A POLITE BURGLAR.

THE DARLINGTON NEWS.

with herculean strength and be duchess unbarmed to the port.
"I was certain to meet rothe Duchess, and for your "I was certain to meet 10 a. Madame the Duchess, and for your 5 and fortune. You have saved my bones from the wheel, at my turn I save your jew is. A good deed is always rewarded. That is the be-

leally.

"But you must admit, madame, that if I forgot my Christian do les by robbing my neighbor of his mai servant, of his maid servant, of his ass and the belance of what he may ossess, I respect—sometimes his wife."

And laughing, saluting, Cartouche vanished in the crowd, with madame the duchess entered her oa ch on the Parvis Notre Dame. d the use white hand that I lest one day all lest me into the Better Way. —Elle Wheeler Wilcox in Frank Leulo's.

"There were a few biled, many wounded and thousands robed," said Pignerol
in his "History of Para"

Cartouche continue his deeds of a bandit gentleman. He premended the streets In the year 1721 monsieur the regent and the bandit Cartouche reigned in Paris, the former on the throne of his uncle, Louis XIV, the latter on the roots of the capital, of which he had a map carefully drawn. My lord the duke of Orieans, regent of France, had invented the fine suppers of the Falais Reyal and the masked halls of the opers; Cartouche, a mun of refined habits, cold bleeded and exceedingly courageoms, had, as my lord the duke of Orieans, his court, his bedroom and even his private surgeon. All Paris resounded with the puns and deeds of the amiable brigand, who recommended politeness and good behavior to his cutthroats and pickpochets, were out the gendarmes of munsions the lieutenant of police, and even often thrushed them well and good. During the night of Holy Thursday madame the duches de Boufflers, widow for the last ten years of monsions the mascable diumber. By the faint light of a might leasy she saw the curtains of the balcony window spening, and a man short of stature, but well made, with an agreeable face, entered her hedroom. He had aleacen lace suffs, red heels to his shees, and the perfect demeaner of a young lord. The duches was very frightened, and she was on the over of calling her servants, when the stranger said to her:

"Bilesce, madame! De not call, if you please."

And drawing two pistols from his belt, Cartouche continue his deeds of a bandit gentleman. He primenaded the streets during the day and beight. He showed maself in the public parks, and down in the most popular restaurants, and went to the opera to see the new plays, as often, early in the rumpus with a fish merchant, the work wirago of the market. To conclude, he able brigand of the world and the best soul of Paris.

ory and commonalty be-of the Chatelet in their the amiable, witty, gen-ved thief and murderer. uchess de Boufflers went

me. You see I am like the an' my name gouged in it." irl of this world-I cannot t I have, and I have nothing; s of monsieur the lieutenant y friend, have crrried away that is to say, others' prop-

lover; but I shall behave myself tleman. You see me all broken brigue and mad with hunger. madame the Duchess de I have the honor of asking a

a duke and was magnificently of our Lord 1721.—Translated ing so, and with a hand richly
i, Cartouche removed his hat and
howed respectfully before the
m, who raised herself on her elbow,
er to have a good view of the strange raphic from the French by Guard avenue line elevated railroad

grace (the merciful blow) he put the of his torture by striking him across

The Lay of a Lost Minstrel.

Do not feer, madame, I will not hurt
if Will you be charitable enough to
the bell to summon your maid to
r bedaids! You will tell her that you
hungry and to bring you a sold
stren and a bottle of champagna."
What are you saying, Monsieur Carche! During the Holy Week no
these is to be found in my house."
Try, Madame the Duchesa."
Try, Madame the Duchesa."
Try, Madame the Duchesa.
The hold thief knew his nety on the top of his finger and the
at of his lunifa. In fact, chicken and
supagne were served on a silver tray,
other with a box containing a silver
L a spoon and a knife, exactly as in
hing's paless. He was very talkative
me and after eating and drinking. M.
touche amused Madame the Duchess
Benfillers a great deal. lead inter a big b'ar th't had squatted on the farm, th't Steve wouldn't hev no live stock left to pervide pork an' beef fer his winterta' over, even if he managed to keep his lyre in the damp and fog, and held murt in a somber bog, by the light of a hight sun. "No fairies for me," I ly said, "so, singer, you'll change or tune; you must sing a ballad of the instead, of ghosts in purple and bests in red, of regions where wander in phantom dead, and there are no stars moon."

moon."
He tuned his harp to a dismal lay, that cilled all the blood I owned, and he sung. There's a land in the far away, where is gleaming the light of the day, where the goblins damp and the specters tay, and wind with their shrieks is soned. The ghost of the pallid dude is there, bereft of its gilded cane; it has no classes to

there, bereft of its gilded cane; it has no oil for its yellow hair, it has no glasses to eye the fair, and it cannot stand on the treet and stare, so the dude is bowed in pain." I loosed the dog on the minstred there, and I fired my gun in the damp; and pieces of harp flew in the air, and stogy boots and wads of hair, and all that was left of the minstrel fair was rolled in was left of the minstrel fair was rolled in a postage stamp.—Lincoln (Neb.) State Journal.

The Queen Would Feel Hurt.

prehensible.

ure yourself, madame,"

a, with a smile (he had guarant of his hostess). "There is which I will wait for the say. You have nothing to friends to-night; madame. It is to you, my charming beautiful to you.

to retire and to thank you of my heart. If I hautrageously all the laws of one, on a Holy Thursday, this mortal ain by gott Easter Sunday at the

A friend of mine told me of a pathetic ncident that took place the other evening when the Britishers were being naturalized. One old fellow could not see the print on the naturalization paper, so he got a friend to read it. When the words "renounce forever all allegiance and fidelity to every foreign prince, state, potentate and sovereignty whatsoever— more especially to Victoria, queen of the united kingdom of Great Britain and Ire-land," were reached—the old man's eyes grew moist, and he said with a tone of sadness in his voice: "I've been a faithful subject of her for more than thirty five years, and I don't know how she'll feel about it." But then the thought of the republic where he had made his home for republic where he had made his home for years came to him and, rubbing his big hand across his eyes, he signed the paper that made him a citizen. I repeat the story because it seems to me to illustrate so well the peculiar feeling of loyalty which animates an Englishman, not only toward his "tight little isle," but toward the sovereign who represents its government.—Boston Post.

The Demand for Olives It is noted that a great demand for It is noted that a great demand for olives has sprung up in consequence of the approach of the Jewish holidays. It is said that the Hebrews are great consumers of both the olive and the oil extracted from it. So great is the demand that some of the California fruit growers have made attempts to cultivate the olive, but so far have not been able to make it profitable.—Oswego Times.

How Indians Poison Trout. In some parts of California the India

WHERE ART THOU, LOVE! Bow can I wait till these long days are past
Before I rest my eyes on thy dear face?
Where art thou, love? O I would follow fast
If but some power would guide me to the place?
Canst thou not tell me by some spirit's grace?
For surely there are spirits, as of old,
Who joy love's glowing message to unfold.

peak but my name, and fairies kind will bear Speak but my name, and fairies kind will bear
The swe-t sound through all intervening space;
And I shall wander forth, knowing not where,
But sarely shall I come unto the place
Where thou dost stand, and gaze into thy face,
For if thou lovest me as I love thee,
These unseen powers our friends will always be,
—Arthur Peterson in "Songs of New Sweden."

NATURAL GAS.

"I see by the papers, 'Squire," said the Old Settler, "that they'm a findin' signs o' coal ile an' nat'ral gas like sixty here an' thar in deestric's not so terrible fur from here, an' th't konsekently land they usety beg folks to come an' take offen their hands at any price at all is wuth a dollar now jist fer a peep over the stun wall at it. The minute a feller finds signs o' lle or nat'ral gas on his plantation he needn't lug home his supplies in a quart jug no more, but kin roll 'em in by the bar'l, fer signs o' them kind is wuth more an inch th'n a sartin per sure grass an'

To conclude, he as the management of the world and the best soul of Paris.

A few month after his provess of Notre Dame the endarmes of monsieur the lieutenant of blice surprised him is his bed in a little in of the Courtille.

They chained in like a wild beast and luz wanted to see," continued the 'squire, "but natur' has been agin me an' I hain' never seen it, an' that thing is the h'isti' of a balloon. Th' can't be no ballo h'isted nowhar, I'm told, 'nless thuz I s'pose if we'd ha' gas here a good many fellers with balloons 'd ha' kim 'round this way an' showed us a balloon raisin' ev'ry now an' then. Them must be lucky deestric's that's got gas, an' I'd like to hev somebody strike it 'round here some'rs, jist fer the sake o' havin' the chance to see a balloon h'istin' 'fore I turn my toes up. But that's 'bout madame, for not receiving out an' find a silver dollar rollin' up hill,

"Don't ye be so consarned sure o' that, squire," said the Old Settler mysterious ly, and, with a knowin' shake of his head. 'I've been a thinkin' a leetle sence readin been only a thinkin, but I've been a rehess reddened, grimaced a collectin', an' the chances is th't me an' leparted, leaving only two louis you'll see wonders yet afore we paddle g that the press qualified as un over Jurdan. I'm agointer tell ye fer w'y, fer makin' ye 'shamed o' yerself, an' showin' th't truth squashed in the mud is bound to git up agin if ye give her time, jist ten years ago this month I kim in from a little b'ar hunt. I didn't bring in no b'ar, but I fotched back an up an' up account o' how I had shot one, an' how th were sumpin' fearful an' queer an' amaz-in' in th' p'formances o' that b'ar artied upon a large wheel laid flat on the ter bein' shot. Mebbe ye 'member me a tellin' ye that story, 'squire, an' you a tellin' meright in my teeth th't ye know'd th't some o' yer friends had took to lyin', but th't ye didn't think any of 'em had it so had ez that. But I ain't a holdin' no

gredge, an' now I'll tell ye sumpin' that'll was the song that the minstret the light of the waning moon, is voice was cracked and his knees prung, and his eyes far out of their than his house in a less somebody went up to Steve Groner's hill place an' poured a pound or two o' lead inter a big b'ar th't had squatted on

> w'en you an' him comes together,' he says.
> "'B'ars,' I says to Steve, 'b'ars is nuts fer me, an' the bigger an' sasssier they be, I says, 'the more I in'jy 'em,' I says, an with that I clim' inter the woods to show bruin that I can here the wedge of bruin that the wa'n't room enough here below fer me an' him both. 'Tain't necessary fer me to tell o' the half dozen or more lively skrimmeges me an' that b'ar had ez we follered an' chased one another had ex we follered an' chased one another round an' round them woods-how he'd hide ahind some big tree or stump, an' ez I went by, climb on to me with all four o' his feet an' yank an' bite an' claw an' dig meat an' clothes offen me till I slung him off an' made him skin away to save his bacon; an' how I'd lay the same way fer him, an' w'en he come sneakin' 'long arter him, an' w'en he come sneakin' 'long arter me again, pitch arter him like a mad painter, an' swat an' pound' an' choke an' rassel him till his tongue hung out, till I were sorry fer him, an' let him git away inter the brush agin to recooperate fer the next round. 'Taint wuth w'ile fer me to say anything 'bout them little skrimmages 'cept the last un, an' that un wa'n't a skrimmage' but sumpin' that'd a skeert some folks dead in their tracks.

"Arter havin' a half a dozen or so o' rassels with this big b'ar jist fer fun, I made up my mind, ez 'twere gettin' late, an' ez Steve Groner's folks was mebby feelin' anxious to hear which was gointer run the farm, them or the b'ar, th't the next heat with bruin would be for keeps. I guess the ol' feller had made up his mind the same way, fer when I run agin him the las' time he were riz up on his hind legs right on the edge o' Deep Rock Gully, an' were waitin' for me with his takin' aim at one o' the b'ar's fore paws, thought I'd wing him an' make him come away from the edge o' the gully 'fore I tackled lim. The ball hit the paw an' the b'ar throw'd 'em both up. But he throw'd 'em up too far, an' he fell over back'rds, an' went head foremost inter the gully. Deep Rock Gully hain't an inch less'n fifty foot from top to bottom, an' the walls is ez steep ez the side of a house. I went up to the edge an' looked over. There were the b'ar layin' on his face at the bottom, whar them queer cracks is in the ground, an' he were a howlin' like a hurricane an' kickin' lika a mule. Ther he laid, an' he wa'nt able to raise up. Th' wa'n't no way o' gettin' down to him 'cept by tumblin' down ez he had, an' if ever anybody were poppin' mad I were, ez I see my meat a layin' at the bottom o' that gulley, an' the crows a-getherin' to hev a picnic with it. The more I kep' my eyes on that b'ar the madder I got, an' I were jist about to roll an' tumble an' slide down the side o' that the seed exhausts itself by agrount.

blowin' him an' he couldn't help it. The sight was so oncommon out c' the reg'lar way b'ars has o' actin' that it seemed way b'ars has o' actin' that it seemed skeery, an' I felt ez if I'd ruther be home diggin' my 'taters. But I kep' on gazin' at the b'ar a circusin' at the bottom o' the gully, and 'twa n't long 'fore the hull big carcase begun to raise right up offen the ground an' come a-floatin' up outen that gully, fer all the world ez if 'twan't more'n a feather. The b'ar come up-'ards tail foremost, an' I noticed th't he looked consid'able puffed out like, makin' him seem like a bar'l sailin' in the air. Ez the b'ar kim afloatin' out o' the dep's I could feel my eyes begin to bulge an' I could feel my eyes begin to bulge an' my knees to shake like a jumpin' jack's. But I couldn't move no more'n a stun wall kin, an' thar I stood on the edge o' the gulley starin' at the b'ar ez it sailed on up t'ords me. The b'ar were makin' a desper't effort to git itself back to its nat'ral p'sition on all fours, but th' wa'n't no use, an' up he sailed, tail foremost an' lookin' ez if he were gointer bust the next minute, he were swelled out so Ez the b'ar bobbed up and passed by me I could ha' reached out an' grabbed him by the paw, an' I think he wanted me to, the way he acted, but I couldn't ha' made a move to stop him, not if he'd ha' ben my gran'mother. The b'ar sailed on above me, an' th' were a look in his eyes th't I won't never ferget. It was a skeert look, an' a look that seemed to say th't it were all my fault, an' th't I'd be sorry fer it some time. The b'ar squirmed an' struggled agin comin' to setch an onheerd on end, but up'ards he went, tail fore-most, to'ards the clouds.

"I stood thar par'lyzed w'le the b'ar went up'ard. The crows that had been settlin' round in the trees, 'spectin' to hev a bully meal, went to flyin' an' scootin' around the onfortnit b'ar, an' yelled till I were durn nigh deef. It wa'n't until the b'ar had floated up nigh onto a hundred yards in the air, an' begun to look like a flyin' cub, that my senses kim back to me. Quick ez a flash I rammed a load inter my rifle, wrappin' the ball with a big piece o' dry linen, not havin' time to tear it to the right size. Then I took aim an' let her go. Fast ez that ball went I could see that the linin' round it had been sot the fire by the powder. The ball overtook the b'ar and bored a hole in his side. Then the funniest thing of all happened. A streak o' fire a yard long shot out o' the b'ar's side whar the bullet had gone in, an'ez long as that poor bewitched b'ar were in sight—fer o' course I thort at the CONVINC time th't the b'ar were bewitched—I could see that streak o' fire sailin' along in the sky till it went out at last like a shootin' star. I never know'd w'at become o' the b'ar, an' the hull thing were a startlin' an' tol' ye the story, jest ex I've tol' it to ye now, an' ye were so durn polite th't ye said I were a liar. But sence I've been a thinkin' an' recollectin', 'Squire, I don't hold no gredge. The myst'ry's plain ez day, now. We don't want no better signs gas th'n that, do we, 'Squire?"

"T.an what?" said the 'souire.
"T.an what!" exclaimed the Cld Set-"Than that b'ar, o' course! That's w'at ailed him. It's plain enough th't thuz nat'ral gas on the Groner place, an' th't it leaks outen the ground in Deep Rock Gully. W'en th't b'ar tumbled to the bottom th't day he fell on his face. He were hurt so th't he couldn't get up. O' course the gas didn't shet itself off, but kep' on a leakin' an' shot up inter the b'ar's mouth and down his throat. The onfortnit b'ar couldn't help hisself, an' bimby he were filled with gas like a balloon, till he had to float, an' away he safled, up an' up an' up. W'en I fired at the b'ar, ex he was floatin' to'ards the doubt the lines on the bullet countries. clouds, the linen on the bullet carried fire with it, an' w'en the bullet tapped the b'ar's side the burnin' linen sot it on fire, showin' th't th' can't be no doubt 'bout it bein' gas th't the b'ar awallowed in Deep Rock Gully. So ye see, 'Squire, I wa'n't no liar, an' the chances is all in favor o' your seein' a balloon h'isted from gas right in yer own bailiwick afore ye

turn up yer toes."

The 'Squire gazed at the Old Settler in silent amazement for a minute or more.
Then he threw up his hands and said:
"Wall—I'll—be—durned!"—Ed Mott
in New York Sun.

Webster and the Old Flag. With him the love of the entire country was what religion is to a devotee—it was a cult that grew with increasing age. Every-where, on all occasions for fifty years, that was the burden of his public utterances. On the lake before his mansion at Marshfield, a boat was anchored expressly that he might ever see before him the flag he loved waving from its mast; in his last sickness a lantern was attached to the mast in order that he might still see the flag from his bedside as death gradually approached. Why more than his contemporary approached. Why more than his contem-poraries Webster should have been so moved by a glow of patriotism we know not, unless we accept the theory that it was his mission to foster the national spirit in community already torn by centrifugal forces that it was in danger of extinction.

—S. G. W. Benjamin in Magazine of American History.

Russia's Hours of Labor A report based upon an inspection of are now within the reactive of satisfied. The stock of work in Russia states that the hours of labor there vary from six to twenty, and that in one or two special instances workmen were compelled to labor twenty-four hours uninterruptedly. These differences are purely arbitrary and not controlled by the kind of the work. In the same district in the same sort of work there is sometimes a difference of eleven hours in the amount of work required in a day in the different factories.—New York Sun.

Paris has a very gallant blind man.

Seated at the corner of a projecting doorway on the boulevard, just out of sight of those who approach, he waits until he hears the light, quick footfall of a lady, and then steps out into view, hat in hand, bowing his head, white with age, ALPACCAS, SILKS, SATINS VELVETS, TRIMMINGS

madder I got, an' I were just about to roll an' tumble an' slide down the side o' that gulley, ruther than go back home an say th't I'd let the crows steal a b'ar away from me, w'en I see a funny change comin' over the b'ar. He didn't howl so much an' his kleks wa'n't so vicious. gested that not a little of the success of the Aroostook, Me., potato growers is due to their naturally late spring, which keeps the seed from growing until it is placed in the ground.

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