

Railroad engineer, 8 years at the throttle, had invested his savings in a printing business.

Business, ill-managed was on the verge of ruin. The engineer left his engine one day and stepped in as superintendent. Never had seen the inside of a printing plant.

Today it is one of the most successful catalog houses in his section, and he's rich.

He was a born executive, not an engine driver, and he found himself.

A want ad will also find your place, old fellow.

many persons to the guillotine, found himself exposed to plots hatched against him for purposes of revenge. One who had lost a near and dear relative spent a long time in manufacturing a case of murder against him, had him arrested and tried. Millet presided as judge, and it was in his power so to instruct the jury that they must bring in a verdict of guilty or not guilty, as he chose. When it became his duty to do this, instead of at once addressing the jury he addressed the prisoner.

"Citizen Antoine le Beouf, stand up!" Le Beouf, who was much broken by his troubles, could only stand by leaning on his daughter, a young woman perhaps twenty-three or twenty-four years old.

"Citizen le Beouf, do you remember during the reign of terror one who at the time the Girondists were executed protested against their execution?"

There was no reply.

"Do you remember that you sent out an order for the arrest of that person, that he was brought before you and adjudged an enemy of the revolution? He was confined in a room in your house—the prisons were too full to admit him—till he could be sent to the guillotine. He escaped and strove as before to keep the French people from committing political suicide by their murderous course. Tell me, Le Beouf, do you remember that man?"

"Yes," moaned the prisoner, "I remember him."

All who heard the judge speak believed his words to be preliminary to a vengeance upon the accused. They supposed that he would in the end ask Le Beouf if he thought that one who had sent so many to the guillotine should be spared from the guillotine, then instruct the jury that it was their duty under the law to bring in a verdict of guilty. The girl who sustained her father kept her eyes on the judge in a frightened, reproachful look, like the rest dreading his final words.

"This man Millet, who was trying to stem the butchery of yourself and others, kept himself out of your way. You tried to get your hands on him by open means, but, failing, tried treachery. You sent for him on the ground that you wished to form a union between the Conservatives and the Radicals and desired him as a representative man of the Conservatives to join with you to make the revolution less bloody. Suspecting your design, he sent a man to meet you in a dark court, where you would not recognize him. He was seized and hurried away. But when the light shone on him you saw that it was you instead of I who had been tricked." The prisoner trembled, but said nothing.

"And now, Antoine le Beouf, you who on the bench—not the judicial bench, the bench of the revolution—sent so many innocent persons to the guillotine, what do you think that I, a judge regularly appointed by the state, should do in your case?"

The prisoner bowed his head without reply, but his daughter in a trembling voice said, "You should be merciful, M le Judge."

"No, mademoiselle, not merciful. Your father does not deserve mercy. But first I should be just. It has not been proved that the prisoner committed this murder with which he has been charged. But this is not my ruling motive. Gratitude is today stronger than justice—gratitude to you who, when I was confined in the rear

of your father's house while he was in the front sending men and women to the guillotine, came and at the risk of yourself dying to save me opened my door and conducted me to the street. It is my duty to instruct the jury in this case to bring in a verdict of not guilty, and it is my pleasure to give you your father's life."

When the judge was speaking the last words an impressive silence reigned in the courtroom. Millet le Beouf ran to the judge and, kneeling before him, seized his hand and kissed it. Raising her, he turned to the jury and gave them his formal instructions that freed the prisoner. Then Le Beouf tried to thank the judge; but, being unable to speak, he waved his hand to him and was led away by his daughter.

A part of the throng followed the released prisoner, and a part remained with the judge to express their interest in his conduct and their admiration for him. He became one of the prominent men under the directory.

Such was a trial during a period of law and order. How different from those trials which were mere preface to murder!

A HISTORIC BIBLE.

It is Bound in Red Leather and Used in the Supreme Court.

It is a tiny little book, only five and a half inches long and three and a half inches wide. It is bound in bright red morocco leather, with the word "Bible" printed in diminutive gold letters on the back. But one does not see that red morocco cover unless he removes the little black leather slip which protects it. Long, long ago the little red Bible began to show wear, and then the black leather slip was made to protect it—so long ago, in fact, that fifteen of those covers, made to protect the venerated little volume, were worn out in the service.

It is without doubt one of the oldest Bibles, if not the very oldest Bible, connected with the government and is certainly the most historical. It is the book upon which since 1800 every chief justice—with the single exception of Chief Justice Chase—and every member of the supreme court has taken the oath of allegiance when accepting his appointment to our highest tribunal. More than that, every attorney who has practiced before the supreme court since that date, 1800, has pledged his allegiance over the little volume—all, with one exception also, and that exception was Daniel Webster.

It is told even yet of the supreme court of that day that Mr. Webster's fame as an orator had so preceded him that on the occasion when he came to argue his first case before the court the clerk, Mr. Caldwell, in his eagerness to hear the great speaker, forgot to administer the oath.

Unmasked.

"Did you ever stop to think what little things betray one's station in life?" said a woman as she watched the crowd come and go in a restaurant. Two stylishly gowned young women who had just come in had removed their gloves. When they entered everybody took notice. When they took off their gloves they revealed cheap rings on their fingers. Had they worn no jewels there would still have been a doubt as to their station. As it was

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their knowledge as to the latest cut in gowns did not make up for their deficiency of taste in the matter of jewels.—New York Sun.

Ears of Animals.

The ears of the tigers, foxes, wolves, cats and other beasts of prey bend forward, while the ears of animals of flight, such as hares, rabbits, deer, etc., bend backward. This is because the ears of beasts of prey are designed for the purpose of collecting sounds in the direction taken by the animal in pursuit of its prey. The ears of an animal of flight by turning backward, enable it to hear the sounds made by a pursuer.

Particular.

"Why don't you want to go to Dr. Goodly's church, dear?" said Mr. Hicks. "Because I don't care to associate with that class of people," replied Mrs. Hicks. "The last time I went he told them they were all poor, miserable sinners."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Busy All the Time.

"What's the old man doin' now?" "Well, when he ain't votin' around he's applyin' for office, an' when that's no chance of gettin' the office he devotes his time to tellin' the government how it ought to run itself."—Atlanta Constitution.

Dog Heroes.

At a recent dog show in London one department had a row of kennels in which was exhibited a line of "dog heroes," dogs that had served humanity in a noble way. These canine notables proved to be the great feature of

the show. Among these, all authenticated cases of noble conduct, were a Scotch collie that had saved a child from being run over in the street; an Irish terrier that had guarded the body of an old woman who had died from exposure; a collie that had saved a child from drowning and an Airedale that had saved his master from being stabbed by a Norwegian sailor.

Slow Chap.

"Yes," laughed the girl with the pink parasol, "he is the slowest young man I ever saw."

"In what way, dear?" asked her chum.

"Why, he asked for a kiss, and I told him I wore one of those knotted veils that take so long to loosen."

"And what did he do?"

"Why, the goose took time to untie the knot."—Mack's Monthly.

Good Business.

Very Young Man: You won't think it, but I've just paid \$250.00 cash for a house, and it was all made by my own pluck and perseverance. Young Lady—Really? What business are you in? Very Young Man—I'm a ton-in-law.—London Tit-Bits.

Rolling In Wealth.

"Is he rich?" "I didn't think so, but he must be." "Why?" "I heard him say the other night that he lets his wife have all the money she wants."—Detroit Free Press.

Hope and patience are sovereign remedies for all troubles.—Burton

Heart Burial.
The burial of the heart separate from the body and in another place is an old custom, common in Europe when the heart was supposed to be the center of the affections and the will. Robert Bruce wished his heart to be buried in Jerusalem and intrusted it to his famous friend, "the black Douglas," who was killed before he could fulfill the mission. The hearts of the Hapsburg rulers of Austria are kept in silver caskets in the chapel of the Loreto in Venice, and the hearts of the rulers of Bavaria are similarly preserved apart from the bodies. Lullpool, the late prince regent, ordered, however, that his heart be placed not with the hearts of the other Bavarian rulers, but in its natural place with his own body, beside the body of his wife.—Youth's Companion.

Verdi Was a Frenchman.

Verdi was a Frenchman, though he always insisted to be an Italian. The great composer of "Aida" was a native of Roncole, a village of the old dukedom of Parma, annexed to the great Napoleon in 1808 and made over into the French department of Taro. Taro was still French in 1848, when Verdi was born. Therefore, though born on Italian soil, Verdi was legally a Frenchman by birth.—Boston Post.

Deceived.

"I want to get a divorce from my wife."
"On what grounds?"
"Well, I don't know the legal term for it, but she didn't tell me before I married her that she was an oculist."

MRS. MCGILL BROKE DOWN

Gives the Real Facts In Regard to Her Case and Tells How She Suffered.

Jonesboro, Ark.—"I suffered a complete break down in health, some time ago," writes Mrs. A. McGill, from this place. "I was very weak and could not do any work. I tried different remedies, but they did me no good. One day, I got a bottle of Cardui. It did me so much good, I was surprised, and took some more."
Before I took Cardui, I had headache and backache, and sometimes I would cry for hours. Now I am over all that, and can do all kinds of housework. I think it is the greatest medicine on earth."

In the past fifty years, thousands of ladies have written, like Mrs. McGill, to tell of the benefit received from Cardui. Such testimony, from earnest women, surely indicates the great value of this tonic remedy, for diseases peculiar to women. Are you a sufferer? Yes? Cardui is the medicine you need. We urge you to try it.
N. B.—Write to: Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions, and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent in plain wrapper, on request.

An Incident of the French Revolution

By MARTHA V. MONROE

Antoine le Beouf was a leader of one of the arrondissements into which Paris is divided, and when the great revolution came on so far as his sway extended it was absolute. Jean Millet was a leader, too, but a Conservative. The revolution was like a roaring stream, that gathered power as it sped on. Time came when those who had been instrumental in starting it lost their heads by trying to control it. Millet went into it hoping to reorganize the existing government. Before it finished its mad course its object was to get rid of the existing government and the class that supported it by means of the guillotine.

When order was restored under the directory, Le Beouf, who had made bitter enemies during the period of blood running from having sent so



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