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SOME PRIVATE INQUIRIES.

By MARIE DELOGOFF. Copyrighted, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.

There were compliments, congratulations and showers of rice and poppers when Livingston Perry and Marjory Manners were wed.

Not that the turtledoves do not coo when a fashionable wedding takes place, but they must coo very gently and cut it as short as possible.

They declared an armed truce for another three months, and then each decided that separation was inevitable.

They had known each other for a year and a half previous to marriage, but, after all, that was nothing.

They were so placid and pliable that at times, many times during each day, they seemed to have reached the point where they appreciated each other.

After about four weeks an official looking letter was delivered to the husband at his club. He had been waiting for just such a letter, and he was so anxious to see its contents that he glanced only cursorily at the superscription.

Once when Daniel Webster was addressing a political meeting in Faneuil hall the standing multitude within the hall, pressed by those who were endeavoring to enter from without, began to sway to and fro, a solid mass of human bodies, as helpless to counteract the movement as if Faneuil hall were being rocked by an earthquake.

When Mrs. Perry had reached the end of this report she spread it out on the table without trying to conceal it, though it was not hers and had been feloniously opened by her.

Webster's Presence of Mind. Once when Daniel Webster was addressing a political meeting in Faneuil hall the standing multitude within the hall, pressed by those who were endeavoring to enter from without, began to sway to and fro, a solid mass of human bodies, as helpless to counteract the movement as if Faneuil hall were being rocked by an earthquake.

A REAL MONTE CRISTO

The Traglo Career of Picaud, a Cobbler of Paris. HIS RISE TO GREAT WEALTH.

Thrown into Jail by Secret Enemies, He Was Left a Fortune by a Fellow Prisoner—Released, His Scheme of Vengeance Brought Him Death.

That romantic creation of the brain of Alexandre Dumas, "The Count of Monte Cristo," had a counterpart in real life in France in the last century. This is the tragic story:

In 1807, when Napoleon was at the height of his power, Francois Picaud was a sturdy young journeyman cobbler of Paris, full of health and animal spirits and happy in the love of Marguerite Vigoureux, a young girl of his own station in life.

Among his fellow prisoners was a wealthy Milanese priest, who treated him like a son and bequeathed to him 7,000,000 francs on deposit in the Bank of Amsterdam.

When the empire was overthrown in 1814 Picaud was one of a vast number of political prisoners throughout France who were given the freedom of the bridges over the Seine.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I have here a dollar bill. It is a good bill, open to inspection by all. I want to raffie it off, and I will esteem it a favor if fifteen gentlemen will come in.

Students at St. Andrews university two centuries ago paid nothing for their rooms, but £10, per quarter, enabled them to dine at the high table.

During one of the banquets of the church congress in London a certain bishop had as his left hand companion a clergyman who was completely bald.

Johnnie to new visitors: "So you are my grandsons, are you? Grandmother—Yes, Johnnie, I'm your grandmother on your father's side, Johnnie—Well, you're on the wrong side, you'll find out!"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

THE PYROPHORE.

A living light, called the pyrophore, makes illumination cheap and convenient by night. The pyrophore is a monster drety, an inch and a half long. With one it is possible to read fine print, and three will light a room.

Some years ago a Swansen vessel was caught in a terrible gale, says an English paper. The captain had his wife on board, and when the wind was still rising he told her to go down below and sleep, for all was well.

"Very well, my lady," said the captain quietly. "Save yourselves if you can."

"Won't you fetch the wife on deck, sir?" asked one of the men. "Let her sleep, poor girl! I am going down to have a smoke."

A young man genial of face and correct in attire arose from his seat in a well patronized cafe an evening of two ago, raised high a dollar bill and addressed those present.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I have here a dollar bill. It is a good bill, open to inspection by all. I want to raffie it off, and I will esteem it a favor if fifteen gentlemen will come in.

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Dr. E. Detchem's Anti-Diuretic may be worth to you more than \$100 if you have a child who soils bedding from incontinence of water during sleep.

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR GIRL.

To a woman, love is the bread of life; to a man, just the jam on the bread.

Somehow the moment a man has surrendered the key of his heart to a woman he begins to think about changing the lock.

Flattery is the counterfeit coin in which most men expect to pay for real kisses.

Don't try to kill a man's love by starving it out, overfed it and it will soon die of indigestion.

Why does a woman spend two hours curling her hair and decorating herself with baby ribbons, just to see a man to tell him that they never can be anything but "platonic friends."

The man who pretends to laugh at love and to scorn women is like the small boy who whistles in the dark—because he is afraid.

It is difficult to tell which most embarrasses a man, his first tete-a-tete with a woman whom he is just beginning to love or his last tete-a-tete with the woman he has just ceased loving.

If a man would stick to his wife as he does to his favorite brand of tobacco, divorce would soon become obsolete.

When two people begin to analyze their emotions they vivisect their love.

CRIME AND THE TELEPHONE.

From the beginning to the end of a transaction in crime the telephone comes into use, serving both sides with equal fidelity, says a writer in Appleton's Magazine.

The thief uses it to determine which house he may safely rob. The man next door sees the burglar and calls up the police.

The police arrive, catch the burglar and telephone for the Black Maria to take him to jail. The thief telephones a lawyer to defend him.

The lawyer telephones for the bondsman to bail out his client, and the banker telephones the sheriff that the bondsman's check is good.

When the day of trial comes the clerk of the court, being a kind gentleman, telephones to the burglar's lawyer; the sheriff telephones witnesses to be present.

The burglar is convicted and sentenced the sheriff uses long distance to tell the warden of the penitentiary when his prisoner will be delivered.

After that the telephone line is kept hot by influential politicians petitioning the governor for a pardon.

An Embarrassing Moment. The author of "Collections and Recollections" relates a personal experience of having said a "thing one would rather have left unsaid."

The eighteenth century baker, she said, "was a pipe cleaner as well, just as the barber a little earlier was a surgeon. Everybody in those days smoked clay pipes, provided, the same as cups or spoons, by the coffee houses.

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