

The Tragic 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. On the eve of his marriage hidden enemies denounced him to the imperial government as a spy. He was cast into prison, where he remained, forgotten by the world, for seven years.

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. Furthermore, this ecclesiastic told Picaud the secret of a hiding place in Italy where were concealed jewels to the value of 1,200,000 francs and specie amounting to three millions.

When the empire was overthrown in 1814 Picaud was one of a vast number of political prisoners throughout France who were given their freedom. He proceeded to gather the priest's treasure and to plan vengeance upon his enemies. Who they were he did not know.

Disguised as an Italian priest, he succeeded by bribing the least guilty of the conspirators and discovering the entire story of his undoing. The leader in the plot he learned was one Loupaulin, who had married Marguerite Vigoureux, prospered and become the proprietor of one of the handsomest cafes in Paris.

Picaud went to the capital and under a suitable disguise obtained work as a waiter in Loupaulin's establishment. Fellow servants there were Guilhem Solari and Gervais Chaudard, who, with Loupaulin, had denounced Picaud in 1807. The pretended waiter was not long in bringing his vengeance to a consummation. Chaudard was the first victim of his wrath. His body, pierced by a knife, was found on one of the bridges over the Seine. Loupaulin was disgraced, reduced to penury and finally stabbed to death in the Tuilleries gardens. Solari was poisoned and died in frightful convulsions.

But speedy retribution overtook the implacable avenger. One night Picaud was seized, bound and borne to an abandoned quarry. In the darkness a terrible voice said:

"Picaud, what name are you passing under now? Are you still the priest Baldini or the waiter Prosper? You wished for revenge. You have sold yourself to the powers of hell. Ten years you have given to the pursuit of three wretches you should have spared. Me you dragged down to perdition. The diamond by which you bribed me was my destruction. I killed him who cheated me. I was arrested, condemned to the galleys and escaped only after years of torture. My one thought has been vengeance on the priest Baldini. You are in my power. Do you know me? I am Antoine Allut. How much will you pay for bread and water?"

"I have no money," groaned Picaud. "You have sixteen millions. These are my conditions: I will give you something to eat twice a day, but for each meal you must pay me 25,000 francs."

However, the cupidity of the prisoner proved stronger than his hunger. He underwent terrible suffering without any signs of yielding until his captor, goaded to fury at the prolonged obstinacy, threw himself upon Picaud and stabbed him to death.—Bookman.

A Thackeray Story. A correspondent of London Notes and Queries contributes this anecdote of Thackeray:

Thackeray once desired to succeed Cardwell as M. P. for the city of Oxford and when returning from his canvass said: "What do you think, Cardwell? Not one of your constituents ever heard of me and my writings." He prefaced "constituents" with a strongish adjective.

Strange, if true. They must have been starving in the midst of plenty.

A Straight Tip. Johnnie (to new visitor)—So you are my grandpa, are you? Grandmother—Yes, Johnnie. I'm your grandma on your father's side. Johnnie—Well, you're on the wrong side, you'll find out!—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Horrible. "That was an awful disaster. There was only one survivor. Isn't that terrible?" "Fearful. What a bore he'll be!"—Cleveland Leader.

Disenchanted. "Do you believe in the superhuman?" "I used to, but I don't any more." "Why?" "I married him."—Chicago Record Herald.

No man knows the weight of another man's burden.—Pliny.

THE LUMINOUS HALO.

Psychic Explanation of an Oft Witnessed Phenomenon.

I was summoned one day to the Salt-petriere in Paris to see a woman who lay in a bed in the dark. She was a woman whose body, nerves, brain, had been teased and tortured for years in psychic and occult experiment. What mental perturbation was racking that brain I did not know, and the physicians at her bedside did not know. With clinched hands and teeth and eyes open wide the woman lay there. Her breathing was irregular and not deep. What we saw was this: A luminous halo of a vague orange hue that circled her head, even as in the old pictures of martyred saints you see the heads mooned with faded gold. This halo was fluctuant. It came and went. It was a light that flickered, grew, faded, formed itself anew.

A miracle, this aureoled head? If you want to call it that. Words are not of great importance. It was a miracle when it glowed around the head of a martyr tortured in the arena, so tortured by pain and fear that his dissociated psychic centers produced the phenomenon of the exteriorization of luminous energy.

Perhaps it were better to call it at once a miracle and a prescientific fact—a fact, that is, which is occult, but is in the way of becoming known.

I asked Dr. Frere what he thought of this miracle.

"I have often seen it," he said. The field of his experiments was the madhouse at Bicetre. There many neuropathic patients abide, and often in cases of severe headache or of religious ecstasy he has seen these fluctuant aureoles around the head.

"The rays are often twenty centimeters in extent, quite regular, forming a perfect aureole," he explained.

There is, then, a form of energy endowed with luminous properties emanating from the human body under certain conditions.—Vance Thompson in Hampton's Magazine.

THE LAND OF BIG GAME.

British East Africa as It Appears to the Hunter.

A brown village of thatched huts squatting in a trampled clearing of the forest and backed by thickset trees so closely lined with a living tapestry of woven green that the aching tropic sunlight can scarcely penetrate; slim, naked blacks slipping like shadows among the broad leaved banana and rubber trees, staring furtively as you heave the slowly past them; a lonely station far up or down river, where a haggard white man sits to receive tribute in the name of his trading company, marks an outpost of civilization in this jungle land. And through and under it all are the fevered glances of sunlight, the ceaseless drowsy whisper of the woods, the hot, dry scents of the parched earth, or, if the rains have come, all the land about will lie cloaked in steaming vapor, the sultry air as thick and humid as the air of a greenhouse at home. There you have the Congo as the white man knows it—the Congo or the jungle of Uganda. But all of this is only a part of what we have chosen to call and to picture as the dark continent.

For there, too, is the desert, widely different in all its aspects from Kongo-land. On the slope of the rising ground that lifts from sea level at Mombasa and climbs to nearly 8,000 feet before it drops again to the lesser level of Victoria Nyanza is another vast waste as typical of Africa as this jungle country—the desert, as it is called, the plains of bush and grass. Six months of the year—from October to April—it lies half drowned under tropic rains. From April to September only occasional showers fall, and the wide plain glimmers under the glaring sunlight, all yellowing in the glare. Here upon these uplands is found the great variety of big game, the vast herds of wild things that have made and still make Africa the greatest shooting country in the world. This is British East Africa as the hunter knows it.—C. B. Taylor in Everybody's.

An Alibi. The milkman stood before her nervously twirling his hat in his hands. "So," she said sternly, "you have come at last."

"Yes, madam. You sent for me. I believe," he replied. "I wished to tell you that I found a minnow in the milk yesterday morning."

"I am sorry, madam, but if the cows will drink from the brook instead of from the trough I cannot help it."—Harper's Weekly.

A Queer Dish. A great dish at Egyptian harem feasts is that of a lamb roasted whole. After the manner of a nest of Chinese boxes, each smaller than the other, the lamb is stuffed with a whole turkey, the turkey with a chicken, the chicken with a pigeon, the pigeon with a quail and the quail with a becardio, the smallest bird known, except a hummingbird. The lamb is roasted over a slow fire until it is almost ready to fall to pieces.

Try This. Fasten a key to a string and suspend it by your thumb and finger, and it will oscillate like a pendulum. Let some one place his hand under the key, and it will change to a circular motion. Then let a third person place his hand upon your shoulder, and the key becomes stationary.—London Express.

The man who would rather be right than be president generally has his preference gratified.—Philadelphia Record.

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Eagle Fights Farmers Two Hours. Fighting desperately for two hours with a neagle that had tried to carry off his baby, Peter Johnson, a farmer near St. Charles, Ill., with the aid of neighbors, finally captured the bird. Fully a score of persons participated in the conflict, and pitchforks, clubs and stones were brought into service before the bird became exhausted. Johnson was badly scratched in the encounter.

—The Boston Teacher—Waldo, would you like to have lived in ancient Greece? The Boston Pupil—No, ma'am. B. T.—And why not, pray? B. P.—As I understand it, Greek mothers wore wooden sandals and Greek boys didn't wear any trousers.

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(N. Y. Central & Hudson River R. R.)

Table with columns: A. M., P. M., Stations, A. M., P. M. Lists train times for Jersey Shore, Wm's Port, and Philadelphia.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD.

Schedule to take effect Monday Jan. 6, 1908.

Table with columns: WESTWARD, read down, Stations, EASTWARD, read up, No. 1, No. 2, No. 3, No. 4, No. 5, No. 6. Lists train times for Bellefonte, Pottsville, and Harrisburg.