge sent for a locksmith and the police. Jules Denis lay dead in his bed. A bottle which had contained laudanum was by his side, and in his hand was a sheet of paper containing a last word to his sweetheart. Marguerite was found in her room dressed in white and dead, and her hand held a paper with a word on it to "Jules, my loved one." There was a laudanum bottle by her bedside, too.

The police opened the notes sent by messengers.

"It is accomplished, Marguerite," said one.

"It is accomplished, Jules," said the other.

Jules Denis was 68 years old. Marguerite Plezezins was 57. They met when Marguerite was 17 and Jules 28. Marguerite was the daughter of comparatively wealthy parents. Jules was a clerk at \$30 a month. They wished to marry, but their parents laughed at them and said: "There is plenty of time to think it over." Marguerite's parents could live without work, but had no money for a marriage portion for their daughter sufficient for a son-in-law without a reasonable income.

So Marguerite and Jules met each day, exchanged vows and waited. Jules rose somewhat, but never earned more than \$1,000 a year. As time went on they continued to see each other every day, each day renewing their vows of love. They did not dream of disobeying their parents' injunction of waiting on marriage until they were in "a position to do so."

Jules never went to Marguerite's house except when her mother died, and Marguerite never went to the small flat to see Jules' mother. Both understood that for their marriage was hopeless—for the time. Jules must look after his old mother. Marguerite must nurse her paralyzed father. Jules managed now and then to pile another coin on the tiny heap he was saving for the marriage day. And so time went on and he was 68 and she was 57.

And then the other day Jules was sent to cash the check for nearly \$5,000. Jules cashed the check at the bank. As he neared the door a man stumbled against him and he fell. When he arose the man was gone and the money had disappeared. Jules was accused of nothing but carelessness. He was not even suspected but the chief partner in the firm for which Jules worked told him that he must find another position. And on that same day the doctor told Marguerite that she had nursed her father so well he probably would live another ten years. So she would be 67 years old before she could marry. She shuddered at the thought and felt a pang of shame, and then she lost all hope.

And if Jules Denis had waited only a few hours longer they at last could have seen the way to happiness in marriage after their years of true devotion to their parents.

For soon after the discovery of Jules' death it was found that his mother had died in her sleep in the night. Marguerite's father was found in a collapse indicating that his days were few. He is 85. When he looked up at neighbors who went to him after the finding of his daughter's body they could not tell him the news, and he could not understand why his daughter had not brought him morning chocolate to him as usual. Servants must look after him now.

Plants Coronation Tree. London.—The Prince of Wales has planted a Windsor Forest oak tree at Flemish Farm, Windsor Great Park, to commemorate coronation year. It was placed near the oak planted by King George last year to commemorate his first day's shooting as king in Windsor Forest. The spade used has painted upon it the colors of the Union Jack.

Boy Ropes a Wildcat. Livingston, Mont.—While a large crowd watched him, Gene Contarr, fifteen years old, son of Eugene Contarr, a well-known Montana sportsman, roped a big wildcat which strayed into town and was discovered in front of a department store.

MARRIED OLD MAN FOR LOVE

Young Bride of Head of United Wireless, 67 Years Old, Says She Did Not Wed for Money.

New York.—It was for love and not for money that pretty 18-year-old Stella Lewis married Christopher Columbus Wilson, the 67-year-old head of the United Wireless company, she informed United States Commissioner Alexander. Mrs. Wilson, who was married the day her husband was indicted for using the mails to defraud, was a witness in the bankruptcy proceedings to ascertain if Wilson had concealed any of the \$1,500,000 he is supposed to have obtained from the sale of United Wireless stock. He is to be brought from Atlanta, where he is now serving a three years' sentence, to testify Dec. 22.

Mrs. Wilson, who had been a stenographer for the United Wireless, enlightened the commissioner and Saul S. Myers, attorney for the receiver, as to why she had married, but she did not furnish information as to whether or not her husband had any assets lying around that a receiver in bankruptcy could get hold of.

According to her testimony it would have been more profitable for her if she had remained with her notebook pencil and typewriter instead of marrying a man who, at the time of the wedding, was supposed to be worth millions. The marriage came at the time the government was looking for Miss Lewis to use her as a witness against the Wireless heads at the trial.

It is the belief of the creditors of the Wireless company that Wilson has concealed about \$750,000. One question of Attorney Myers showed it was his opinion that Wilson, prior to his arrest in the summer of 1910, made a trip to Europe and deposited in banks over there about \$450,000. This was news to Mrs. Wilson, she said.

She last saw her husband at Atlanta about three weeks ago. She is now residing with her parents at 605 West 115th street, and said she was subsisting on their bounty, as all the money her husband had given her since he was taken to prison, \$550, had been expended.

Mrs. Wilson said the only property her husband had at the time she married him was a house at Long Beach. He was offered \$30,000 for it, but it was assigned to his attorneys in payment of their fees for defending him. She said she believed John B. Stanchfield received \$40,000 for conducting Wilson's defense.

HUGUENOTS GET PAINE HOME

Secure Building as a Headquarters in New Rochelle—Celebration Planned.

New Rochelle, N. Y.—Henry M. Lester, president of the Huguenot Association of New Rochelle, turned over to the trustees of the association the house which was given by the state of New York to Thomas Paine after the Revolution in recognition of his patriotic services. With the house goes an acre of ground on North avenue, known as Deveau Park. House and ground are valued at \$10,000. The board of trustees elected James S. Haviland, president; Charles Fryer, secretary; and George F. Flandreau, treasurer.

Mr. Lester bought the old house three years ago, moved it to its present site, and restored it. It is now known as Deveau House, renamed for its original owner, a Tory, who fled at the outbreak of the Revolution. It is the headquarters of the Huguenot association, and is used as a public museum of Huguenot and Westchester county relics.

The association is preparing for a celebration in 1913 to commemorate the two hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of the settlement of New Rochelle by Huguenots. The common council and other city officials will be invited to take part in the event, which will probably take the form of an old-fashioned festival, with pageants. An official delegation from the city of La Rochelle, France, is to be received, having accepted the invitation extended by Henry M. Lester and Charles Fryer, who represent New Rochelle at a special celebration at La Rochelle last October.

TO FOUND LIBRARY FOR BLIND

Corporation in Washington Will Try to Establish Universal Type for Use of Those With Sightless Eyes.

Washington.—An organization known as the National Library for the Blind has been incorporated here to carry on a movement to establish a universal type for blind readers and to distribute books among them. Literature for the blind, now published at a rate of less than 10 books a year, is made less useful to them because it is now printed in at least five distinct styles of type. There is now no method of circulating books for the blind.

The national library aims to have all books for blind readers printed in types which shall be universally understood and to establish traveling libraries. The library also will buy and copy sheet music for blind students and assist them to new livelihood by transcribing books and music for the library.

Thomas Nelson Page is president of the library and Etta Josephine Griffin is its director. Mrs. Champ Clark is national chairman of the membership committee and Mrs. Ernest W. Roberts, president of the Congressional club, is national chairman of the publicity committee. The library has been incorporated with 500 charter members.

FOOD VALUE OF CHESTNUTS

Are Rich in Starch and Fat, Better Than Potatoes and Almost as Good as Bread.

In France much attention is given to the propagating of the chestnut, and the fruit is spoken of with enthusiasm and respect. In French literature, especially in stories for children, the chestnut tree is quite as important a feature as the plum tree in the politics of this country, where we speak lightly of the chestnut and then pay at the rate of \$5 a bushel for them. The small French chestnut is called the "chataigne," but the large or giant chestnut is the "marron." The marron is cultivated extensively in France and Italy, where it is used in large quantities.

"Every soda fountain menu," says the New York Soda Fountain, a trade journal, "has some reference to marrons, and marrons glace are a favorite after-dinner morsel at all the larger hotels, yet few persons realize that while primarily a dessert delicacy, marrons are an exceedingly wholesome and valuable food. It is not generally known that the fruit of the chestnut tree is nearly as valuable as bread and more valuable than potatoes as a food, being rich in starch and fat."

In some districts of Pennsylvania much attention is now given to the planting of chestnut trees. There are several hill counties in Indiana, like Brown, Monroe and Morgan, where the marron and the smaller sized chestnuts could be made a source of profit.

MAKES A BIG DISCOVERY

Shortington Finds That Things Once Bemoaned May Prove Greatest Blessing.

"You know how opposites are attracted," said Mr. Shortington. "When I was a younger man my very particular friend and enemy was a chap who was six feet four, while I wasn't much more than four feet six. Despite the disparity in our dimensions we were the closest of friends, and as far as I was concerned there was only one thing that marred my otherwise complete happiness and that was that I could not be as tall as he. But the time came when I thought differently about that, and when in fact, he, instead of being proud of his altitude, wished only that he had been built on my more limited scale, and that was when in our later life he had both come to be afflicted with rheumatism."

"Then when I looked at him, racked with pain throughout his tall frame, I was glad that I was not tall but short; and when he reflected on the nearly two feet more of space in himself that the rheumatism had to roam over he used to groan and wish that he had been built short like me."

"Isn't it singular how things come about? The things that at one time we may most bemoan may prove in the end our greatest blessing."

Wife Wins, as Usual.

"Of course, one can never win an argument with one's wife," remarked a broker the other day. "Even if one is perfectly right in his contention, the facts, or the postoffice department or something else will turn up to make it appear that the man is wrong. For instance, a few days ago my wife remarked that a letter in a plain envelope dropped in a letter box would be delivered even if it had no stamp. Of course I knew better, and told her so, but she was obstinate. Just to prove my contention when I was at the office the next day I drew a picture of a goose on a sheet of paper. Underneath the likeness I wrote: 'Dear Madam: If you pay two cents to get this you are a goose.' I put the sheet in a plain envelope and addressed it to my wife. The next morning the doorman rang furiously while I was still in bed. I waited for the wife or the maid to respond, but both had gone out. Finally I went to the door myself. There was a fool letter carrier with that crazy letter, and I had to dig down and pay the two cents postage due. If I had given the letter to my wife she would have been still more firmly convinced that she was right."

What He Remembered.

When a prospective voter in one of Chicago's election districts was asked the date of his naturalization he replied that he had taken out his papers so long before that he could not remember just when he had become an American.

The officer to whom this statement was made was extremely thoughtful for a moment. Then he added: "Can you remember who was the Republican candidate for president that year?"

"Sure, I don't remember who was running for president," was the response, "but it was the same year that Stuffy McGinnis was appointed Dog Drowner."

Common in New York.

The stranger in New York was startled by the clanging of an ambulance bell. The ambulance stopped at the side door of a hotel and the attendants hurriedly entered the building with their stretcher. But there was no crowd, no confusion. "What's the excitement?" the stranger asked a native. "There's no excitement," the latter replied. "A stage lad has shot a wealthy gentleman. That's all." And he hurried along.—Cleveland Dealer.

GOT HIS NOTES MIXED UP

Absent-Minded Man Has Some Difficulty at the Book Store and the Grocers'.

As the little man walked absent-mindedly along the sidewalk he suddenly stopped in front of a bookstore. It recalled to him the meaning of that piece of string on his finger, and with a brightened face he entered.

"Just a minute," he said to the clerk. "My wife wanted me to get a book for her—a certain novel she's heard a good deal about. I must find the memorandum she gave me. She wrote the name on a slip of paper, and I put it in my pocket."

After considerable fumbling he produced a small bit of paper, and laying it on the counter, took out his spectacles and adjusted them on his nose.

"Here's the name—Cobb's Cornet. Yes, that's it."

"I'm afraid I don't know the book, sir," said the clerk apologetically. "But I'll look through the list of new ones." And he ran his eye over the list on the wall. "No, I'm sorry to say I can't find it here. You are sure of the name?"

"Yes, it's right here on this piece of paper."

"Well, I'm afraid we haven't got it then."

"But—but I don't dare to go home to my wife without it. I promised to get it for her."

The clerk called to another in the back of the store, who came forward. To the other he said: "Say, Bill, do you know of a book called Cornet, by a fellow named Cobb?"

"What's that?" he asked in surprise. The old gentleman broke in: "Cobb's Cornet. Here, see for yourself."

"I'm afraid you've made a mistake," said the new arrival with a twinkle. "Cobb's Cornet is a new breakfast food."

"Ah, now I see why the grocer didn't understand me when I asked him for a package of Cobb's," remarked the customer in manifest relief. —Q. Kaemmerling in Puck.

OLDEST TREE IS ON COS

It Measures 30 Feet in Circumference and Is More Than 2,000 Years Old.

The tallest trees in the world are the Australian eucalypti, which attain an altitude of 480 feet. The biggest are the mammoth trees of California, some of which are 276 to 373 feet in height, and 108 feet in circumference at the base. From measurements of the rings it is believed that certain of these trees are from 2,000 to 2,500 years old. The oldest tree in the world is said to exist on the island of Cos off the coast of Asia Minor. It is several thousand years old, but just how many no one has dared to say. The tree is carefully preserved by a wall of masonry around it, and the trunk is thirty feet in circumference.

But there are parts of trees in the form of useful timber which are even older, probably, than any on the stump. Beams in old buildings are preserved today, which are known to be over a thousand years old. Piles driven by the Romans prior to the Christian era are perfectly sound today, and it is known that they have been immersed in water for upward of two thousand years.

Some woods have remarkably durable properties when immersed in water. They decay rapidly on the stump, many rotting in from five to ten years, but when immersed in water they last longer than iron or steel. An effort has been made by our government to preserve woods indefinitely by treating them with oils and tar products. Already telegraph poles and railway ties have had their average life extended from five to ten years by this process.—Harper's.

When the Worm Turned.

"No power on earth shall make me do it!" he declared, firmly. She approached close to his side. Her eyes blazed into his and her lips sneered. "You shall do it! However you dread it, it must be done! You hear me?"

"I refuse utterly! Such a thing is unworthy for a man of pride and honor to undertake!" he repeated, drawing back from her as from a whip-lash.

Quickly she was at his side again, gripping his arm with fingers slim, but hard as steel. She slipped a small knife into his hand—a thin, sharp-pointed piece of steel. "There!" she said. His obstinacy was momentarily driving her to desperation.

Her voice broke with passion, and she cried, in a loud, angry tone: "William Tomkins, if you don't do what I say and go peel those potatoes at once, you'll go to bed without any dinner!"—Puck.

Proper Things to Say.

To a young woman who has forsaken school teaching for matrimony and housekeeping: "Don't you feel lost without anything to do?" To a motorman: "Don't you sometimes get tired of stopping for people?" To a doctor: "I should think your irregular hours would almost kill you." To a newspaper man: "But of course, I never believe more than half that I read in the papers." To a postman: "Don't your feet ache by night?" To a librarian: "You must enjoy reading the new novels ahead of everybody else in town."—Newark News.

TESTING HIS STRONG WILL

Concocted Club Man Caught in Attempt to Prove Superiority of His Mental Powers.

At one of the clubs the other day two members were arguing about will power. The concocted man, who was in the habit of boring all present with his pointless tales, said that his will was stronger than his friend's.

"You are wrong there," said the quiet man, "and I will prove it in this way. You go and stand in that corner, and I will will you to come out of it. You will against me, and I bet you that I will have you from that corner before I have commanded you a second time."

The smart one took the bet, and put himself in the corner. The quiet man said, in a commanding voice:—"Come out of that corner!"

The other grinned and shook his head. The quiet man sat down and looked at him steadily. Five minutes passed, and then the man of will said, with a sneer:—"Haven't you better give it up? I don't feel any influence at all, and I can't stand here all the evening."

"There is no hurry," said the quiet man, "and I have a very comfortable seat. There is no time limit except that you are to come out before I ask you twice, and as I don't intend to ask you again until this day week, I think you will feel the influence before then."

The smart one came out.

SWALLOWS ARE VERY BOLD

One Builds Nest in a House and Another Establishes Home on Electric Light Lamp.

A very curious instance of boldness in swallows was recorded in 1886 from Ceylon. In this case the birds built over a lamp in the dining room; what made their choice of site more remarkable was the fact that the lamp could be raised or lowered by counter weights and the connecting chains actually passed through the mud walls of the nest.

Occasionally the bird selects a nesting site which invites comparison with the boldness of the robin. In July last a pair of swallows took advantage of the open window of an unoccupied bedroom in a house at Felmersham in Bedfordshire to begin building their nest on the curtain rod of the bed.

The return of the owner of the house and his occupation of the bed did not in the least disturb or alarm the birds, which completed the nest and brought off three nestlings within seven weeks of the house owner's return. They took no notice of the occupant of the bed when flying in and out of the window feeding the young; but the hen bird would fly off the nest if any one entered the room during the daytime.

Three years ago a pair of swallows built their nest on top of the shade of an electric lamp which hangs outside the asylum at Narborough, near Leicester.—Bally's Magazine.

Relics of Past Grace.

Nothing is too queer to happen in some corner of New York, says the press of that city. The other day a business woman took a room at what appeared to be an ordinary, small, quiet family hotel on West Forty-fourth street. The morning after her arrival she noticed a little old man sitting in the long hall which ran by the double parlors. Another man came downstairs and the little old chap jumped up and joined him, and together they went into the back parlor.

Strolling down the hall, she happened to glance through the open door of the back parlor. There she saw the two men on their knees at a couch, fervently praying aloud. The business woman passed her hand across her brow. "Have I got 'em?" she murmured, "or have I got into the foolish house?"

Later she discovered that the hotel had in former years been a "home" connected with a church, and that although it long since passed under secular management some of the old-time brethren still haunt it.

Divorced by Candle.

If the marriage yoke rears uncomfortably upon a burlesque couple, a divorce may be quickly and inexpensively obtained, with a bit of excitement thrown in gratis. Husband and wife agreeing that life apart would present greater charms, the wife goes out and purchases two small candles, made especially for such occasions. These candles are exactly the same size, but each has some distinguishing mark, one being intended to represent the man, the other the woman. At exactly the same moment the candles are lighted, and the unhappy couple anxiously watches them burn. When one candle goes out the divorce is complete, but with one condition—the owner of the candle which has gone out must at once leave the house with nothing but the clothes worn at the moment. The other party remains in possession of the house and all therein.

His Connections.

The office boy for one of the largest financial houses in New York recently found a package of valuable papers. He promptly returned the property to its owner and was told he would be sent a suitable reward.

"And by the way," said the grateful owner, "shall I send it to you, care of —?" mentioning the name of the firm.

"Now," said the boy, "send it care of the Darling Dozen Social club, No. — East Fourteenth street."

HEM CONCEALED AUNT'S WILL

Unique Contest in Probating Strange Testament Begins in Pennsylvania Courts.

Harrisburg, Pa.—A will, most singularly discovered sewn in the hem of her black dress months after her death, may upset the disposal of a \$50,000 estate left by Mrs. Margaret J. Durkee, when she died in this city on May 1 last. Those who have in the interval divided up the estate by process of administration, not knowing that there was any will, are contesting the testament's validity, and a hearing of the case under oath was held in the law office of Hargest & Hargest here.

Among the effects left by Mrs. Durkee were a number of pictures and silk dresses, all of which were disposed of at public sale. Among the purchasers was Mrs. Minnie Moores of Baltimore, a niece of the deceased, who had her purchases shipped to Baltimore. Several weeks ago Mrs. Moores' husband was hanging one of the pictures, and he noticed that the back of it was loose. In it he found a small piece of paper, rolled tightly, alleged to be Mrs. Durkee's handwriting, and saying:—"Look in the hem of my black silk dress."

It happened that among the garments purchased at the sale by Mrs. Moores was this identical black silk dress, and she at once got out the gown and began an examination. To her unbounded astonishment she found concealed therein a manuscript, which she removed in the presence of witnesses who were called in. This proved to be the will of Mrs. Durkee, in which she left all her property to her beloved niece, Mrs. Moores. This she is now trying to have admitted to probate here, and other relatives are contesting.

FROM POVERTY TO MILLIONS

Aged Tennessee Couple Congratulated on Suddenly Acquired Wealth—Still Live in Humble Home.

Bristol, Va.—W. H. Shugart and his wife of Newport, Tenn., whose lives have been spent thus far in a humble cottage erected upon land reclaimed from a frogpond, have suddenly become the first millionaires of the prosperous mountain town, where they lived in their unpretentious way ever since the Civil war.

Shugart, during the early summer of the present year, received \$9,000 by the death of a brother in Texas, and is to receive \$73,000 more when the estate of his late brother is wound up. From the estate of Unaka Jane Bogardus, who died four years ago in Holland, Mrs. Shugart has received \$1,000,000, and she has been officially advised that next July another \$1,000,000 will be paid her. The Bogardus estate is valued at \$60,000,000, and Mrs. Shugart is one of a number of heirs.

Neighbors of the aged couple say that this good fortune has not changed their mode of living in any material way. They are still clinging to the little cottage, and their neighbors and friends are welcomed with the same cordial smiles that greeted them in other days.

WAGE WAR ON THE BEETLE

Scientist Urges That Insect Be Exterminated While in Form of Worm.

Paris.—M. Xavier Raspail has suggested to the Academy of Sciences a means of checking the ravages of the beetle in agriculture which were so great in France in the last quarter of the nineteenth century that the damage has been estimated at several million dollars. In all parts a vigorous war of extermination was organized against this destructive insect, and many means were adopted for getting rid of it.

The plan offered by M. Raspail keeps in mind the fact that three years are necessary for the complete evolution of the beetle from the egg to the time when it emerges from the earth and becomes a perfect insect. Estimating the moment when the transition comes, M. Raspail proposes an organized search and destruction by plowing for the white worm, which is the form of the insect just before flight.

The scientist believes, however, that the beetle is gradually decreasing in France, though not in sufficient numbers to justify a cessation of the battle against it.

MOUNTAIN IS MELTING AWAY

Colorado Peak 14,000 Feet High Loses Topknott Over Night—Tumbles Into Canyon.

Telluride, Colo.—With a crash like the discharge of a battleship's broadside, followed by a prolonged roar, the crest of Lizard Peak, one of the highest mountains in Colorado, tumbled into the canyons at its base.

The few residents of that locality did not discover what had happened until some one noticed a queer change in formation and an apparent lowering of the crest of Lizard Peak, which was over 14,000 feet high. Advances from points surrounding the peak, which is eighteen miles from here, indicate that 1,000 feet from the crest had crumbled away.

Lizard Peak was one of the sharp-pointed of the many slender topped monarchs of the San Juan range. It was difficult of ascension and the few who have tried to scale it have reported large caves and fissures near the summit.