A STATE SENATOR

Of Montana Who Was Sued for Taking a Forbidden Kiss.

SOME RACY READING MATTER

And Some Original Observations on the Osculatory Art with Picturesque Advice—When, How, and Where to Indulge Without Danger of Damage Suits—Some Evidence which Shows How Kissing Should be Done.

State Senator-elect W. F. Meyer, of Bozeman, needs to wear a truss in place of a hat band to hold together his badly ruptured reputation. The press of the state have fairly slopped over the column lines the past month concerning an affaire d'amour of which he is alleged to have played the "heavy villain." When a man once allies himself with this Standard Oil gang he sooner or later becomes mentally besotted and a "gone sucker." He loses not only self-respect, but self control. When a man is owned by some one else and once loses his identity and soul it is not surprising that he attempts to pre-empt a claim upon some other soul.

As the story goes, Senator Meyer was spending the evening with Miss Blank, a prominent society belle of Bozeman. During the evening the wily senator began to feel his oats and attempted to lunch at the Dewey entrance of Miss Blank's gum receptacle The latter, being a lady of the highest character, promptly resented the senator's brazen offer to swap spit, and thereby hangs a tale. Whether Miss Blank has a sweetheart somewhere whom she was afraid might find out that the senator had been "tenting upon the old camp ground" deponeth saith not. The circumstances in detail of this attempted coup d' etat are not familiar to the writer. "Tulip salve" may be one of the essential ingredients of Senator Meyer's existence, causing him to have burst forth to the lady faire in the words of Shylock: "You take away my life when you take away the means by which I live." While on the other hand the lady may have considered the introduction of such evidence—of insanity—as totally incompetent, irrelevant, and immaterial.

Perhaps the roundelay which Senator Meyer caroled at the feet of Miss Blank was a wild prototype of those which Solomon poured forth from his sensuous soul to his sweet Rose of Sharon: "Thou hast dove's eyes, thy lips are like a thread of scarlet. Thy breasts like young roses that feed upon the lillies. Set me as a seal upon thy heart, a seal upon thine arm. For love is strong as death, jealousy cruel as the grave."

Or Senator Meyer may have demonstrated himself to be an A 1 simon pure, 18K lallygagger by throwing his lunch hooks around Miss Blank's lovely diaphragm, and viewing the dark lashes lying upon the cheek of sun-flushed snow, "the charm of married brows, the throat of alabaster, the dimple in her chin, the wine tint of her half-parted lips with glint of genuine pearl, proceeding to give her an old-fashioned Ella Wheeler Wilcox polar bear hug, bursting forth in melodious bay:

"Oh, darling, what essence of ebulant words
Shall paint the mad panic that curdles and curds
The ultimate juice of my innermost self
For your sake, my Edenish, Aldenish elf!
Oh, what would I do, if you could but see
How charming and proper and sweet it would be!
With amorous arm, in one clamorous twine,
Let me crush your dear ribs and damage your spine:
Let me gnaw at your neck with a passionate greed
That doubly discounts a bull pup at his feed;
Let me suck your red lips and your tongue in cahoots,
Till I draw out your quivering soul by the roots.
Let my ravaging, ravenous, rapturous shrieks
Hurtle to heaven in stridulous streaks:
Let me drink at the ardent, Cupidical cup
Till I burst into flame and at last burn you up."

It were idle to speculate further concerning the affair, only to state that Miss Blank went into court and demanded a few of Uncle Sam's long green illuminated mental anguish plasters as a poultice to heal the hurt that honor feels—and the courts gave her the Siberian shoulder. A pretty kettle of fish, one must remark. When asked to osculate a woman invariably declines, resists pressure, and whimpers, "Oh, don't," even threatens to scream. How in the great horn and spoons is a fellow to know whether she means business or is simply making a grandstand play? We can't all be mind readers. A guy sort o' hates to overlook these important bets and be voted a pie bald ass by some bundle of dimples and deviltry, sunshine and extravagance that has had her mouth all puckered for weeks, yet here was our own and only Senator Meyer, who became hypnotized by the poetry of peri's personality, swooped down upon the object of his adoration like a bumble bee about to rifle a shumate blossom, only to have his pleasure marred by a damage suit and the ridicule of the entire population of Montana. Perhaps the decision in this case is all right after all. Had the decision been the reverse it would have established a bad precedent and before long many women would be using their kissing machines with which to make money, seek remuneration for the same kind of kisses which they waste upon other women and colicky kids. Not having read the evidence submitted to the court it is not known upon what the plaintiff based her plea for damages, whether it was the kisss per so, or the manner in which the goods were delivered up that constituted the casus bell. The evidence at hand does not state whether Senator Meyer placed the kiss where it would do the most good, lost it among her bangs as is the custom with big brothers, or slid it down the back of her neck, a la the heroes upon the stage. It does not even state whether he snatched it upon the fly, like a left fielder nailing a skyscraper, or a half starved tourist grabbing a depot lunch counter sandwich as the train pulls from the station, or whether he tried to take a half an hour to let it soak in. It is the supposition, however, that Senator Meyer wore a moustache through which he had been straining lager beer and mock turtle soup; that he grabbed Miss Blank like a boy at a county fair seizing the greased pig, mussed her bangs, deranged her ribbons, and crumpled her dress, only to leave on her larboard check a red spot smelling of plug tobacco, brilliantine, booze, chili concarni and standard oil. Under such circumstances Miss Blank would be justified in making use of most any kind of retaliation. There must be something wrong in Senator Meyer's make up, for the man that knows how to kiss a pretty woman will seldom ever get into court. Due preparation should be made for the execution of the sacred rite by carefully calcimining the teeth, sand-papering the chin and disinfecting the breath. Lead her out into the dewey garden about 11 p. m., beneath the thick foliage of the grape harbor, and watch until the moon is eclipsed behind a cloud. Then proceed to annex her to your territory by slipping one arm about her tapering waist, and draw her firmly to your manly breast. Of course she will whimper, "Now stop;" but never mind. Tilt her chin at an angle of 45 degrees; don't be in a hurry, and for God's sake dont gab. Give her time to wonder what is going to happen next. Be sure her father is tied and the bull dog is settled in bed for the night. One's nervous system must be just exactly right to get the best results and most pleasure from the osculation. Now, on with the dance. Don't bang away at the persimmon like a tailless Shanghai rooster a picking corn off of a cob, for that is a mere touch of flesh, too much like slapping one's self in the face with a slice of raw beefsteak. Take your time and swoop slowly and blithely down upon her lips and stay there, similar to a carrier pigeon just coming home to roost. She wants to call you "a naughty man" and threaten to "tell ma," but don't give her a chance. Of course she'll swear on a stack of bibles as high as the monument that you are the first man that ever kissed her, but you aren't. She will protest that she is real angry, but she will not sue you for damages. She will be too busy trying to keep under the grape arbor and looking for another cloud to pass over the moon to even think about the courts. If Senator Meyer will kindly follow this gratuitous advice the next time he tries to nail a little of that "sweetness long drawn out," he is guaranteed that the strong arm of the law will not jerk his collarbone loose with the charge of unbecoming conduct toward young ladies.

AN OPEN SEWER.

Running for Blocks and Causing Sickness and Death.

"I was present one morning here when the body of a woman was pulled out of this canal, into which she, no doubt, had fallen accidentally, as I do not think it was a case of suicide," said a resident of South Capitol street to a Globe man one day the past week.

"The canal seems to be coated with scum."

"Coated with scum! Why, sir, it is a sewer, except for these eight or nine blocks, from Virginia avenue and South Capitol street until it empties into the Eastern Branch over there."

And sure enough, on closer inspection, the evidence was plain enough that we were gazing on an open sewer, miscalled (now) a canal.

The classic precinct called Bloodfield is west of this sewer, while on the east side are scattered residences; eight or ten blocks of them, here and there.

Surveying the ground with the eye in the territory through which the sewer, like Goldsmitt's schelit, lazily seeps and meanders, we were struck with the suitableness of the territory for manufacturing purposes, with a working population close at hand. The Globe was informed that surveys had been made for the South Capitol bridge across the branch, but in what condition or what progress toward its erection was being made nobody could tell.

This open sewer or canal is a menace to both life and health, and serves again by its existence to illustrate the irresponsible form of despotism the citizens of Washington and the District are living under. In any other city in the world such a nuisance would be abated.

Here is a surface-ground ditch of water running eight or ten blocks, reeking with filth, the stench from which in the hot weather is something unbearable, and which the people living in the vicinity are compelled to breathe in their lungs day and night. Why the Commissioners have failed to abate this pest breeding and stinking nuisance by filling in or covering it over is due to the fact that the people forced to live in that section are principally people who have to work for their daily bread, and who, being deprived of the privilege to have any say in the naming or election of the city authorities, must grin and bear the evil and suffer from the sickness naturally resultant from such an open sewer in their midst.

The danger to life of an unguarded and open ditch of water and filth, both as a pest-breeding nuisance and a trap for the unwary pedestrian, has been demonstrated in the many drownings which have, from time to time, occurred, as well as the general sickness prevailing in the territory through which it seeps.

Suicides, too, have been committed and inspired by its fetid waters, as weak physical organisms forced to suffer from its poisonous miasm have been unable to endure the strain, and preferred death to a life of such nauseating conditions as one is compelled to endure who resides within the deadly influence of the ditch.

This canal is a disgrace to the city, and the people living in that section should invoke whatever little public sentiment is left or is possible to arouse for its immediate abatement.

A Weeping People.

Down in the Bay of Bengal, between Hindostan on the west and East India on the east, lie the Andaman Islands, and there lives a race of people who are the strangest and lowest in order of civilization in the world. He wears very little clothing, but plasters himself with a red mud. When one of them dies, the body is at once buried and then the entire tribe moves away from the spot to a distance of a dozen miles, no one approaching the grave for a month or more.

But the oddest trait the Andamanner has is that of crying. "Everybody cries?" you ask; of course; but these queer people all cry together, men, women, boys and girls, actually shed tears together; sometimes for three whole days They cry not only for grief, but for joy. When two friendly tribes, long separated meet, the crying begins and for many hours there is wailing and evident sorrow. Fancy a whole people all in tears at once. After the tears are all finished then dancing and festivities begin, and the meeting is celebrated as one would think it should have been in the first place. The Andamanner is as careful of his mud toilet as a Paris woman of her silks and ribbons, and does not consider himself fit to be seen until he has completed it; though we would hardly consider him fit afterward, covered with mud.

How to Overcome Habit.

An English schoolmaster offered a prize to the boy who could write the best composition in five minutes on "How to Overcome Habit.," The little fellow of 9 years who won the prize wrote as follows:

"Well, sir, habit is hard to overcome. If you take off the first letter it does not change 'abit.' If you take off another you still have a 'bit' left. If you take off still another the whole of 'it' remains. If you take off another, it is not wholly used up. All of which goes to show that if you want to get rid of habit you must throw it off altogether."

DRAWING BLOOD.

The District Almshouse and its Management Exposed.

LETTER TO THE COMMISSIONERS

Facts Recited in a Specific and Direct Manner, with the Signature Attached—The Commissioners Must "Fish or Cut Bait" with The Sunday Globe—There is No Middle Ground For Them.

That public sentiment may be aroused at the disgraceful management of the Alms House The Sunday Globe assumes the necessary risk in giving space to the following article. Whatever penalty may be attached to this expose its editor will cheefully accept in the interest of oppressed humanity and in an effort, however feeble or ineffectual it may be, to defend and protect the unfortunates who have neither defenders nor, as it appears, protectors among the public servants appointed for that purpose. The District Commissioners cannot ignore this public arraignment without identifying themselves with the officials accused by Mr. Blanchard.

The following is the article, for which we make The Sunday Globe responsible by its insertion and for the publication of which its editor is ready to pay any penalty the despotism under which the District groans may choose to inflict, through its courts or its hireling employees.—ED. SUNDAY GLOBE.

WASHINGTON, May 16, 1901.

To the Editor Sunday Globe.

The following letter was delivered to the District Commissioners last November 8, 1899, for which the inmates of the Washington asylum (commonly known as "the poorhouse") have received not only no redress, but the brutal illtreatment of said inmates continues still to go on "even with more vehemence than ever":

"WASHINGTON ASYLUM,
"November 8, 1899.

"To the Commissioners District of Columbia, etc.

"Gentlemen: The undersigned, inmate of the above institution, humbly implores your honorable body, to remove from over us one F. M. Everet, who is kept on duty here when his appointment is that of watchman at the work house.

"His almost daily brutal, insulting, overbearing, domineering illtreatment of the inmates for the past 'four years' has rendered this application for redress imperative, since we can get no redress from the intendent, Stoutenburg.

"A few of the many instances of his brutal conduct will be evidenced by citing two several cases 'only,' for want of time and space, to wit:

"On one occasion, recently, he cursed and damned one of the inmates in an outrageous, uncalled for manner for the heinous (?) crime of spitting on the back stairs, leading from the outside of the building to the ground, the inmate not being guilty, but just because he hated the inmate.

"And on another occasion, without any cause whatever, he (F. M. Everet) raised a loaded cane over the head of an inmate (George Meissell) threatening to knock his brains out, and did go so far as to first strike him on the leg and then punch him in the stomach.

"Many instances of the kind during the last four years can be enumerated.

"I herewith furnish a list of the names of the inmates who can each for himself complain of his brutal conduct to them, but they are so terrorized by this fellow (backed up by the Intendant) that they are afraid to instigate an investigation, but also afraid to testify unless they are guaranteed protection from this fellow (Everet), as well as the Intendant himself.

"Patience and forbearance have ceased to be a virtue and we can no longer bear with his conduct. To conclude, he became so grossly insulting to the Matron only a short time ago that he had to go to her and apologize.

"Hoping this will not be treated idly or pass unnoticed, I again humbly implore you gentlemen to protect us, the inmates, from this man, whose highest position ever attained was overseer over prisoners.

"I am, gentlemen, very respectfully, your obedient servant.

"[Signed.] CHAS. BLANCHARD,
"Inmate.

"N. B. The following are the names of the inmates who will not only verify the above, but who can tell more than is herein: George Meisell, Henry Sisson, Jas. Allman, E. Wilson, W. Hopkins, J. C. Wheate, Mr. Donnelly, Mr. Trunnell, George Brownley, Michael Hill, Mike Bernhard, Mr. Campbell, Wm. Haines, Mr. McCall, A. N. Dunnevant, John Phillip Kennedy and other inmates."

"So far as the Intendant (Stoutenburg) is concerned he is almost as bad as this fellow Everet, as he backs him up. A few of the Intendant's ill treatment will be sufficient to cause an overhauling of his mismanagement. The witnesses herein before given can tell a good deal, and the officers of the workhouse also.

On one occasion the Intendant (Stoutenburg) on his approaching one of the inmates, a gentleman of good standing in this city, hollered at him in a loud, boisterous, bullying manner, "Stand up! How dare you sit down when I approach?" This is generally his manner and treatment of the inmates, as though they were prisoners in a military prison, and he even demands them to "take yer hat off!" in his presence, when he never removes his. Mr. Wheate was quite an invalid at the time, and can tell more than space will allow here.

Mr. A. N. Dunnevant, an inmate, but assistant clerk to Mr. Tindall, has also received from the Intendant (Stoutenburg) quite a lot of illtreatment at divers and sundry times, saying that Stoutenburg (Intendant) often "went off" like a torpedo in his abuse of him (Dunnevant).

These are only a few instances of Stoutenburg's (Intendant) conduct towards the inmates, and on one occasion he flew at one of the inmates in a menacing attitude, calling said inmate "a d—— lying ——."

The Commissioners, either through negligence or an air of "don't-care-a-darn" for the paupers (many of whom are men well raised and accustomed to life's comforts, but unfortunately here), allow this fellow Stoutenburg to have full swing, and take his ipse-dixit as against any and all others, hence the inmates get no redress from abuse here.

The former matron "Mrs. Ritchie," is here in the city, and could tell a great deal about the bad management of Stoutenburg, intendant.

Apropos of the above, why is it that three male members of Stoutenburg's family are quartered here on the Washington asylum for their living—eh? We give their names, viz: W. H. Stoutenburg, intendent, at $1,200 per annum and a fine residence handsomely furnished, with a retinue of servants from either the male or female workhouse at his command, and yet the inmates of the almshouse are compelled to sweep the pavement and get down on their knees and pick the grass from between the bricks or be turned out, homeless—eh?

Then there is his brother, a large robust, drawing $900 per annum as chief engineer, when a prisoner from the male workhouse does all the work, and he (the prisoner) an unlicensed engineer or fireman (a gross violation of law).

Then there is Stoutenburg's son "Doctor Jack," quartered here as "physician to the poor" for this thinly-settled neighborhood, with little labor to perform, and he drawing $600 per annum from the District of Columbia.

This fellow (Everet) is still continuing his brutal treatment to the inmates, and only on May 1st knocked down one of them by the name of McGill, who is blind in one eye and ruptured, the particulars of which he (McGill) can better tell.

This fellow Everett also raised a chair over the head of another inmate by the name of Willis, and was only prevented from delivering the blow by the interference of an inmate named Allman, according to whom (Everet) constantly carries, first, a pistol, and then a "billy" in his hip pocket around the poorhouse.

A thorough investigation would bring a state of facts both alarming and damnable. Why aint it done? Why are these things allowed to continue from day to day, week to week, and month to month? And echo answers—Why?"

WILLFUL MURDER.

The Verdict Returned by an Australian Jury.

The first step in one of the most involved and sensational trials in the history of Australia has just been brought to a conclusion there when Jane Smith was returned for trial on a charge of wilful murder.

The case contains all the elements that go to the making of a novel of the shocker school, and will doubtless furnish the foundation for many a drama and romance. It involves the attractive and elegantly-dressed woman, the single man with money, who believes her true as steel, the blind and incredulous husband, an assignation, a robbery, a mortgage, poison, death, burial, exhumation of the body, and the arrest of the fascinating woman.

Patrick Conway, aged forty, who had made a good deal of money in the meat trade, became acquainted in Dunedin, N. Z., with a woman named Jane Smith, aged thirty-two, whose husband was employed in a large boot store. The man knew Conway well, and the latter lent him £200, taking as security a promissory note and the deeds on a house and land.

Early in February Conway left Dunedin for Christchurch, and here Mrs. Smith joined him. The two did not stay in the same hotel, but they were often together, and on one of these occasions Conway was drugged, and £10 in money and the deeds and promissory note were taken from him.

He reported the matter to the police, who suspected Mrs. Smith, but Conway repudiated the idea, and before the police had time to make further enquiries the couple had disappeared.

They left Christchurch by the steamship Talune for Sydney, where it was reported that Conway had died on the voyage in a fit. An inquest was not considered necessary, and the body was duly interred there.

Conway's brother in Dunedin, however, knowing the history of the woman, suspected foul play, and set the Sydney police to work, with the result that orders were given to exhume the body. A quantity of strychnine was found in the viera by the Government analyst, and Mrs. Smith was arrested.

A strange story was told at the coroner's enquiry which followed. Mrs. Smith, in the course of the voyage, had been seen by the stewards and passengers frequently talking to Conway, who said that she was his wife.

On the night of February 19 Mrs. Smith purchased a bottle of stout, poured out a tumblerful, went to see Conway, and, after a little chat, gave him the drink, and then left. Half an hour later, in the middle of a "sing-song" on deck, Conway threw up his arms and fell on the deck in agony. Within an hour he was dead.

By the veriest chance the captain, as the vessel was due in Sydney the next day, decided to take the body ashore. Had he been two or three days from land the mystery of Conway's death would never have been unsealed.

A chemist from Christchurch and his assistant deposed to having sold strychinine to Mrs. Smith, and the hotelkeeper in whose house Patrick Conway was drugged also gave evidence.

Conway had some £300 as well as a considerable quantity of jewellery and other valuables when he sailed for Sydney. After his death nothing was found among his effects but a pipe and a few shillings.

A verdict of "willful murder" was returned against Jane Smith, and she was subsequently committed for trial.

Oldest Family in Great Britain.

F. L. O'Brien, of Dublin, in speaking of the antiquity of some of the Irish families, told the following story:

"There lives in the North of Ireland," said Mr. O'Brien, "a family named O'Neill. Their greatest claim to prominence lies in the fact that they are the oldest family in the United Kingdom. When Plantagenet, Tudor or Guelph was not, the O'Neill was. They ruled as kings before ever William looked with covetous eyes across the English Channel towards the white cliffs of Albion. This long line of descent has bred in the family a reverence for their ancestry that approaches idolatry. The mainspring of their life and action, the pride of their being, is that a long line of dead and long since forgotten O'Neills carry them back in the direct line to the Dark Ages. As may be imagined, their family tree is colossal in its proportions. It has a length of something like eighteen or nineteen feet, and when it is unrolled at the castle a holy hush falls over all. To a visitor there some years ago was, in due course of time and as a special mark of favor, shown this marvelous pedigree. Stretched on the enormous billiard table, it lapped three feet at either end. The visitor's eye ran back over that lengthy line of O'Neills, long since turned to dust, and wondered why they took so insane a pride in their descent. Just then he became conscious that that thought had occurred to other aliens, who had before times seen the O'Neill family tree. A penciled note in the margin, about halfway down the tree, caught his eye. It read: 'Just here came Adam.'"

THE LOVE LETTERS

Of an Englishwoman as Read in the Divorce Courts.

HIGH AND LOW SOCIETY.

An Earl's Daughter and the Wife of a Fish Dealer Proven Adulteresses—Their Amorous Letters in Reynold's Newspaper to Hand. This Story Shows the Means Resorted to by the Different Classes.

In the divorce court, Sir F. Jeune and a special jury had before them the case of Beauchamp v. Beauchamp and Watt. It was a petition presented by the husband, Sir Reginald Procter Beauchamp, of Langley Park, Norwich, praying for the dissolution of his marriage with his wife, Lady Violet Beauchamp, on the ground of misconduct with the co-respondent, Mr. Hugh Watt.

Mr. Lawson Walton, in opening the case, said the parties were married in June, 1880, the wife being the daughter of the Earl of Roden, the mother of the respondent, the Countess of Roden, being still alive. The co-respondent was a gentleman well known in the financial world and had for a time sat in Parliament from one of the divisions of Glasgow. After the marriage the parties lived at Langley Park and other places, also in London. There were two daughters, the issue of the marriage. After a time they traveled together and on occasions Sir Reginald himself went abroad. Lady Violet resided with her father and mother and after his decease she lived at times with her mother alone. From 1880 until last year they lived together without any rupture between them. Unfortunately in last year respondent had fallen under the influence of the co-respondent. In the early part of the summer of 1890 Sir Reginald returned from South Africa and found his wife, who was then staying with her mother. He visited with her in the ordinary way of society during the London season until Sir Reginald received a letter.

PETITIONER AND HIS WIFE.

In consequence of the letter the petitioner wrote to Lady Violet as follows:

"My Dear Wife: I have had no letter from you this morning. I hope to hear your version of Mrs. Watt's story. Unless she is lying, your conduct is most reprehensible for a woman of your age, who ought to know better. No wonder that your conduct is such that nice people give you the cold shoulder."

In consequence of that letter Sir Reginald was surprised to receive a communication from Lady Violet's solicitors, dated June 20, 1900, which referred to several letters which Sir Reginald had written to his wife, making accusations against her of a groundless character. It stated that Lady Violet's health had suffered very much, and that she thought she could not continue to live with him, and that she was anxious for a separation. If that was not done Lady Violet would seek judicial separataon. This, said the learned counsel, was a suggestion that the lady should have a separate establishment. At that date it never occurred to Sir Reginald that the suggestion was dictated by the wish on the part of that lady to carry on an intrigue with another man. Sir Reginald eventually obtained a retraction of the charges against him, which he accepted as satislactory. In the course of the autumn Lady Violet visited Langley Park and during the time she was there wrote three letters to Sir Reginald couched in most affectionate terms. On December 3, however, without any intimation whatever, she left home. She gave no explanation to Sir Reginald of her conduct, and the motives which led her to leave might have been a matter of speculation if she had not given the reason in a letter which got into the hands of Mrs. Watt.

AN INTERCEPTED LETTER.

It was addressed to the co-respondent and was as follows:

"I have been thinking of you all this evening. I love you intensely and do feel it so, having tonight parted with you for a little time, and not to be with you is unbearable. I hope the time will not be long before we are always together. I will do all I can to make everything happy for you and easy for you. . . . I thank you a thousand times for your generosity. Remember, I am ready any time you want me. The times I have spent with you have been the happiest I have ever spent in my life. It is a privilege existing with you, as all you say is so interesting. Do, darling, take care of yourself, as I shall never be quite happy till you are quite away from that creature. I look upon her as the real devil and criminal in human form. We must make the most of the future and to be with you is happiness. I will do all you wish, even to being your slave."

That letter, said counsel, was the letter of an infatuated woman. After leaving Langley Park the lady's movements were a mystery for some time. It was then found that she had been living with the co-respondent, first in London, and then at Brighton and other places. It could also be seen that the motive for respondent leaving her husband was to unite her life with that of the co-respondent, and live with him. There was a suggestion that the petitioner had been a cruel and inconsiderate husband, but, as a matter of fact, he had acted in a way that completely falsified that accusation. He wrote a letter giving her the opportunity to return to her home, to resume her position in his household, and to once more take charge of her two daughters.

The defense set up by Lady Violet Beauchamp was not in her own interest, but with a view to shelter the co-respondent. This lady had covered herself with shameless admissions in order that when they came to deal with the question of damages against the co-respondent counsel might be able to say that she was a worthless wife, that her loss was of no importance, and that Sir Reginald was entitled to no compensation because the deprivation of her society could be no disadvantage to him.

William Henry Waudby, a fish dealer, of York, sought a divorce on Thursday by reason of the alleged adultery of his wife with the co-respondent, William Bowland, foreman bricklayer. Answers were filed denying the charge, and the respondent alleged cruelty and adultery on the part of her husband which he denied.

Mr. Bargrave Deane, K. C., appeared for the petitioner, Mr. Barnard for the respondent, and Mr. Glazebrook for the co-respondent.

The marriage took place in 1888. In 1899 Mr. Waudby was having some alterations made at his business, in regard to which his wife used to assist, and the co respondent came to work there. Having his suspicions aroused, Mr. Waudby had a watch set on his wife's movements and she was found to be frequently in the society of the co-respondent. On one occasion petitioner found in his wife's pocket two letters. He could not read but he was suspicious of them, as they contained a number of crosses, and when next he had a shave the barber read them to him. They were from the co-respondent to his wife. The first commenced: "My own deareat Chick," and referred to her as "My only joy in life." The P. S. was as follows: "Very best love little chick.—Your own Will." (Five crosses.) The second letter ran: "My own dearest—Oh, love, you have cheered me today. You touched me, love, as you passed when I saw you with your mother. I watched your pretty form. God bless you, love. Oh, my love, my love, how can I live without you? I feel so happy seeing you. I got two good looks at you and a side look—(laughter)—as you moved to show your mother something across the street. I hope for a few words tonight. With best love."

The co-respondent said that he had been on intimate terms of friendship with Mr. and Mrs. Waudby. He denied that he had ever misconducted himself with the respondent. Asked why he wrote the letters to her, he said that he had lost his head a bit and gave them to her as he passed her in the street.

Cross-examined: What was in your mind when you expressed this intense love for her? I was just feeling my way a little bit; that I acknowledge.

Had you a strong affection for her? I pitied her.

Had you a strong affection? Well, that is putting it rather strong. I was only a novice on the job. (Laughter.) I did not wish to commit adultery; I had not sunk so low as that.

Did you admire her pretty form? Yes.

Did you feel that you "could not ve without her? I did then.

CENTURY OLD AND WORKING.

Wonders What Will Happen to Him When He Gets Old.

The new superintendent of streets at Calais, Me., has just reappointed Patrick Meyers, who will be 105 years old next June, to his old place as custodian of the city sidewalks, a post which he has held for 37 consecutive years. In 1864, when substitutes were getting from $800 to $1,000 to go to the war, and national and state bounties made the total sum up to $1,500 to $1,800, Meyers enlisted, and having passed a successful examination as to his physical abilities, was rejected on account of his age, being 68 years old at that time. "It was discouraging to me," said Meyers, in speaking of the matter last week. "I was a poor man, and the bounty money would have bought me a fine home, which I should have enjoyed after serving out my time in the army. I felt so bad that I didn't care to do any kind of work for nearly a year. I knew I was as strong and healthy as I ever was, and age doesn't count to men built the way I was. After a time I secured a job for the city to work on the streets. When I had been digging sewer ditches and shoveling dirt for ten years they put me in charge of the sidewalks, where I have been for a long time. My work is not hard, but it keeps me busy. I earn my money and intend to stick to the work as long as they will have me." The old man lives in a small house, which he has bought and paid for out of his earnings at $1.50 a day. His widowed daughter acts as housekeeper for him. Report says he has a tidy sum in the local savings bank. His body is bent from hard work and he limps at times when the rheumatism gets into his legs, but his general health is still good. He eats his three meals a day and sleeps ten hours every night. He has smoked two 10-cent plugs of tobacco a week for the past 94 years, never any more nor any less. Years ago he took a glass of whiskey when he felt that he needed it, but was never addicted to the habit. Since he has passed his hundredth birthday he has frequently regretted that he was not permitted to enter the army. "If I had served a year or two," said he, "I could get a pension to help me out when I grow old and unable to work Lots of men younger than I am who were in the army and never received a scratch are drawing as much as $12 a month, I am told."

Tamed an Ant.

The Rev. Father Wasman is a German Jesuit priest who takes a great interest in insects of every sort, and is recognized as an authority on their habits. He keeps many tribes of ants in artificial nests. To these is connected a feeding tube ending in a glass bulb closed by a cork. He noticed an ant that came into this tube regularly. It was easy to recognize it. The tiny creature licked up the honey or sugar in the bulb, then gathered up a supply which it took back and shared with its companions. The Rev. Father Wasman then approached the ant with the point of a needle dipped in honey. The ant at first shrank back as if frightened, then gradually drew nearer, feeling about with its antennas until it reached the needle and licked off the honey. Later it would come and take the honey from the tip of his finger. Wasman succeeded in taming the insect so completely that at last it quitted the bulb immediately the cork was removed, came in quest of the honey on his finger, and, after it had enjoyed its feast, without any attempt at flight, allowed itself to be lifted on a bristle and carried back to the nest.

Was Lord Macauley Inspired!

Forty-seven years ago Macauley, the historian, wrote of America:

"Your republic will be pillaged and ravaged in the 20th century just as the Roman empire was by the barbarians of the 5th century, with the difference that the devastors of the Roman empire, the Huns and Vandals came from abroad, while your barbarians will be natives of your own country, and products of your institutions.

"A day will come in the State of New York when the multitude between half a breakfast and the hope of a dinner will elect your legislators. Is it possible to have any doubt as to the kind of legislators that would be elected?

"You will be obliged to do these things which render prosperity impossible. Then some Cesear or some Napoleon will take the reins of government in hand."

Whistling Frowned Upon.

Whistling in Iceland is considered as much of a sin as profanity. There are some parts of the world where the same offense is considered worthy of fine and imprisonment, but there are no laws to prevent it.

Merchant—Didn't you call on Owens to day?

Collector—Yes, sir.

Merchant—Did he pay anything on account?

Collector—No, sir. I couldn't even get him to pay any attention to me.—Chicago News

BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD.

Schedule in effect November 25, 1900.

Leave Washington from station corner of New Jersey avenue and C street.

Chicago and Northwest, 10:50 a. m., *8:05 p. m.

Cincinnati, St. Louis, and Indianapolis, *10:05 a. m., *3:45 p. m., *1:10 night.

Pittsburg and Cleveland, *10:50 a. m., *8:30 p. m., and *1:00 night.

Columbus and Wheeling, *8:05 p. m.

Winchester, †8:35 a. m., †3:45 and †5:30 p. m.

Luray, †3:45 p. m.

Annapolis, †7:10, **8:30, †8:35, †12:15, **4:35 and †5:30 p. m.

Frederick, †8:35, *9:00, †10:50 a. m., **1:15, †4:30, †5:30 p. m.

Hagerstown, †10:05 a. m. and †5:30 p. m.

Boyd and way points, †8:35, **9:00 a. m., **1:15, †4:30, †5:30, *7:05 p. m.

Gaithersburg and way points, †8:35, **9:00 a. m., †12:50, **1:15, †3:00, †4:30, *5:30, 7:05, **10:15, †11:25 p. m.

Washington Junction and way points, †8:35, **9:00 a. m., **1:15, †4:30, †5:30 p. m.

Baltimore, week days, x2:35, 5:00, 6:30, x7:05, x7:10, x8:30, 8:35, x9:30, x10:00 a. m., x12:10 m., 12:15, x1:10, x3:00, x4:00, x4:30, x4:35, x5:05, x5:10, x5:30, x6:20, 6:30, x8:00, x10:00, x11:30, 11:35 p. m. Sundays, x2:25, x7:07, x7:10, 8:30, x9:00 a. m., x12:10, x1:10 1:15, x3:00, x3:30, 4:35, x5:05, x5:10, 6:30, x8:00, x10:00, x11:30, x11:35 p. m.

ROYAL BLUE LINE.

All trains illuminated with Pintsch light.

Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and the East, *2:35, *7:05 (Diner), †8:30 (Buffet), **9:00 (Diner), †10:00 (Diner) a. m., *12:10 (Diner), *1:10 (Diner), *3:00 ("Royal Limited," Diner), *4:00 (Buffet), *5:05 (Diner), *8:00 and *11:30 p. m. (Sleeping Car open at 10:00 o'clock.)

Parlor Cars on all day trains.

Atlantic City, †10:00 a. m., †12:10 noon, and †1:10 and †3:00 p. m.

*Daily. †Except Sunday. **Sunday only. xExpress trains.

Baggage called for and checked from hotels and residences by Union Transfer Company on orders left at ticket offices, 619 Pennsylvania avenue northwest, New York avenue and Fifteenth street, and at depot. Telephone ticket offices for B. & O. Electric Automobile Cabs.

F. D. UNDERWOOD, 2d Vice President and Gen. Mgr.

D. B. MARTIN, Mgr. Pass. Traffic.

C&O ROUTE CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO RAILROAD

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Schedule in effect April 12, 1901.

3 p. m. Daily—Cincinnati and St. Louis Special. Solid train for Cincinnati. Pullman Sleepers to Cincinnati, Lexington, Louisville, Indianapolis and St. Louis without change. Observation Parlor Car Washington to Virginia Hot Springs daily except Sunday. Parlor Cars Cincinnati to Chicago.

11.10 p. m. Daily—F. F. V. Limited—Solid Train for Cincinnati. Pullman Sleepers to Cincinnati, Lexington, and Louisville without change. Connection for Virginia Hot Springs daily. Pullman compartment car to Virginia Hot Springs daily except Sunday. Sleepers Cincinnati to Chicago and St. Louis.

11.41 a. m. Daily Except Sunday—For Newport News, Norfolk, and Old Point Comfort, via Penn. R. R., R. F. and P. and Richmond.

3 p. m. Daily—For Gordonsville, Charlottsville, Staunton daily, and for Richmond daily except Sunday.

Reservation and tickets at Chesapeake and Ohio office, 513 Pennsylvania Ave.; 609 Fourteenth street, near F, and at the station. Telephone call 1441 for Pennsylvania Railroad Cab service.

H. W. FULLER, General Passenger Agent.

Telephone 1066.

Norfolk and Western Railway.

SCHEDULE IN EFFECT January 27, 1901.

Leave Washington, P. R. R. Station, 6th and B streets.

8:01 a. m.—Daily—All points on Norfolk and Western; also Knoxville, Chattanooga, and Memphis.

10:01 p. m.—Daily—Roanoke, Bristol, Winston-Salem, Knoxville, Chattanooga, Nashville, Memphis, New Orleans. Through sleepers. Cafe cars.

For Norfolk—Leave Washington 4:30 a. m. daily, 11:41 a. m. except Sunday, 3:12 p. m. daily. Arrive Norfolk 11:20 a. m., 5:35 p. m., 10:40 p. m.

From B. & O. Station—3:45 p. m. daily except Sunday—Luray, Shenandoah. Trains from the Southwest arrive Pennsylvania passenger station 6:52 a. m. and 8:50 p. m.

All information at 1229 Pennsylvania avenue.

Seaboard Air Line Railway.

"FLORIDA AND WEST INDIA SHORT LINE." LEAVE WASHINGTON, PENNA. R. R. STATION

8:35 A. M. daily. Florida and Atlanta Fast Mail for Petersburg, Raleigh, Southern Pines, Pinehurst, Camden, Columbia, Savannah, Jacksonville, Tallahassee, and Tampa, Charlotte, Atheus, Atlanta, New Orleans, and points West. Through sleeping cars to Jacksonville and Hamlet to Atlanta.

6:55 P. M. daily, Florida and Metropolitan Limited—Drawing Room, Compartment, Observation and Dining Cars—for Raleigh, Southern Pines, Pinehurst, Camden, Columbia, Savannah, Jacksonville, and St. Augustine. Sleeping Car Jacksonville to Tampa.

6:55 P. M. daily, Florida and Metropolitan Limited for Charlotte, Athens, Atlanta, Chattanooga, Nashville, New Orleans, and points Southwest. Through sleeping cars to Atlanta. For further information apply to W. M. McCONNELL, General Agent, 1434 New York Ave.

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