

SHE WOULDN'T BE AN ANGEL.

I asked my little love one day, why you would be my own through life, my angel good and true.

The Science of Crime.

In an old-fashioned house in the Rue St. Marc, Paris, lived Monsieur Hyacinthe Mercier. He was a miser, gloating over his wealth day and night, and fondly supposing that nobody knew it.

himself at the first lamppost that the stranger's wallet contained about 20,000 francs in notes of the Bank of France, determined to trust no one with the message for the doctor but to go himself.

The physician, nothing loth to receive a good fee, drove with Mercier to the Rue St. Marc. When the miser found the front door open he would have fallen if the doctor had not put out his arm to support him.

"I am robbed!" he exclaimed, shamefully imposed on and robbed of all I had in the world.

"Who's there?" asked a gruff voice. "I am a stranger to you," was the answer, "and I want to see you on business which will not admit of delay."

"My name," said Mercier, "is of no importance. There is a man entranced, and this night decides my fate. I have promised her an elegant set of brilliants, and if I keep my word she is mine. But I want them at a reasonable price, and I know you have often great bargains in that line."

"How high will you go?" asked Lagrais. "All not too high," was the reply, "say 20,000 francs."

"That suits me exactly," Mercier said eagerly. "They are yours," Lagrais said, and replacing them in the casket he handed it to Mercier, adding, with a grin: "I wish you success with your acquisition, and went forth with the casket under the folds of his coat."

"Thank God," the sick man exclaimed, "now I am safe from those wretches that prowl the streets for plunder!"

"Your money is all safe," Mercier asked. The stranger felt in his pocket, brought out a large wallet, looked at it and said: "Yes, thanks to your opportune arrival, and the shelter afforded me."

"If you would go for my physician, Dr. Reichcourt, of No. 17 Rue Rodier, he might relieve me. Here, take my wallet and use all the money you need. If I die in your house, the money is yours, provided you bury me."

I have the jewelry safe and sound." "You lawless old scoundrel!" exclaimed Derry, in great excitement, "why you have robbed me, sir, Mr. MEI. I am Lagrais. The place on the Rue de Maubeuge is mine, and I put a man in there who, I supposed had sense enough to detect a cheat."

In July, 1880 an attempt was made to rob a bank messenger in broad day light on the Place de Roubaix, near the Northern Railroad depot. The thief, being an old offender, was sentenced to twenty-five years' penal servitude.

"I don't see that there are any mitigating circumstances," observed Judge Binkley, shaking his head. "No mitigation circumstances," exclaimed the prisoner. "Why, Judge, I had just come out of penitentiary, whar I had been for a whole year. I reckon, Judge, you hasn't been locked up with a jail year for stealing a show?"

"I ain't gwine to be hard on you, Judge. Supposin' yer hadn't had a dram for a month, or say for a whole week, wouldn't yer be mighty apt to get drunk as soon as yer had a chance? Come now, Judge, honest, Injun."

"There's a second charge against you," said His Honor. "You are charged with unlawfully beating your son, a mere boy of ten years. What excuse have you got for your brutality?"

"There was such a sensation in court that the judge had to call the next case several times before he was heard, and he fined the constable ten dollars for not keeping order in court."

Capt. James T., an old Portland shipmaster, told the following ghost story to a citizen. He said that one night, on the voyage from which he had just returned, while lying off the battery at New York, waiting for the crew to come on board, he heard some one on the top of the house calling "James T., James T.,"

"The next day the bark sailed for Rio Janeiro, and several strange occurrences took place on the passage. One morning his son, the mate, said to him: 'Captain, the ship is haunted. I turned out on my watch at 4 o'clock in the morning, and as I went out of the cabin door I saw some one in white, but before I could distinguish whether it was male or female it disappeared around the mainmast. The steward said he saw it also, and was frightened.'"

The Duchess of Albany is to remain on a visit to the Queen at Windsor until the removal of the Court to Osborne, which will take place about July 18. The Queen is expected to arrive at Balmoral from Osborne for the autumn between the 23d and 30th of August. The precise date of the departure for Scotland will depend on the health of the Duchess of Albany. The Prince and Princess of Wales are to arrive at Abergeeth Castle during the second week in August and the Duchess of Edinburgh will reach Birkhall about the same time.

SHE HAD FIVE HUSBANDS.

Informally About the Sixth Costa Mrs. Hayes a \$300,000 Estate.

Among the litigants who have attracted a good deal of attention in the Court House during the past three years has been a slim, nervous, talkative lady of 55 who always dressed in black and carried an umbrella and demonstratively manifested interest in various lawsuits which were expected to determine if she was anybody's wife, and if so, whose.

The name of this noted litigant appeared in the pleadings of one case as Sara C. Tilby and in another as Mrs. Hayes. The evidence showed that at one time she was a Mrs. Deming. She became a Mrs. Morse after the death of Deming. She claimed that she had got a divorce from Morse in 1863 and married a Mr. Rowe. In 1866 she got a decree of divorce from Rowe in Indiana, but Rowe got the decree set aside. Nevertheless, she married a Mr. Albee, and got a divorce from him in Massachusetts.

The fifth husband was Augustus J. Hayes, whom she married in Jersey City in 1874, and without being divorced from him, she married James Tilby, a well-known butcher of Washington Market, in 1879.

She lived with Mr. Tilby as his wife until October 1881 when he died, at the age of 72, leaving a fortune of about \$300,000, all of which he devised to her, making her his sole heir, and cutting off James Tilby and George H. Tilby his sons by a former wife. This will she immediately offered for probate, and the sons have been contesting it. They alleged that the will was obtained by undue influence; that Sara C. Tilby was never the wife of their father, and could not have been his wife, because all the time she was living with him, she was the wife of Augustus J. Hayes.

In order to establish her right to be reckoned the wife of Mr. Tilby, she began in 1880, while she was living with Tilby, a suit against Hayes to declare null and void her marriage with him. She declared that the marriage was never consummated, and that she had learned that Hayes had deceived her, and that the person who officiated as a minister at the wedding was not a minister, and that the marriage with Hayes was not legal.

Surrogate Rollins says that he is bound on the evidence before him to hold that the proposition of the will was never the wife of Tilby, even if the Supreme Court in the case of Hayes had not given judgment against her. The Surrogate was satisfied, he says, that she was incapable of contracting a marriage with James Tilby, that she was fully advised of her incapacity, and kept him in ignorance of the fact that she was actually contributing to the support of her husband in the Hayes case.

The Surrogate quotes some cases on the question whether a will is rendered invalid by fraud and imposition practiced upon the maker by the proponent of the will. One was an English case, where one Edward Lowell married Catharine Hickman, concealing from her the fact that he had been married previously to a woman who was still his lawful wife. The Court would not permit the husband to receive a legacy on the ground that he had done her the greatest injury a man can do a woman, making the precedent in English law that where a bequest is made to a person under a particular character, falsely assumed, the law will not permit the person to receive the legacy.

In another case quoted by the Surrogate, a husband gave a legacy to a woman whom he described as his wife, who was at that time the lawful wife of another man. In that case the Court held that although a mere misdescription of the legatee would not void a legacy, the fraudulent assumption of a character to deceive the testator would prevent the legacy from taking effect.

form conditions. Out of these 38 half had been previously inoculated, the other half not. The latter without a single exception, died with unmistakable signs of hydrophobia, whereas the 19 others are about as well as ever. They will be watched for a year by veterinary doctors to see whether the inoculation holds good permanently or only temporarily.

M. Pasteur's theory is that hydrophobia is produced solely by the bite, and if this is correct a law compelling all dogs to be inoculated would in the end exterminate hydrophobia entirely, whereas if the disease arises spontaneously such an enactment would be less effectual.

A Simple Problem. Robt. J. Burdette. "Young Freethinker" writes to say that in many instances the words of the Bible are untrue as applied to our own times, and he says: "Take the passage, 'Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing?' I say they are not." Oh, well, I agree with Young Freethinker that the passage quoted may not apply to this generation.

Make Yourself Felt While You're Here. Burdette, in the Hawkeye. My son, you may not be missed a great deal by a very wide circle of people when you go away. It won't be necessary for you to leave much money for a tombstone. The few people who love you, who tenderly and dearly and truly love you, will know which mound covers your sleeping figure, and they can find it just by the ferns and grasses that wave above it, and a movement ninety feet high won't make strangers care for you or make them love you, or make them remember you.

Very many people when you die, my boy, but that isn't what you want to think about. You want to make yourself felt and noticed while you are here. That's what you want to do. And that is more than most men do. Now and then you'll meet a man who actually rejoices in a man's demise, sort of way, to think that in a few years his more popular, prosperous, successful neighbor will be dead and forgotten. It may be true. The big, wide world is so busy with the living that she does seem to forget the children when they fall asleep. But you will notice that the man who rejoices in this is usually a man who has forgotten while he yet lives; who is not noticed; who is not felt or heard of in the world at all.

A Baby Killed by Lightning. Baltimore Sun. Howard L. Six, aged 22 months son of Mr. James Six, was lying asleep on the floor in the second story back room, in which there is only one window. The lower sash was up and the shutters were closed. The baby was sleeping with his feet towards the window. His mother and grandmother were sitting in the kitchen below. Mr. Six says he saw something that looked like a ball of fire dart past the kitchen a few seconds before a deafening roar of thunder. She turned to her mother and asked her to run up stairs and see if the noise had awakened Howard. When the grandmother reached the room Howard still lay as he had left him, but the bedclothes upon which he was lying were in a blaze. The old lady screamed and threw the burning clothes out of the window. Mrs. Six ran up stairs to get her baby, but she found her baby dead and stiff, but the child remained motionless. He was dead. There was a red spot on the little fellow's right neck, and several similar spots on his back and under a foot in diameter.

Hydrophobia Investigations. London Times. M. Pasteur's experiments in going with the virus of hydrophobia. He has thus on 1811 presented on 57 dogs, 19 of them and 38 bitten by them under uniform conditions.

FLAGS FOR THE CAMPAIGN.

The National Banner Much Wanted when President into be Chosen.

A sound of the whirr of sewing machines filled the loft over a liquor store in New York and in front of a long bench running the entire length of the loft a bald-headed man slashed long strips of red and white from endless pieces of cloth.

"The season for the American flag has begun," he said, straightening himself up from his task and mopping his head with a red, white, and blue handkerchief. "Is the business in American flags so good now as it used to be? Not nearly so good, excepting in Presidential campaign years. Why, speaking of dull times, last year I ate my own head off. It was the worst year for flags the country ever saw, and I am the oldest and largest flag manufacturer in the country, and I ought to know. This year, though, I am slashing away all day, and am so tired at night that I can't sleep. As for eating, I don't eat at all."

"Then you consider that patriots are scarcer than they once were?" "I do, Presidential years excepted. Then I send flags to all parts of the Union. In the country the national flag is used almost universally instead of the banners which city politicians stretch across the street."

"What are the most popular sizes?" "There are three—15 feet long and 10 wide, 20 feet long and 12 wide, and 25 feet long and 15 wide."

Cholera and its Disease-Germ. Dr. Koch writes from Calcutta on behalf of the German Cholera Commission that the peculiarities of the cholera bacteria are so well determined that they can safely be distinguished from others—they are not perfectly straight, but curved like a comma. They occur only in their regular disease; their first appearance is when the illness begins; they increase in number with the severity of the attack, and gradually disappear as the illness wanes. They are found where the trouble exists, and their number at the height of the disease is so great that their injurious effect on the lining of the intestines is explained. A very small amount of free acid which would have little or no effect on other bacteria puts a marked check to their growth. In a healthy stomach they are destroyed, which is shown by the fact that neither in the stomach nor intestines of animals which have been constantly fed on cholera bacteria, are they killed, were any found. This explains the fact observed in all cholera epidemics that those suffering from indigestion are specially subject to cholera. It will be understood from the above that it is almost proven that cholera is a disease in the intestines caused by activity, growth and irritation of very minute disease-germ. Under a microscope with a power magnifying several hundred times they would appear like a small comma. But irritant as they are, and fatal as is the disease they produce, they cannot readily pass the sentry-box of a good digestive apparatus. In other words, if the stomach is in good order, and secreting plenty of good gastric juice, the cholera bacteria are digested and consumed, instead of being permitted to pass on to the alkaline fluids of the intestines which would favor their development. All this seems reasonable and true and coincides with what we have said in previous numbers of The Health Monthly as to the possibility of warding off the inroads of infectious diseases by maintaining good health.

Kentucky's Last Opportunity. Kentucky State Journal. "What are you thinking about now, Uncle Ned?" was asked the latter as he was sitting on a salt barrel. "Well, sah, I see 'is thinkin' dat Kentucky had oughter be ashamed of itself!" "Why so?" "Well, you see da was dat legislatur down dar Frankfort all las' wintah an' dis spring till corn-plantin' time a passin' a new skule law."

A Rapid Traveler. "My son," said an economical father, "an express train attains great speed. Lightning is proverbial for its rapidity, comets are supposed to hurt themselves through space at the rate of millions of miles a day, but comparatively speaking all these things are snails, my boy, all snails."

WILKINS' STAR PROVERBS. Better right than to be left. True honesty never heralds itself; the false kind blows its own horn. When Darwin spoke of tale bearing men, he meant slanderers. Let every incoming gray hair represent a good deed or a virtuous thought. White or pure thoughts are materialized with black ink. The man praying without confidence is like one trying to drink without swallowing. This world is like a tally-ho coach, and the man blowing the horn attracts the most attention. On every sheaf of wheat, in every stack of corn, in every hill of potatoes, beneath the rosy cheek of every apple, across the tops of each grain field, in walled evidences of God's goodness and mercy to man—Whilleah Times. General Booth, the founder of the Salvation Army, has evidently found leading, the hosts a very profitable business. It seems that Adeline Patti has long wished to sell her seat in South Wales, and desires to reside near one of the Italian lakes with Nicolini. General Booth, society journals say, is in treaty for the estate for his own private residence.

WAITING FOR SWEET REVENGE.

A Young English Mother's Faithful Watch Upon His Mother's Murderer.

Fourteen years ago Joseph Comoski, a young man in Poland, having a large estate and Joseph Comoski, Jr., his sister, and the two children in their. The hour of mourning had scarcely passed, when Michael Shamolik turned his eyes upon Miss Comoski. He wooed and won. To possess the estate now became his unholy ambition. The widow stood in the way of successful accomplishment of his foul object. He meditated and finally determined to resort to foul means for the removal of his obstacle.

One morning the little Polish village was excited as it had never been before. Some one during the hour of sleep had foully murdered Widow Comoski. Suspicion at once attached itself to the son-in-law. Pursued by the law and a guilty conscience, he fled from the land of his birth, crossed the ocean and found employment in the mines of Pennsylvania. Here he considered himself secure.

Joseph Comoski, Jr., though but a boy of fourteen years, swore solemnly to avenge his mother's death, even should the murderer seek the most distant spot on earth. In pursuance of this resolve he bade a tender adieu to his betrayed sister and sailed for America. Fortune favored the brave youth and after a time he discovered his mother's murderer in Pottsville. He at once made known his discovery to the Polish Consul at New York and acquainted him with all the facts in the case. The sympathy of the official was enlisted in the boy's behalf and he promised his assistance. The boy kept a watch over the murderer's doings, tracing him from town to town. Finally the fugitive was apprehended, while engaged in commission of a robbery and sent to the Philadelphia Penitentiary for a term of three years. The Consul in the meantime had written to Poland and learned of the correctness of the boy's story. He then secured the extradition papers, and the boy came to Mt. Carmel, where so many of his countrymen reside, to work while the three years were passing. He found employment at the Pennsylvania Colliery as an ash wheeler. By his industrious habits he gained the good will of his bosses and was finally promoted to foreman, a position which he now satisfactorily fills.

The young man is scrupulously careful in saving his earnings, and it was a knowledge of this, followed by a inquiry from an official, that led to a recital of the above facts. The young man has succeeded in keeping his secret from his countrymen, and this account will probably be to them startling. He has collected a snug little sum by his economical habit, and with fire in his eye, one day this week remarked to our informant that upon the completion of the extradition papers would meet him in the face and the villain would swing from Polish gallows if it took every cent he carried at the Pennsylvania Colliery. Mount Carmel News.

ADVANCE OF THE PRAIRIE DOG.

A Little Pest Which Threatens to Be a Much More so, the Grasshopper. The march of the prairie dog is a standing threat against the future prosperity of the grazing districts of the State. Draw a line from Red River south to the Colorado, so as to run about the western line of Throckmorton, Shackelford, Callahan and Coleman counties, and you mark the front of the greatest invading army ever dreamed of by man. From this line west 250 miles, every square mile is infested by these devouring pests. They thickly inhabit a section of country 200 miles long and 240 wide. The advent of the white man into this country has not increased their numbers, as man has destroyed the wolves, badgers, rattlesnakes, panthers and other animals which prey upon the prairie dogs. They eat the grass in the summer and the grass roots in winter and the consequence is that they are able to live through the winter in a region in America is fast becoming a veritable desert.

Unlike other animals in America, the prairie dog is migrating, not west, but east. Only a year or two ago his eastern line was about the western line of this country. In a short time he had advanced his frontier east about five miles and occupied Throckmorton and the other counties lying north and south of Shackelford. Unless checked he will soon range all mesquite grass land in the State and will then descend in countless hosts upon the black, wax-farming land of Tarrant, Dallas, Collins and the other counties east of us. It is an exaggeration to say that \$10,000,000 does not exceed the value of the grass annually consumed by the prairie dogs of North-west Texas. Albany (Texas) News.

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