

# BETRAYED AND SAVED

Martel du Bois, a young man of good family, but of somewhat limited means, was at the breaking out of the French revolution affianced to the daughter of a tradesman named Zoulouche, a man of wealth, but no principle.

Suddenly Martel was arrested and thrown into prison.

Mme. Romaine, a young widow who loved him, determined to save him. She went to the jailer and by means of a bribe—for money was potent in those days as well as in these—obtained an interview. Du Bois was surprised at her visit.

"I have come," she said frankly, "in the hope that I may save a life for which I would freely give my own."

"I do not know as I understand you, madame," replied the wondering prisoner.

"Probably not, for I am a woman, and women are sometimes enigmas even to themselves. I will not ask if you know me, for you certainly do not, but do you know my name?"

"Yes; you are Mme. Romaine, widow of Jules Romaine, daughter of Gustavus d'Auvergne—young, lovely, accomplished and rich."

"We have ten minutes to converse in private. You must escape from here and fly from France! You may be tried at any hour, and once tried, you will be condemned and executed."

"But who so base as to denounce me, madame?"

"Celeste Zoulouche."

"Impossible!" cried Du Bois, staggering under the mental blow. "Impossible! Mon Dieu! You are but trying my faith."

"We are wasting precious time," said the other, glancing at her watch. Give ear to my plan. Here is a powder, of which you will take a small portion at a time. It will make you sick; you will look pale. Eat little or no food, and you will lose your strength. The physician will be called, and you will be removed to the hospital. Once there I trust I shall be able to effect your escape. You will obey my instructions?"

"Religiously."

"Then, if your trial should not come on meantime, you may be saved. I go to watch and pray and hope. Adieu!"

He followed the directions of Mme. Romaine, and the third day after her visit he was removed to the hospital. Here he fell under the charge of a lay sister named Agnes.

"I know all!" she said to him at the first opportunity. "Julie Romaine is my cousin; I am her confidant. We have agreed upon a bold and novel plan for your escape. It is this: You must seem to get worse and worse, and at last, at the proper time, you must feign convulsions and appear to die. I will cover your face, and when the chief physician comes his rounds announce your death. If he takes my word for it, all will be well; if not, we may fail. That is our risk."

"And suppose he leaves me for dead—what then?"

"Then, after dark, I will pretend to have received an order to have you conveyed to the dissecting room, where you will be provided with a surgeon's suit, in which disguise you must escape."

Near the close of his fourth day in the hospital Martel du Bois was seen by more than one person in convulsions. An hour or two later, when the physician made his rounds, he was covered with a sheet.

"There is no more need of your services here," said Sister Agnes calmly, as she intercepted him. "The next patient seems worse. Will you be kind enough to see him at once?"

The doctor passed on. So far, all well.

It was quite dark when the body of Du Bois was borne into the dissecting room. The attendants retired in haste, leaving Sister Agnes and a lad with him.

"Now, then, here are your garments, quick!" said the fair nurse.

In less than five minutes the late corpse looked like a very active and important surgeon.

"This lad will guide you—follow him!" said Sister Agnes, hurriedly. "Linger not a moment! Adieu! Adieu!"

Five minutes later Martel du Bois, guided by the youth, was hurriedly passing through the streets of Toulouse. On the outskirts of the town the youth led him to an old stable, where they found two swift horses prepared for a journey.

They mounted and rode southward toward Spain. When morning dawned, there were 40 good miles between them and Toulouse. The second night they entered Spain and were safe.

"Now, my brave lad," said Du Bois, "go back to your mistress, Mme. Romaine, and tell her my hand, my heart and my life are at her disposal."

"She will accept your hand and heart, but begs you to keep your life," returned the youth, with a light laugh. "She will speak for herself!" rejoined Du Bois sharply.

"She does!" laughed the other. "How is this?"

"I am Julie Romaine."

## Called Lorillard's Bluff.

Heavy better as he was, Pierre Lorillard once met his match when he ran up against gray bearded James E. Kelly, who introduced bookmaking into this country. It was nearly a generation ago and at Jerome park. Kelly was laying 2½ to 1 against one of Lorillard's horses in a big stake event. The news went to Mr. Lorillard, seated on his coach on the clubhouse lawn.

"I'll just take a little of the conceit out of that saved off Irishman," said Lorillard to Wright Sanford, Newbold Morris, John Hunter and a few other congenial spirits. They started for the ring together.

"I'll lay \$10,000 on my horse at that price, Kelly," said Mr. Lorillard in his princely fashion, expecting to see Kelly wilt and refuse to take the wager.

"Certainly, Mr. Lorillard." Then turning to his sheet writer, Kelly said: "\$25,000 against \$10,000, Pierre Lorillard." Quickly he turned to the tobacco magnate with a polite "Much obliged to you, Mr. Lorillard; very much obliged. Would you or your friends care to bet another \$10,000 at the same odds? Should be delighted to accommodate you."

"What a nerve!" was all Mr. Lorillard could say as he turned on his heel and walked away.

Jimmy Kelly won the bet, for Lorillard's horse was beaten.—New York Times.

## The Landlubber Ducks of Sahara.

The proverbial fadness of ducks for water would lead one to presuppose that of all the world the most destitute of ducks would be the Sahara desert and that if a stray 'springtail' happened to drift into that region he would either vamoose or turn up his toes with briefest delay. Well, not at all," said a Frenchman who was formerly a resident of Tunis.

"There are parts of the desert where ducks abound, flourish and multiply with every evidence of perfect satisfaction. The fowl is slightly different from any of the varieties we know in this country, but it has the same flat bill, extensive breast and web feet, showing that it was once a water bird, though now it scarcely finds enough to drink and has become too provident to waste any of the precious fluid in ablutions. Like the other good Mussulmans of the country, they take their prescribed bath in the sand, and their web feet come in very handy as snowshoes to walk upon the deep yielding dust. It is claimed by an eminent French ornithologist that the Saharan ducks are the remains of a race of aquatic birds which frequented those seas when the present desert was a part of the Atlantic ocean."

## Holes in Everything.

You are skeptical about the accuracy of this statement and ask why water does not leak from a bottle if there are holes in everything? The answer is simple enough—the drops or globules of water are bigger than the holes. Taking glass as an illustration, we find that air is about the only substance that can get through those holes.

A scientist proposes the following as an experiment: Place a bell in a bottle exhausted of air and hermetically sealed. The bell will not ring because the medium for conveying sound is not there.

Set the bottle aside for a few months, then try the bell again, and it will ring, faintly, perhaps, but nevertheless there will be a sound. That means that the air has got in. It has made its way through the holes in the glass.

The incandescent lamp is a bulb of glass exhausted of air so that the slender filament may glow when the electricity runs along it. The air works its way in gradually and the light becomes less brilliant in proportion.

## Nuts as Food.

Nuts contain a large amount of nourishment, and owing to their oily nature digest easily. Eaten with salt they are palatable. Either as a dessert course or salted and used as a relish their value is the same. They are not expensive, for from the peanut through the imported varieties they can be bought in bulk at small cost.

The peanut has many good qualities to recommend it, and from its low estate is coming to the front as an important item in dietetics. It is supposed to cure insomnia if eaten just before retiring. Salted, they are much cheaper than almonds. The small hickory nut, at a few cents a quart, can be used on the most economical table. The English walnut makes a very good salad blanch and used with celery, Filberts, almonds and Brazil nuts are more expensive, but as only a few are needed at a time the cost is not great.—Woman's Home Companion.

## Eggshell Flowerpots.

Eggshells may be used to advantage in starting delicate plants for transplanting. The half shells are filled with earth and set in a box also containing dampened earth. A hole is made in the point of the shell to allow drainage. A single seed is then planted in each shell, which is easily broken when transplanting is done without the slightest disturbance of roots. This use of eggshells is the discovery of a French gardener, who claims that they are vastly superior to the little pots generally used for the purpose by florists.

## How the Fuss Started.

"That hand me down suit you're wearing," remarked Rivers, "reminds me of an unripe watermelon."

"Why?" asked Brooks.

"Because it's so different. One isn't cut to fit, and the other isn't fit to cut."

It was then that Brooks blazed away at him.—Pick-Me-Up.

## Hamlin's Soliloquy.

Hamlin (standing before the tattooed man in the dime museum)—Heavens, how that fellow must suffer if he ever gets the jimjams!—Smarter Set.

## HINTS FOR FARMERS

### Plants Poisonous to Animals.

The bulletin from the Montana experiment station gives a list of 14 species of plants which are known or strongly suspected of poisoning animals. Among them are the lupines, which killed 100 out of 200 hucks fed on hay and in 1898 some 2,000 sheep from eating ripe lupine on the range. The trouble seems to be in the ripe or nearly ripe seed. The purple and tall larkspur killed 40 cattle in the Gallatin valley when other plants were covered with snow. Aconite, water hemlock and nightshade have proved poisonous to both man and beast. All these are more or less frequent in certain parts of New England, says American Cultivator. The death camass we do not know and think it is not to be found here. In 1898 a dairymen had a field of oats so badly smitten that he cut them for hay instead of letting the grain ripen. Out of 30 cows which were given one feed of it 12 died within 18 hours, having both gastric and cerebral trouble. Ergot on native grasses is claimed to have killed a number of horses in from six to eight hours, the muscles of the throat being paralyzed first, and then the whole body paralyzed. Strychnine and whisky seems to be the only remedy having effect. It is better to avoid feeding ergot or smut on any grass or grain.

### Use of Lime on Sour Land.

The chief use of lime from an agricultural standpoint is to sweeten the soil and to act upon latent plant food, breaking down organic matter and setting it free so that plants can utilize it. Lime in itself contains little or no elements which plants require and is not properly classified as a fertilizer. It is used commonly in preparing land for wheat or rye, but may also be sown broadcast on meadows. The presence of red soil in any quantity indicates that the land is sour and acid and is a sign that an application of lime would be beneficial. Wood ashes in a less degree serve the same purpose, as they contain a considerable proportion of lime. They also have the additional value of adding potash and phosphoric acid to the soil.

### Grub in Head of Sheep.

In Scotland when they have reason to think the sheep have grub in the head the shepherd usually takes each one and blows tobacco smoke up the nostrils almost to the point of stupefying the sheep and the grubs, too; then gives to each a pinch of yellow snuff to start them sneezing, which dislodges the grub, so that it is discharged. We never tried this because the putting out a little pine tar on boards and scattering a little salt on it usually started the nose of the sheep so that the fly did not trouble them, or for a small flock we took them as they went out of the yard and with a wooden paddle daubed the nose of each one as we let them through the gate.

### Mule Versus Horse.

Mules are preferred for farm work in the south because they require less feed, are less liable to disease, harder every way and will do more work than horses 20 per cent heavier, says Farm and Ranch. They are more reliable and have fewer vices. They are not as fast as horses, but get there sooner because their gait is more uniform and persistent. A pair of good mules makes the best farm team on earth. Under the saddle the mule does not show off like a horse, but there is far more comfort in riding one. They are more sure footed and in critical junctures find a way out far more readily than a horse.

### Modern Poultry Houses.

Substantial poultry houses are the most durable, warmest and in the end the cheapest. A neat, handsome and low cost building is made by using un-matched inch boards nailed on two by four studding, covered with building paper and then shingled. Practical poultry keepers are putting up such buildings as fast as their means allow, and those who make a specialty of pure bred stock favor small houses scattered about the place rather than long houses with continuous runs.

### Stop the Leaks.

No man can expect to conduct a farm successfully who is behind the times in enlightenment. A farm can no more be run at a profit without brain work than can the manufacturing or mercantile business. There is no business on earth that could stand the leaks that many farmers have and still pay a profit. If you wish to succeed, stop the leaks that your own carelessness and ignorance are leaking on you, and you will be amply rewarded, and success will crown your efforts.

### Shade for the Henyard.

Hens suffer from heat and will not do well in a hot, sunny yard. Trees and bushes give the best shade, but weeds are better than nothing. Put up an old door in an airy corner if you have nothing better. Renew their water several times a day and keep their drinking vessels clean.

### Millet for Hens.

Millet is a good food for young chicks as well as for laying hens. As the seed is so small it keeps the fowls scratching for a long time to get enough to satisfy them, and the exercise is just what they need to make healthy hens and good layers.

### Protect the Woodpecker.

Do not destroy the woodpecker. It is a bird with a keen ear and sharp eye to detect wood boring beetles as well as colonies of ants on apple and other trees. Both of these insects are injurious.

### Care of the Orchard.

During a dry summer and autumn the orchard soil should be kept in tith until the crop of fruit and wood are matured or until rains come.

# HUMOR

## A QUIET WEDDING.

But the Affairs Was Not Wholly Destitute of Excitement.

"Yes, Jimson's wedding was a quiet affair, owing to the death of a second cousin of the bride's mother, who left the family a little money."

"That must have been pretty hard on Jimson. He likes excitement."

"Oh, there was excitement enough. One of the bride's little brothers hit Jimson in the left ear with a bag of rice and tore it loose, and another little brother nearly broke one of his floating ribs with an old slipper, and somebody flung a horseshoe after them for luck, and it caught Jimson in the neck just as he stuck his head out of the carriage window. And one of the uncles came out with a megaphone and let all the neighbors know that the happy pair was spliced, and somebody broke the carriage window with a rabbit's foot made into a paperweight, and the horses ran away, and the driver fell off the box, and Jimson had to drive the horses the rest of the way and got to the station just in time to miss the train. Oh, there was plenty of excitement for plain quiet wedding."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## Fatigued at the Critical Moment.

"Didn't you tell me you went out west once on a train in which there was a man who drilled the passengers in the proper tactics for repelling train robbers?"

"Yes."

"And yet the train was held up and the passengers robbed before it reached its destination, wasn't it?"

"Yes."

"How did that happen?"

"The man that drilled us was the first one who got scared, and of course we couldn't do anything without the word of command."—Chicago Tribune.

## Two Views.

He saw her on her bicycle. "Ah," he exclaimed, "such symmetry, such perfection, such grace, such a lovely form!"

He saw her at the seashore. "Great guns, I've got 'em!" he holed.

It may have been elegant to holler, but he was too shocked to ejaculate.—Denver Times.

## She Didn't Make a Sale.

Ugly Customer—What price did you say this gown was?

Pretty Milliner—One hundred and ten dollars, madam.

Ugly Customer (after a pause)—Don't you think it rather a dreadful figure?

Pretty Milliner—Well, madam, since you say so, it is not the best I have seen, but I think you'll find the gown will hide it.

## In Her Line.

The woman of sensations was under discussion.

"She's going on the stage, they say."

"For heaven's sake, what can she do?"

"Well, in view of her matrimonial experience it has been suggested that she might make a hit as a lightning change artist."—Chicago Post.

## Why He Was Running.

The tramp was hitting the high places across the meadow, with a big brindle pup at his heels, and as he passed the owner of the dog the latter shouted:

"Hey! Whatcher runnin' for?"

"Me dog's too fat, an' I'm givin' him exercise," was the reply.—Denver Times.

## Another One.

Pepprey—That fellow makes me tired.

Nudel—What's the matter with him?

Pepprey—Oh, there are some people that are never satisfied to know that a thing is so, but are continually asking the why and wherefore.

Nudel—That's so. I wonder why it is?

## Appreciation.

Mrs. Blank—This is the third time I've given you something to eat.

Wearly Wackford—Yes, mum, an if you ever are lookin' for a position as cook I'll be pleased to give you a recommendation.—Chicago News.

## Gets Another Chance.

Angry Patron—Look here! This steak is so tough that I haven't been able to bite it yet, and I want a rebate for it!

Head Waiter—Very sorry, sir, but I do not think we can give you a rebate. You might try a rebate, however.—Pittsburg American.

## Just Like Pa.

"What you chillun been doin'?"

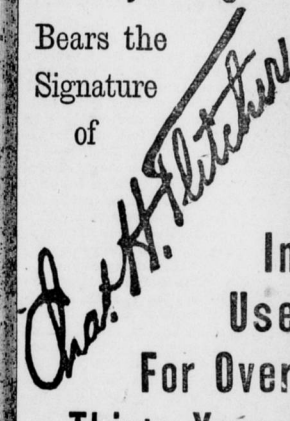
"We ain't been doin' nothin'."

"Deah me! You grow moah like youah pa every day."—Indianapolis News.

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### Laughter Saved the Ship.

Humor has been credited with the saving of many things, but perhaps never before has a ship been saved by its judicious application. In a great storm many years ago a ship's crew were all at prayers, when a boy burst into a fit of violent laughter. Being reproved for his ill timed mirth and asked the reason for it, he said, "Why, I was laughing to think what a hissing the boatswain's red nose will make when it comes in contact with the water." This ludicrous remark set the crew laughing, inspired them with new spirits, and by a great exertion they brought the vessel safely into port.—Liverpool Post.

### A Professor on Rowing.

A story is told about a well known Oxford don who knew more about the travels of Ulysses than about the boat he sailed in. He went down to the river one day to watch the eight practicing. He gazed for awhile in silence. "Yes," he said at last, "they look very nice—very nice indeed, I may say—but how extremely awkward it must be for them to learn to row backward."

### Crying and Groaning.

According to a French physician, crying and groaning in pain are nature's own methods of subduing the keenness of physical suffering. He thinks that men should freely relieve their sufferings in this way and that crying in children should not be repressed, as in doing so serious consequences may be engendered.

### Lycurgus being asked why, in his laws, he had set down no punishment for ingratitude, answered, "I have left it to the gods to punish."

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