

MONUMENT TO A BUTCHER

MONEY BEING RAISED FOR MEMORIAL TO MARAT.

Charlotte Corday's Assassination of Monster Looked on as Justifiable.

Marat, the butcher of the French revolution; Marat, who caused rivers of blood, much of it innocent, to run in the streets of Paris, in that time of horror, is to have a statue. Money is now being raised for it in Paris by students of history who contend that Marat had not been justly dealt with in the verdict that posterity pronounced on him.

So artists have been asked to submit designs, and in satire some of the magazines of the French capital have suggested that the arch murderer of the Reign of Terror should be shown in the garb of a butcher, with knife upraised over some shrinking helpless victim.

The knife thrust by which Charlotte Corday cast from the world the frightful creature of blood lust, whose red hand gave animated spirit to some of the most flagrant atrocities of his days has ever been regarded in history as one of the justified assassinations.

Charlotte has been made almost as a saint in many quarters, and had the project been for a statue for her, it might have been readily understood. Lacking the passionate eloquence and fanatical impetuosity of Danton, or the extreme diplomacy of Robespierre, Marat was without redeeming feature, and during the carnival of blood was detested even by his associates.

He was short and excessively ugly of appearance, and the consuming disease of the skin that was the curse of his late years gave an additionally revolting effect.

The revolution afforded to him just the opportunity he needed, for never under other conditions could he have taken a place of such commanding power. But Marat, absolutely without scruple, a monster with a mad desire to see blood, was the ideal man to serve the purposes of the mob, and of the scheming men who led it, and he soon became almost absolute. There was no curb to the things that he dared.

CHARLOTTE CORDAY'S LIFE.

Charlotte Corday, destined to be the agent of vengeance in removing him from the world, was born in St. Saturnin, France, July 27, 1768, and when she was beheaded in Paris, July 17, 1793, was 25 years of age.

Her childhood and early life were filled with privation, though she was of noble family. Charlotte was educated in the convent at Caen, and then went to live with an aunt in the same old town of Normandy.

Descriptions of Charlotte, and fairly authenticated pictures that survive, show her to have been tall and graceful, with a manner especially notable for its dignity. She was a deep student, and spent the greater part of her young life reading and in contemplation of the truths that she had come to espouse.

The outbreak of the French revolution, the uprising of the people against a rotting dynasty, found her on the side of those who sought to overthrow the existing order, but she was not a revolutionist of the bloodthirsty type. Instead, she belonged to what is known as the Girondist branch.

To Caen, this band had come when it was forced to fly from Paris and by association with some of its most eminent leaders, Charlotte came to master all the principles and to be one of the enthusiastic members.

The Girondists were the genuine Republicans, and they derived their representatives from the district that formed the Republican party in the national assembly.

Terrified and revolting at the shedding of blood, they had for their main platform to forward the cause of the republic, but to do it by more peaceable methods, and undoubtedly their plan could have been made successful, for by this time the revolutionists had carried things with such a high hand, and so much of brutality had been committed, that the aristocrats and royalists were well enough scared to have readily listened to the offer of a peaceful compromise.

HER ONE PATHETIC LOVE.

But Marat formed a deadly hatred of the Girondists. He wanted no plan that would lessen his chances for sending men and women to the gallows. He welcomed the death of Girondists with as much joy as he had stricken down the aristocrats.

Charlotte felt a very madness of enthusiasm as she listened to the fiery eloquence of these men who denounced Marat. Danton and Robespierre escaped much of the censure due for their share in the frightful work of cruelty and death. It was upon Marat that the Girondists poured their eloquence, for it was he who had pursued and ordered the death of their leaders in Paris. In the depths of her heart a purpose was formed to save her people from this monster and as any cost to herself.

Into Charlotte's life a tender and respectful love had come to add its influence in these days of strange tumult and calm purpose. She and a young man named Franquelin had been writing to each other, and she had given to him her portrait, and told him that he might at least love that. When this lover marched away to Paris with the Girondists and the neighboring volunteers she bade him a calm farewell, for she knew she was going to save him.

After her execution Franquelin went home to his native village in Normandy. In the tender care of his mother, he gradually failed, for his heart was broken the day his life perished. When he came to die he requested that Charlotte's portrait and letters be buried with him, and his grave holds them sacredly.

Charlotte began to prepare for her journey to Paris and the tragedy she had planned. Every effort was made to hide the appearance of a concealed purpose. When she arrived at Paris she at once set about her plans to find Marat. As a preparation she went to one of the shops of the Palais Royal and bought a dagger-shaped knife. This she hid in the folds of her dress. Her plan had been to kill Marat in the very convention where she thought the deed would be avenged by killing her on the spot.

But Marat no longer went to the convention. He was ill with a disease that was slowly killing him. He was only comfortable when in the warm water of his bath. He lived on the first floor of a house in the Rue des Cordeliers, and connected with his home were all the affairs of his journalistic work, and from here all his pamphlets and journals were sent out.

KILLED IN BATH TUB.

After writing two letters asking for an interview in which she would give him some important news about suspected persons, she got no reply. Then she took her way to the house, insisted that she must see him, and when forbidden entrance by Marat's wife she still urged the importance of her errand. Marat heard the sound of their voices and shouted out for a reason of the noise that bothered him. When told it was the woman who had twice written him he bade her come in. The wife, against her will, let her pass.

Marat was in his bath, wrapped in an ink stained sheet, and was writing on a board laid across the bath. Asking her errand, he took down all the details she gave him. When he had the name of each Girondist who was at work in Caen he told her that in a week they would be brought to the guillotine.

Then as she stood beside the bath she plunged the knife into his heart and he died with a cry to his wife to come to him.

Just before her execution she wrote to the Girondists at Caen that she anticipated happiness "with Brutus in the Elysian Fields" after her death, and she also wrote tender and loving farewell letters to her relatives and friends.

History has always applauded the act of Charlotte, for it was felt that she had rid the world of a synonym for all that is vile and cruel.

The bathtub in which Marat received his death blow is carefully preserved in the French museum.

Marat's modern apologists contend that he was the strong man of the period, and that naturally he was destined to suffer the fate of every leader similarly placed, and be blamed for acts he found necessary for the advancement of the cause.

FOURTEEN ERRORS OF LIFE.

To attempt to set up our own standard of right and wrong and expect everybody to conform to it.

To try to measure the enjoyment of others by our own.

To expect uniformity of opinion in this world.

To look for judgment and experience in youth.

To endeavor to mould all dispositions alike.

Not to yield in unimportant trifles.

To look for perfection in our own actions.

To worry ourselves and others about what cannot be remedied.

Not to alleviate if we can all that needs alleviation.

Not to make allowances for the weaknesses of others.

To consider anything impossible that we cannot ourselves perform.

To believe only what our finite minds can grasp.

To live as if the moment, the time, the day were so important that it would live forever.

To estimate people by some outside quality, for it is that within which makes the man.

WHEELS MADE OF PAPER.

When tightly compressed, paper has a wonderful strength. For example, the wheels of a Pullman car are made of this material. The body of each wheel is a block of paper about 4 inches thick. Around this is a steel rim measuring from 2 inches to 3 inches. It is this steel rim, of course, which comes in contact with the rails. The sides are covered with circular iron plates, bolted on.

ALFONSO IS NOT A SISSY

LIKES WORK OF STRENGTH AND ENDURANCE.

Something of a Horseman, Though He Runs an Auto Like an Expert.

That King Alfonso of Spain takes things calmly, is what one might expect from the man who displayed so much cool nerve when the revolutionists sought to take his life in 1909, on his wedding day itself. Many persons who believe the reports that emanate from irresponsible correspondents abroad, to the effect that the young king is what the French call a "mais," and Anglo-Saxons terms a "molluscoid," may suppose that Spain is afflicted with a "cissy" of a monarch. Nothing could be farther from the truth, and remembering the entourage in which his earlier days of education were passed, it is indeed more than an agreeable surprise to find that he has turned out so manly and enterprising a prince. He is one of the very best shots in Europe, at the present day, and earned the praise of this generation's very first marksman, namely, the late King of Portugal, in this respect.

He is a polo-player, who, if the conventional protocol for royal personages would allow it, could well uphold his claim to membership in any of the first-class teams of England and America. And that his is no pretentious fad—born of the common enough habit now prevalent among kingly, queenly, and princely personages, of desiring to be fashionable to the very last minute of the hour—is in a very certain way shown by the fact that he has held out his own private shooting grounds and his own especial polo green.

PONIES ARE THE BEST.

No adept in the game, whether American or English, ever arrives in Madrid and fails to receive the invitation to join him in a round with the royal party, which is mostly made up from the very, very intimate circle of Spaniards who form the King's especial coterie. His ponies are the very best that England can supply, and cost him at the very least from \$2,000 to \$3,000 apiece.

With the German Crown Prince, King Alfonso has proved his title to be considered one of the most accomplished horsemen in Europe, and, indeed, like the German, he is physically built for horsemanship, from the ground up. Nevertheless, he is an automobilist from preference. His cars are among the most powerful of any constructed for the big buyers in European society and he is said to have one of the strongest batteries in the world.

His taste for automobilism has much helped to improve the condition of small traders in the north of Spain, especially in that district, that lies along the frontiers. The roads from Biarritz to San Sebastian and the Bilbao highway, for example, are now perhaps the best auto routes in the south of France, owing almost wholly to the enterprise of Alfonso, against whom, by the way, his subjects in that part of the kingdom, at any rate, will neither express nor hear a word of unkindness.

A REALLY KINGLY COUPLE.

It would be hard really to find a kingly couple more beloved than that of Spain. Queen Victoria is as popular as she is democratic and fearless. Both at San Sebastian and Madrid she makes her daily excursions without any special guard, and imitates in this respect her uncle, of England. Her favorite driver is as well known to the populace as she is herself. He is a typical Spaniard of that physique which has the proper admixture of Moorish ancestry, and is a tall, heavily molded, stolid person, with mutton-chop whiskers of the near-Dundreary type. When Alfonso himself endeavored some months ago to cultivate side ornaments of this kind, the Queen affected to mistake her royal spouse for her coachman, addressing him by that functionary's name. "Madam," said the King, who possesses a pretty enough wit, "I am not your driver. I do not think you were made to be driven by your husband."

MARRIED WOMEN HALF FARE.

Speaking of the rights of women. It has lately been announced by the Norwegian government, which controls most of the railroads of that country, that married women, travelling with their husbands, can ride for half fare. It is the idea of the government authorities that the married women of that country stay too close at home, and the reduced fare is made to induce them to travel and take vacations.

NUMISMATICS.

Nephew (just returned from abroad)—"This franc piece, aunt, I got in Paris."

Aunt Hensy—"I wash, nephew, you'd fetched home one of them Latin quarters they talk so much about."

WEST INDIAN HURRICANE

WHEN IT REALLY RAINS HARD IN JAMAICA.

Traveller Tells of His Experience in the Hurricane of 1903.

"Have you ever been through a West Indian hurricane?" said a member of a party discussing the recent storm in Jamaica. "Do you want to know what the experience is like?"

"A hurricane will leap out of a clear sky, swoop down on a city, blow everything in its path flat and pass on. Then follows the tail of the hurricane, a steady breeze blowing in the same direction but at a much lower velocity. This is likely to continue for many hours, sometimes for many days, and is always accompanied by a torrential downpour of rain."

"I was in Kingston, Jamaica, at the time of the hurricane of 1903. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon I was in my office on the top floor of a rickety wooden building. As suddenly as a clap of thunder

THE ROOM WENT DARK.

"I had a pretty good idea of what was about to happen, and going to the window looked out across the roofs. A black cloud was whirled up out of the southwest, obscuring the sun, but still golden with light."

"In less than a quarter of an hour the wind reached us. The first structure that went was a wooden watch tower, about two hundred feet high, that had been used in the old days to locate ships approaching the harbor. It had weathered all previous hurricanes, but this time it went down like a house of cards. Spars of lumber from that tower were carried as far as twenty blocks before they came to the ground."

"Then the spire of a church went, the roofs of good many residences were torn off and some fine palm trees in the public gardens snapped off about half way from the ground. Buildings in Kingston, however, are calculated to stand a pretty severe blow. They are built only a few stories high and the roofs present a broad and comparatively flat surface to the wind. Considering the velocity at which that hurricane was travelling the

DAMAGE WAS NOT GREAT,

even my crazy office building stood it; but the tail of the thing followed, with a heavier rain than I have ever seen before since. To say that it came down in bucketfuls would be mild. It was as if the clerk of the weather had taken the plug out of some huge vat suspended above our heads and allowed the water to plump straight down on us.

"In three hours the macadam on the streets had been washed into the harbor. The street outside my window was a rushing river as much as four feet deep in places. I saw a cart try to cross it, but with the water above the axle of the wheel and the horse's legs being washed away from under it was an impossible task and the driver turned back. Big casks and packing cases were dancing on the surface like corks."

"As you can imagine, I did not get home to supper that evening. It was 8 o'clock before the rain stopped and the water in the streets had drained into the harbor. Even then traffic had not begun to reorganize itself."

"The trolley car tracks had been washed out and no care were running. Cabs, however, were doing

A ROARING BUSINESS,

and eventually I got a cabman to drive me home for three times his customary charge."

"The damage to property in Kingston amounted up to hundreds of thousands of dollars, but the real destruction was wrought in the country districts. Floods wiped out many a negra village and sent the flimsy houses floating down the rivers. The railroads were tied up for nearly a week. Every banana tree in the path of the hurricane was uprooted. Oh, yes, a West Indian hurricane can do a lot of damage when it gets busy."

"Loss of life, did you say? Of course there was. Nearly two hundred people were killed throughout the island on that occasion, but we grow accustomed to that in the West Indies. We expect a hurricane every once in a while and we know that it will take its toll of human life when it comes. If you had been telling the story you would probably have mentioned that first of all, but sudden death is so common below the tropic of Cancer that we get callous, I suppose."

A MEDICINAL MARATHON.

Irate Doctor (finding bottle of quack medicine)—"Why didn't you tell me you were taking this wretched stuff?"

Patient—"Well, it was my mis-sus, sir. She says, I'll dose you with this, and doctor he'll try his stuff, and we'll see which'll cure you first."

IN MERRY OLD ENGLAND

NEWS BY MAIL ABOUT JOHN BULL AND HIS PEOPLE.

Occurrences in the Land That Reigns Supreme in the Commercial World.

Several gold coins are reported to have fallen from an old mattress which boys at Hyde threw on a bonfire.

Lord Exeter accepted the invitation of the Stamford town council to become the mayor for the ensuing year.

The Duke of Northumberland laid the foundation stone of the new Queen Elizabeth Grammar Schools at Hexham.

Ecclesiastical guardians at Sheffield decided to lease a large tract of moorland and set the unemployed to reclaim it.

Incendiary fires at four farms have occurred at Moberley, near Winslow. Corn and hay stacks and buildings were destroyed.

Anne Taylor was stated at a Hackney inquest to have died from the effects of a broken ankle at the age of ninety-one.

Blackfriars Bridge subway, by means of which one of London's dangerous crossings may be avoided, was opened November 25.

As an aged lady named Sheffield was alighting from a trap at Wittering, near Stamford, she was killed by a passing motor car.

Bred at Martam, Norfolk, a magpie-pigeon has been sold for \$300, a record price for the breed, and, in gold, heavier than the bird itself.

In the Isle of Wight Workhouse it was proved that one night nurse had charge of 13 wards containing 90 patients, male and female.

The Royal Geographical Society will contribute \$2,500 towards Captain Scott's Antarctic expedition, and the Royal Society will contribute \$1,250.

Harry Morton, cutlery manufacturer, was fined \$50 at Sheffield for marking knives with a trade mark closely resembling that of Joseph Rodgers and Sons.

In the inquest of the twenty-seven victims of the Darran Colliery explosion the jury found that the explosion was caused by shot-firing igniting coal dust.

Alderman William Fairbrother, who has resigned his seat on the Warwickshire County Council, has hunted with the Warwickshire Foxhounds for sixty-one seasons.

Mr. William Cressie, of Teddington, near Twickenham, who celebrated his eighty-ninth birthday, is the only survivor of the twelve original members of the Y. M. C. A.

For the purpose of providing work for the unemployed, the Bristol city council resolved to construct a pleasure ground at Portishead, at a cost of \$22,000.

The South Wales miners withdrew their request for a 2 1/2 per cent. advance in wages and accepted the owners' suggestion to commence negotiations for a new agreement.

A lady, whilst worshipping in Ilford Parish Church on Sunday night was injured by a pipe which fell from the organ. The force of the blow was minimized by the thick bonnet she was wearing.

Nearly 150 boiler makers at the shops of the railway works at Brighton Station have come out on strike. The dispute is understood to be caused by laborers being placed on boiler makers' jobs.

The Lord Mayor of Bristol reports that a fund, opened some time ago for the benefit of cab proprietors and drivers thrown out of employment by the introduction of taxicabs has reached the sum of \$3,015.

PIGEON MESSENGERS.

Saved a Lighthouse Attendant's Life.

Pretty pigeons of Australia carry packages and messages between Hobart and Maatsuyker Island lighthouse, a distance of about seventy-five miles. Last November they called a physician for a lighthouse attendant and probably saved his life. Three birds are liberated with messages every three weeks, and when accident or illness occurs three additional birds are set free. Twelve birds in all are used for the service. While messages have not always reached their destination, the service has nevertheless been highly satisfactory. The messages are written on a piece of paper tied under the bird's wing; but the marine board has in view some celluloid cases which may be adjusted under the bird's wing, and in which a good deal of information might be carried.

The birds are fed on grey peas of good quality, get plenty of grit and fresh water, and are kept thoroughly clean. They are also allowed at their station plenty of opportunity for needful exercise. Inat Maatsuyker Island lighthouse, which has a most isolated position, could secure a physician from Hobart sixteen hours after he had been sent for by pigeon post has suggested important possibilities for more general use of homing pigeons for such service. Trophies are to be provided for homing competitions, so as to encourage owners to breed the best descriptions of carriers. There are about 20,000 of these birds in Australia.

METHODS OF ASSASSINS

REVOLVER HAS TAKEN THE PLACE OF BOMB.

Many Prominent Men Have Been Shot in Late Years—Bomb Not a Success.

No longer is the bomb the favorite method of dealing death in the case of political criminals. The assassin prefers some weapon containing a reservoir of cartridges, such as the revolver or the Mauser automatic pistol. Next to this weapon the stiletto is preferred.

The cowardly attempt to assassinate Sir Andrew Fraser was by means of shooting, the life of the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal being saved by the bravery of an Indian prince. Sir Andrew had issued a warning regarding the growth of sedition in India. Afterwards quite a number of political assassinations took place by means of the pistol.

At the beginning of last year the King and Crown Prince of Portugal were killed in a similar manner, the detestable crime which then shocked civilization being committed by means of pistol shots. President McKinley, the Empress of Austria, the King of Italy, and the King and Queen of Serbia were not killed by bombs.

BOMBS MAY MISCARRY.

Political criminals have learned that the bomb is not nearly so reliable as the gun, and assassination by bomb, in a majority of cases, has entirely failed. King Alfonso of Spain has had two bombs thrown at him, and in a similar way the deposed Sultan of Turkey escaped without the slightest injury. Even the very best infernal machines may miscarry; hence such death-dealing articles are out of favor with assassins.

It was by pistol that the attempt was made to kill our own King on April 4th, 1900, by the Belgian Anarchist Sipido. The miscareat fired at the Prince of Wales, as he was then, just as the Royal train was leaving the Nord Station, Brussels, or its way to Denmark.

ROYALTY AND BUILDINGS.

The numerous bomb outrages in England made by the Irish dynamitards when they attempted to blow up the Tower, the Houses of Parliament, the Nelson Column, and other public properties were practically failures, as were all the other attempts made at the time in different parts of the country. The last bomb outrage in England simply resulted in the Nihilist annihilating himself near the Greenwich Observatory.

It is the Russian Royal Family which has been most marked out by Anarchists. In 1880 an attempt was made to wipe out the whole of the Royal Family, a cellar underneath the Royal dining-room of the Winter Palace, St. Petersburg, being filled with 124 pounds of dynamite. The explosion took place a few minutes too soon, as the Royal Family were not in the room at the time. In this case the Royal dining-room was not injured much, although other portions of the palace were blown to atoms, ten persons being killed and fifty-three injured.

LAYING A MINE.

Some years ago an exceedingly ingenious scheme to assassinate the present Czar came to naught. It was known that the Czar and Czarina would pass down the Iovoy Sviat, Warsaw, at a given time on their way to the Royal Castle, and the Anarchists made their preparations accordingly. They undermined a portion of the street, under which they laid dynamite bombs which were connected with an electric battery at a considerable distance from the place. A few hours before the Royal procession started the excavated portions began to fall in, and some masons communicated with the authorities. A number of Anarchists were captured in the mine itself, while over 100 persons were arrested in the town.

In 1902 a daring attempt was made upon the life of the Czar and the Kaiser while they were lurching together on board the Royal yacht Hohenzollern, when off Revel. A steam launch came up, from which stepped a man who was attired in the Russian uniform.

The imposture was found out immediately, however, and the would-be assassin was arrested with a revolver in his hand. It was discovered in this case that the plot was to kill the two Emperors.—London Tit-Bits.

THE EXCEPTION.

In a home where the mother is somewhat aggressive and the father good-natured and peace-loving, a child's estimate of home conditions were tersely expressed the other day. While dressing, the mother paused in the act of putting on her shoes and said, "I certainly am easy on shoes, I have worn these for four months. I don't know what you would do, John, if I were not. I am easy on everything." The little girl looked up from her dolls and remarked, "Except father."