FOUGHT OVER CATULLUS

THE STORY OF TWO STUDENTS TOLD BY THE LONELY OLD BOY

A QUARREL ABOUT A GIRL

It Lasted Two Years Over Half a Century—A Fragile Man and a Giant.

"The trouble about beginning a fight," said the lonely old boy suddenly, "is that you never know how long it will last."

There was movement of surprise in the lonely old boy's neighborhood, because no one had suspected that he was interested in bellicose subjects, says the New York Sun.

"For instance," continued the lonely old boy, "there was a strapping big athlete once who picked a quarrel with a fragile, studious chap he could have broken in two. Yet it took him a sight longer to finish that fight than he had any idea it would. The fight lasted just two years over half a century. The principals were in my class when I was in college, and that was rather a long time ago."

No one asked how long, because the lonely old boy's audience was not interested in ancient history. Some said the lonely old boy was only eighty-four, but others placed him at 100.

"The fragile, studious chap was in his study one afternoon in his senior year pretending to search out the beauties of a Latin poet, but in reality thinking as hard as he knew how of a girl he had danced with at a party the night before. In the midst of this occupation there came a knock at his door. When he opened it he was surprised, because a great man stood outside—none other than the captain of the 'varsity crew. But all the fragile chap said was:

"'Hello, Sterling, come in. Glad to see you.'

"And the 'varsity captain said: 'Hello, Norton. I was passing and thought I'd look you up.'

"Then he went in and sat down. At first, the studious chap thought his visitor must have come on an errand, but the captain merely sat and chatted as though it were a customary thing for him to be there. Then Norton, the studious chap, couldn't help feeling the least bit pleased, because a good fellow likes to be found out.

"'By the way,' said the captain, after a while, 'I saw you at the party last night. Have a good time?'

"'Bully,' said Norton.

"The captain laughed.

"'You seemed to,' he said. 'How many times did you dance with Ethel Flushing?'

'Norton opened his eyes a little, because it seemed to him that the captain was growing intimate with a vengeance. Then suddenly the smile on the captain's face faded, and Norton saw him grow very red.

"'Look here, Norton,' he said, 'I saw you come out of the conservatory with her and just before she came through the door she was fixing her hair and blushing.'

"Norton put down his pipe and got up.

"'Don't get mad,' said Sterling. 'I'm engaged to her. I wasn't then. She—she told me to ask you to tell me exactly what happened, and have it over with. How many times did you kiss her?'

"'She wants me to tell you exactly what happened?' said Norton, looking very grave.

"'Yes,' said Sterling, looking at Norton's left ear.

"'Well—I kissed her—twice.'

"Sterling swallowed once or twice.

"'Well,' he said, 'did you—that is—why did you kiss her?'

"'I understood you to say,' said Norton, slowly, 'that you're engaged to her?'

"'Yes,' answered Sterling.

"'Well,' said Norton, 'I kissed her—I don't know why I kissed her.'

"Sterling laughed. 'That's all right,' he said. 'By the way, what were you digging at when I came in?'

"Norton looked dazed.

"'I was reading Catullus,' he said.

"'Find him interesting?' asked Sterling genially.

"'Oh, yes, very,' laughed Norton.

"'You lie,' said Sterling. 'He's dead slow.'

"Norton looked at him for a moment with his mouth open. Sterling was smiling a very little. Then Norton said:

"'Oh, excuse me. It—it would be best outside, I suppose.'

"Sterling rose, and Norton put on his overcoat and hat. Then they went downstairs together. Ten minutes later Norton and his second appeared behind the gymnasium. Sterling and his were already there. Norton's man looked indignant.

"'Now, see here,' he said, as soon as he got within speaking distance of Sterling, 'Norton says this thing is perfectly square and has got to go on. But I want to remind you, Sterling, that you've thirty pounds to the good and——'

"'You may save your breath,' said Sterling, and Norton took hold of his friend's shoulder and led him back. In another minute the two were stripped to the waist.

"'It may be as well,' said Sterling looking his opponent in the eye, 'to make clear exactly what this thing's about.'

"'Yes,' said Norton. 'It's about a passage from Catullus. I said it was good reading. Mr. Sterling said I was a liar.'

"The two seconds laughed in spite of themselves. Sterling knew as much about Catullus as about the dust of undiscovered planets.

"'Precisely,' said Sterling blackly, 'and it will be three-minute rounds—to a finish.'

"A smile flickered in the corners of Norton's mouth as they faced one another. The difference between them was almost funny. Norton was tall, half a head taller than his opponent, but thin-armed and flat chested. Sterling had the beautiful muscles of the seasoned oarsman and stood with the easy alertness of the skilled boxer.

"Sterling went to work not like a prize-fighter but like an artist. In the first round he closed both of Norton's eyes. The second he devoted to battering Norton's nose out of shape with a careful accuracy that spared his man otherwise as much as possible. Then he cut Norton's lip and marked his face up variously. Norton was a good canvas for his opponent's decorative effects because he floundered up to his punishment with the kind of grit that fighters are made of. At the beginning of the fifth round Sterling suggested that he had enough. Norton thought otherwise, so Sterling put him out in three blows, as he might have done at any moment since the fight began.

"The next night Sterling was calling on Miss Flushing, to whom he was engaged, when the door bell rang and Norton was ushered in. Miss Flushing looked amused when she saw his face.

"'Good evening,' said Norton, 'I won't keep you long. I came round to make an apology. Yesterday afternoon, Miss Flushing, I told Mr. Sterling that I had kissed you at the party on Wednesday night.'

"Miss Flushing did not show any surprise though round-eyed with indignation.

"'Mr. Norton,' she demanded, 'how could you do such a wicked thing?'

"'I could do it,' said Norton, looking at the floor, 'because I was a lying cad. I can only say now that I didn't kiss you, and I'm sorry that I said I did.'

"Norton did not speak clearly on account of his swollen lips, and he could see out of his eyes with difficulty. Miss Flushing laughed.

"'You seem to have had a—an accident,' she said.

"'No,' said Norton humbly, 'it was a fight. I was soundly thrashed. Good evening.'

"He heard Miss Flushing laugh again as he went out the door. She was married to Sterling the next June. They came here to New York to live and Sterling, who had a million, played at stock-broking.

"Norton went to his room that night, gathered up his pipes and tobacco and chucked the outfit into the fire. The next day he went to the gymnasium and pulled chest-weights for the first time in two years. It may be said here that every afternoon, Sundays excepted, for the next six years found him pulling them. Norton had had his eye on a college professorship but he changed his mind and studied medicine. He had become interested in physical culture.

"In the winter of his first year in the medical school he became the pupil of a professor. The professor's method was a certain amount of personal instruction and much practical discussion with thickset, heavy-jawed young men who were taking the course to gain the means of a livelihood. When this professor had expounded all he knew Norton went to others, and to still others, the possessors of special private refinements and subtleties. When Norton was graduated from the medical school his weight had gone from 122 to 170 stripped. Then he went to Germany for two years, where they have good medical schools and excellent turnverein. He spent the summer of the second year climbing Swiss mountains and came to New York in the fall.

"He met Sterling at a club and Sterling rushed over and wrung his classmate's hand.

"'I'm glad to see you,' said Sterling, 'and Mrs. Sterling would be delighted. What have you been doing these seven years?'

"'I've been reading Catullus,' replied Norton solemnly. 'Do you still think he's slow?'

"'I'm afraid I do,' said Sterling laughing. 'But I guess there are no hard feelings, old man!'

"'You lie,' said Norton softly. 'He's interesting.'

"'Now look here, my boy——' began Sterling.

"'Afraid?' asked Norton.

"They met the next afternoon in a private room at Norton's athletic club. Sterling had been enjoying the good things of life since he left college. He was a beautiful big butt of a man, but with even more waist than chest. He smiled a little when he saw Norton without his clothes. Then he had no more chance to smile. Norton thumped him joyously in the stomach and then proceeded to his face with a reminiscent look in his eyes. Sterling shut his jaws and struck blows that would have killed an ox. Norton put them coldly aside, closed both of Sterling's eyes, broke his nose, split both his lips, cut his face to a beefsteak and pounded his ear to the size and shape of a summer squash.

"'Nough? asked Norton at the beginning of the sixth round.

"Sterling bellowed hoarsely and hurled himself on Norton. Twelve seconds later his seconds gathered him up from the floor and carried him out. Norton was a trifle warm. He made his toilet leisurely and looked in where Sterling's seconds were working over him.

"'Hope you're all right, old man,' said Norton heartily.

"Yeth, thank you,' answered Sterling through his puffed lips.

"'Will you be so kind,' asked Norton, 'as to present my compliments to Mrs. Sterling?'

"'With pleathure,' said Sterling without emotion. Then they shook hands all around and Norton strolled down stairs.

"They didn't see one another again for eleven years. Norton went to work like a man with a load off his mind and became a successful surgeon in Boston. Five years later Sterling went to the Civil war as a lieutenant and came home after two years a colonel with a bullet hole through his chest. Norton had charge of a Washington hospital through the war. At its close he went abroad for a rest, which he took mainly pounding a golf ball in Scotland. One day, out on the links, he felt a hand on his shoulder and turned to confront Sterling.

"'Hello,' said Sterling, 'how's Catullus?'

"Norton had been thinking of a good many things in the last eleven years and he looked at Sterling a moment or two before he answered.

"'Good Lord,' he said then. 'Dead—dead and buried long ago.'

"'I'm not so sure,' said Sterling thoughtfully.

"They met in London a week later. The professional gentlemen who assisted at the affair spoke of it with awe during the rest of their lives. It lasted from 2 o'clock in the afternoon till a quarter past 5. Just before the latter hour Norton got up off his knees and promptly tumbled over on his nose. Sterling looked at him a moment and then tumbled over on top of him. Sterling raised his head when his seconds came to him, but Norton slept peacefully. The doctors did the rest. In Sterling's case it took them two weeks, in Norton's nine.

"Sterling came back to New York and they made him a congressman on his war record. Norton did well in his profession in Boston, though people who knew him well said he had a secret grief. After three years he came to New York and asked Sterling his opinion concerning Catullus. He went back home with a broken nose and a bad case of nervous shock.

"A few months later he saw a street fight. A little man attacked by a big one tumbled in a heap in such a way that the big man went over him and broke his head on the sidewalk. When the little man got up Norton grabbed him. He was also a professor.

"A year later Norton came to New York again. Sterling was in Washington and he followed him there.

"'Get out,' said Sterling when they met. 'You don't know how to spar.'

"'I'm not going to spar,' replied Norton. 'I'm going to pick you up and throw you down hard.'

"Sterling sighed. 'I see,' he said. 'How did I ever come to neglect the wrestling branch of my education.'

"They went down the river into Virginia. They went alone, because the affair was outside the code. Later in the day Norton telegraphed to Washington for another physician, not so much on account of Sterling's broken rib and dislocated wrist, but because his brain was jarred and Norton wasn't sure how much.

"Sterling went abroad a few years later as minister to an Eastern country. He met there the champion wrestler of a considerable section of Asia, had a chance to save him from a deserved hanging and was adopted into the family, where he gained much wrestling knowledge.

"Norton spent that winter at Yeddo, where he gained the friendship of a small Japanese of broad mind and charming manners. This is the unbelievable part of the story. One day Norton took hold of his small friend to drop him playfully over a five-foot screen—and the next moment found himself trussed up and helpless on the floor with the Japanese gentleman sitting smilingly on the back of his neck.

"Norton sent a message to Boston that he wouldn't be home that winter and asked his minute friend to name his price in blood or treasure. The minute friend declined politely. He did so a score of times within the next few months.

"Then there came a plague in Yeddo, and when the plague was over the city gave Norton a curiously wrought medal. Later his small friend and other minute gentlemen took him into the mountains, where he spent three months learning Japanese prayers and practising calisthenics. After that they initiated him into the Embok Kwai and the deadly art of Jiu Jitsu. It was the first time they told him, that the honor had been conferred on a foreigner.

"Embok Kwai means to kill without a mark. The society is older than recorded history and the most exclusive in Japan. Jiu Jitsu, its secret art, means pliability and non-resistance. It is the art which makes the light and fragile man the superior of the giant.

"Fate willed it that Sterling should hear that Norton was in Yeddo, and he came across to find him. The details of that meeting are unfit for repetition.

"Some eleven years later a gaunt, gray-haired man walked into Norton's office in Boston.

"'I see now,' said the gray-haired man without introduction, 'just where I made my mistake in that Yeddo affair——'

"'Good Lord, Sterling,' said Norton.'

'Yes,' said Sterling. 'It has taken me all this time to get back on my feet—but I am back. If you will oblige me I will show you the proper way of making that fall.'

"'I wrestle no more,' said Norton solemnly. 'It is a sacred vow.'

"Sterling gazed at him for a moment and an understanding came into his eyes.

"'I see,' he said. 'Will you spar?'

"Norton frowned. Age had bent him a trifle, and in the previous ten years he had been so deep in a theory concerning the bubonic plague that he had lost interest in other things. But they sparred. Sterling had not lost his pre-eminence in the science. At the end of fourteen rounds Norton's second would not allow him to go on.

"Ten years later Norton's work on the bubonic plague came out and learned societies over the world sent him medals and decorations and innumerable arrangements of the alphabet to put after his name. Whereupon Norton slapped himself on the chest and thought he would take a vacation. He was only seventy-two and felt frisky. He met Sterling on the street in New York and grabbed him. Sterling had become a dew-lapped old chap with a wabbly chin.

"'How is Catullus?' asked Norton, leaning severely on his cane.

"'Who, sir?' asked Sterling.

"'Catullus,' repeated Norton.

"'Never heard of him, sir,' replied Sterling.

"'Do you happen to remember any thrashings you've given me in the last fifty years?' asked Norton.

"'I do sir,' said Sterling. If I remember correctly I gave you the last one only the other day.'

"'Precisely,' assented Norton, 'and I've come on to square accounts.'

"'Come up and dine with me,' said Sterling. You can do it then. So the enemies locked arms and walked uptown together.

"'If you have anything to say, sir, say it now,' said Sterling, just before dinner was announced.

"'Certainly,' said Norton, lifting himself out of his chair. The polished floor was slippery and he stumbled before he reached his antagonist, so, instead of taking a strangle hold, he merely seized Sterling's arms to save himself from falling.

"'Time,' said Sterling; 'you've knocked off my glasses.'

"Norton got down and picked them up.

"'It may be,' he said 'that the time has come to call this affair a draw.'

"'It is impossible,' said Sterling. 'Why did you ever begin it?'

"'I begin it?' asked Norton. 'You began it.

"'I, sir?' said Sterling. 'Will you kindly give the facts?'

"'The facts?' repeated Norton. 'Why—let me see—well, suppose you give the facts. There was something about Catullus.'

"'Well,' said Sterling, 'I don't entirely recall——'

"Sterling's granddaughter came into the room at that moment. She was a very pretty girl of nineteen.

"'My dear,' said Sterling; 'come and shake hands with Mr. Norton, a very old friend of mine.'

"'I am very glad to meet you, my dear Miss Flushing,' said Norton.

"'Miss Hendy,' corrected Sterling; then he paused, staring at Norton. The two of them stood rigid for several moments, looking one another into space.

"'It is only right to tell you,' said Norton, 'that I have always been heartily ashamed of myself for kissing that girl.'

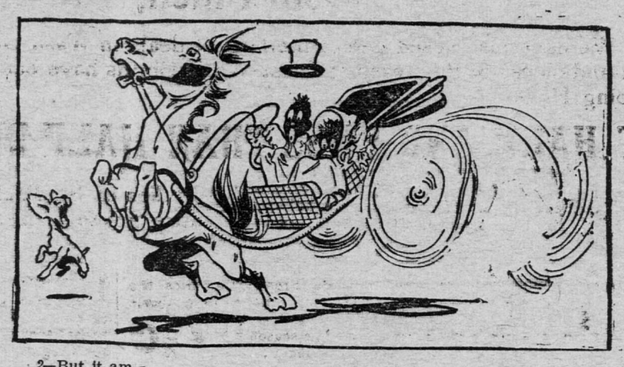
"'What!' thundered Sterling.

"Sterling's granddaughter looked alarmed. 'I think we will go into dinner, she said.'

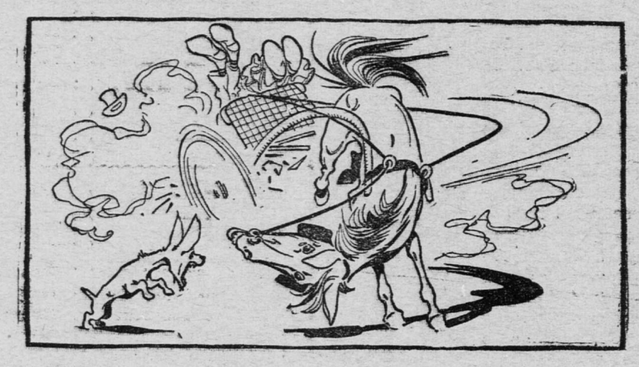
The lonely old boy paused and let his chin fall on his chest. After a while a broadchested young man went over and pressed his arm kindly. Then the broadchested young man started. Though the lonely old boy was said by some to be 100, his arm was an arm of steel.

A RAGTIME CATASTROPHE.

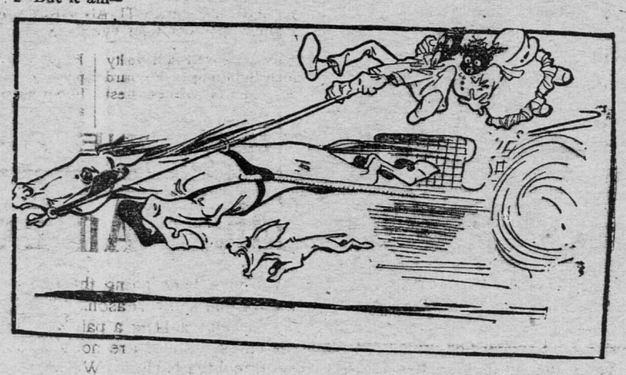
1—"No, Miss Johnsing, dis am not za ctly what dey calls an ortermobilly—



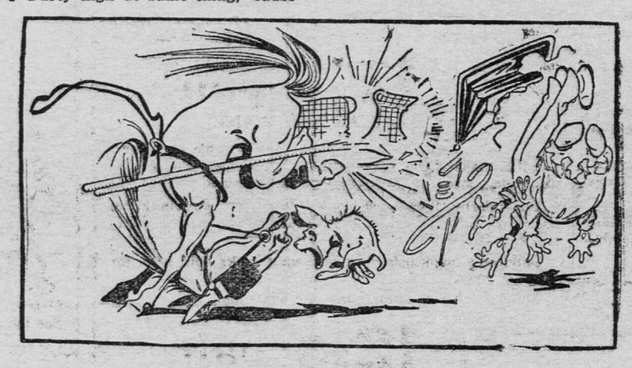
2—But it am—



3—Purty nigh de same thing, 'cause—



4—Yo see—



5—For instance, Miss Johnsing—

6—Yo' reach de same results wifout incurrin' de same expenditure of cash."

MR. OYSTER'S FAREWELL.

CAUSE OF HEADACHE.

Why Glasses That Are Properly Fitted Will Cure It.

"About two-thirds of the headaches are due to a strain of the eyes caused by a malformation and weakness of the ciliary and ocular muscles," said a St. Paul specialist to a reporter for the Globe recently. "This difficulty results in throwing a diffused circle of rays on the retina, thus causing an imperfect vibration to be conveyed by the optic nerve to the brain, and taxing the delicate muscles to determine from what its rays emanate. For it is the brain in reality that sees by means of the different vibration which the different colors, form, size and distances produce.

"When these abnormal conditions exist the eye is unable to bring the emanating rays to a focus at the most sensitive place on the retina, which place is most susceptible to the different vibrations above mentioned and is located two millimeters to the temporal side of the optic nerve. Hence, the vibrations are indistinct and indistinctly conveyed to the brain, and consequently the delicate muscles are forced to undergo a strain in order to determine the vibrations, or the object from which the rays emanate, and as nature is constantly endeavoring to perform her duty she then goes to work and produces an extra flow of blood to the strained parts until finally the blood becomes stagnated in its veins and it is this pressure of the veins that produces the aching sensation.

"Generally speaking, this difficulty is many times obviated by properly neutralizing the deformaties of the eye with a lens accurately ground for the purpose, which assists the ciliary and ocular muscles in bringing the deviating rays to a focus at the macula lutea and thus enable the brain to distinguish the object from which the rays emanate without an effort. When this is attained many annoying headaches will be prevented.

Only $12.30 to Lincoln, Neb., and Return Via Chicago Great Western Railway.

On May 23d to 27th, 1901, the Chicago Great Western railway will sell through excursion tickets to Lincoln, Neb., to attend the annual meeting of the German Baptists (Dunkards) to be held in that city May 24th to 31st. Tickets good to return June 4th (or till June 30th by payment of 50 cents extra.)

For further information apply to J. N. Storr, City Ticket Agent, corner Fifth and Robert streets, St. Paul, Minn.

ECZEMA

Eczema sets the skin on fire. The acid poisons in the blood are forced out through the pores of the skin, causing intense redness, burning and itching. So terrible is the itching at times, especially when the body is overheated, that the almost distracted sufferer feels that he could tear the skin to pieces, and that he must scratch or go crazy. He knows from experience that this only makes matters worse, but, made desperate by the terrible burning and itching, he is for the time being indifferent to after effects. There are several forms of Eczema, the moist, or weeping kind, that comes in little pustules which discharge a watery, sticky fluid, which dries and peels off in bran-like scales. So profuse is the discharge at times that large scabs or crusts form, which are both painful and troublesome, and not easily removed. Red, disfiguring bumps and sores are symptoms of Eczema. The dry form usually attacks the head, hands and feet; the skin, becoming hard and rough, often cracking open and bleeding, and attended with much itching. Eczema depends upon a poisoned condition of the blood, and local applications, while soothing and cooling, and may to some extent relieve the inflammation and itching, cannot be considered cures, because external remedies do not reach constitutional or blood diseases. Salves, ointments, powders, lotions and soaps do more harm than good, by smearing over and sealing up the pores of the skin, thus forcing the poison back into the blood. S. S. S. antidotes and neutralizes the acid poisons and drives out of the circulation all impurities and humors, and the pure, rich blood that is carried to the diseased skin quickly allays the inflammation, opens the clogged up pores, and the skin becomes soft, smooth and ready to perform its proper functions. To be rid of Eczema you must first purify and build up the blood, and nothing so surely and effectually does this as S. S. S., the only guaranteed purely vegetable blood purifier. Send for our book on blood and skin diseases, and write our physicians for any information or advice you may desire. Medical advice and book free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA

Mr. L. Marno, Escondido, San Diego County, Cal., writes: "My body broke out with a rash or eruption which in spite of all efforts to cure continued to get worse. The itching, especially at night, was simply terrible; it would almost disappear at times, only to return worse than ever. I had tried many highly recommended preparations without benefit, and hearing of S. S. S. determined to give it a fair trial, and was inexpressibly delighted when a few bottles cured me entirely, removing every blemish and pimple from my body. I shall not fail to recommend S. S. S. whenever an opportunity occurs.

GAMING AT MONTE CARLO

PROFITS LAST YEAR FOR THE TABLES AMOUNTED TO NEARLY $5,000,000

MUCH SUBSIDIZING NEEDED

Still the Company Has Over $3,000,000 for Stockholders—Impossible to Break the Bank at Monte Carlo.

Prior to 1899 the Casino company published a report of its receipts and expenditures. The report was delightfully obscure in most particulars, but still it gave an inkling of the affairs of the great gambling corporation. Since the year mentioned, however, no reports whatever have been made public, and the following information, obtained through the assistance of a director in the concern is the first opportunity the public has had to obtain an insight into the affairs of the Casino and principality, says the Brooklyn Eagle.

For the year ending March 31, the gross profits of the tables amounted to $4,900,000. Added to this sum the Casino company has a yearly revenue of $120,000 from hotel rentals, thus the gross income for the year ending March 31 was $5,020,000. The Casino, however, does not pocket this amount, being obliged to spend large sums at the prince's dictation, who words the concession about as he pleases. Note the demands made by the prince on the purse of the Casino.

The maintenance of the prince and principality cost the Casino last year $650,000. In fact all of the expenses of the principality are borne by the Casino, as there are scarcely any taxes, this being the one place on earth where such is the case. The payment to his serenity the past year was $250,000 for the concession, $100,000 for government expenses, including the army. Army for what? Ask the prince. It cannot be for purposes of defense as it only consists of sixty men. The next items in the expense account are $80,000 for lighting, $55,000 for fetes, prizes, etc. The expenses of the Casino itself amounted to $1,070,000, of which $400,000 represents cost of management, salaries to directors, inspectors, croupiers and the rest of the personnel, which reaches the astonishing number of 16,000 persons. Repairs and maintenance cost $100,000, and as the Casino and grounds occupy a large part of Monte Carlo, it is thus seen that repairs and maintenance for Casino mean repairs and maintenance for Monte Carlo, which profits by all the good fortune of its mother. Grants to private individuals, pensioners and invalids or bankrupted persons, in which it is to be presumed a great deal of secret service money is included, amounted to $50,000.

Subsidizing the press, or paying the press to refrain from agitating in France or elsewhere the question of suppressing the games, as well as paying newspaper representatives to say nothing of suicide, robberies and other crimes committed under their eyes and ears, cost the neat sum of $120,000. The theater and orchestra cost $250,000, and $25,000 was expended upon what is known as the Viaticum, which means the return fares home of those unfortunates who have left all their worldly goods in possession of the Casino. The expenditure for principality and Casino amounted thus to $1,720,000, leaving a balance of $3,300,000 to be distributed among the stockholders. The dividend for the twelve months, including a bonus of $5 a share, was $55 per share, par value of the stock being $100. The shares, however, are now quoted at $850 each, so that the dividend on present market price was but 6 per cent, which is not a very large return considering the precarious nature of the business.

Under the terms of the new contract recently signed by which the concession is extended for fifty years, the expenses are considerably increased. By these latter terms the prince receives this year $2,000,000 cash down, and $3,000,000 in 1913, the date on which the old concession expires, the present and last one having been signed thus far in advance because the Casino company thought there was danger of their being overbid and made arrangements accordingly. Further, during the period from 1907 to 1917, the annual grant to the prince is to be raised from $250,000 to $350,000 per year, and in the two following decades, to $400,000 and $450,000, respectively, while in the next ten years this princeling will draw $500,000 per year from the Casino. In addition the Casino undertakes to erect a new opera house at a cost of $400,000 or more. Another clause in the contract provides that the manager of the theater must be allowed by the Casino $5,000 each for ten special representations per year. This clause, it is undestood, was inserted at the instigation of the Princess of Monaco, the wife of the prince, who wished to do honor to the work of the composer, Isidore de Lara (who is really a Jew by name Cohen), who has apartments in the palace and is an intimate friend of the princess. In view of recent developments which have produced a separation of the prince and princess, Mr. de Lara being the cause of such separation, it is likely that this clause of the contract will become imperative.

All roads on the continent of Europe lead, 'tis said, to Monte Carlo, and certainly, all roads in Monte Carlo lead to the Casino, witness in this the business sagacity of the management, or as it is called, the "administration." Without doubt Monte Carlo justifies its claim of being the most beautiful spot on either the French or Italian Rivieras, and par consequence, the Casino or fountain head, is the most beautiful spot in Monte Carlo. Built of white stucco the building is imbedded in grounds filled with palms, rubber trees great as oaks, flowers, particolored in all the splendor of selected nature, artificial lakes and fountains in which the lights of gold and silver flash; Grecian semi-circular benches, fashioned after shells and of charming grace, lawns deepest of greens, thick as moss, as soft as the cheek of a child. All this beauty rests upon a terrace which falls sheer to and raises itself above the sea. The top of the terrace is edged with a dainty open wall, a succession symmetrical and graceful of dainty pillars, "stone lace work," it has been happily termed.

The management of the Casino discloses a shrewdness which must be admired. The weather is not a consideration; cold or warm, there is always a profusion of flowers; here beds of American Beauty roses, there beds of Easter lilies. When this dawns upon the visitor he naturally exclaims: "Surely this is the most beautiful spot on earth, where in the midst of such dreary elements the flowers bloom in such profusion." The next step is to go to a hotel and engage rooms, leaving dreary Nice, Menton or Beaulieu or some other place where the flowers bloom not as at Monte Carlo.

However, one finds the weather no better at Monte Carlo than elsewhere, and the day comes when he is altogether disenchanted. In the bed you yesterday saw American Beauty roses you see today white lilacs, and in other beds you notice a like change of flower. It then dawns upon you that these flowers are grown in the great hothouses of the Casino, clipped and placed in the beds, where they last for a few days, then other flowers, grown and planted in like manner, are inserted in their place. Thus you soliloquize on the credulity of man and realize that as you have engaged your rooms you must keep them, and as the theater and all places of amusement are located in the Casino, to the Casino you must go, and perhaps you may be tempted to try your luck. Thus it is that the Casino obtains a return for its investment in hothouses and gardeners.

Many are the stories of individuals breaking the Bank of Monte Carlo, but it is impossible to break it. One might break a table, but never the bank for the vaults contain vast sums, and the roulette wheel always has the chances in favor of the bank. A great Oxford mathematician said, after calculating the chances for many months, that the Casino might place over its doors: "We defy the world." If you be lucky, you may win for a few turns of the wheel, but as sure as the sun shines the bank's turn comes, and if you persist you surely lose.

This, if proof were needed, is shown by the figures here given. Spend your money in any way you like, but never in trying to win at Monte Carlo. Last year the bank won $4,900,000.

TICKING OFF THE MILES.

There Are Several Ways of Doing It, More or Less Accurately.

Washington Evening Star.

"There has been some picturesque fiction written about the ease with which railroad men and drummers are supposed to tick off the miles as the train speeds along from things they can see from the car window," said a railroad conductor.

"There is only one strictly accurate way and that is to seat yourself on the side of the train from which may be observed the white mile posts that line the road and hold your watch on them. If you have a split-second watch it will prove interesting to note that while you made one mile in 69 seconds the next was covered in 53, and the third in 70 seconds, and so on, as the speed of the train increases or slackens. You may also follow around the little second hand on an ordinary watch. It kills time.

"Some pretend to say that they can tell the speed of the train by counting telegraph poles. If there were an exact number of telegraph poles to every mile this might be done by a little figuring, but there is a difference. The number of telegraph poles to a mile varies from 33 to 40, depending upon the straight stretches and the curves in the track, the latter having more poles than the former. So it is not as easy as the drummer would have the other passengers believe.

"If the poles are planted 33 to the mile, they are 160 feet apart, and every eleven passed represents a third of a mile. If placed 40 to a mile they are 132 feet apart and every 20 represents half a mile.

"These are easy figures to remember, and by applying them on a journey a passenger may obtain an idea more or less accurate, of the speed of the train.

"Another way is to attempt to count the click of the wheels of the truck of your car as they pass over the rails where joined. The rails of the road as placed today are too evenly joined to arrive at an exact determination by this method, because if you miss two or three joints your calculations are thrown out as to accuracy.

"However, there are railroad men who cannot tell you the number of the rails to the mile of their own roads, and rails vary in length, being 30 feet, some 33 feet and some 60 feet. At 30 feet there are 176 rails to the mile; and if you can count 176 consecutive clinks as your train flies along you may determine its speed, and not otherwise.

"Twenty years ago a rail weighing fifty or fifty-six pounds to the yard was considered heavy. Today the average weight is eighty and ninety pounds, favoring the former; so the average rail in use now weighs 800 pounds. If there are 176 rails to the mile, each separate mile of rails weighs 140,800 pounds, and on a four-track road 563,200 pounds of cold rolled steel hold up the cars to every mile.

"As New York is 221 miles from Washington, on each of the two four-track lines of railroad between the two cities, at the above average weight of rails, the earth holds up 502,268,800 pounds of steel."

Important Changes in Time.

Commencing Monday, April 29th, the Burlington Route morning train for Chicago and St. Louis will leave the Union depot, St. Paul, at 8:05 a. m., except Sunday, ten minutes earlier than heretofore. This train arrives at Chicago 9:35 p. m., same day.

MUNYON'S COLD CURE

Nearly everybody seems to be taking Prof. Munyon's Cold Cure whenever a cold appears. It relieves the head, nose, throat and lungs so quickly that a cold need no longer be a forerunner of grippe, diphtheria or pneumonia. A vial of the Cold Cure is like a life insurance policy. Every one of his remedies is as sure. Mostly 25c. vial. Guide to Health free. Munyon, New York and Philadelphia. MUNYON'S INHALER CURES CATARRH.