

The Chronicle

WILKESBORO, N. C.

The aggregate debt of all the colonies of Australia is \$215 per head of the population, or \$688,000,000.

It has been decided that electricity is not dutiable. The question came up through the organizing of a company to manufacture electricity on the Canadian side of Niagara Falls with the idea of selling it to American consumers.

According to Judge it cost the taxpayers of New York State nearly half a million dollars to kill a murderer. Generally the cost is about a hundred thousand dollars. "This seems unfair," adds Judge, "when it is remembered that it cost the murderer the price of a hatchet to dispose of his victim."

Switzerland keeps the 600th birthday of her Confederation next year. In 1291 the "Forest Cantons"—Uri, Schwyz and Unterwalden—formed the first league for mutual support and protection against the House of Hapsburg, and thus led to the foundation of the Confederation. The chief festivities are to be held at Brunnen, on the Lake of Lucerne, the spot where Swiss independence was declared formally some years later.

An Ohio clergyman surprised his congregation on a recent Sunday by making the following announcement: "Nearly every member of this church is either wealthy or well-to-do, although no one would think so from an inspection of the collection plates, which are burdened principally with nickels. I would remind you, brethren, that the collection plate is not a nickel-in-the-slot machine, and that a few bills would make in very handy in the work of the church."

The American Agriculturist notes that "twenty-five separate agricultural institutions in Great Britain receive Government aid for the purpose of assisting in providing general agricultural teaching, special practical instruction in dairy work, lectures on forestry, and the carrying on of agricultural experiments. Scotland alone receives for this purpose an annual Government grant of nearly \$9000, distributed among eleven institutions, of which the University of Edinburgh receives the largest appropriation, of \$2500. This looks pitifully small to Americans, for most of our States give more for such purposes."

The Boston Cultivator is of the opinion that "altogether the best way to board hired men is to hire those who are married and pay them to board themselves. It may cost more in money, but a married man in a comfortable tenant house, with garden and pig-pen of his own, will work more steadily, be always on hand when needed, and will take generally more interest in his work than a man boarding in the house, and calculating to work only one season in a place, wherever he stays. It is quite true that the hired man who is married may save more money if he has a good wife and a good garden. But the farmer need not regret that. He ought rather to rejoice in any prosperity that his tenant may achieve. If after a few years of working by the month in a tenant house he wishes to buy the house and garden attached, it will be still more to the farmer's benefit to sell it to him. The lack of most farmers is good, efficient hired help. No better way to secure this can be devised than to build suitable houses and sell them with small pieces of land attached."

Thomas Stevens says in an article in Scribner that railways are needed for the commercial development of Africa. He declares that to make the great system of inland waterways easily accessible to commercial exploitation from without would require a system of railways aggregating, perhaps, 2000 miles in length. The chief lines would be around the Livingstone Cataracts, on the Congo, from Vivi to Stanley Pool; a line from the coast to the Upper Niger; the long talked-of line from Suakin to Berber, and a line 500 miles long from Monahua to the Victoria Nyansa. These four lines would absorb about 1400 miles of the 2000 estimate. Minor lines would connect Lakes Nyassa and Tanganyika, take the place of the Stewart Road around the Murchison Cataracts, on the Shire, and overcome the difficulties at such points as Stanley Falls, and the cataracts of the Upper Nile system. A length of forty miles would be required on the Shire, a dozen miles at Lahore, and at various points lengths of railway varying from near 200 miles between Nyassa and Tanganyika to a couple of miles around some of the lesser cataracts. The estimated cost of such a comprehensive system of small, but of rough, \$50,000,000.

TO A LITTLE BROOK.

You're not so big as you were then, O little brook! I mean those busy summers when We boys roamed, full of awe, beside Your noisy, foaming, tumbling tide, And wondered if it could be true That there were bigger brooks than you. O mighty brook, O peerless brook! All up and down this reedy place Where lives the brook, We angled for the furtive dace; The redwing-blackbird did his best To make us think he'd built his nest Hard by the stream, when like a shot, He'd hang it in a secret spot. Far from the brook, the tall tale brook! And often, when the noontime heat Parboiled the brook, We'd draw our boots and swing our feet Upon the waves that, in their play, Would tag us last and scot away; And mother never seemed to know What burnt our legs and chapped them so— But father guessed it was the brook! And Fido—how he loved to swim The cooling brook, Whenever we'd throw sticks for him; And how we boys did wish that we Could only swim as good as he— Why, Daniel Webster never was Recipient of such great applause As Fido, battling with the brook! But once—O most unhappy day For you, my brook— Come Cousin Sam along that way: And, having lived a spell out west, Where creeks aren't counted much at best, He neither waded, swam, nor leaped, But, with superb indifference, stepped Across that brook—our mighty brook! Why do you scamper on your way, You little brook, When I come back to you to-day? Is it because you flee the grass That luges at you as you pass, As if, in playful mood, it would Tickle the trout if it could, You chuckling brook—you saucy brook! Or is it you no longer know— You fickle brook— The honest friend of long ago? The years that kept us twain apart Have changed my face but not my heart— Many and sore those years, and yet I fancied you could not forget That happy time, my playmate brook! Oh, sing again in artless glee, My little brook, The song you used to sing for me— The song that's lingered in my ears So soothingly these many years; My grief shall be forgotten when I hear your tranquil voice again And that sweet song, dear little brook! —Eugene Field, in Chicago News.

A LAST CHORD.

Madame Langelot, a comely, smiling woman of thirty-six, was humming merrily as she went to and fro in her dining-room, and giving the last glance, the careful housewife's glance, to the family table. Whatever the season might be, there was always a bunch of flowers to enliven the board and testify to the delicate touch of woman. Suddenly Madame Langelot stopped, as she recognized her husband's step, and he had hardly entered the room when she exclaimed: "What is the matter? You look upset." "I have reason to be, darling," he replied, "when a man hears at the same moment of the failure and the death of his only brother—" "You brother, oh, my poor dear!" cried Madame. "His marriage, as you know, was an unfortunate one," continued the husband, "he was an artist in heart and soul, and forgot everything in his love for an Italian lady, who had a madonna-like face and wonderful musical talent. Her dark eyes bewitched him, and in spite of my entreaties, and our father's opposition, he married her. He was utterly incapable of managing his business, and was made reckless by the death of his adored wife. Yesterday, in despair, he took his own life, and on me devolves the task of settling his affairs in an honorable manner. I must do this dear, for he was a Langelot." "Of course," was the reply, "it is your duty." "There is something else, said Monsieur Langelot, slowly, and his wife, startled by his hesitation, exclaimed anxiously: "What do you mean?" "My brother has left a son, he is twelve years old, but delicate and deformed, and will never be able to provide for himself." "And you think it is our duty to adopt him?" "My dear—" "You are perfectly right," cried the young woman, kissing her husband fondly, "how good you are, dear! Bring the poor boy home, and he shall be our Clairette's elder brother." And thus the orphan's fate was settled by these two simple loving souls. Monsieur and Madame Langelot, who had been married twelve years, idolized their only child, Clairette, who was three years old, a frail, delicate little creature, highly nervous, treated like a queen, and somewhat despotic, as spoiled children usually are. In a few days Lucien Langelot arrived at his uncle's home. He was painfully deformed, pale and delicate, and of his mother's radiant beauty had inherited nothing except the large dark eyes, which illumined his thin face with their brilliant flashes. Close against his breast he pressed a violin, his dearest treasure. At sight of this stranger the little Clairette began to cry and sob convulsively. Her cousin looked timidly at the fair-haired and gaily dressed little creature for a minute, then raising his instrument, said softly, "Listen, the violin will sing to you— do not cry." And beneath his young fingers the arched bow moved wondrously, the sound of a gay yet tender air burst forth, and the improvisation like a caress suddenly

soothed the child's fears, and she was silent.

"More, more! Sing again, pretty music!" cried Clairette when the player stopped, and she clapped her little hands in glee.

So the wonderful violin played on, seeming to speak words of enchantment, and showing plainly what the poor hunchback had received as his maternal inheritance. From that day a tender affection united the two children, and the years passed on.

Lucien had become a man, and is associated with his uncle in business. He is a most valuable assistant, being gifted with extraordinary intelligence. He has not neglected his musical talent, and has had the best instruction.

"Do you know, my boy," said his uncle, "that you will some day be a great composer, our pride and glory?"

"My only glory," replied Lucien, softly, "is in knowing that Clairette is pleased with me."

He speaks the truth, poor fellow; his whole happiness in life depends upon his cousin's smile.

She too, the petted sensitive child, is now grown up, and has become a lovely woman. She loves her cousin with frank sincere affection, and prefers to all other music the air he played for her when first they met, so that in the family the melody is always called "Clairette's Song." It is a composition worthy of a master-musician, and since dying the child's tears, has become the souvenir of her earliest joys.

What happened next was inevitable. One day Lucien acknowledged to himself that he loved Clairette, and called himself a fool for daring to raise his eyes to the daughter of his benefactor. True, she was his cousin, but how could he, the poor hunchback, hope to marry the beautiful blooming girl? He concealed his grief within his heart, and the violin, his only confidant, wept and sobbed for his hopeless love.

Claire Langelot, a gentle, affectionate girl, treated Lucien as her dearest friend and counselor, confiding to him her inmost thoughts. One day she artlessly told him of her love for Raoul Darboz, and then in a sudden burst of happiness, exclaimed:

"Here, Lucien, take your violin and play Clairette's Song for me!"

Ah, what bitter irony that was! The instrument was forced to sing her happy love, under his martyred fingers!

A little later, Raoul and Claire were married. Lucien played the wedding march. It was his own composition, and all through the music a mystic strain was interwoven by the master's skill, and filled the vaulted edifice with its tender melody.

The bride started when she recognized her favorite air.

"Poor dear cousin," she thought, "it is all for me that he is playing."

At the wedding breakfast they awaited the musician, impatient to congratulate him on his new composition, but he did not appear.

"An artist's caprice," said Uncle Langelot, "I'll wager that he is busy writing out his latest improvisation."

Claire was grieved at Lucien's absence, but that evening she and her husband set out for Fontainebleau, which was the first stopping place of their wedding tour.

On arriving at the hotel near the grand old forest, the young bride sat looking out of the window to enjoy the view and the scent of the fir trees.

Night fell, calm and quiet, the trees were rustled by the caresses of the breeze, a sweet perfume came from the forest, and the only sound was a soft indefinable murmur that seemed like the breathing of nature.

Claire turned to Raoul, saying: "Do you know, I am anxious about Lucien. He may be ill. I did not see him, even to say good-bye."

Raoul clasped her in his arms as he replied with love's jealousy:

"Forget him and every one, my wife, all your thoughts now belong to me," and beneath the blue sky where the golden stars were sparkling, she forgot all else in the embrace of him to whom she had given her heart.

Suddenly there arose on the still night air a soft strain of music that sounded like a sigh, a lamentation, and Claire, roused from her ecstasy of love exclaimed:

"Hark! That is Clairette's Song. Dear Lucien! I know that he has come to celebrate my happiness, to play for me on my wedding-night. But, ah, how sad the music sounds."

"You are dreaming my love," said Raoul, as he closed the window, "I did not hear any music."

She listened again, but the silence was unbroken and once more she forgot everything but her love.

At dawn the next day, in a pathway near the hotel there was found lying across his broken violin, the dead body of Lucien Langelot. The brief lament of unspoken hopeless love had floated up for a moment to the young bride's ear, but the last chord from Lucien's violin had awakened only the birds of the forest.—The Epoch.

The Broom-Corn District.

Coles and Douglas Counties, in Illinois, produce half of the broom-corn grown in the United States. The soil of these counties, which is strong, quick, and rich, is well adapted for the culture of the brush. Fifty years ago the territory embraced by the two counties was a great swamp, full of large ponds and was called "sockem" land. Just what "sockem" means in this connection nobody seems to know. In later years the swamps and ponds were drained by means of large open ditches and miles of drain tile. This drainage left an almost inexhaustible soil. Broom-corn is supposed to exhaust soil more than any vegetable that grows in that climate, but there is a field near Bushnot, in Coles County, owned by I. W. Sain, that this season produced its forty-ninth consecutive crop of broom-corn.—Chicago Journal.

Joe, the Worm Man.

Joe Pierce, the "only worm merchant," died in this city a few days ago. Joe was well known on the water front. His store was a portable bucket and gunny-sack. His place of business was nearly always open, for Joe slept but little. He had no partner but a diminutive Scotch terrier that was constantly at odds with the whole world, and his only stock in trade was worms.

Four years since Joe, who had an interest in pure politics, determined to register as a voter. The Registrar's clerks subjected him to a close cross-fire of questions because his mien was suspiciously humble and his garb seedy and worn.

"What is your business?" he was finally asked, and drawing himself together, Joe answered in all seriousness: "I am a worm merchant."

He was passed, and the story of his tilt with the commissioners traveled through the mazes of the water front, and honest Joe was thenceforth known as "the worm merchant."

It was ten years ago that Joe appeared on the water front and inaugurated his enterprise. He took up his stand at the corner of Clay and East streets, with his slimy wares concealed in a bucket bearing the advertisement in prominent letters made with shoeblack: "Worms, Fresh an' Gud."

"You've spelled that wrong, Joe," remarked a sailor to him one day.

"Never you mind," was Joe's reply. "Worms is worms, and people as wants 'em knows where to get 'em."

Late at night, when noisy revelry reigned high in the brilliantly lighted saloons along East street, Joe would go down to the wharf and push out through the muddy water in a small boat. Next to an asphaltum cover Joe was the next best friend to the terodo-stricken piles, for he searched diligently for the long, wriggling things until his gunnysack was almost alive with them. Next morning he would take up his position on East street and wait for customers. Nearly every lover of the rod patronized him, and the superstition spread space that Joe was a sort of piscatorial mascot, and that his worms were "sure to fetch." He contributed by his thrift to the support of his mother and sisters. When the news came that he was dead the whole water front mourned his loss.—San Francisco Chronicle.

An Opportune Thirty Cents.

"I had a most extraordinary piece of luck last Sunday," remarked a young broker to a Tribune reporter a day or two ago, "and for I have been thanking a kind Providence ever since. I invited a girl cousin to go down to Long Beach for the afternoon, take supper there and return in the early evening. After we started I discovered that I had somehow brought only \$2.90 with me. I had one railroad ticket, but with another required, two suppers, car fares and ferrage, figure as I wanted, I was just about twenty cents short. It was one of those horrible cases of smiling and joking without, and a sort of whited sepulchre within, wondering wildly how to pull through.

We reached the beach, and I was revolving the plan of throwing myself on the mercy of the clerk and offering a check, when we stopped in our stroll along shore to examine some shells and seaweed, when blamed if lying right at my feet wasn't thirty cents—a quarter and a nickel.

"I stopped down and picked them up in a hurry."

"What have you found?" asked my companion.

"A little silver," I said, carelessly.

"Oh, how lovely. How much?"

"Only thirty cents," I said, as though I was disappointed at not finding a bag of it. I wasn't disappointed. Never was so happy in my life. It was just enough to pull me through, and I reached home with ten cents, but I tell you it don't do to lean on your luck like that every day."—New York Tribune.

Why the Dayaks Hunt Heads.

Many Dayak tribes of Australia are still addicted to head-hunting, a practice which has made their name notorious, and which but lately threatened the destruction of the whole race. It is essentially a religious practice—so much so that no important act in their lives seems sanctioned unless accompanied by the offering of one or more heads. The child is born under adverse influences unless the father has presented a head or two to the mother before its birth. The young man can not become a man and arm himself with the mandau, or war-club, until he has beheaded at least one victim. The wooer is rejected by the maiden of his choice unless he can produce one head to adorn their new home. The chief fails to secure recognition until he can exhibit to his subjects a head secured by his own hand. No dying person can enter the kingdom beyond the grave with honor unless he is accompanied by one or more headless companions. Every rajah owes to his rank the tribute of a numerous escort after death.—Popular Science Monthly.

An Electrical Riding School.

It is said that an electrical riding school is shortly to be equipped in Paris. This intention is doubtless attributable to the success which attended the opening of the electrical riding school in Nice last year. Here, it will be remembered, wooden horses were used, and propelled round the ring by the power of electric motors. There was a series of rings, on which an equal start was made, but the relative speed of the horses depended on the radii of the respective rings, those inside of smaller circumference, being patronized by the steady-going and older individuals, while the delights of rapid locomotion were secured to the riders on the outer circles. At the same time the rider could reduce the speed or stop instantly by means of a controlling arrangement. This refinement of the primitive merry-go-round created quite a furore in Nice, and it seems not improbable that before long it will find its way to this country.—Times Democrat.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Miniature pins are the rage.

A London fad is gold-kid shoes for evening.

The myrtle blossom is the Austrian bridal flower.

Harp playing is a very picturesque and artistic accomplishment.

A combination of black and yellow is very much in favor now.

An East Boston woman has organized a United Order of Odd Ladies.

Fashionable sunshades for the country and seaside are of unbleached silk.

Black underwear has come to be considered an essential to a black toilet.

There is a rumor that the hair is shortly to be worn in nets down the back.

A large, full white veil, dotted with black, is the fashionable one without a hat.

The Spanish jacket is an excellent device for remodeling stained or faded corsages.

Miss Mary Libby is the only woman chiropodist in London, and she hails from America.

Little girls' dresses are made much shorter at the waist than they have been for many years.

The Princess of Wales is considered to be one of the finest amateur piano players in England.

Black satin, divided into inch checks by hairlines of white, is neat for elderly ladies' house dresses.

Shade hats of colored horse hair are trimmed with ribbon bows, long pins and a feather pompon.

Mrs. Davis, wife of the Senator from Minnesota, has made all her own dresses since she was ten years old.

Female typewriters have appeared in the Government offices in London and are said to give satisfaction.

Black velvet necklets are worn, cut on the cross from piece velvet and fastened in front by a small jeweled pin.

Mrs. Mary E. Beasley, of Philadelphia, has an income of \$20,000 a year from her invention of a barrel hooping machine.

When the juice of acid fruits has touched colored cottons a perfect restoration will be accomplished by the use of ammonia.

Wigs used to be confined to old women who had lost their hair, but are now worn by young ones who have plenty of their own.

What is known as "linen thread" embroidery is rapidly increasing in fashionable favor, simply because it is "something new."

It is the fashion to have bamboo furniture for the country houses made from Oriental designs, with no two pieces exactly alike.

The real Leghorn hat should not be bent, twisted, caught up or turned up in any way, a fact some young women seem to have forgotten.

Mrs. J. S. Grant is rarely seen outside of the family circle. Her eyesight has become very poor and her health is somewhat broken.

Round waists are the caprice of the season with the Parisiennes, but they are not short, being made as long as the wearer's figure will permit.

The first application of a hair dye to the head of a votary of fashion costs \$5. The "retouches," which follow from time to time, are made for \$1.

Hats for autumn are either very small or very large. As is usual in the fall, fruit of different kinds is used as trimming; however, clusters of ostrich tips are much more stylish.

A young Russian lady named Olga Loubanowski has made a bet to ride on horseback from St. Petersburg to Odessa, a distance of 1500 kilometers. Numerous heavy wagers have been made on the attempt.

One of the pretty California heiresses is Miss Grace McDonough, who will inherit a fortune of \$3,000,000 from her mother. She is a tall, stately girl, with a haughty manner but a sweet and attractive face.

Young lady travelers use dark gingham made in tailor fashion. The gowns are usually cut with a double-breasted bodice, a small revers collar open at the throat, and have moderately large nut-ton-leg sleeves.

Buttons are "out," and not only are bodices closed invisibly, but are made without any visible seams, the material being cut on the bias and so drawn on the carefully fitted lining that there are no outside seams save those under the arm.

The very latest Parisian fad in wraps is the marabout cape. The marabout feathers are strung on fine silk cord and woven like a fish-net, the fluffy feathers filling up the meshes. As yet there are only a few samples of these capes in America.

Velvet in combination with other materials will be much used during the autumn and winter. The usual combination is an underskirt, sleeves and collar of velvet; occasionally, however, it is used for the back breadths, the sleeves and collar.

Figured dress goods are no longer in the lead, although the most improbable and bizarre combinations are the vogue. Three or four different materials in one costume, of colors which have never been supposed to have any relation to each other, are used.

The fashionable light wrap for the fall is in the still popular cape style, consisting of a flounce of black lace applied to a narrow, deep yoke, the points of which reach below the belt, front and back. The yokes on new models are variously decorated.

Miss Courtney Walthall, daughter of the Senator from Mississippi, is described as by all odds the prettiest young woman in the Senatorial circle at Washington. She is a petite brunette with a well-rounded figure, clear complexion and beautiful hazel eyes.

"KNEE DEEP! KNEE DEEP!"

"Knee deep! knee deep!" I am a child again!

I hear the cowbells tinkling down the lane, The plaintive whippoorwills, the distant call

Of quails beyond the hill where night-hawks fall From lamient skies to fields of golden grain.

I hear the milkmaid's song, the clanking chain Of plowman homeward bound, the lumbering wain,

And, down the darkling vale 'mid rushes tall, "Knee deep! knee deep!"

We're all at home—John, Wesley, little Jane—

Dead long ago!—and the boy-soldiers twain That sleep by purling stream or old stone wall

In some far-off and unknown grave—we're all At home with mother!—headache gone and pain!

"Knee deep! knee deep!"

—Henry J. Stockard, in the Cosmopolitan.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Goes into tea without being asked—Milk.

Society leaders are in the swim everywhere but at the seaside.—Puck.

Arbitration gives two parties the halves of a pretty stale and bitter loaf.—Puck.

Ladies' change—that found in the pockets of husbands at night.—Boston Courier.

It may be said of a man who invests in a quarry that his lot is a hard one.—Tonkers Gazette.

Some men stand on principles, others trample on them. The latter, naturally, make the most noise.

Silver is sold in France by the "kilo." In this country it comes in quart.—Commercial Advertiser.

A man must necessarily have a sharp eye in order to cast a piercing glance.—Binghamton Republican.

"A good looking is the first requisite of a good shave." "It is also the best thing for a bad shaver."—New York Herald.

"Do you dictate to your typewriter?" "I used to do so, but I married her and now she dictates to me."—Boston Courier.

There is reason in all things. Few never call their wives "old hens" until they became broilers.—Commercial Advertiser.

Deduced—"Say, doctor, what kind of medicine will cure my cold?" Doctor Smart—"The kind I prescribe."—Yankee Blade.

An uptown man recently left his family and has not since been found, although his nose turned up.—Philadelphia Times.

If money could be borrowed as easily as trouble, the world would be full of round-shouldered people.—Indianapolis Ram's Horn.

Waggin' Their Tongues.—"Did you ever know that a wagon spoke?" "Yes, I heard one complain about being tired."—The Bostonian.

"Will you love me when I'm old?" sang a maiden of uncertain age. "Will I?" murmured a crusty old bachelor.

"Do I, you mean?"—Washington Star.

"You'll be a President, perhaps, if well you run life's race."

"I'd rather be," the boy replied, "The man who plays first base."—Washington Post.

"The new assessor is a very honest man." "You don't say so! What has he been doing?" "Why, he told me he often taxed his own memory."—West Shore.

"Judge," said the prisoner, who had robbed an art store, in a pleading tone, "there ain't no law to prevent a man's taking photographs, is there?"—Chicago Tribune.

Groom—"A ring around the moon is the sign of rain." Bride (sweetly)—"And a ring around a woman's finger is the sign of—" Groom—(sadly) "Reign."—Jewelers Weekly.

Miss Amy—"Now I'll sing you 'Only a Lock of Her Hair.'" Young Dolley (after she has made several false starts)—"You don't seem to have the right key for that lock."—Lippincott's.

Susan (recoiling)—"Half a league, half a league, half a league onward—" Father—"There, Susan, that'll do. We don't want any of that baseball nonsense in this house."—Boston Transcript.

If progress, now so fresh and fleet, Keeps on, it's just as like as not We'll take our baths, and shave, and eat By putting nickles in the slot.

—Washington Post.

First Citizen (at a street row)—"Is that man lying in the ambulance one of the fighters?" Second Citizen—"No, he was passing at the time and tried to stop the fight. There go the fighters walking off now."—Boston Herald.

"No," said Professor Feelem, the eminent phrenologist, "my profession does not yield a life full of sunshine, as my suppose, I tell you;" and he wiped away a tear. "I've felt some pretty hard bumps in my life."—Light-

—Washington Star.

"Are you a student or a practicing physician?" asked the young woman of the young man who had been known as "Doctor" since last June. "Neither," he said, with a depth of disappointment which she could not fathom.—Washington Star.

Mr. Chugwater (explaining matters to visitors)—"My wife is generally well, but she is suffering to-day from rheumatism, influenza, toothache, a sore thumb and an inflamed eye. In her case it never rains but it pours. Mrs. Chugwater (explaining matters also)—"I don't make any fuss about it, though. I am not like my husband. He never pains, but he roars."—Chicago Tribune.

Prime Minister Crispi, of Italy, is a millionaire, though poorest among Italian revolutionary exiles thirty years ago.