

moments, light began to dawn upon me. How stupid not to think of it at once! Of course, the proprietors of the Casino had had the money put into his pockets so that we should not think his suicide due to his losses. That was self-evident. Then I began to wonder how much money would be placed in my pockets if I should carry out my intentions and take my life near the Casino. I think I had lost as much money as Jacobson. And then—suddenly an idea rushed into my head faster than the bullet I had intended for it. Excited, but with a light heart, I continued my breakfast. Then I went to the landlord, told him that I would pay him fifteen francs that evening. "Provided," I added, with a sad smile, "that I am still alive."

"My dear sir, we trust you implicitly."
"Then," said I, "please lend me one hundred francs until this evening. I am expecting money from Paris."

"Certainly."
I spent the afternoon on the beach where, after careful deliberation, I planned the various steps of an advantageous suicide.

That evening at nine I donned my best-fitting dress-suit, tied my most elaborate cravat and went to the Casino. I made it quite evident I risked my last coin and should have been greatly chagrined had I won. I lost, and assumed first a troubled, then an angry, then a meditative mien. An attendant, who knew me, became interested in my fate. In low, sad tones I told him of my ruin. He sympathized with me, and sought to comfort me.

"You can still have your traveling expenses home, for the Casino makes it a point of honor—"

"The way that I go needs no ticket," I interrupted with deep earnestness.

He looked at me, amazed. "You are not in earnest. You are not going to be a fool, I hope."

I remained silent and turned my back on him. Looking about carelessly after several minutes, I noticed the attendants of the Casino watching me. Toward eleven the crowd of players arose. I went out among the last, hanging my head and looking thoroughly crushed.

The night was glorious. The moon bathed forest and sea in a flood of light. In the distance, I heard violins. Deciding quickly, I directed my steps towards a great bush of rhododendron not far from the Casino, a place that seemed a fit setting for the joke I had planned. My hasty preparations were carried out in the presence of a marble nymph that seemed to smile, then—crack, crack, two shots rang out. I fell, not without care, upon a bench and waited. Voices in the distance came nearer and nearer, and shadows fell across my closed eyes.

"My God, it is he! How awful, pierced with two bullets!" Then the voice of the attendant whom I knew, "Hurry, hurry, before anyone comes. Oh, the rascal couldn't he have done this somewhere else?"

He bent over me and I felt that he slipped something into my pocket.

I almost choked. I groaned twice, slowly opened my eyes, raised myself with great care and looked in astonishment at the crowd. Unconcerned, I took my hat and my still smoking pistol and arose.

The crowd looked on with increasing astonishment. They stared at me as if I were some strange animal.

"This is unheard of!" I said, angrily. "One can't even kill himself without causing a sensation."

The attendant who knew me came toward me enraged. "My dear sir, I would—well,—you?" he stammered, confused. "What do you mean by this farce? I shall have you arrested for disturbing the peace."

"Disturbing the peace!" I repeated, bitterly. "That is well said; that will become the watchword of the season." And I walked away, digni-

fied but inwardly laughing at the crowd of people who had gathered out of curiosity.

I returned to my hotel and paid my debts out of the three thousand francs earned through my suicide.

The bank made repeated efforts to collect the money from me, but it never entered my mind to return it, for I considered that it had been legally given to me. Furthermore, I believe that three thousand francs is not too large a fee for a suicide.

To vex them, I lived high for a few days upon the money, and then went to Paris. Subsequently I learned that the sum bestowed on suicides by the Casino of San Romano has been considerably reduced.—Town Talk.

A FISH OUT OF WATER.

Continued from page 5

There are at present 35 jockeys riding at the local track of which the best are undoubtedly Nelson, Manders and Morse. The bettors who have followed the mounts of the first two have made a handsome profit. Morse has had fewer mounts, but has shown excellent judgment. A number of the entries have suffered from poor rides, but the work of Starter Murray has been of the highest order. During the first fourteen days but one horse was left at the post and that was due to the boy who had the mount.

The fact that the spring and fall meetings will be a permanency will mean that the class of the horses seen here will steadily be bettered. The death knell of racing in the east has been sounded and the horses now being campaigned at Belmont, Saratoga, Gravesend, Sheephead Bay and the other New York tracks will undoubtedly be brought west.

The Salt Lake race goers have not as yet acquired the real Peruvian touch in rooting their choices home. One old time Tanforan Jane attracted the attention of the whole stand Thursday as she rooted Valencia home in the third race. "Come on, you Valencia," she shouted, snapping her carefully gloved fingers. Come on Little Hoss. Take her up to the front, you MacBeth! Sit down on that hoss! Come on you Valencia." A man on the ground near the rail with a ticket on Valencia clutched tightly in one hand shouted angrily, "Quit riding that horse. Do you want him to carry over weight?" But the majority of the crowd around her assisted with numerous suggestions advising her, "Draw your whip, sister." "Go to the bat," etc. Not a trifle abashed she continued to root Valencia home until she had passed the finish when the Jane sank calmly back in her chair and began to dope out the third race.

The books have had several bad days and all through the meeting well played favorites have landed the money for their adherents.

Vote for Dana T. Smith and J. E. Darmer for City Judges.

Vote for Henry Welch, of Park City, for State Auditor.

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