

OF A LIKENESS KEPT IN A BOOK.

Let thy likeness be  
In the book most opened,  
Thus with all dear thoughts  
Making itself common.  
Dearest face to me  
Of all the dear dead faces,  
The spiritual graces  
Of men and minds that were,  
Of faces bright and sparkling  
That still must somewhere shine,  
Even as here thou shinest  
In this face of mine.  
—Edwin R. Champin in New York Sun.

JUSTICE IN MONACO.

I wish I had leisure to speak at length of this astonishing state, smaller than a French village, but where one finds an absolute sovereign, bishops, an army of Jesuits and divinity students more numerous than that of the prince, an artillery the ordinance of which is almost rifled, an etiquette more elaborate than that of the late Louis XIV, principles of government more despotic than those of William of Prussia, and, in addition to all this, a magnificent toleration for the vices of humanity.

On the other hand, let us salute this virtuous peacefully disposed king, who, fearing neither invasions nor revolutions, rules tranquilly over his happy little people in the midst of a court ceremonial, in which is preserved intact the tradition of four reverences, 26 hand kisses and all the forms observed in a bygone era in the presence of great rulers.

This monarch, above everything, is neither bloodthirsty nor revengeful, and when he hushes—for he does hush—the sentence is carried out with infinite tact.

Is it necessary to produce proofs of this?

A pighended gambler, after a day of bad luck, insulted the sovereign. He was expelled from the country by royal decree.

For a month he roamed around the forbidden paradise, fearing the flaming sword of the archangel in the shape of a gendarme's saber. Finally he one day plucked up courage, crossed the frontier, gained in 30 seconds the heart of the country and entered the Casino. But suddenly an official stopped him.

"Were you not banished, monsieur?"  
"Certainly I was, but I am going back by the next train."  
"Oh, in that case it is all right. You can enter, monsieur."

And every week he returned, and on each occasion the same official put to him the same question, which he answered in the same fashion.

But a few years ago a serious and entirely novel case arose in the principal city.

A murder had been committed. A man, a native of Monaco, not one of the transient strangers of whom one meets legions, but a married man, in a moment of passion had killed his wife.

He had killed her without reason, without any extenuating circumstances. This opinion was unanimous throughout the whole principality.

The supreme court met to judge this exceptional case, for never before had murder been committed, and the wretch was condemned to death.

The outraged sovereign signed the death warrant.

It only remained to execute the criminal. But here a difficulty presented itself. The country possessed neither executioner nor guillotine.

What was to be done? On the advice of the foreign minister, the prince entered into negotiations with the French government to obtain the loan of a remover of heads and his apparatus.

Long deliberations in the ministerial office at Paris. Finally they replied and forwarded a minute of expenses for moving the guillotine and for the services of the expert. The total was 16,000 francs.

His majesty of Monaco thought that the affair was going to cost him pretty dear; the murderer assuredly was not worth so much money. Sixteen thousand francs for the neck of a rascal! The devil!

He then preferred the same request to the Italian government. A king, a brother in royalty, would doubtless not prove such a hard bargainer as a republic.

The Italian government sent a minute of expenses which amounted to 12,000 francs.

Twelve thousand francs! Why, it would be necessary to impose a new tax, a tax of 2 francs a head on the inhabitants. That would be enough to stir up unknown troubles in the state.

He contemplated decapitating the ruffian by an ordinary soldier. But the general, on being consulted, was doubtful whether any of his men had had sufficient sword practice to acquit themselves satisfactorily of a task demanding great experience in handling the weapon.

So the prince again convened the supreme court and submitted to them this embarrassing position of affairs.

The court sat a long time without discovering any practical solution. At last the president suggested commencing the death sentence into one of imprisonment for life, and the suggestion was adopted.

But they had no prison. It was necessary to improvise one. A jailer was also commissioned who took charge of the prisoner.

For six months everything went well. The convict slept all day on a mattress in his hut, and his guard did the same on a chair just inside the door facing the passersby.

But the prince is economical—it is his least fault—and requires the details of the smallest expenditures incurred throughout his dominions. Among these were placed before him the items of the disbursements relating to the creation of a new office, the maintenance of the prison, prisoner and jailer. The outlay on the last was a heavy drain on the royal purse.

His face lengthened visibly, and when he considered it might last forever, for the condemned man was still young, he insisted on his minister of justice taking measures to suppress this expense.

The minister held a consultation with the president of the tribunal, and the two agreed that the office of jailer might be abolished. The prisoner, required to guard himself all alone, would not fail to escape, and this would solve the question to the satisfaction of all.

The jailer was thereupon sent back to his family, and one of the under cooks of the palace was simply required to carry, morning and evening, food to the prisoner. But that gentleman made no attempt to recover his liberty.

One day indeed when they had failed to provide him with nourishment he coolly presented himself to claim it, and henceforth it was his custom, in order to save the cook a journey, to come at meal hours and eat with the servants of the palace, with whom he had become friendly.

After breakfast he would take a stroll as far as Monte Carlo. Occasionally he would enter the Casino and risk a few francs at play. When he won, he would treat himself to a good dinner at one of the leading hotels, then he would return to his prison and carefully lock the door from the inside.

He never slept out a single night. The situation was becoming difficult, not for the condemned man, but for his judges.

Once more the court assembled, and it was decided that they should invite the criminal to depart from the states of Monaco.

On this decision being communicated to him he merely replied:

"I perceive you are joking. Come, now. Why should I go away, I indeed? I have no means of living. I have no longer any family. What do you wish me to do? I was condemned to death. You didn't execute me. I said nothing. Then I was condemned to imprisonment for life and handed over to a jailer. You deprived me of my jailer. Still I said nothing."

"Now you ask me to get out of the country. No, thank you. I am a prisoner, your prisoner, judged and condemned by you. I am carrying out my punishment faithfully. Here I stop."

The supreme court was dumfounded. The prince flew into a terrible rage and ordered them to act.

They applied themselves diligently to deliberating.

The outcome was it was decided they should offer the prisoner a pension of 600 francs a year to live in another country.

He accepted.

He has bought a little inclosed plot of land within five minutes' walk of the realm of his former sovereign; he lives happily on his estate, cultivating a few vegetables and holding potatoes in contempt.—From the French of Guy de Maupassant in Romance.

How They Got Rich.

When I talk to a man who has made a fortune by advertising, I wonder that anybody who has anything to sell does not go and do likewise. One man told me a day or two ago that his concern, with a nominal capital of \$100,000, only \$20,000 of which was paid in, has divided in a single year among three partners profits to the amount of \$750,000, and that exclusive of salaries of \$50,000 and \$25,000 drawn by two members of the firm. Ten or twelve years ago this man was a drug clerk on a small salary in a western town and is now one of the millionaires of New York. "Without advertising I might have made a living," he said, "but it was advertising that made me rich, and advertising a very simple commodity at that."

Another man, who bears similar testimony, tells me that his concern, which began by investing \$10,000 a year in advertising, increased the amount every year according to their increase of business, and this year expects to spend \$1,000,000. Still another, who confined himself entirely to the newspapers and magazines in the exploitation of his specialty, never having touched a dead wall, a fence or the broad side of a barn with poster or paintbrush, and never employing a salesman, has a cool million salted down in real estate, keeps his yacht and spends most of the year abroad in luxurious living.

Many other men of my acquaintance resting in ease and wealth have told me stories of their own experience with the same moral. Some day I am going to print these stories and give the names of the heroes.—Major Handy in Chicago Times-Herald.

The Kangaroo.

As showing the force of maternal love among the lower animals there are few more pathetic incidents than the following, which comes from Australia:

SIX CAR LOADS  
Of Wagons, Buggies and Bicycles  
Received since March 1.  
NEVER so large, so good and so clean a stock offered, and never so many Vehicles sold in Southern Montana.  
To the Mitchell, Schuttler and Bain, we have added THE OLD HICKORY WAGON—the most highly recommended and the prettiest looking one of the Lot.—Try it.  
Already we have had to fill in a half car of Henney Buggies to duplicate orders for jobs on which we have run short.  
We no longer talk "COLUMBIA" and "PHOENIX." Riders do it for us. New Customers come in, look at the name plate and buy without question.  
THESE GOODS ARE ALL GUARANTEED.  
FOR ANYTHING ON WHEELS, CALL ON  
DILLON IMPLEMENT Co.

lowing, which comes from Australia:

During a severe drought the owner of a country station was sitting one evening on the balcony outside his house when he was surprised to notice a kangaroo lingering about, alternately approaching and retiring from the house, as though half in doubt and fear what to do. At length she approached the water pails, and taking a young one from her pouch held it to the water to drink.

While her baby was satisfying its thirst the mother was quivering all over with excitement, for she was but a few feet away from the balcony, where one of her great foes was sitting, watching her. The little one having finished drinking, it was replaced in the pouch, and the old kangaroo started off at a rapid pace.

When the natural timidity of the kangaroo is taken into account, it will be recognized what astonishing bravery this affectionate mother betrayed.—Woman's Journal.

His Trade.

Warden—We like to put prisoners to work at what they are used to. What is your specialty?

Prisoner—I am the champion sprinter of the world. If you give me a fair show on an open road, I'll do a mile in time that'll make the eyes jump out of your head.—Brooklyn Eagle.

A CLEVER HORSE.

It Weeds the Garden as Well as Any Gardener Could.

Henry Moore, a planter living near Englewood, Ala., has a valuable riding horse, Kit, which he has trained to do light garden work in a unique way when not on duty under the saddle.

When Kit was a young colt, he had the misfortune to sprain his knee in racing and romping about the pasture, and to give him careful attention and keep him well out of harm's way his master put him in the garden to take things easy till his recovery. Moore's garden, like the average one in this section, sometimes gets overrun with cocoa grass, and having occasion to chop it out pretty frequently, he hit upon a plan by which he might be relieved of this almost endless work during Kit's confinement.

The colt had always seemed remarkably quick and intelligent, and with a very little training Moore taught him to pull grass as cleverly and neatly as it could be done by hand. In a short while Kit was engaged as regular gardener, as it were, keeping the beds as clean as the floor and piling the grass in the walks, to be removed by barrows.—Philadelphia Times.

A FUNNY FIGHT.

A Crow and Terrier Have a Scrap Until Interfered With.

Fred Wulfram of Riverdale took a stroll down to Van Cortlandt park with his fox terrier Cricket last Sunday to pass the rest of the afternoon by the lake-side. When he reached the lake, the dog started off for fun on his own account in the old mill to which Wulfram had taken him often to catch rats. After a few minutes Wulfram whistled for the dog, but he got no response. He went to find him, but had not gone far when he heard the dog yelping and barking on the other side of the old manor house near Broadway.

Cricket had found a large crow and was engaged with it in a fierce battle.

Each was putting up a good fight, but to Fred it seemed as if the crow was ahead. The bird would rise a short distance in the air and would then dart at the dog, striking and pecking him savagely. The dog leaped at the crow whenever the crow came within reach and snapped and bit at him, not without good results, as bare spots on the bird's wings and breast attested. Wulfram shouted to the dog to encourage him.

Cricket had begun to set as if he had enough, but the encouragement from his master made him pull himself together. He gave his opponent a savage rush and plucked out a lot of feathers. The crow hesitated a few seconds, as if doubtful whether it would be wise to continue the combat. Then he rose from the ground with much difficulty, and cawing dismally flew away toward Moshulu.

When Wulfram examined the dog, he found that the crow had clawed him badly, having made a deep scratch on his back and several other wounds, which bled profusely. After binding up the wounds with his pocket handkerchief Wulfram took the dog home. It will be several weeks before the dog will be the same Cricket as before the fight.—New York Sun.

DROWNED BY A FISH.

John Hartnett Overpowered by a Giant Catfish in the Osage River.

News has been received at Jefferson City, Mo., of the strange manner in which John Hartnett, an Osage river fisherman, lost his life by being drowned by a catfish weighing 105 pounds. No one witnessed the death struggle, which occurred some 25 miles up the river, but the finding of Hartnett's body, a trot line and the fish attached thereto, some hours after he was missed, tells the story of how he lost his life. He had wrapped one end of the line around his hand, and in attempting to land the fish must have lost his balance and been jerked in the river and drowned by the struggles of the fish to free itself.

The finding of Hartnett's empty skiff some hours later led to a search of the river, and the body was found entangled with the line and the fish struggling to get loose. This is probably the first case on record of an Osage river catfish drowning an expert fisherman.—St. Louis Republic.

Buddhist Temple in Philadelphia.

Professor Maxwell Somerville of the University of Pennsylvania has brought from India a complete Buddhist temple which he will set up in Philadelphia. It is equipped with a gigantic statue of Buddha and a great number of smaller statues. There are also, the professor says, several "praying machines," bells, sacred towels and more than 50 kapemonos, or lesser gods. There is a great altar about which is a brazen lotus in brass from which peep gods of various degrees. Altogether the professor has six tons of the temple and its accoutrements. It has been shipped in bond and will be sent directly to Philadelphia, where it will occupy the unique position of being the only Buddhist temple in the United States.—New York Tribune.

Notoriety Seeking Frenchman.

Durand, the Marseilles man who recently made a wager to stand for 28 days on a pedestal with occasional descents for food, has discovered another means for keeping himself before the public. Having accomplished his par-

tial imitation of St. Simon Stylites, Durand now offers to remain for 28 days in a coffin, in order to rest himself after the fatigue of his ordeal on the pedestal. Nobody has as yet come forward to accept his wager, and his chance of maintaining the notoriety which he gained by the recent exhibitions of his powers of endurance is accordingly problematical.—New York World.

Wouldn't Go In Milwaukee.

The potato patch scheme, which worked so well in Detroit last year, is a failure in Milwaukee. Seventy-five acres and plenty of seed had been provided, but only six persons applied for work. It is not stated whether the absence of plinters is because there are no unemployed men in that city or because the idle persons are too lazy to cultivate potatoes and cabbages.—Indianapolis Journal.

Election Can Wait.

Unwritten law in England appears to be stronger than written law in some of our countries. It is said that no general election can take place there now, because it would break up the London "season," which society would not for a moment listen to.—Baltimore American.

Love to Love.

When thou shalt need me, send my soul some word,  
Let but a single drift from thy life to mine,  
And like the light my love to thee shall shine.  
My soul soar to thee like a singing bird,  
And sweeter songs than love hath ever heard  
Will I sing to thee while I kneel and twine  
With thornless roses that dear brow of thine,  
My love thy shelter, by no storm wind stirred.  
Yes, when thou need'st me, speak, and I shall hear,  
Though oceans roll between. Some sense of thee  
Shall make the light a message, I shall mark  
A meaning in the darkness and draw near,  
And thou shalt know, wherever thou may'st be  
My stay and feel my warm clasp in the dark.  
—Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.

Dr. Wilde's Queer Will.

By the terms of the will of one Dr. Wilde of St. Ives parish, Huntingdonshire, England, his trustees were directed to expend £50 in the purchase of a piece of land in St. Ives, the annual rent of which was to be set aside for the purchase of six Bibles at a cost of 7 shillings each. To decide who shall have them he requested his trustees to "prepare a saucer with three dice upon the altar table of the parish church and let the Bibles be raffled for."

Plain.

Mary Jane—Why does the man in the middle o' the diamond stand and hold the ball so long and make faces at the man with the bat?  
Abner—Can't you see? Wants to make him so mad he can't hit it.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Titled Derby Winner.

Lord Rosebery is not the first noble patron of the English turf to win two Derbys in succession. The Duke of Portland won it in 1886 with Ayshire and in 1889 with Donovan. Then there was Lord Falmouth who won a two, but they were seven years apart.—Boston Herald.

When the Luck Turns.

Lord Rosebery has won the Derby twice, but it is generally believed that the next Westminster handicap will get away with him.—New York World.