

The Times' Daily Short Story.

DISENCHANTED

(Original.) I fell in love with the name of Cyril St. Cyr, the great actor, as soon as I heard it. Soon after, my fiance, George Marsh, took me to see him play. St. Cyr took the part of a civil engineer upon whose management rested a great enterprise. The thoughtful expression of his face, his noble brow, his massive head, were all well fitted to the part. He was not only "star" in name, but in reality. The whole play hung upon him. I sighed when I left the theater, Cyril St. Cyr and George Marsh—there was as much difference in the men as in the names. George was a good fellow, had been graduated with honors at college and was a gentleman, but he was not Cyril St. Cyr. Within two weeks I had seen St. Cyr play three times. While George's photograph, prettily framed, decorated my dressing case St. Cyr's was in my handkerchief case, where no eye but mine ever saw it and from which I took it many times during the day and every night before going to bed to gaze on it rapturously. Week after week Cyril St. Cyr grew more splendid; week after week George Marsh more commonplace. It was plain to me that I had made a mistake. I was of an artistic temperament, and George was a business man. With me the world was art, not business; with George it was business, not art, and when he claimed that the two were incompatible I mentioned St. Cyr and the money he coined every night. One evening my dream received a shock. At dinner several people were discussing the great actor. "Everything about him," said a lady, "is artistic, even to his name." "His name?" said one of the men. "St. Cyr isn't his name. He's Thomas Branagan Murphy." I gave a gasp and looked for some one to refute the statement as a base allegation, but no one seemed to think there was anything improbable or unusual in it. When I looked at my treasure that night I put it back into my handkerchief case disappointed. There were the same noble expression, lofty brow and massive head, but somehow they did not fit Thomas Branagan Murphy. One evening George came in hurriedly and asked me to get ready at once to go to the theater. He had made the acquaintance of St. Cyr, and we were to go behind the scenes. I flew upstairs and down again, my heart throbbing like a kettledrum. We were at the theater half an hour or more before the play began and went directly to the stage door. We were admitted on George's sending in a card and asked to come to Mr. St. Cyr's dressing room. At the door we were given chairs while some one was inside with the actor. The door was

open, and we could hear what was said.

"I have considered your proposition to write me up," said the sonorous voice of St. Cyr, "and accept it provided you permit me to do the writing myself. Here is what I have written: "Cyril St. Cyr, the greatest living actor, owes his success to his natural adaptation for his work. There is nothing artificial about him. In private life he is the character of the modest, brainy engineer he personates."

I heard no more of this, which was already sufficient to destroy my dream of that sublime modesty I had seen in my adored one. I fancied George was watching me and took out my handkerchief to conceal a blaze in my cheeks, muttering something about a "stuffy" atmosphere. Presently a man came out, folding up a paper, and hurried away. Another came to the door and said in St. Cyr's voice:

"Come in, Mr. Marsh. I have five minutes before I begin to dress."

This wasn't St. Cyr. It couldn't be St. Cyr. St. Cyr was a god. This man was as ordinary a creature as I ever saw. The noble brow was a bald dome; the massive head was the shape of a football; the ears stuck out like those of an ape. His body was thick; his legs were thin. He was Murphy. I will never call him St. Cyr again. He put out a big red hand to me, then handed me a seat and said to George:

"You won't mind if I make up my head and face, will you?" George assured him that we would not, and sitting on a stool before a mirror, he put on a whole head, hair and all, slipped springs over his ears, then covered his pug nose with a Roman. This done, he took up paint brushes and began to blend the artificial with the natural. As he worked he talked.

"Fine line of business we're doing, Mr. Marsh. The secret of my success is knowing how to do it. Most young people who go on the stage waste a lot of time blundering about art. It isn't art; it's business. The only art in it is to fool the public, especially the silly young. There's the letters I got today," pointing, "from young ladies who admire this stuffed head. Don't open any more. But I like to get 'em. I never knew a great run without 'em."

When he came to a pause I told George I couldn't stand the air in there and asked him to take me out. At the stage door I told him I didn't want to stay for the play. We got into the carriage, and George told the coachman to drive home. As soon as we were seated I saw that George was laughing.

"Don't fancy, sweetheart," he said, "that I haven't noticed your infatuation. It has cost me cigars and liquor for a week spent on Murphy to secure the privilege of taking you to see him as he is."

I am now Mrs. Marsh and perfectly satisfied with my husband.

ALICE HUNT.

DAMES AND DAUGHTERS.

Miss Eleanor Wallot has given \$200,000 marks to the University of Heidelberg for the higher education of women in Germany.

Mrs. Rachel Albright, granddaughter of Betsy Ross, who made the first American flag, lives at Fort Atkinson, Ia., and is a flagmaker.

Sarah Bernhardt has kept a diary of everything she earned since she went on the stage and says that her engagements in the United States were most remunerative.

Mrs. Daniel J. Sully, wife of the former cotton king, has presented a beautiful gold lined silver communion service to the Summer Street Baptist church, Nantucket, Mass.

A memorial chapel at the Lincoln hospital and home, New York city, has just been dedicated and is a gift to the hospital by Miss Anna T. Van Santvoord and was erected in memory of her parents.

Dr. Sarah Adamson Dolley of Rochester, N. Y., the second woman in this country to receive a medical diploma, celebrated her diamond birthday a few days ago. A diamond brooch was presented to her by her professional associates.

Mrs. Sarah Elizabeth Tewesley, who died at the residence of her daughter in Cooksville, Ont., on April 5, is said to have been 105 years old lacking one month. She was born in Surrey, England, and the date of her birth is given as May 5, 1769.

It is said that Pauline, daughter of the self expatriated William Waldorf Astor, has announced her intention to go upon the stage. There was talk of the same kind about a year ago, but it was set down as idle chatter. This time, however, it is believed that there is something in it.

LAW POINTS.

A statute forbidding keepers of saloons to permit women to enter them for the purpose of being supplied with liquor is held, in Adams versus Cronin (Col.), 63 L. R. A. 61, to be valid.

The owner of goods can dictate the price at which he will sell them and the damages caused to an applicant to buy by the refusal to sell to him at prices which will enable him to resell at a profit constitute no legal injury and are not actionable. (125 Fed. Rep. 454.)

That papers were seized in violation of the constitutional provision protecting one against unreasonable searches and seizures is held in People versus Adams (N. Y.), 63 L. R. A. 496, not to prevent their being used in evidence against him if he is placed on trial upon a criminal charge.

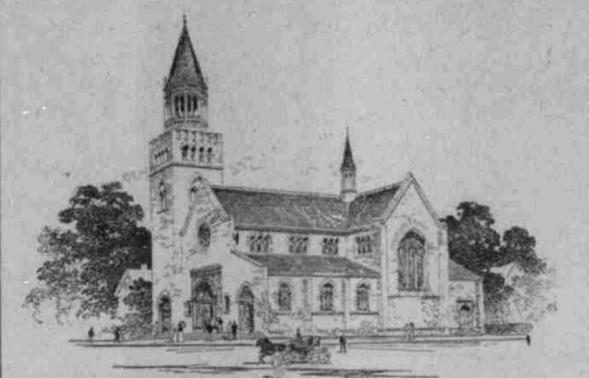
DEDICATION OF CHURCH

Christian Science Edifice at Concord, N.H.

IS OPENED FOR WORSHIP

A Magnificent Structure, the Gift of Rev. Mary B. G. Eddy to 1st Church of Christ, Scientist, Concord, N.H.

Yesterday, July 17, the beautiful new church edifice of First Church of Christ, Scientist, Concord, N. H., was dedicated. Members of this denomination from all parts of this country and many from other lands, were present at the services.



FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST, CONCORD, N.H.

ANECDOTES OF KRUGER

Youthful Exploits of the Transvaal's Ex-President.

THRILLING FIGHT WITH PANTHER

Tackled the Beast With Only a Knife to Save His Sister's Life—How He Lost His Thumb—An Adventure With Kaffirs—Oom Paul as a Solomon and Joker.

When the late Stephanus Johannes Paulus Kruger, ex-president of the Transvaal republic, was about fifteen years of age his father, sister and he went with the bullock team some distance into the Orange Free State, says the New York Post. The senior Kruger was forced to remain and told Paul to take the team home and to look after his sister. "I'll take care of her, father," was the reply. Everything went well until the children were about five miles from home. Then a panther appeared in the road. The sixteen bullocks in the team took fright and ran away. The jolting of the wagon threw the sister from the seat into the roadway, where she was at the mercy of the beast. Paul, without a rifle, ran to her rescue and tackled the panther. It was a fierce struggle, but in the end he managed to kill the animal with his knife.

Kruger's left thumb was lost through his rifle exploding when he fired at a rhinoceros, says the Chicago News. He said: "Next day our people, guided by the track of my horse, went to the spot and there they found the rhinoceros still alive, and following the trail of blood, discovered the remains of the rifle and my thumb. My hand was in a horrible state. The great veins were torn asunder. The flesh was hanging in strips. I bled like a slaughtered calf." Kruger made his way to the wagons, where his wife and sister-in-law were sitting by the fire. The sister-in-law pointed to his hand. "Look what fat game Brother Paul has been shooting," she said, and that was all. They went home. Kruger took out his knife and cut across the ball of the thumb, removing as much as was necessary. "Then they killed a goat, took out the stomach and cut it open. I put my hand into it while it was still warm," and thus was the wound healed.

Once when Kruger was chasing a buffalo bull and his horse had brought him close to the game, the buffalo stumbled and fell into a wallow filled by recent rains from a muddy pool, says the Philadelphia Times. Unable to check his speed the horse followed, and with his rider fell in a heap on the bull. Not for an instant did Kruger lose his presence of mind. He sprang from his horse, and, seizing the horns of the buffalo, twisted the head so as to bring the nose and mouth of the animal under water. There he held it by main force, himself astride of the buffalo, until it was drowned.

At eighteen Kruger was assistant field cornet; at twenty, full field cornet. His public life began at this time. Thenceforward he played a conspicuous part in all the wars and civil struggles of the Transvaal. In one expedition

The corner stone was laid July 16, 1903, and in one year the church has been completed and dedicated free from all indebtedness. The cost is about \$200,000 and its erection at this time was made possible by Mrs. Eddy's generous gift of one hundred and twenty thousand dollars. Spontaneous and unsolicited donations toward the furnishings have been sent from Christian Scientists everywhere. The local church has given liberally, and indeed Concord's attitude quite generally shows the old proverb reversed, and that in Mrs. Eddy's case a prophet has honor in her own country as well as elsewhere.

This new church is built of Concord granite throughout, and in Gothic architecture. Its proportions and lines are strikingly handsome and it will be a notable feature in the city's attractions. The seating capacity is 1,000, and its interior finish and decorations are in keeping with the chastity and elegance of its architecture.

The church has one of the finest locations in the city, having a prominent site at the corner of State and School streets. It occupies a position in the public square, around which are grouped the State Capitol, the handsome Post Office Building, the State Library, the High School, the Unitarian and Universalist Churches, the City Building and the City Library.

The citizens of Concord generally have taken great interest in this new building, and are justly proud of the handsome additional adornment of their fair city. In a broad-minded way, regardless of class or creed, to a large degree, they appreciate this striking manifestation of Mrs. Eddy's interest in all that makes for the highest welfare of her home city.

A FEW OPINIONS OF SEVEN BARKS. Extracts from Original Letters: "I had impure blood and better. Your medicine cured me sound and well." "The only doctors I have had in my family for ten years are Seven Barks and Globe Pills. They are the best doctors in the world." "I had four attacks of bilious fever. I tried many remedies with only temporary relief, until I resorted to Seven Barks. After one bottle I felt as good as ever I did." "I have not had a doctor in my family since I have been using your medicine (Seven Barks)." "Seven Barks is good for more diseases than I'm recommending for. I could not get along without it." "After using two bottles of your Seven Barks my wife was entirely cured of rheumatism." "I feel satisfied that if anything will prolong life it is Seven Barks and Globe Pills." "We could use several pages of this size in reproducing short extracts from original letters in our possession, received from enthusiastic friends of 'Seven Barks.' There is no evidence of merit deserving we cannot produce, but the quickest way to settle all doubt, if in the reader's mind, is to buy a 50-cent bottle from your home druggist, and if you do not find it all we claim, get your money back. It will be cheerfully refunded by the druggist you bought of." LYMAN BROWN, Pharmacist, New York City. THE RED CROSS PHARMACY, 160 North Main Street, Barre, Vermont.

VIEWS OF PERDICARIS

Tells How Order May Be Restored in Morocco.

TO MAKE RAISULI GOVERNOR

Astonishing Suggestion by the Rescued Victim of the Bandit—Says Mild Measures in Dealing With Morocco Would Mean Disaster.

Paris, July 18.—Ion Perdicaris has arrived from Tangier, Morocco, on an important mission which will occupy the next two weeks. Mr. Perdicaris intends to urge strongly on the government officials and parliamentary leaders the necessity for the adoption of a forcible policy toward Morocco as the only means of averting disaster. He shows no ill effects from his captivity, but says Mrs. Perdicaris, who accompanied him here, suffered rather severely from being thrown down a flight of stone steps by Raisuli's men. Mr. Perdicaris does not intend to make a claim for indemnity, as he considers his case closed and is now devoting his attention to the broader phases of the serious situation in Morocco.

Rescued Captive Interviewed. In the course of an interview Mr. Perdicaris said: "The situation at Tangier has become desperate. Strong measures are requisite to avoid serious consequences. France's policy of pacific penetration promises to be entirely inadequate to meet the danger. If, however, a large force, say 10,000 men, is landed, it would end all turbulence and give a lasting object lesson of French power. Nothing short of some such decisive action will suffice to meet the situation. It might involve a skirmish and possibly some bloodshed, but it would be insignificant compared with the grave menace of an extensive uprising and possible massacre through a policy of excessive mildness. France has established a commanding position in Algeria and Tunis through firmness and requires the same policy in Morocco."

It was suggested to Mr. Perdicaris that two French warships were now held at Toulon in readiness to meet the emergency of an uprising at Tangier. He replied: "The warships might better be at Tangier than at Toulon. If an uprising occurred, it would be over before the ships arrived from Toulon. It would likewise be impossible to get a British military force from Gibraltar across in time."

United States May Have to Act. Asked if in his opinion the United States should take further action in Morocco, Mr. Perdicaris said: "If France fulfills her responsibilities, well and good; otherwise I think it will be salutary to have France understand that her failure to protect foreigners may lead the United States and other governments to adopt means of protecting their citizens."

Mr. Perdicaris says he fully recognizes the difficulties in the way of France adopting force owing to parliamentary opposition and political complications in Spain and Morocco. Therefore he is prepared to propose an alternative measure. This is nothing short of giving Raisuli authority to deal with the situation in and around Tangier.

"I know this will excite surprise," said Mr. Perdicaris, "as the public has the idea that Raisuli is a common robber. This is entirely erroneous. I consider Raisuli to be the strongest man now available to deal with the turbulent conditions. While it would be an experiment, yet I am convinced that it would be better to try the experiment than to allow the situation to drift into complete anarchy. Raisuli says he can maintain order, and I believe in giving him a trial. This can be done by the foreign representatives joining with France in upholding Raisuli's authority."

Consuls Oppose Raisuli's Advance. Mr. Perdicaris frankly says that Mr. Gummere, the American consul general, and the British minister at Tangier are strongly opposed to giving Raisuli any authority. He pays high tribute to the American and British officials, but says he thinks their opposition to Raisuli is the natural result of the trouble he gave them during the captivity incident. With the exception of these two, Mr. Perdicaris says, the foreign representatives approve of the plan of supporting Raisuli's course.

During the interview Mr. Perdicaris gave the following description of Raisuli: "He is a man of large stature and of commanding appearance. His dark, heavily bearded face usually has an expression of sternness, but it lights up when he speaks. He wears a white turban and flowing white and blue robes, which constitute the garb of a Moorish gentleman, as distinguished from the rough costume of the mountaineers. I believe him to be seriously sincere. His taking me prisoner was part of a political movement, and the demand for a ransom was due to revenge for a series of persecutions against himself and family."

The representations of Mr. Perdicaris promise to receive serious attention from the officials and parliamentary leaders owing to his intimate knowledge of Moorish affairs. He also speaks as president of the foreign organization at Tangier and brings letters to the most prominent leaders of the so-called Moroccan party here.

EGG STORIES.

Leigh Worden of Augusta, Me., has an egg that one of his hens laid that measures eight and three-quarter inches one way and six and a half the other.

James Eln of Ripley, Ind., owns a large flock of ducks that lay eggs of which the shells are jet black. Bleaching fluids will not remove the color. Ducks hatched from these black shelled eggs are covered with thick black hair.

A curiosity in the way of an egg was a recent product of Thomas Manning's poultry yard in Hancock, N. H. It measured 8 1/2 by 9 1/2 inches and contained besides the white and yolk of the usual egg another perfect egg of average size.

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PILES. "I have suffered with piles for thirty-six years. One year ago last April I began taking Cascarets for constipation. In the course of a week I noticed the piles began to disappear and as the end of six weeks they did not trouble me at all. Cascarets have done wonders for me. I am entirely cured and feel like a new man." George Kryder, Napoleon, O. Best For The Bowels. Cascarets. CANDY CATHARTIC. THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP. Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken or Grip, No Sic, No Nausea, Sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C. O. Guaranteed to cure or your money back. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or N. Y. 300 ANNUAL SALE, TEN MILLION BOXES