

She Will Marry a Prince.

While her father, E. P. Deacon, hopelessly insane, drags out his weary days in a Massachusetts asylum, beautiful 18-year-old Gladys Deacon has become betrothed to one of the proudest princes of Europe, the prince of Lichtenstein.

The terrible tragedy of Mr. Deacon's killing of Abeille, whom he had accused of attentions to his wife, is forgotten in the intensity of the American colony's interest in the romance.

Miss Deacon has several times been reported engaged. The last time such a story prevailed she was supposed to be on the point of becoming the bride of Claude Lowther, an Englishman.

Not many months ago Miss Deacon and her mother went to Biarritz. A week or two afterwards the prince of Lichtenstein, a rich young German relative of the kaiser, registered at the same hotel. Then the following interesting sequence of events occurred:—

The young prince, who is a nephew of the famous Austrian diplomat, Prince Alois Lichtenstein, met Mrs. Deacon—or Mrs. Baldwin, as she is now known.

Mrs. Deacon is still young. She married Edward Deacon when she was only 17. Her misfortunes have added, her admirers say, a curious fascination to the beauty which made her in her girlhood one of the belles of America and as a young matron much sought after in Europe. In dress, in manner and in a thousand details she is a thorough Parisian.

Young Prince Lichtenstein succumbed at the first sight of this beautiful woman. It was the same old story—exemplified a few weeks ago in the marriage of Lady Randolph Churchill and young Mr. West—of a beautiful matron's capacity for arousing the infatuation of a susceptible young man. The second time he met Mrs. Deacon the young prince told her something of the sort. She, wiser than some women, silenced him.

"Hush dear boy," she said. "Why, you haven't even met my daughter yet."

The next day the prince met the daughter. Spectators of the comedy smiled at the eagerness of the boy's glances. In a few days the impressionable young nobleman was much more overcome with the charms of Miss Gladys Deacon than he had ever been by those of her mamma. His attentions were delicately insistent. Miss Deacon's acceptance of them was marvellously ready, her friends thought.

In short, their romance developed by leaps and bounds. In two weeks Paris had heard of it.

"Poor, dear Mrs. Deacon!" they said—Paris had never condemned Mrs. Deacon very severely—"What a comfort this will be to her!"

And they sighed reminiscently. The one painfully lurid chapter in the life of Edward is not yet faded by time.

The princess-to-be has captivated, it is said, although only 18, many far less impressionable men than her present fiance. It is known that her mother has often declared that Gladys should marry for no other motive than love.

Gladys Deacon, though an American born, an heiress, and of excellent family, is absolutely unknown to her own country. She has not even visited it since she was a tiny girl.

Even then, on her last visit, people looked at her curiously and pityingly. The sorrow of her life had already come to her. The bitterness of being stared at and openly pitied was revealed to Gladys Deacon when she was only eight years old. Since then she has never known a respite from it.

In the remotest by-ways of Europe there would always be some prying eye to recognize that conspicuously lovely pair, Mrs. Edward Deacon and her daughter; always some malicious tongue to remind the daughter of the misfortune of her parentage.

It is only a year or two ago that the girl learned the secret that had tortured her from babyhood—why it was a curse to be Edward Deacon's daughter. It was a relief to her to know the truth. The whispers she had overheard had led her to fancy the connection of her family with some far more monstrous crime.

The story that had been told her has been gossip at one time or another in every drawing-room in both continents.

Anybody familiar with the social history of the country can tell you that the beginning of misfortune came a score of years ago when lovely Florence Baldwin—only child of Rear-Admiral Baldwin—the "rich-

est officer in the navy"—17 years old, motherless, the belle and beauty of her time, chose from her long line of suitors a reserved, awkward man of 40—Edward Deacon of Boston.

At all events after a brilliant wedding, the elderly Mr. Deacon, who had already exhausted, during his long bachelorhood, the pleasures of a purely worldly life, took his young bride to Paris and invited her to settle down to domestic isolation.

But Paris would not hear of such a thing.

Mrs. Deacon was the most charming novelty that had come to Paris in many a day. She was 'taken up' in a transport of enthusiasm. All Europe heard of this tall slender young woman, with the wonderful transparent skin, wavy chestnut hair, iridescent voice and a fascination altogether indefinable.

Then there was a powerful disturbing element in the person of a Paris clubman, M. Abeille, whom Deacon had met a few years before and who had come to be a constant visitor at the house. No importance was attached to the fact that Abeille openly admired Mrs. Deacon, because all Paris admired her likewise. And the one person who was suspicious, resentful, jealous, was of too taciturn a nature to make his suspicions known. Edward Deacon said nothing.

One morning, Feb. 18, 1892, a sensation flashed from one end of Europe to the other. There had been a tragedy at Cannes, of which the well-known Parisian, M. Abeille, was the victim. Mr. Deacon on returning suddenly to the Hotel Splendide, at Cannes, where his wife and children were stopping, had brought a revolver in his pocket. Arriving there, he had shot and killed M. Abeille.

The Deacons were so well known that the scandal assumed enormous proportions.

Deacon himself was arrested, tried at Nice and convicted of murder, but in consideration of the alleged circumstances of the crime, was imprisoned but a short time.

There were numberless squabbles over the four little girls. The result of the first court decision was that the oldest child, Gladys, now soon to be Princess Lichtenstein, was sent to a convent, where both parents might visit her. Mr. Deacon then sued for divorce. Each made serious charges against the other.

As the outcome of it all, Edward Deacon came back to America to live, while Mrs. Deacon remained in Europe, dividing her time between a convent and quiet watering places, where she was known as Mrs. Baldwin. Though the scandal was one impossible to live down, no other unpleasant rumor has ever been associated with her.

Deacon, who was, his wife declares, during their married life unkind, cruel and given to personal violence, became more and more unkind mentally, and was a few years ago committed to a hospital for the insane in Waverley, Mass.

Previously he had repeatedly started Newport by manifestations of insane violence in various clubhouses and hotels. Once after his commitment Deacon escaped; once he was released on the intercession of his divorced wife. On each occasion it was found necessary that he should be recommitted.

Mrs. Deacon, his divorced wife, keeps constantly informed as to the patient's condition, does all that is possible for him, and is greatly distressed that there is no hope of his recovery.

WAR SPIRIT PROMINENT.

The World To Day is worshipping at the Shrine of Mars.

Those who still believe in the beautiful dream of international peace should divest themselves of the optimism based on the Hague conference of the powers and study the military situation as it affects the great nations of the world.

There never has been a time during the past three quarters of a century when the great powers were making preparations for war with more feverish haste than now. There never has been a time in all the annals of mankind when the engineery of destruction, was more perfect than at present. Tax has been laid upon the human intellect in every line of endeavor to perfect the weapons of war and now, 2000 years since Christ preached the lessons of peace, the Christian world is one vast camp of warriors, trained in the science of killing. Indeed, it seems as though civilization were promoting the science of

warfare. It breathed upon barbarian Japan and lo! a new and powerful militant nation arose in the world. It touched the outer fringe of China and already the Chinese monster is awaking, brushing from its eyes the cobwebs of conservatism and girding on the armor of militarism. When China shall have attained the development of Japan the world may well tremble, and the 'yellow peril' shall take on a new meaning for mankind. Should the Chinese turn from the arts of peace, which they have practiced for thousands of years, to war and conquest, what power, or combination of powers, could stay the advance of a nation 400,000,000 strong, whose people are capable of the greatest endurance and the most daring bravery.

But among the most civilized of European countries the war spirit is dominant. It is the national idol, and yearly it is costing many millions in treasure and the earnings of millions of men, who are held apart from the fields of industrialism.

France has just expended \$40,000,000 in perfecting her field artillery. Russia is equipping her for forces with 1,000 six-gun batteries at a cost of \$50,000,000. Germany, which has expended \$30,000,000 since 1896 on her Krupp field guns, is about expending \$15,000,000 in perfecting this branch of the service alone. England is constructing 500 field guns of the newest pattern, in addition to the vast armament she already has. Turkey placed an order recently for 200 Krupp guns, while bankrupt Spain and little Sweden are each adding to their engineery of destruction according to the most approved modern patterns. Similarly, the leading countries of the world are adding to their navies—all expectant of that cataclysmic day when they will be called upon to fight for their existence. Surely the day of international peace is not at hand yet. In entering the second millennium of Christianity the world is face to face with the shadow of impending disaster.

IN THE BIG STORE.

How the Man Looking for the Razor Strap Fared.

"Where are your razor straps?" asked the customer.

"Razor straps?" said the floorwalker, stroking his side whiskers. "Fifth aisle to the right."

The customer went to the fifth aisle to the right.

"Razor straps?" he asked.

"Razor straps?" the girl behind the counter said. "I think they must be in the notion department."

"Where is the notion department?"

"Next section. Three aisles back."

The customer hunted up the notion department.

"Razor straps-razor straps?" he said.

"You'll find them among the household goods in the basement," responded the girl in charge of the hairpin sub-department.

He went to the basement.

"Where are your razor str-razor straps?" he inquired of the first salesman he met.

"Last counter on the right."

He went to the last counter on the right.

"I'd like to see some of your razor straps."

"I think you'll find those in the notion department on the first floor."

"Been there. They sent me down here."

"Nearest we can come to it is dog collars. Suppose you try the razor department."

"Where is that?"

"First floor."

The customer hadn't thought of the razor department. He went back to the floor above and appeared a few moments later at the counter presided over by a girl with a large bang and a lip.

"Got any razor straps?" he demanded.

He was becoming reckless now.

"Leather thrap? No, thir. You'll find thoths in the leather goods department on the thirkth floor."

He took passage in the elevator for the sixth floor.

"Where's your blmsed razor straps?" he inquired of the sixth floor walker.

"Eight aisles over. Leather goods department."

The weary pilgrim traversed the eight aisles.

"I want to see your razor straps," he said, with some fierceness.

"We don't keep 'em," replied the man behind the counter.

Bicyclists.

Young or old, should carry a bottle of Pain Killer in their saddle bags. It cures cuts and wounds with wonderful quickness. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c. and 50c.

"I suppose you take a great interest in your husband's literary work, Mrs. Bradstreet? When he writes a new poem, for instance do you get all wrought up and excited over it?"

"Oh, yes, always, unless it is written in order, and he has already received the check for it."

FLASHES OF FUN.

"Maude says she isn't going to sing for nothing any more."

"H'm! If I had her voice I wouldn't sing for anything."

The widow—Did you ever think seriously of matrimony?

The bachelor—Well, I'm sure I never thought of it as a joke.

Little Elmer—Papa, what happens if you convince a man against his will?

Prof. Broadhead—Oh! you have to do it all over again the next time you catch him.

I see that dried hens' eggs have been ordered in large quantities for shipment to our soldiers in the Philippines.

"Yes. But where do they find the dried hens?"

He—Would you object seriously to my kissing you?

She—Well, you see, I must resist on general principals; but then, I'm not very strong.

"Would you like to know that you had a king for an ancestor?"

"No; it would be a lifelong grief to me that I couldn't show him how our stock had improved."

The Easy Mark—She said she had the 'other fish to fry.' I wonder if she insinuated that I was a fish?

The soubrette—Impossible! All lobsters are crustaceans.

"If a man wants to do something to kill time," remarked the Observer of Events and Things, "let him try to open a window in a railroad train. He can kill a whole lot of it that way."

Mrs. Wunder—The paper say that the defeated silver candidate will enter the ministry.

Mr. Wunder—Oh, no. He never could accept that golden stair idea.

"Tommy says he hates to see his mother have to stand up in a car."

"What a noble child!"

"Yes, he says it always makes him nervous to see a strap in her hand."

Society Reluctance.—"Dickey, did you go up and tell pa that Mr. and Mrs. Jones were here?"

"Yes, ma; he said he guessed he'd have to come down, but he didn't want to."

Boeker—Prof. Delvington is in a terrible quandary.

Hooker—Why, what's the trouble?

Boeker—He has discovered a new disease and can't find any germ for it.

Clara—"How shall I have my winter hat trimmed so that it will correspond with my complexion?"

Maude—"Well, if you want it to match your face I'd advise you to have it plain."

Reconsidered—He—You need not fear. I shall do nothing desperate just because you have refused me.

"Then, darling, I repent. It was only the thought that you might do something romantic that made me refuse you."

"Miss Keedick is taking the first course in the Female College of Journalism. It will last three months."

"What is the subject for the first few months?"

"Learning to sharpen a lead pencil."

Marie—"Oh, Tom, suppose papa should find out that you drank whiskey?"

Tom—"He knows. He found it out this afternoon."

Marie—"My goodness! what did he say?"

Tom—"He said: 'What're ye goin' to have?'"

"Jack Sheppard is considered the prototype of read agents, isn't he?"

"Oh, I don't know. What's the matter with Atlas?"

"Atlas?"

"Yes. All the world's stage, you know, and Atlas held it up."

Well, Lydia always said that she would marry a hero you know."

"Yes. Did she stick to her resolution?"

"She is engaged to a man who has faced death hundreds of times."

"Goodness! Is he a soldier or a sailor?"

"No, an undertaker."

"I've asked you to marry me, Miss High-up. I'm a plain, blunt man, and I may have startled you with my suddenness. Take your time to think about it. It's a standing offer."

"You'll have to make it a kneeling offer. Mr. Wellon, before I can even consider it."

"Yes, sir," said Farmer Cornflossed, "I'm ag'in capital. It's oppressin' the farmer an' destroyin' his opportunities."

"Can you prove it?"

"Certainly. I know a lot o' people that's gettin' so much money that they go to the big hot, is inat'd o' comin' an' takin' board with us agriculturalists."

"There are some people," remarked the melancholy person, "whose fate it seems to be to stand aside while those less worthy profit by their endeavors."

"That's right," answered Mr. Blykins; "I'm one of those people. We always invite our relations to the house on Thanksgiving day, and I carve the turkey."

(cont. Power of Women Rulers.

Considerably more than half the human race is ruled by women. Two women—the Empress Dowager of China and the Queen of England—alone govern about half the entire population of the world. The third in importance is young Queen

Wilhelmina of Holland, whose home land numbers less than 5,000,000 souls, but whose colonies have 80,000,000. Spain is ruled by a woman, Queen Regent Christina in the minority of her son. It is expected that the Queen mother Margherita will have great influence over her son's kingdom but her case is not needed to establish the preponderance of woman-ruled races.

A Veteran's Story.—George Lewis, of Shamokin, Pa., writes: "I am eighty years of age. I have been troubled with Catarrh for fifty years, and in my time have used a great many catarrh cures, but never had any relief until I used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. One box cured me completely." 50 cents.—25

I say, Sherry, said one of two royal dukes, who had met Sheridan in St. James street, we have just been discussing the question whether you are a greater fool or rogue. What is your opinion, my boy?

Why, said the wit, smiling and bowing at the compliment, and then taking each of the dukes by an arm, "I' faith, I believe I am between the two,

Helpless as a Baby.—South American Rheumatic Cure strikes the root of the ailment and strikes it quick. R. W. Wright, 70 Daniel street, Brockville, Ont., for twelve years a great sufferer from rheumatism, couldn't wash himself, feed himself or dress himself. After using six bottles was able to go to work, and says: "I think pain has left me forever."—26

I'll fix that Hall of Fame all right.

What would be your basis of choice?

Why, I think no man's name ought to go in there until everybody is dead that know him.

Her Heart like a Polluted Spring.—Mrs. James Srigley, Pelee Island, Ont., says: "I was for five years afflicted with dyspepsia, constipation, heart disease and nervous prostration. I cured the heart trouble with Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, and the other ailments vanished like mist. Had relief in half an hour after the first dose."—27

Professor (to student of surgery)—Please inform the class the names of bones forming the skull.

Student—Ah—er—I do not at the present time remember, but I know that I have them all in my head. [Uproar in class].

Under the Nerve Lash.—The torture and torment of the victim of nervous prostration and nervous debility no one can rightly estimate who has not been under the ruthless lash of these relentless human foes. M. Williams, of Fordwich, Ont., was for four years a nervous wreck. Six bottles of South American Nerve worked a miracle, and his doctor confirmed it.—28

I must admit said the mannish girl, that I'm very fond of men's clothes. You don't like them—do you?

Yes, I do, replied the girly girl, frankly when there's a man in them—Tit-Bits.

Ruby Lips and a clear complexion, the pride of woman. Have you lost these charms through torpid liver, constipation, biliousness, or nervousness? Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills will restore them to you—40 little "Rubies" in a vial, 10 cents. Act like a charm. Never gripe.—29

Customs Inspector—This photo is of a very lean man.

Passenger—Yes, foreign living fattened me up. I have nearly doubled my weight.

Customs Inspector—Then I must charge you the special duty on foreign-grown meat.

The Backache Stage may be just that incipient form of kidney disease which, if neglected, will develop into stubborn and distressing disorder that will take long tedious treatment to cure. Don't neglect the "backache stage" of the most insidious of diseases, South American Kidney Cure stops the ache in six hours and cures.—30

Irate P.—Did you tell that dude who calls on you every other night that I am going to have the gas turned off promptly at 10 p. m.?

Daughter—Yes, papa.

Irate P.—And what did he say to that?

Daughter—He said he would consider it a personal favor if you would have it turned off at 8:30

Salt Rheum, Tetter, Eczema.—These distressing skin diseases relieved by one application. Dr. Agnew's Ointment is a potent cure for all eruptions of the skin. Jas. Gaston, Wilkesbarre, says: "For nine years I was disfigured with Tetter on my hands. Dr. Agnew's Ointment cured it." 35 cents.—31

Mrs. Mann—Nora, I am awfully sorry you broke that fruit dish. I thought so much of it!

Nora—Yes, ma'am, and I was awfully sorry when Mr. Mann broke one of the commandments when he saw the thing drop.

Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets.—Medical science by accident discovered the potency of the pineapple as a panacea for stomach troubles. The immense percentage of vegetable pepsin contained in the fruit makes it an almost indispensable remedy in cases of dyspepsia and indigestion. One tablet after each meal will cure most chronic cases. 60 in a box, 35 cents.—32