

HONOR FOR THE PAST, HELP FOR THE PRESENT, HOPE FOR THE FUTURE.

VOL. XI.

FARMVILLE, VA., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1900.

NO. 5.

CITY DIRECTORY.

MAYOR—W. T. Branford.
City Council—By Committees.
Finance—W. E. Davidson, W. P. Gilliam,
R. L. Morris.
Police—H. E. Wall, J. B. Farrar and
J. E. Farrar.
Public Works—W. E. Davidson, A. E. Crute,
L. E. Crute.
S. C. Brewer, W. P. Gilliam, A. E. Crute and
J. E. Farrar.
L. E. Crute, W. P. Gilliam, W. E. Davidson and
J. E. Farrar.
L. E. Crute, W. P. Gilliam, W. E. Davidson and
J. E. Farrar.
L. E. Crute, W. P. Gilliam, W. E. Davidson and
J. E. Farrar.
L. E. Crute, W. P. Gilliam, W. E. Davidson and
J. E. Farmville.

Good Bargains.

1,168 acres of land near Southern
railway, in Prince Edward county,
with improvements. Price \$3,500.
350 adjoining at \$2.50 an acre.
1,000 acres in same neighborhood,
good buildings, well wooded and wa-
tered. For \$2.50 per acre.
For particulars apply to
Farmville Farm Agency.

Do not get scared if your heart
troubles you. Most likely you suffer
from indigestion, Kodol Dyspepsia
Cure digests what you eat and gives
the worn out stomach perfect rest. It
is the only preparation known that
completely digests all classes of foods;
that is why it cures the worst cases of
indigestion and stomach trouble after
everything else has failed. It may be
taken in all conditions and cannot hurt
but do you good. **Winston Drug Co.**

Vigorous Rubbing

with Dixie Nerve and Bone Liniment
will cure Rheumatism, Stiff Joints, Muscles and
Spasms. Pain in the Back, Shoulders and
Sides. Dixie Nerve and Bone Liniment is
the best Family Liniment known. For sale
by **Winston Drug Co.**

A Cheap Farm.

Three hundred acres, good improve-
ments, 60 acres low grounds, well
wooded and watered. Price \$1,000.
Reasonable terms. Apply to
Farmville Farm Agency.

Dr. W. H. Lewis, Lawrenceville, Va.,

writes, "I am using Kodol Dyspepsia
Cure in my practice among severe cases
of indigestion and find it an admirable
remedy." Many hundreds of physi-
cians depend upon the use of Kodol
Dyspepsia Cure in stomach troubles. It
digests what you eat, and allows you
to eat all the good food you need, pro-
viding you do not overload your stom-
ach. Gives instant relief and a per-
manent cure. **Winston Drug Co.**

An Amelia Farm for Sale.

One of the most valuable farms in
Amelia for sale. Improvements of the
highest order, fine body of timber, excel-
lent soil. Apply to
Farmville Farm Agency.

Dear Sirs—

About a year ago, having
arranged to go on a hunting trip, I found
myself unable to raise my arm, having an
attack of rheumatism, I went into your
store and asked if you could help me out, as I
did not want to be disappointed. You sold me
a bottle of your "Dixie Nerve and Bone Liniment,"
which I used freely, rubbing vigor-
ously with it that night, and I was most
agreedly surprised, when getting up the
next morning, to find the rheumatism en-
tirely cured, and my arm perfectly well. I
am glad to say I have had no return of
rheumatism since.
I told the above to a friend suffering the
same way, and he tried your "Dixie Nerve
and Bone Liniment" and was as speedily
cured.
J. THOMPSON BROWN.
Large bottle 25 cents, small bottle 15 cents
at **Winston Drug Co.**

"BLACK DEATH" Insecticide for

Tobacco and Cabbage Worms, and in-
sects that feed on trees or plants.
H. C. CRUTE, Druggist.

Does it Pay to Buy Cheap.

A cheap remedy for coughs and colds
is all right, but you want something
that will relieve and cure the more
severe and dangerous results of throat
and lung troubles. What shall you
do? Go to a warmer and more regular
climate? Yes, if possible; if not pos-
sible, then in either case take the ONLY
remedy that has been introduced in all
civilized countries, with success, in
severe throat and lung troubles, "Bos-
chee's German Syrup." It not only
heals and stimulates the tissues to de-
stroy the germ disease, but allays in-
flammation, causes easy expectoration,
gives a good night's rest, and cures the
patient. Try one bottle. Recommended
many years by all druggists in the
world. For sale by H. C. Crute.

As regards footwear we are always

in the lead. Zeigler shoes for ladies and
children. Smith & Stoughton's
celebrated "Bostonian" shoe for men.
They have no equal.
FLEMING & CLARK.

It is well to know that DeWitt's

Witch Hazel Salve will heal a burn
and stop the pain at once. It will cure
eczema and skin diseases and ugly
wounds and sores. It is a certain cure
for piles. Counterfeits will be offered
you. See that you get the original
DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. **Winston
Drug Co.**

Question Answered.

Yes, August Flower still has the largest
sale of any medicine in the civilized
world. Your mothers' and grand-
mothers' never thought of using any-
thing else for Indigestion or Bilious-
ness. Doctors were scarce, and they
could hear of Appendicitis, Nervous
Prostration or Heart failure, etc. They
used August Flower to clean out the
system and stop fermentation of un-
digested food, regulate the action of the
liver, stimulate the nervous and or-
ganic action of the system, and that is
all they took when feeling dull and bad
with headaches and other aches. You
only need a few doses of Green's August
Flower, in liquid form, to make you
satisfied there is nothing serious the
matter with you. For sale by H. C.
Crute.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure

Digests what you eat.
It artificially digests the food and aids
Nature in strengthening and recon-
structing the exhausted digestive or-
gans. It is the latest discovered digest-
ant and tonic. No other preparation
can approach it in efficiency. It in-
stantly relieves and permanently cures
Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Heartburn,
Flatulence, Sour Stomach, Nausea,
Sick Headache, Gastralgia, Cramps and
all other results of imperfect digestion.
Price 50c. and 1c. Large size contains 24 times
small size. Book all about dyspepsia mailed free.
Prepared by E. C. DeWITT & CO., Chicago.
Winston Drug Co.

LOOKING BACKWARD.

Oh, those happy days of summer, when
the harvest sun shone hot,
A flow of memory takes me back, a captive
to the spot
Where I spent the years of childhood,
and those dreamy summers long
Were written on my boyish mind—a glad,
unremembered song.

How I viewed the old brick schoolhouse
with a frown of hate and scorn,
As I'd strap my books together on a
sunny April morn';
And how I moped and languished as a
caged bird repines.
And through the frosty air came teasing
through the honeysuckle vines.
How we used to hulk vacation, when the
prison doors were closed,
And geography and "rithmetic" upon the
shelf reposed;
When time 'was but a fancy, and the
date a banished name.
And all the days but Sunday were to
behold minds the same.

I can see the grassy path that led me up
and down the creek
When the noonday sun would find me
where the shadows lingered thick,
With ne'er a care but comfort and ne'er
a pain but ease,
With strands of uncombed hair that
swept my forehead in the breeze.
I can hear the little rapids where they
joined the swimming pool;
I see my face reflected in the water dark
and cool;
And my fancy hears the splashing of my
"boyhood's" kindred folk.
As we plunged into the water 'neath the
overhanging oak.

We knew each little eddy of the water
far and near,
Ev'ry little glancing ripple where the
sunbeams, falling sheer
Out of heaven's fleecy cloudland, with a
laughing, dancing look,
Seemed to bathe their heated foreheads
in the bosom of the brook.

Oh, the many days I squandered with a
clumpy hook and line—
Up and down the little streamlet where
the silver-sides would shine,
And I'd watch my hook in silence, till
the summer sun was low
And my footsteps led me homeward
through the paths I used to know.

Oh, for one brief day of childhood; but to
be a boy again,
Just to feel the free abandon of a sum-
mer's day as then,
With a heart in tune with nature, a mind
that knew no care,
And an aimless destination in the world
of any where.
—Indianapolis Press.

The Emperor's Saviour

By William Le Queux.

THE ivory roulette ball fell with a
final click into one of the 37 little
spaces on the red and black wheel.
"Onze! Noir, impair et manqué!"
The croupier's rakes went swiftly to
work sweeping the coin and bank notes
from every part of the table, while as
swiftly winnings were flung to the
eager, grinning, cosmopolitan crowd
with that machine-like accuracy which
every visitor to Monte Carlo knows so
well.
The night was stifling—only May
night last year—and the rooms were
filled by the usual well-dressed, per-
fumed monde from all corners of the
earth. At the table where I was stand-
ing play was running high, for a young
Englishman had thrice in succession
won the maximum on black, as well as
a plaque en plein.
On my left in the crowd of hot, excite-
d, bejeweled players stood a woman
of about 50, rather old-fashioned and neat-
ly dressed in black, carrying in her
hand a small, well-worn reticule, while
on my right stood two men, one young-
ish, with a well-trimmed, dark brown
beard; the other tall, gray-haired and
of pronounced military type, watching
the play interestedly, but staking
nothing. One does not generally take
much notice of one's neighbors at
Monte Carlo, and I dare say I should
not have given the woman a passing
glance had it not been for the regularity
with which she handed the croupier
sitting at the end of the table a louis,
with the words:

"Trente, En plein."
She staked on the number 30 each
time, losing persistently. It is nothing
unusual for a player to fancy a single
number and play upon it repeatedly.
The number of one's railway ticket or
cloakroom check, or of one's waiter at
the Cafe de Paris opposite—all serve as
guides to the inveterate gambler, who
is nothing if not a firm believer in omens.

The woman played on and on, her
features, which still bore traces of a
dark, tragic beauty, becoming paler and
more firmly set as each time the fatal
announcement was made.
Twenty-nine turned up. She only set
her teeth and doubled her stake. Then
the croupier's monotonous voice an-
nounced 27. I had a louis on the trans-
versals, and the croupier tossed me a
banknote for a hundred francs.

"Ah!" she said, bitterly. "If I had
only placed it a cheval!" meaning upon
the two numbers, 27 and 30.
"Try the transversale of six. You may
be more lucky," I suggested.
"No," she answered, determinedly,
in French, "Thirty is the number which
always brings me a fortune." And div-
ing again into her little bag she drew
forth a hundred-franc note, which she
pushed onto the square.

Twenty-five won. As I had allowed
my louis to remain I pocketed another
hundred francs, while hers was swept
away.

"That woman is playing a desperate
game," I heard my companion on my
right whisper in English to his elderly
friend. "She loses each time."
"She's surely proved that she has no
luck. Why doesn't she stop?"
The man who had first spoken sighed
slightly, but did not reply. He had a
kind face, and his dark eyes were
turned upon her as she fumbled again
in her little bag, her hand trembling
with excitement. His eyes met mine.
We exchanged glances more meaning
than words. I could see that he was
sorry to see her losing in that reckless
manner, for her outward appearance

showed that she could ill afford to lose
the sum which she had already staked.
Again she folded a bank note and
placed it upon her favorite number—
and lost.
Her face changed. She was desper-
ate.
Again rose the strident invitation to
play! Again she placed her hundred-
franc stake on 30.

Then she stood leaning over the
players seated in front of her, watch-
ing the revolving wheel. She held her
breath; her hand clutched the back of
her chair; her eyes seemed starting
from her head.

The ball jumped quickly as it dropped
upon the wheel, and the next instant
fell with a final click.
"Ving-et-un!"

Once more she divined into the shabby
little reticule. She opened it wider
with nervous hands and peered into it.
It was empty!

For a moment she stood glaring at
it, rigid as a statue.

"Ah!" she shrieked above the poly-
glot chatter. "I've lost all—every-
thing! I have not a sou in the world.
And for his sake—for his sake!"

She threw up her arms and, reeling,
fell back writhing in a fit.

Some little commotion was caused,
but, assisted by the two men on my
right, I succeeded in preventing her
falling hereof, and a few moments
later she was taken out by four blue-
coated attendants.

Yet, with that strange perversity of
fate which ever follows us, just as she
was removed, the ball fell again, and
30, the number upon which she had
ruined herself, turned up.

"Bah! What luck!" ejaculated the
young man in English, with a slight
accent. "She ought to have let it pass
once. Then she'd have won. Poor
woman—poor woman!"

"She believed, by some omen or other,
that the number would win," I re-
marked. "It's always the same here.
People are not content with the simple
chances."

"Not only here, m'sieur, but in every
phase of life," he answered. "There is
avarice—the avarice that ruins in the
hearts of all, from peasant to king."
Then he sighed, and with a pleasant
nod to me turned away with his com-
panion, as though the sight of the play
bored him.

A couple of hours later, having
supped at Ciro's with some friends, I
left them and entered the "yellow" ex-
press, or gamblers' train, for Nice. In
the compartment I found the unfor-
tunate woman, silent, almost statur-
esque, huddled up in a corner alone,
the deathlike pallor of her face only
half concealed by her veil. Just at the
moment of starting, however, the two
men who had stood by watching her
ruin got in, and, after saluting me,
seated themselves.

It was very curious, I thought. They
seemed to be following either her or
myself.

Ere we ran past La Turbie the
younger man, who had seated himself
opposite her, suddenly raised his hat
and addressed her, saying in French:

"If I mistake not, madam is Russian?"

"Yes, m'sieur," she responded in a
low, broken voice. "I believe that it
was you who very kindly assisted me
in the rooms. I have to thank you."

"Oh! that was nothing at all. I
only regret that madam had such very
bad fortune!"

"Bad fortune!" she cried bitterly.
"M'sieur, I am ruined—utterly! I have
striven to save my son—but he is lost,
and I am ruined. All that I had has
gone!"

"Your son?" inquired the sympathet-
ic stranger. "Explain to me, I am
interested."

She hesitated, glancing at him with
some surprise.

"I am Russian," she said at length,
with a sigh. "I come from Markov,
a village 30 versts from Nijni, on the
road to Petersburg. I kept the inn
there; a poor place, but its scanty
profit sufficed for my daily wants.
Russia m'sieur, most of one's profits in
Asia are swallowed up in taxes. My
husband died ten years ago, and my
son Paul, is the only relation—the only
friend—I have in all the world. By dint
of greatest economy I managed to send
him to the university at Kiev, and he
there passed with brilliant honors and
became a doctor in the Izaak hospital,
in Petersburg. He returned to me ex-
actly one night, two months ago, and
told me that the police were searching
for him. Within an hour the ispravnik
and his men entered our house. He was
arrested and taken back to Petersburg,
where he is now in the Peter-Paul pris-
on, awaiting trial. When he had been
taken from me I knew that he must
have money if he was to be defended
by the great lawyers."

"I had nothing saved, therefore I sold
my inn to a Jew; but he gave me so
little that it was insufficient. I had
heard that a fortune might be won at
Monte Carlo by those lucky at games
of chance; therefore, I left ten days
ago and came here, carrying with me
all that I had. Ah! how foolish I have
been—how foolish! I intended to in-
crease my scanty capital, so that I
could go back and engage the best law-
yers in Petersburg for my boy's de-
fense. But it is all in vain! I was
foolish. I know, to believe what they
told me; but I wanted to save my boy.
I have traveled here and played—al-
ways on 30, my lucky number, for my
birthday is on the 30th. My boy's lib-
erty—nay, his life—was the stake I
played for to-night. And I have lost—
lost! Can you wonder, m'sieur, that I
am overwhelmed?" And her voice be-
came choked with emotion.

"And your son's name?" inquired the
man in a kindly tone.

"Oiseff—Felix Oiseff."

"Oiseff!" repeated my fellow pas-
senger, with a start and a curious look
of surprise. "And what is his of-
fense?"

"They say, m'sieur, that he is a revolu-
tionist. But it is a lie—a foul lie! He
has an enemy—a man from whose

clutches he has rescued the woman he
loves, and who thus seeks to revenge
himself by sending him to Siberia."

"And that man's name?"
"Capit. Graboushkin, of the imperi-
al guard."

"Then you have come here to try to
win sufficient money for your son's de-
fense. How do you know that this se-
rious charge against him is unfound-
ed?"

"How do I know?" echoed the des-
perate, white-faced woman. "Be-
cause—and she paused as though hesi-
tating to tell the truth. "Because it
was my boy who discovered Nadia's
dastardly plot against the emperor and
empress, and who gave information to
the ministry of the interior. My boy
saved the emperor's life."

The man raised his eyebrows slight-
ly. While she had been speaking he
had taken out his pocket-book and
was scribbling something.

"Are you certain that what you have
said is really the truth?" he inquired,
looking straight into her blanched
face.

"I swear it is! But," she added,
m'sieur, can, I fear, have no interest in
my affairs."

"If your son has saved his emperor's
life, then his emperor will save his," he
answered.

And he handed her the slip of paper
whereon he had been writing. Then,
turning to his gray-haired companion,
he added in a sadder tone of author-
ity:

"Veronzen, give this lady 5,000 francs,
and recollect that name—Graboushkin."

His companion, thus addressed, rose
to his feet, drew from his pocket some
notes, and counting out the sum, made
a stiff military salute and handed it
to Mme. Oiseff with the words:

"By order of his majesty, the em-
peror."

I sat dumfounded. In that instant I
recognized the kind-faced, sympathetic
young man the original of the many
portraits I had seen of the czar. His
countenance had from the first struck
me as familiar, but now there could
be no doubt.

In amazement I rose, and removed
my hat in respectful salutation, while
the poor woman, having glanced at the
written words, cried with joy:

"An order, signed by the emperor, for
his infant release! My boy—oh! Paul,
my boy is free—free!"

And she fell upon her knees, kissing
his sovereign's hand again and again.

At this moment the train had drawn
up at Wittefrance, and the emperor and
his aide-de-camp descended. From the
carriage window I saw the imperial
yacht lying in the harbor, aglow with
many lights. The emperor had, it ap-
peared, put in there incognito.

"Your majesty has, by your clem-
ency, saved two lives," I said, as, in
passing, he wished me a cheery good
night before alighting.

He smiled, and with a simple, charm-
ing grace, answered:

"It is an emperor's duty to act with
justice. The information given to my
ministry by madame's son is well
known to me. No man ever forgets
the person who saves his life, and I have
not forgotten that I owe mine to the
young doctor of the Izaak hospital,
Felix Oiseff."—St. Louis Republic.

SUMMERING ON STREET CARS.

A Couple of Seasoned Globe Trotters
See New Sights in
Chicago.

A gentleman and lady who have
been to Europe six times and around
the world once, and over to Japan on
a special jaunt, and who have invaded
Mexico and Alaska and the West In-
dies, are spending this summer on
the street cars of Chicago, says the
Chronicle. They were born and grew
up here and no one knows better the
road to the Auditorium, the Country
club, the Fine Arts building and the
Art Institute than they. They can
tell you who occupies almost every
house along certain North and South
side streets, but they are as igno-
rant of the great city of streets which
make up the commoner thoroughfares
of this town and of the diverse people
which comprise its amazing homo-
geneity as they are of Constantinople
—perhaps more so. So they are fol-
lowing the plan of taking the car lines
that run from the heart of the city
and connecting with cross lines and
suburban extensions, never repeating
their journeys if they can help it.

They say they are intensely inter-
ested and their camera bears witness
to many peculiar discoveries. They
attend churches and theaters in which
not a word of English is spoken and
they find strange communities of peo-
ple—Lithuanians, Icelanders, negroes
and whites mixed and intermarried, a
few Malays, a very populous Chinese
community, an intellectual Swedish
circle among those who appear to be
nothing more than busy working folk;
strange religious sects and societies,
some medieval, some only a few
months old. The life of the social
settlements is so much more extensive
than they supposed it to be that they
are greatly interested. The cloistered
men and women are astonishingly nu-
merous when the character of the city
is considered; so are the mystical so-
cieties of oriental devotion.

"They say that one-half the world
has no idea how the other half lives,"
said the gentleman, "but I am quite
sure that we Americans of what we
are pleased to call the upper class—you
might call us the stupid class, if you
pleased, and not be far wrong—do
have no idea at all of how the other
nineteen-twentieths live in this amaz-
ing city of ours."

Nerve Enough for Ten.

Ida—I have been reading these
nerve-panic testimonials and I think I
will send for a bottle.
May—Do you think there is any
faith in those testimonials?
"There must be; they are all from
book and life insurance agents."—Chi-
cago Evening News.

TEDDY RODE A COW.

Wyoming Cattleman Tells of Gov.
Roosevelt's First Performance
as a Rough Rider.

"Gov. Roosevelt of New York was
well known in the west long before
his rough riders were thought of,"
said S. C. Brewer, a ranchman of the
Big Horn country in Wyoming, to a
St. Louis Republic reporter.

"In 1887 'Teddy' Roosevelt stopped
for a few days at my ranch in the Big
Horn basin, and I let a steer against
a corral he has never forgotten his
visit. He said he had come for big
game, and he got it. A day or two after
his arrival we made up a party to go
shooting. Now, Roosevelt gave it out

that he could ride a bit, and so he
could, considering that he is a city
man. The boys were not very care-
ful to find him a gentle horse, probably
thinking they would have fun with him
if the broncho proved more than his
match.

"He got on all right with the bronch
until he ran into a bunch of wild cat-
tle, and could not resist the tempta-
tion to rope one. But the broncho was
not broken, and when he threw the
rope the horse shied and threw him."

"The rope went wild and so did the
horse. Roosevelt performed the most
daring act of his life, not baring his
charge up San Juan hill. He dodged
the cow when she charged, and before
she could turn he made a leap and
was on her back.

"Then he did show the boys that he
could ride. The cow did not know what
to make of the performance, and after
a pitch or two she started on a dead
run down the gulch, through the
chaparral and off into the valley.
'Teddy' stayed with her until she was
stred out and we had overtaken her.
One of the boys reined the cow and
Roosevelt bounded off smiling as usual.
The only comment he made was that
he had never enjoyed a ride more."

HE COLLECTS CLOCKS.

Peculiar Hobby of an Old Man Who Is
One of the Curiosi of Ashta-
bula, Ohio.

Silas Fuller is an old genius of Asht-
abula, O., who, from choice rather than
necessity, lives alone in an unfin-
ished house, with the windows of the
lower story kept tightly boarded up.
The old gentleman derives a livelihood
from his skill as a clock-fixer, a pur-
suit that he has followed many years,
and has acquired through purchase and
barter a collection of clocks that would
excite the envy of the most ardent curio
seeker in the land.

The visitor, upon entering, is con-
fronted by an array of about a dozen

old-fashioned, tall clocks (reminders of
one's grandfather), which stand in a
row along one side of the front room,
like silent sentries, but this is only an
introduction to the nearly 100 ancient
timepieces, worth many hundreds of
dollars, that comprise the collection in
the several apartments of this hermit-
like home. Clocks from Germany, Ire-
land, England and other countries, of
all styles and makes, some of which
date back over a century.

The gem of the collection, says the
Cincinnati Enquirer, the old man's pride
and jealousy guarded treasure, is an
ordinary cottage clock, on which Mr.
Fuller has spent many years of patient
work, with the result that it not only
tells the time of day, but also indicates
the day of the week, day of the month,
month of the year and the rising and
setting of the sun and moon. These
planets are represented by small metal
balls, attached to wires connected with
the works of the clock in such a manner
that they revolve in a large disk sur-
rounding the clock, as seen in the ac-
companying cut. The moon passes in
front of the sun every 30 days. He is
a fine cabinet worker, and several of
the old clock cases bear evidence of his
skill in this line.

Electricity is to take place of steam
at the shifting tables of the 30-inch
rolls at Homestead, Pa. The only part
of the plant which is operated by
steam will be the big roll engines.

From April 15 to May 12, 790,479 pas-
sengers paid for using the moving side-
walk and the third rail system in the
Paris exposition grounds. The great-
est number of passengers carried in one
day was 75,000, says the Electrical World.

Electric traction which the London
Metropolitan District railway have in-
troduced upon their system between
Earl's court and High street, Kenning-
ton, is giving satisfaction. The train
consists of six coaches with a motor
car at each end. The total length of
the train is 245 feet, while its aggregate
weight is 150 tons, and has accommoda-
tion for 812 passengers.

An extraordinary freak was played
by lightning during a heavy thunder-
storm in Coventry. The lightning
struck the chimney stack of a house
occupied by a watchmaker and split
it to the basement, magnetizing all the
tools and watches in the workshop.
Every particle of steel received a
charge of the electric current. It is
thought it may be possible to demag-
netize the smaller articles and parts of
watches, but the larger tools are so
thoroughly impregnated as to be com-
pletely spoiled.

BOOKS AND WRITERS.

"The Fourth Generation" is the title
of Sir Walter Besant's forthcoming
novel. It will appear in book form as
a much longer story than it has been as
a serial.

Frankfort Moore, who takes a great
interest in the figures of the past be-
longing to the English stage, has writ-
ten a novel, with Nell Gwynn for hero-
ine. At an early date it will be pub-
lished simultaneously in this country
and in England.

Catherine II. of Russia left five com-
plete and six fragmentary plays and
various historical and geographical
notes and essays. Parts of the plays
are in her own handwriting and some
of them are translations from Shake-
speare. All have been discovered lately
and are to be published soon.

Booth Tarkington is collaborating
with Mrs. E. L. Sutherland, of Boston,
on a dramatization of his novel "Mons-
ieur Beaucaire." Mrs. Sutherland