SAYS HUSBAND IS SPENDTHRIFT

MARY AGNES DE BALAINE GETS A DIVORCE

Woman Who Maried Titled Foreigner Charges Man With Wasting Her Fortune and His Own and Then Deserting Her

Married to a titled foreigner, who posed as a man of means, only to find that she had secured a spendthrift with a passion for fine horses and fast company, Mrs. Mary Agnes De Balaine of New York yesterday brought suit for divorce from Jacques Edward des Rosier Durup de Balaine before Judge Trask in department four of the superior court and the divorce was granted.

"We were married in Paris in 1879," said Mrs. de Balaine yesterday. "In 1893 I found that I could no longer live with my husband. He had spent all his own money and most of mine on race horses and Parisian women and so I left him and returned to New York with my two children.

"He followed me there a month later and we lived together again on money furnished by my family. I finally told him that we could impose on my family no longer. I did it because I knew that he was sending some of the money to a woman in France.

"He said he would get some money from his people, but when it arrived, he took it all and went away.

"I came to Los Angeles a few years ago and have been living here ever since. My children have corresponded with their father on several occasions, but he has never written to me."

This testimony was corroborated by several other witnesses.

A WOMAN AND A SNAKE

She Held Its Head With a Forked Stick While Her Guide Shot It

Miss Francis Day, the executive officer of the New Jersey stat board of children's guardians, returned to her desk in Jersey City yesterday from a two-weeks' vacation in Pike county, Penn., with a big rattlesnake as a trophy.

"They tell me there," she said, "that I'm the only woman who ever killed a rattler in Pike county."

Miss Day had heard so many stories about the Pike county snakes that she decided, when she started for Dingman ferry, that her vacation would be poorly spent unless she had an adventure with one of them, and the first thing she did on reaching there was to find a guide who could take her to a snake lair. A week ago yesterday, with the guide by her side and a long forked stick for a weapon, she ventured forth on the hunt.

At a moment when she least expected it, there was a hiss at her feet.

"Jump!" cried the guide, and as she sprang from the path she saw a rattler coiling just where she had stood. Cautiously she approached, while the guide kept his pistol aimed at the reptile's head. As it darted toward her she plunged the forked stick downward and pinned its head to the earth between the prongs. It only needed a shot from the guide's revolver to end the career of the rattler. The snake hide, stuffed, is to decorate a little corner of her office.

States With Many Counties

The Georgia legislature, which recently adjourned after a long session, made a further addition to the number of counties in the Cracker state, bringing up the whole number from 137 to 145.

New York, with its great population, is able to get along with 61 counties, while California, more than double the size of Georgia, gets along with 57.

What political nectssity there can be for 145 independent counties in Georgia, each with a separate government, organization and expense, is a problem, but perhaps the reason is the same which has added to the number of counties in Texas until there are now 246. In one of them at the presidential election of last year only 22 votes were cast, in another 120, in another 180 and in a fourth 60. The propensity to create counties in the south and southwest has always been marked. There are 76 counties in Mississippi, 119 in Kentucky, 75 in Arkansas, 45 in Florida and 96 in Tennessee.—New York Sun.

Webster as a Kelp Gatherer

It did not take Webster long to discover the value of kelp or seaweed as a fertilizer. He carted tons of it upon his exhausted land. In addition, he manured his land heavily; he even spread menhaden on some portions of the farm. He was, in fine, a scientific farmer who was constantly experimenting with soil, fertilizers and the succession of crops. He wrote to his overseer frequently from Washington, planning the care of the soil and the crops, discussing the best treatment for different portions of the farm in the light of past experience. For example, in one letter he said: "We have made some mistakes, but must hope to grow wiser. Ntver again sow small grains on long manure. Put that down as one maxim."—Oliver Bronson Capen in Country Life in America.

Something For the Universities

"A university," says E. S. Martin in his 'Current Reflections' in the September Appleton's Booklovers magazine, "is a microcosm in which many of the incidents of life in the outer world can be inspected almost as conveniently as human nature can be studied in a cage of monkeys."

Classic shades of Cambridge! Old elms of New Haven! Safe deposit vaults of Chicago! Call them microcosms, if you must, for many of them will not know what it means, but to compare the crowd of undergraduates about to electrify the world to a cage of monkeys! Words fail.

The gist of Mr. Martin's reflections is that the rich tend to room and chum together in college as elsewhere, and he points out that this is an unavoidable act.

AS A PALE CHILD

As a pale child, hemmed in by windy rain,
Patiently turns to touch his well known toys,
Playing as children play who make no noise,
Yet happy in a way; then sighs again,
To watch the world across the storm-dim pane,
And sees with wistful eyes glad girls and boys
Who romp beneath the rain's unlicensed joys,
And feels wild longings sweep his gentle brain.

So I, contented with my flowers for stars,
Stroll in my fair, walled garden happily,
Knowing no gladder game till, shrill and sweet,
I hear life's cry ring down the silent street,
And press my face against the sunlit bars
To watch the joyous spirits who are free.

—Helen Hay Whitney.

FRANZ-JOSEF, EMPEROR

He Is the "Grand Old Man" Among the Monarchs of the World

Quite apart from the foolish praise lavished upon monarchs for their slightest acts, the Kaiser Franz Josef, emperor of Austria and king of Hungary, ruler of a dozen states and twenty peoples speaking as many languages, is one of the most remarkable figures in the civilized world today, by reason of his great age, his severe and simple life, the tragedies of his family, and, above all, the wonderful way he holds together the warring factions within his empire.

No other prince of the Hapsburg house ever enjoyed such universal respect and reverence, and whoever has occasion to approach this "Grand Old Man" among the monarchs of the world, is filled with enthusiasm for his charm of manner, his democratic approachableness, his amazing frankness and his sterling sense of justice.

This aged man, now nearly 75, works ten hours a day and more at state and military affairs, often contenting himself with a "quick lunch" brought to him at the desk in his study. Franz Josef today remains the same early riser he was in the days of his youth, and summer and winter rises from his little iron bedstead at the early hour of half past 4. His toilet—bathing, shaving and dressing—never takes him longer than half an hour; and as the emperor does not care for civilian dress, he usually dons the uniform of a colonel of one of his own regiments. On his frequent shooting expeditions, however, he wears the coarse dress of Alpine Austria; and in his study he appears in a short military cloak, with a peakless soldier's cap.

Every act of this remarkable old man's life is conducted with military precision. On the very stroke of 5, his breakfast—a cup of coffee, some cold meat, and rolls—is brought him, before 6 he is in his study.

A casual glance might lead one to think this was a cozy sitting room, with its dainty pictures, framed photographs and charming furniture; but the big writing table in the window, the bookshelves and the litter of newspaper cuttings on tables, chairs and floor reveal the room's true purpose.

Just above the emperor's writing table hangs a portrait of his late consort, the Empress Elizabeth, who was stabbed to the heart with a file by a maniac anarchist in Geneva a few years ago. Alas! this is but one of the many dark tragedies that have overshadowed the unfortunate house of Hapsburg. In this study the emperor works uninterruptedly until noon. Bulky packets of papers and ministerial reports are read to him; and so carefully does he go through this work that he frequently pounces upon contradictions between clauses which have entirely escaped those who have drafted the bill.—Pearson's Magazine.

COST OF LIVING IN FRANCE

Prices Are High, but the Nation Is Economical

The cost of living abroad, especially in France, is a subject upon which wide variance exists. There is no doubt that the English, on the average, have one-third more to spend than the French, and, all things being equal, more money is earned in England than in France. Further, the cost of life in England is far less than it is in France. The contrary was true in former days, but now the high tariff in France and free trade in England have produced their results.

Butter in France costs 30 to 60 cents a pound. Swiss cheese 25 to 30 cents a pound, and fowls 30 to 50 cents each. Milk is 10 cents a quart, bread 4 cents a pound and meat 30 to 50 cents a pound. Fruits, which are grown abundantly in France, cost twice as much as they do in England; bananas and oranges, which Algiers exports by millanas, cost 4 cents each; coffee is 50 to 60 cents a pound, tea as much as $1.40 to $1.80 a pound, and sugar 10 to 12 cents a pound. Coal in Paris is worth $14 a ton, and in many houses heat is a great rarity. In London two boxes of matches are given for one cent, but in France each box costs two cents, and the matches are bad. Drugs are almost prohibitively expensive.

M. de Foville presents the balance sheet of four average families. The first family, with an income of $2000 a year, represents a Parisian household—father, mother, two children, attending school, and a servant. The second family, with an income of $1600, represents a provincial household consisting of a father, mother, a small child and no servant. And the last is that of a workman's family at Rheims, consisting of father, mother, two children, five and ten years of age, the family disposing of a purse of $415 a year. The first family expends 1744 of its income for actual living expenses, and has a balance of $256 for pleasures, doctors and so forth; the second family expends $1250, and has $350 left; the third, $667, and has a balance of $95. In the case of the third family the food consists of coffee, bread and butter for breakfast; at midday, meat, vegetables and dessert; at 4 o'clock the mother and child have chocolate and bread, and at 6 o'clock there is a dinner of soup, vegetables and dessert. This is certainly an excellent showing for the money at the disposal of the housekeeper.

M. de Foville puts his finger on the cause of this successful housekeeping when he says that it lies in the innate inclination, one might say the passion, for economy. With a few francs the little Parisian, who may be hungry many days during the year, is able to make herself a hat and frock which many of the wealthy women might well envy. And it is with the table as it is with the toilet. The art of utilizing the rmenants is an art essentially French, whether the subject be ribbons or ragouts. The spirit of economy is as common in our country as it is rare in England. Fathers and mothers in France consider themselves the debtors of their children, and even the bachelors think they should have something behind.

Inclined to Accommodate

An Englishman was relating a story of a fish he had landed whose alleged measurements were such that every one present smiled, though none ventured to express doubt as to the truth of the account. The Scot, in his turn, related a yarn. He had, he averred, once caught a fish that he had been unable to pull in alone, managing to land it at last only with the aid of two friends. "It was a skate, and four or five feet long," declared the Scot, in the solemnest of tones. Silence followed this extraordinary statement, during which the Briton offended, left the table. The host followed. After returning, he said to the Scotchman: "Sir, you have insulted my friend. You must apologize."

"I didna insult him," said the Scot.

"Yes you did," indignantly responded the host, "with that confounded story of a skate four or five feet long."

"Weel," finally said the offender, slowly, and with the air of one making a great concession, "tell him if he will take a few feet o ffhis fish I will see what I can do with mine."—Harper's Weekly.

COLD MEAT RECIPES

Stuffed Veal

For this dish make a stuffing of butter minced fine, an equal quantity of bread crumbs, a tablespoonful of grated lemon peel, a tablespoonful of sweet marjoram, a grated nutmeg, a little salt and pepper and a sprig of parsley chopped fine. Mix all these with the yolk of an egg. Make deep incisions all over the veal, and fill them with the stuffing, putting in each hole about an inch of bacon cut thin. Put a little salt and water in the pan and baste the meat with it; afterward baste with its own gravy. Half an hour before it is done dredge with flour and baste with melted butter. A fillet will require four hours' cooking.

THE BLESSED DAMSEL IN CAMP

My Blessed Girl came up one day to
my hemlock-scented heaven.
It jarred her nerves, she said, to see
my dishes so uneven.
She started out to fix things up, and
the schemes she had were seven.

I called My Blessed Girl to see the
lovely mountain view
Where golden sunsets glimmer and
where the sky is blue.
"I'd stay and wash the dishes," she
said, "if I were you."

I thought perhaps that I might see her
in some bosky dell,
Or by some mountain spring, as stood
Rebecca at the well;
Instead I heard her ask a man if he had
eggs to sell.

I like to have my guns and rods all
scattered on the floor;
I like to sit for half a day beside my
open door.
She said, "Well, goodness gracious!
Please don't do that any more;

"It lets in flies." Then I replied, "I
know what I'm about;
I catch them in a tumbler—they're just
what I want for trout."
"The tumblers look the part," she said;
you never wash them out."

I love the lonely mountain and I love
the leafy glade;
I love to lure the lurksome trout that's
hiding in the shade;
But I don't love those true remarks the
Blessed Damsel made.

She only stayed a day, although it
seemd more like a year,
So filled it was with happiness, or
something very near.
Still, when she went I think perhaps I
shed an almost tear.

—New York World.

THE ROAD

There is no new pathway that is not
rough,
Yet who would walk in a well-worn
way?
The warden of life is aged and gruff,
But nevertheless ne is guard today.

What would you do? Would you stop to
rest
Or argue the question of go or stay?
Better pass on in an untried quest
Than beg for a crust in a well-worn
way.

Stumble you will, in the tangled turn,
Where the vines have grown and the
sweet brier spread;
But the fountain you find and the lessons you learn.
Will be newer and dearer than those
oft read.

Then smile at the warden and pay his
fee,
For Life has demands that are somewhat bold;
He has weighed the soul of a you and
me,
And he knows our strength when he
points the road.

—Laura Kelsey Clendening.

JUSTIFIED

Up from the cellar at the break of day
He crawled, with many pauses by the
way!

His hands were black, and grimy was
his face;
His coat was smudged, his trousers a
disgrace.

In such a state, see our old friend McSosh
In search of water (merely for a
wash).

"Where have you been all night, you
reprobate?
How dare you come to me in such a
state?

"Don't speak to me! Don't say a word!
Well, come,
Why don't you answer, blockhead—are
you dumb?"

Contrast her fury, her accusing cry,
With the calm dignity of his reply:
"You wrong me, dear—you do, upon m'
soul—
I've just been layin' in my winter's
coal!"

—From the Cleveland Leader.

RONDEAU

I'll not forget that fair and sunny
day—
The fatal morning when I went away,
And she stood at the door and, with
a sigh,
Embraced me, and then waved a last
good-bye.
Her said forebodings I could not allay.

She sighed and I, so debonair and gay
Smiled as she cried: "Do not forget, I
pray."
The summer breeze bore to her my
reply:
"I'll not forget!"

But, after all, I find, to my dismay,
I have forgot. Poor manly, mortal
clay!
And she will naturally wonder why
I did not mail it. I shall have to lie.
O, how, with such assurance, could I
say,
"I'll not forget?"

—Chicago News.

ADVICE

"Let's see your tongue," the doctor
said,
"You feel run down, I see;
Just sleep eight hours of every day—
Ten dollars is my fee."

"You may be right," the lawyer said,
"But juries disagree;
You'd better settle out of court—
A hundred is my fee."

"Would you be good," the preacher
said,
With pious zeal elate,
"Just love your neighbor as yourself"—
And then he passed the plate.

And thus is human nature made,
For in these cases three,
Jones gladly paid for good advice
He would have scorned if free.

—McLandburgh Wilson.

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—McLandburg Wilson in New York Times.

Col. A. W. Hamilton, presiding judge at Harlem park, Chicago, and Ascot park, Los Angeles, left Cincinnati last night, returning home for a short visit before starting for Southern California. His mission in these parts was to confer with Gene Elrod regarding the management of the ring at Ascot park for the winter racing.—Chicago Daily Journal

Raw tobacco has no desirable smoking qualities. It's the "making-ready" processes of curing and fermenting that produce the fragrant aroma of a good cigar.

"RECRUIT"

CIGAR—5c.

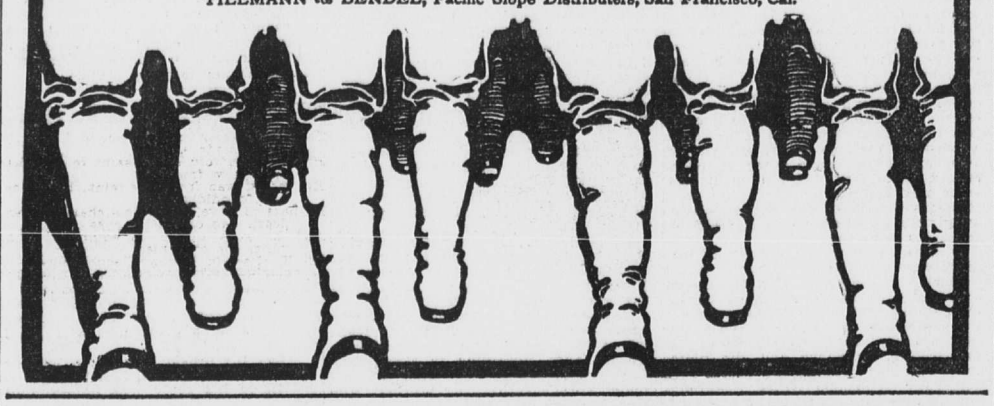
"Fit for Any Company"

is made of choicest selected leaf, thoroughly cured to a mellow ripeness and fermented for two years to bring its fragrance to full maturity. Absolutely uniform smoking quality is secured by a new process of scientific *blending* during this two-year fermentation—and it's very different from the cigar-maker's usual guess-work *mixing*.

These refining processes are exclusive features of the American Cigar Company's plant-to-purchaser organization—no other manufacturer even *attempts* them.

"Recruits" are stationed wherever good cigars are sold

TILLMANN & BENDEL, Pacific Slope Distributers, San Francisco, Cal.



Brents 530-532-534 South Spring Street

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Brent's Removal Sale

$20.00 toilet table; French legs; large drawer; handsome mirror; comes in mahogany and birdseye maple.

This is just the opportunity for which you have been waiting to get GOOD furniture at a reasonable price. Don't hesitate, but take advantage of this great Removal Sale and it will profit you. You know this stock must be disposed of before we move, hence the great bargains; come and see for yourself.

$25.00 solid quartered oak hall tree; handsome designs; pretty French plate mirror; polished,

$16.00 25 Per Cent Off—All Must Go. **$16.50**

We shall allow a straight discount of 25 per cent from our original low prices on all the following classes of merchandise. This goes into effect tomorrow.

Draperies, Lace Curtains, Dinner Sets, Blankets, Graniteware, Screens, Glassware, Lamps

$65.00 Parlor Sets $31.00

$65.00 5-piece Parlor Set, oak and imitation mahogany frames, upholstered in verona, spring seats, $31.00.

$9.00 Parlor Tables $5.00

$9.00 Parlor Table, 24-inch top, pretty shaped legs, oak, mahogany and veneered mahogany, $5.00.

$15.00 Comfortable Couch $12.75

$15.00 handsome Couch, upholstered in one-piece pattern verona; plain top; best springs, $12.75.

Folding Beds

The demand for folding beds is steadily increasing. Here's a chance to buy any of the most approved styles at big reductions.

$30.00 handsome Chiffonier Folding Bed, ornamented oak panel front, handsome French plate mirror..... **$22.00**

$32.50 solid oak Chiffonier Folding Bed, full closed ends, best springs, French plate mirror..... **$25.00**

$60.00 handsome solid quartered oak Folding Bed, French plate mirror, best springs..... **$47.50**

$50.00 handsome quartered oak Folding Bed, panel front, 2 mirrors, best springs..... **$35.00**

Other Folding Beds, $12.50, $15.00, $16.50, $17.50, $18.50 and up.

$19.00 Morris Chairs $13.50

$19.00 handsome quartered oak Morris chairs, veneered seats and backs, adjustable back, $13.50.

$5.50 Big Arm Rockers $3.00

$5.50 comfortable large arm rocker, saddle or cobbler seat, comes in golden oak or imitation mahogany, imperial finish, $3.00.

$5.00 Big Oak Rockers $2.50

$5.00 solid oak large arm rocker, cobbler seat, royal finish, $2.50.

Floor Coverings

There'll not be another such chance in the next ten years to duplicate these prices. Even when we move to our new store, although we will offer wonderful carpet bargains and carry an enormous stock of styles and makes, we doubt if we shall ever be able to equal these and other removal prices.

90c Brussels carpets, handsome patterns, good colors, made, laid and lined..... **67½c yd**

$1.25 genuine Axminster carpets, beautiful patterns and colors, made, laid and lined. **90c yd.**

$20.00 Brussels rugs, 8-3x10-6, a variety of colors and patterns..... **$12.75**

$22.00 Brussels rugs, 9x12, good patterns and colors..... **$15.75**

$18.00 imitation Smyrna rugs, handsome patterns, all colors, are reversible..... **$12.50**

For Business Purposes Only

The ear of the prettiest typewriter was at the telephone when the manager bustled into the office the other morning, and as the door of the box was ajar, he heard her message. It ran thus: "Come to me darling. Why do I love you so? We will part no more. Meet me beneath the apple tree." He marvelled at her carelessness in leaving the door open, and gasped at her audacity in introducing such love-sick sentiments into a business atmosphere. When she emerged, he confronted her. "Miss Tulip," he said, "that telephone was installed, at the expense of the firm, for business pusposes only, not for love-making." "Love-making?" replied the damsel, with forced dignity: "I don't quite understand what you mean. I was ordering the songs you said you wanted for your wife. Here they are." "I beg your pardon," replied the manager, with a face like a peony; "I didn't rtad the list. Oh, thank you."—The Pilgrim.

According to Dorothy

Detroit is a sweet little maid of two and a half. Her father never carries a cane, and when a caller came in with one one day she was observed standing before it rapt in contemplation.

"Well, Dorothy," said her mother, "what's that?"

Dorothy looked up with a puzzled expression. "Umbrella wivout any clothes on," said she.—Lippincott's Magazine.

Too Much Cornstarch

Little Johnnie doesn't like to be kissed, but sometimes he is compelled by some gushing friends of his mother to submit to the ordeal. The last time they called he went through the operation as gracefully as possible, but after their departure he remarked, vigorously rubbing the powder from his face meanwhile: "Mamma, I don't like to have them kiss me. It tastes just like kissing a marshmallow."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Our Family Trade

Is built upon the plan of giving a pure wine or liquor at moderate price—full measure and honest labels.

We carry a complete stock of the celebrated Sonoma Vineyard Wines of this State, as well as the imported goods.

Fine Old Claret or Riesling

Per Gal. 50c and Up

Old Bourbon and Rye $3 Per Gal. and Up

German-American Wine Co.

Free Samples 314 West Fifth Street No Bar

Tels.—Home 4388; Red 9921. Free delivery to all parts of the city.

Night Off

A professor of Harvard is much interested in epilepsy in its different forms. During a summer sojourn in the mountains he heard of a woman with epilepsy who had lived to the age of seventy-nine years. Curious to know the details of so unusual a case, he interviewed the widower. Having inquired concerning different symptoms, he proceeded:

"Did she grind her teeth much at night?"

The old man considered for a minute and then replied:

"Well, I dunno as she wore 'em at night."—The Pilgrim.

Pleasant Prospect

The following notice was tacked on the wall in the yestry of the Bethesda Methodist colored church in a southern city:

"There will be a picnic of this society in Green Grove next Friday, beginning at nine A. M. in the morning. Good behavior is requested from young and old, and nothing will be left undone which would ten to mar the pleasure of the company."—Lippincott's.

Force of Habit

Waiting on a street corner, giving precedence to a heavy red motor car that was lunging, puffing and trailing its odor past them, stood small Freddy with his hand thrust confidently into his father's. The license number on the rear caught the little fellow's attention and he said:

"Father, why do they always leave the pricemark on automobiles?"—Lippincott's Magazine.

—To Be—

Given Away

$900

—By The—

Los Angeles HERALD

To the Five Most Popular Salesladies Within the Next Ten Weeks From Oct. 9 to Dec. 23 Inclusive

The Prizes Will Be Decided by Ballot as Follows:

First Prize	To the Lady securing the largest number of votes—A Beautiful Grand Upright Kingsbury Piano, value $375.
Second Prize	To the Lady securing the next largest number of votes a pair of Genuine Diamond Earrings, value $225.
Third Prize	To the Lady securing the next largest number of votes a Genuine Diamond Ring, value $150.
Fourth Prize	To the Lady securing the next largest number of votes a Fine Tailor Made Suit, valued at $100.
Fifth Prize	To the Lady securing the next largest number of votes a Fine Tailor Made suit, valued at $50.

Every saleslady in Los Angeles is eligible to compete. Persons living outside of Los Angeles may vote for their favorite candidate, provided the contestant is a resident of this city, using for the purpose of voting the coupons obtained on subscriptions or those clipped from The Herald. Those who are already subscribers to this paper may secure votes in this contest by paying in advance as long as desired. Payments in arrears count the same as payments in advance.

Votes Will Be Issued As Follows:

1 Month	Subscription	Herald	65 Votes
3 Months	"	"	300 "
6 Months	"	"	800 "
1 Year's	"	"	1700 "

Besides the votes given on subscription there is a coupon in each issue of The Herald, which, when cut out, name filled in and brought or mailed to the Manager of Contest Department, care of The Herald, will count as one vote. These votes are good for one week, and must be polled before expiration of date printed on each ballot.

The Price of The Herald Is As Follows:

1 Month	65c
3 Months	$1.95
6 Months	$3.00
12 Months	$7.50

CONTEST

Opened Monday,

Oct. 9 at 8 a.m.

Closes Saturday,

December 23

(At Midnight)

Read full particulars of this contest on another page of this paper. Address all communications and subscriptions to the

Contest Department

Of the Los Angeles

HERALD