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The world will applaud Lord Roberts's manly appeal to the English staying-at-homes not to degrade the returning soldier by a debauch of welcome.

Not the least interesting feature of the election was the vote in the four States of Wyoming, Colorado, Utah and Idaho, in which women voted on terms of perfect equality with men.

Rotterdam from its favorable situation has gradually pulled ahead of Amsterdam and is now the most prosperous harbor in Holland. It has captured most of the German trade and does an immense business with the United States.

I've thousand persons in Glasgow, Scotland, have combined to start a telephone exchange in that city. It is believed that it will pay running expenses, at an annual outlay of \$27.25 for each subscriber. Now the charge of a private corporation is \$50.

An eminent London surgeon, Dr. Treves, has expressed the opinion that genius is only "an untabulated nervous disease." The London Spectator makes a protest against this opinion and insists that to repudiate genius is to repudiate one of the highest attributes of life.

The Railroad and Engineering Review notes the fact that the profession of railroading is four times as dangerous as that of the soldier in time of war. During the year ending June 30, 1900, more than 51,000 railroad employes out of a total of 227,000 were killed or injured at their calling, while during the same period only 1649 out of an army of 63,000 in the Philippines suffered in the same manner.

That the United States is far ahead of other countries as regards popular art education is one of the most pronounced deductions to be drawn from the exhibition at the Paris Exposition. The drawing and color work of Chicago public school students is away and beyond anything shown by the public schools of Great Britain, France or Germany. Nor does the work of our leading art schools up to a certain point compare unfavorably with that of European schools. The very generally excellent ideas and methods now finding place in domestic educational methods is sure to bear great fruit in the next generation or two.

A feature of the postal system in the United Kingdom, which has not yet been made a part of the United States is the telegraph. This is a branch of the service that has made great strides, being about on a par as regards the rapidity of its growth with the postal-branch. The number of messages increased from 39,146,283 in 1886 to 9,415,123 in 1900, an increase of about 230 per cent. in the decade and a half. It is only about thirty years since the transfer of the telegraphs to the postal system, but in that period the number of messages has increased over ninefold, the messages sent in 1870-71 numbering only 9,850,177.

Washington Never Had Any Riot.
Let it be remembered that Washington is the one capital which knows not the mob and has formed no acquaintance with the riot. Call the roll of the nations' capitals, and there is evoked the cinematograph of troops and police charging the sans culottes, of artillery lending its base to the shrill tenor of the Marseillaise, of governments overthrown to placate the Commune, of barricades springing up at every corner, and anarchy reigning rampant. Washington points with pride to its solitary riot. It remembers the awkward quarrel of an hour when the redoubtable Coxey walked across the grass of the Capitol and was promptly arrested by a single policeman, and with his arrest the "Army of the Commonweal" resolved itself into its original unwashed elements. Thus perished in ridicule Washington's one "riot."—Atlantic Monthly.

CITY STREETS AND COUNTRY ROADS.

The green road, the clean road; it is so broad and high; It stretches from the happy sea to touch the happy sky.

Oh! I laughed once to forsake it, but I longed now to take it— The green road, the clean road, that is so broad and high.

The gray street, the gay street; how solemnly it shines! The sun impresses his pleasures, but there's pain between the lines.

Oh, I smiled at first to see it, but I'm eager now to flee it— The gray street, the gay street, how solemnly it shines!

The pure love, the sure love, comes over me like rain;

The tinsel of my heartless love is turning poor and plain.

It's my life I have been giving just to make a decent living. It's my all I have been losing just to get a little gain.

The nest song, the best song, is crying swift and sweet;

The tune 'neath my bosom, but the time's not in my feet.

Ah! they only sing for pity, do the voices in the city.

Did you ever hear a homely song sound happy in the street?

The green road, the clean road, it is so broad and high,

Not even when the summer sun is sailing down the West;

And I cannot find my pleasure in a road my sight can measure,

From the little room I dwell in with a memory for my guest.

The green road, the clean road, it is so broad and high,

It stretches from the happy sea to touch the happy sky.

Oh, to rise and part with sadness! oh, to move and meet with gladness,

On the green road, the clean road, that is so broad and high.

—J. J. Bell, in Chambers's Journal.

THE MINISTER'S WIFE

By Mary C. Freston.

THE arrival of the new minister in Locust Hollow, as the pretty village was called, was regarded as quite an event by the congregation. A new minister is always an object of interest to his people for a month or two, then the interest flags, and finally he is accepted as a matter of course, and generally to his delight—is no longer fussed over.

But this particular divine seemed likely to keep speculation going for a longer period than the customary nine days, and, being a somewhat humorous fellow, he thoroughly enjoyed it.

For the Reverend Jerome Grant was unmarried—warranted by the gossips to have no lady love—young, handsome and possessed of a private income, which made salary a secondary consideration. Perhaps that was as well, for the Locust Hollow flock were not any too prompt about paying ministers' salaries, and, if one might judge by such things as yearly reduction of the same, were willing, as one young fellow said on a certain occasion, that the particular clergyman who had the leading of that particular people, should be allowed to "live entirely by the grace of God."

Now, in Locust Hollow, there were a number of very plump and pretty girls, with a few slim, graceful damselfs; but the plump ones outnumbered the slim, as always is the case in country villages, with fresh air, healthy diet, regular hours, and no heavier dissipation than a picnic or two yearly, in some grove in the village, with swings among the trees, a light lunch spread on a cloth laid over the grass, and perchance a dance on the green, performed by the merry young people, with less grace than zest, is it wonderful that cheeks remain round and eyes brilliant in such places as Locust Hollow?

Among the very plumpest of the village maidens was Gussie Elliott; and Miss Gussie's blue eyes and radiant red-and-white complexion seemed to have found favor in the eyes of Mr. Grant, for he speedily placed himself on familiar footing at the long, low farm-house, where he met with very warm greetings from the farmer and his wife, and dimpling smiles and shy blushes from their daughter.

Among the very slimmest and palest of those who listened to the young minister Sunday after Sunday was Louise Venevale, the daughter of a helpless widow, who lived a little out of the village, and who had therefore escaped the knowledge of Jerome for some time.

Perhaps Louise's cheeks would have had more color in them and her eyes less of that wistful tenderness, did not the burden of her own and her invalid mother's support fall on her slight young shoulders.

But day after day—on cold, dark days, when winds swept weirdly by the little cottage—on warm, wooing days, when her pulses throbbed with longing to be out among the violets—she sat quietly at the little window, her brow bent over the sewing in her hands, the garments to be worn by more fortunate ones than herself, which she with deft fingers fashioned.

Jerome had noticed the girl's sweet, patient face, and wondered why he only saw it on Sunday—wondered how it was he had never seen it in the many homes that had been open for him to enter at, a welcome guest.

But Gussie's blue eyes had been enough like violets to make him speedily forget the wistful brown ones, and it was not until he had been installed at Locust Hollow for three months, and had begun to think that Gussie Elliott would make a very sweet minister's wife, that accident brought him to the door of the cottage which the Widow Venevale and her daughter occupied.

It was warm; the young man was too, and tired, from a long ramble; he was thirsty, as well; and so, after hesitating a few moments, he knocked lightly on the open door, intending to ask for a glass of water.

But for nobody replied to it; and while he waited, a low, murmuring voice reached him from a room within, just hidden from him by a tiny box of a hall.

"I did my best, mother," girlish tones answered, warmly; "and I thought it very nice. I often wonder how people can say such harsh and cruel words to me, when I try so hard to please them. Mother—my poor mother—it is very hard to be poor; to be a woman, and poor—there's nothing harder in this whole wide world!"

The sweet voice had taken more than weariness on its music. It became passionate and bitter, and ended in a burst of sobs.

The young man was profoundly touched, but he lifted his hand once more and knocked more loudly. "This time he was heard, and a light but languid step crossed toward the door. In a moment Louise Venevale, with undried tears on her long lashes, was looking at him with wondering eyes, brown as hazelnuts. He held out his shapely hand.

"You are one of my people, are you not?" he questioned, with a smile. "I have not called before, but you will pardon that, and bid me enter now, will you not?"

"Certainly."

And she led him into the tiny room, where Mrs. Venevale lay on a sofa, frail and helpless.

"Mamma," she said, quietly, "this is Mr. Grant. He has come to see you." And, greatly to the young man's disappointment, after placing a chair for him beside the sofa, she glided out. He remained almost an hour conversing with the invalid. He heard the pitiful story—too sadly frequent for men to mind it much to-day, in their busy, selfish lives; the struggles to purchase a little home for wife and child by the stalwart young farmer, who had only his strong hands and honest heart to rely on; then the long, lingering illness of the woman, during which the first mortgage had fallen on the farm; then the sudden death, by sunstroke, of the man, and the helpless widow's efforts to educate her only child, before allowing the girl to take up the weary burden that now had been borne for four years with gentleness and tenderest patience.

"It breaks my heart to see her work at her sewing from morning till night, and often half the night," Mrs. Venevale said, in conclusion, her eyes dim with tears. "And sometimes she has to take such insolence, too. That is very hard to bear. To-day Miss Gussie Elliott came for a dress she had left for Louise to make, and she found so much fault, and said such cruelly unkind things, that my heart ached for my daughter. Did you notice that Louise had been weeping when you came in?"

"I noticed that she looked very pale and wistful," he answered, wondering if he had mistaken the character of Miss Gussie so completely, when he thought she would be so sweet a minister's wife, so truly a helpmeet to one who had chosen that most arduous of all positions—to be the spiritual adviser of a village full of people.

It was with a pang at his heart that he began to think the blue eyes and fair face of the girl who had smiled so shyly at his coming might be a mask for a cold and selfish heart.

"There is a picnic in the birch grove on Monday," Mrs. Venevale went on, "and it was for that Miss Gussie wanted this particular dress. My poor child cannot go, or, rather, she will not, for she never leaves me, urge her as I may. She was just saying how hard it is to be a woman and poor when you came, Mr. Grant."

Yes, he had heard her say the words, but did not say so. Instead, he stood up and took the weak hand of the women themselves.

"I do not think I will join the merry-makers on Monday, either," he said, pleasantly. "My dear madam, you and I have been strangers too long. Let me come here on Monday and become better acquainted with you."

So, when Gussie Elliott, arrayed in the pretty, dainty muslin, which was really very well made and well fitting, and set off her blue eyes and fair complexion to advantage—was watching for one face vainly in the grove of birch, that masculine face was turned toward a window in the little cottage of the Venevales, as which a girl sat sewing, with her bent brown head and eyes afloat.

Gussie met him next after the morning service on the following Sunday, when they encountered each other at the door of the church.

She chided him playfully for his absence from the picnic, but he only smiled, and, after a few pleasant words, passed on and joined Miss Louise Venevale, with whom he walked through the whole village, leaving her at the cottage gate.

It was only three months later that a pretty gothic dwelling shot up rapidly beside the church, not at all mindfully, apparently, of the deluge of conjecture and remark it brought to Locust Hollow.

And when it was completed, Jerome Grant took his bride and her mother to it one golden day in late autumn, and Louise Venevale, the snubbed and slighted dressmaker, was that bride.

Strange to say, Gussie was one of the first to call, as she whispered to her intimates, "out of pure curiosity." Of course, as the minister's wife, Louise had to be civil to her, laying aside the past.—Saturday Night.

The Object of the Association.

In Elberfeld a friendly society has been started among the old and worn-out soldiers and pensioners, entitled the Distelbeck Club. The first paragraph of its printed rules is as follows: "Object of the association: The burial of its members."

We don't see as if we cared to read any more.—Damen Journal.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN

A Military Touch on Gowns.

A military touch on gowns and separate waists for youthful wearers is just now the correct finish. This is brought out very prettily by using a band of red velvet for the standing collar and trimming it with rows of very narrow gold braid, put on in tiny coils or straight lines. The collar may be all of red if the color of the waist will permit it. This is illustrated on a waist of cream-white creped satin where the collar is of red satin, nearly covered with lines of fine gold braid and matching cuffs and pointed girle.

The Migration of the Cuff.

"Rings on her fingers and" suckles, if not "bells, on her toes," will not satisfy the fair one if she be not provided with the latest novelty in dress—a pair of cuffs on the elbow of her sleeves. Cuffs are supposed to belong to a plain band at the wrist, or for cuffs of different shape. The shoulder epaulettes or "sleeve caps," are often cuffs in effect, only applied at the arm's instead of at the wrist. In its migration from wrist to shoulder the cuff has now paused midway on the sleeve, at, or just above, the elbow joint. It is only used where the sleeve has a bruffaut undersleeve, or middle third, simulating this fullness. The elbow cuff is placed above the undersleeve, marking the point where the upper arm sleeve descends as a sheath over that covering the forearm.

Two cuffs are commonly used at each elbow. One is set slightly inside and the other rises above it. Both are high on the outside of the arm, and curve down to an inch-wide strip at the inside of the curve of the elbow. Both cuffs are of cloth, and are invariably piped with velvet of the same shade, or one slightly darker than that of the cloth cuff. Sometimes the lower edge of the undersleeve is gathered beneath a similar cuff of cloth, piped with velvet at the wrist.

A Woman's Lonely Ride.

Miss Sarah M. Burks is probably the only woman mail-carrier in the West, and her route is one of the most desolate conceivable. From St. John's to Jintown, A. T., she travels twice a week, covering a distance of 208 miles, as the towns are fifty-two miles apart. The intervening country is practically a wilderness, the settlers being few and far between.

It would be difficult to imagine a more uninviting region than that traversed by Miss Burks. What tiny streams are found there are poisoned with alkali. Navajo Indians and occasionally an Apache are somewhat plentiful, but white men seldom go there, and then only to get the gold, silver and copper. Nothing in the way of vegetation can grow there. It is simply a region of rich minerals deposited in titanic volcanic action ages ago.

Along the western border of this desolate, uncanny wilderness Miss Burks rides twice a week. Generally she is alone, and if she has a companion he is likely to be a miner, a commercial traveler, or, mayhap, a lawyer, who has rented a house from Miss Burks's father, and she is to collect payment and see to the care of the horse. She is always armed with shooting irons, and when a child she was the crack shot of the mining camp at Harqua Hala.—Kansas City Journal.

The Self-Conscious Woman.

It is no libel on the sex to say that all women are instinctively fond of dress. It is a fact that is, self-evident to everybody, even to the women themselves.

It is nearly as true, if not equally, that all women are clothes-conscious. A man may be dressed either in his best or his worst, and he is, apparently, quite unaware of it. But a woman never forgets any detail of the garments which environ her. She is all the time on the watch lest some element of her clothing be out of kilter or in a position or condition where it cannot assert itself to the uttermost or hide away most covertly, either as the object may be display or concealment.

Possessed of the idea that the placquet of her gown is gaping, or that the fastening of her belt is not as it should be, you see her hand coming around to investigate; then she has to feel of her back hair to make sure that it is in presentable condition, or next her hat has to be straightened, or she is impressed that her rear collar button is misbehaving. And so if you walk in front or behind a woman, you will notice—if you are of the noticing kind—that she has her hands full and her mind occupied by her clothing.

It is really a wonder that women have any thought for other matters. That they do think of other things while apparently thinking of nothing but the clothes they stand in may be accepted as proof of their superiority over the biped, man. No man could be as clothes-conscious as the women are and attend to business. Columbus (O.) Dispatch.

Care of the Voice.

The culture and training of the voice is one of the best means of promoting the general health. This is due mainly to the formation of correct habits of breathing. One cannot sing or speak well without understanding the action of the lungs. These have been likened, in their importance and use to the vocal cords, to the bellows of the organ. The lungs are never emptied of air in breathing. In ordinary breathing very little of the air which fills them is displaced. In forced expiration, such as accompanies singing, the old, "residual air," as it is called, is forced out, and replaced by fresh air. This in turn stimulates the circulation,

TO THE PUBLIC.

My age is fourteen months or so; I've taught myself to walk; But I am not concerned to know How I shall learn to talk; In fact, how any babe who lives Both day and night among His idiotic relatives Can learn the English tongue.

And therefore I would make it clear (Nor deem the act amiss)— What chance have we whom all we hear Is language such as this: "Ze peccious sing!" "O! wootsy woots!" "His muzzer's tummin' pet!" "Ze itty, pitty, witty toots!" "Now what does damna det?"

They tell me that a drink's a "dink," My fingers "fingers" are; That think is "sinks," or also "fink," And that a car's a "tar." With "tumpy tump" and "bow wow wov," And "diddly, diddly, dee," And other phrases that, I vow, Are useless, quite, to me.

So when from mother, aunt and all I've gained a moment's grace, With none to chide me lest I fall, Or stare me in the face, I've printed out this statement rule (The letters learned with pain From cans of patent baby food),—Edwin L. Sabin, in the Woman's Home Companion.

WOMEN AND THEIR WAYS

Mrs. Dewey is to have precedence over Mrs. Miles in processions through the White House.

A number of clever women in Baltimore, desiring to earn money, have started mushroom farms in their cellars.

The Ameer of Afghanistan has had a woman for a medical adviser, and this woman, Miss Lillian Hamilton, is about to publish a story of Afghan life.

In various parts of Ireland are branches of co-operative creameries where capable women, as managers, are paid as high as twenty shillings a week.

Mrs. Lucretia Hale, who died recently at the age of eighty years, was the originator of the movement in Boston for vacation schools. Mrs. Hale is also the author of many books for children.

The Countess Tolstoi, despite the care of a large family, for she is the mother of thirteen children, and the entire management of an estate, finds time to assist her husband in his literary labors.

Shreveport, La., has a woman as clerk of the police court. Mrs. Duringer receives the same salary as the men who have held the place, and as she has held it many years, it may be assumed that she deserves it.

Miss Balfour, the sister of Arthur J. Balfour, government leader in the House of Commons, is noted for her devotion to her brothers' interests, and she manages most of his affairs, so as to leave him entirely free for his political work.

Miss Ella Groendyke, of Indiana, has been sent to Sierra Leone, where the massacres of missionaries occurred a year ago. Miss Groendyke had spent four years in Africa. She will undertake to reconstruct the mission buildings which were destroyed at the time of the siege.

The Misses Edith and Ethel Long, of Lafayette, Ind., twelve years of age, are twins, and expert rifle shots. They shoot together at difficult targets, and seldom miss. The remarkable skill of the twins has attracted much attention, but none of the many offers to appear in public has ever been considered, as they are strict amateurs.

Mme. Ceraski of the Moscow Observatory, has at various times contributed data to the science of astronomy. Two years since she first discovered a variable star of the Algol type—that is, having its light diminished at regular intervals by a dark companion revolving around it—and still more recently a second Algol variable has been discovered by her.

Flounces of various widths adorn cloth frocks.

Bright green velvets are no longer worn by well-dressed women.

Severely plain velvet costumes will be used for street as well as carriage frocks.

The ever useful and becoming top-coating is a popular material for tailor-made suits.

Boleros are now made of narrow ribbon and lace insertion, to be worn over silk waists.

Frosted gauze in new material called girvine is used for evening gowns, which are also made of embroidered tulle.

The new fur muff is long, flat, entirely without stiffening, and has two rows of tails, one at the top and one across the lower edge.

Reversible satins are used extensively on winter hats, and for linings, facings, draperies, choux, tea-gowns, accordion-plaited petticoats, foundations for lace and velvet opera wraps, etc.

The latest French jewelry is in hand-beaten gold. Classical designs decorate the surface bordered with beaten gold, and the novelty in long chains is seen in hand-chased gold without any jewels.

The most novel bolero has a Watteau pleat in the back. This style is not to be commended to the stout woman. The belted bolero, set into a band at the waist, also is fashionable and is decidedly smart in appearance.

Natty French jackets of covert cloth are made from loose fronts, without dart seams, double breasted, and finished with three graduated circular shoulder capes, the roll of the lining showing like a silk or satin piping at the extreme edge of each cape.

A very clever combination of colors employed by a daring modiste is blue, yellow and silver. The frock is of pale blue satin, with embroideries of silver opening over panels of lemon-colored chiffon. On the bodice there is a fetching little silver bolero lined with the yellow chiffon.

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HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Hoax—BJones has invented a flying machine. Joak—I always thought he was sort of flighty.

"How did the count betray himself?" "He forgot where he was and polished all the plate with a napkin."

"He—I make it a rule never to argue with a woman. She—All right. Let's get married."—Chicago Times-Herald.

"What has Simpkins left Wall street for?" "He is ambitious to earn enough money to buy a seat in the Stock Exchange."—Life.

He led her to the altar, 'Twas merely fit for fat; He led her to the altar, She led him after that.

"Did you know there are minuta parasites in all of man's blood vessels?" "Say, they must feel as if they had lived in vein."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Do you know, baron, that my future son-in-law has unexpectedly inherited a fortune?" "Indeed? Lucky fellow! Then he doesn't need to marry at all!"—Heitere Welt.

With Cupid and his love-tipped dart The times are out of joint; The arrow now for maiden's heart Must have a diamond point.

Judge—Prisoner at the bar, have you anything further to state in your defense? Prisoner—No, your honor. I only ask you to deal me as you would with yourself if you were in my place.

"Lobsters," remarked the proprietor of the restaurant, "are scarce and high-priced this year." "They may be high-priced," sighed the honest police captain, "but they're not scarce. My department is full of them."—Chicago Tribune.

"Have you seen my umbrella?" asked one gentleman of another. "What sort of an umbrella was it?" "It had a hooked end." "I have not seen it," was the reply; "but I had a nice one once, and it had an end exactly like yours. It was hooked!"

"I suffer dreadfully from insomnia," doctor," said the patient. "Indeed," replied the physician; "we'll soon correct that." And he did, for this particular physician was able to procure for his patient a situation as night watchman.

A Legend of the Violin.

An ancient legend tells us that one day as Orpheus, son of Apollo and the muse Calliope, was walking by the sea, trilling in soft cadence a song taught him by the celebrated teacher Linos, he was attracted by the sound of sweet music, which seemed but the echo of his own glorious voice. He walked along, singing, and the sound approached, as if to meet him, till finally it sang at his very feet.

Glancing down, he saw the shell of a turtle, which had been cast high and dry upon the beach and left there by the receding waves. The little thing had died and dried up so that only the sinews, shriveled to strings, and the shell remained. The dried up sinews were tightly stretched across the hollow shell, and the wind, as it listed, touched the strings, causing them to vibrate over the shell sounding board and give forth the sweet, sad tones.

Enchanted, he bore his treasure home and from it fashioned the viol shell, with which he ever after accompanied his voice, and the nymph, Eurydice, enchanted by its magic, became his bride.

The "King of Thieves."

Three suspected individuals, relates the Paris Figaro, were recently arrested on the Boulevard Sebastopol by the police and conducted to the commissariat of the Sainte Avaye quarter. One of them, Alfred Desobry, owing to his sobriquet of "the king of thieves," was specially interrogated by the commissaire himself, M. Simard. The interrogation concluded, the magistrate went to dinner. But no sooner had he arrived at home than he noticed that his watch and pocketbook had disappeared. He returned quickly to his office, thinking he had left them on the table, but he sought in vain. Just as he was abandoning his search an inspector informed him that Desobry wished to see him to make a most important communication. That individual on being introduced, said, smilingly: "Monsieur, permit me to restore to you your watch and pocketbook. I took them in order to justify in your eyes my title of 'king of thieves.' I am at the bottom, as you see, more honest than you had supposed."—London Telegraph.