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The Love Romance of Maurice De Saxe, Marshal of France.

(John o' London's Weekly.)

If ever woman was born to win love, it was surely Adrienne Le Couvreur, queen of tragedy and idol of France when the eighteenth century was young. And to her love was the very breath of life—"the one thing," she vowed, "that made existence worth while."

Of her beauty we can judge—only faintly, perhaps—from the engraving, which alone survives, of Coppel's portrait of her, which reveals a woman daintily fashioned, from her small, gracefully poised head to her prettily-moulded arms and delicate fingers, with large upturned eyes full of sadness. Such were her charms and gifts that Voltaire wrote of her, "Greece would have had altars erected in her honour," and d'Alembert placed her second to the Tuilleries among the "four marvels in Paris."

"The Greatest Soldier of His Day." Such was Adrienne Le Couvreur when, after love had eluded and mocked at her for many years, she wrote bitterly to a friend, "Love is nothing else but a folly which I detest, and to which I shall strive hard not to surrender myself as long as I live." But, though she little dreamt of love, so long and vainly desired, was soon to bring into her life a great romance, and with it a crown of tragedy—a love more passionate than she had thought possible. And it came with the arrival in Paris of Maurice, Comte de Saxe, the greatest soldier of his day.

"Charmed, Conquered, Entranced." Never was man better equipped for the conquest of woman than this son of Augustus the Second, Elector of Saxony, and of the Countess Aurora von Königsmarck, one of Sweden's most beautiful daughters. From his father he inherited his gigantic frame and brawny muscles; to his mother he owed the good looks which made him one of the handsomest men in Europe. Already, in the twenties, he had won laurels on scores of battlefields, and had his feet well on the ladder at the summit of which was the baton of Marshal of France.

From the hour when Adrienne first met this handsome giant, who could break horseshoes with his fingers and who "subdued hearts as easily as unfortified towns," she was charmed, conquered, entranced.

For three years, Adrienne was really happy with her "hero-husband," turning blind eyes to his many faults and to his periods of unaccountable absence and neglect. But even such doubtful constancy could not last for ever with DeSaxe. Ambition and the love of adventure were in his blood, and when he heard that the Duchy of Courland was going begging he quickly made up his mind that it should be his.

There were many tears at the parting; but after all, it was but for a time, and Maurice would come back to her with his new dignity. He vowed it on his knees. But meanwhile she could help him; and this she did by selling every jewel she possessed and giving him the proceeds, forty thou-

sand livres, as a parting present.

A False Lover.

But Maurice de Saxe was as false in love as he was brave in war; and soon stories came to Adrienne of his flirtations with one fair lady after another in distant Courland, to two of whom—the Grand Duchess Elizabeth Petrovna and Anne Ivanovna, widow of the late Duke—he had even offered marriage. For once, however, his good fortune was to fail him. He missed his way both to the Duchy and the altar; and came back, a penitent, to the woman he had betrayed, who received him with arms of welcome and tears of joy.

But for De Saxe the glamour was now gone; carelessness gave place to cruelty, devotion to studied neglect; until the day came when Adrienne exclaimed in her despair, "I am beside myself with rage and misery." The end came when De Saxe began to pay attentions to the Duchesse de Bouillon, one of the loveliest and most unscrupulous women at the French Court.

The climax came one night when she was playing "Phedre," the false Comte looking on from the stalls. At the words "In default of thy arm, lend me thy sword," she "snatched the sword out of her fellow-actor's hand and hurled it straight at De Saxe's stomach, in the presence of three thousand spectators. This stage-sword gave the coup de grace to a love which was already sick to death."

The Crowning Disillusion.

For Adrienne this was the crowning disillusion and humiliation. A few weeks later, when she was playing Jocaste in Voltaire's "Œdipe," a sudden illness seized her. She was carried in agony from the stage, and four days later "she went out like a candle." She had been poisoned, it was said, by the Duchesse de Bouillon, the "great lady" who had supplanted her.

Whether or not this story is true—and it is not improbable that her death, tragically swift as it was, was due to natural causes—her love for the man who had ruined her life remained unchanged. During her last hours a priest vainly urged her to repent, but with a final effort she raised herself in bed and, pointing to a bust of Saxe, said, proudly, "There is my world, my hope, my god!"

As for DeSaxe, who gave a further proof of his heartlessness by selling her horses almost before the breath had left her body, he got his Courland dukedom and his marshal's baton; and, after making Europe ring with his martial exploits, died full of honours, a score of years after the woman who had loved him so well was flung into a nameless grave.

The Young Man's Boot! Men's Dark Tan Laced Boots with rubber heels; makes an excellent Fall Boot, for \$13.50 at SMALLWOOD'S.—sep25,12

The World's Wit.

An American once went to Stratford to see "The Bard's" house, and asked, "Did Wilkie really live here?"—The Era.

An observer from Scotland says that the middle-aged women of London are better dressed than any others in the United Kingdom. Until this has been blown over we are carefully abstaining from calling any woman well-dressed.

—Lady's Pictorial.

Another thing that causes a chicken to cross the road is a shop window with a good mirror in it.

—Columbia Record.

AMBIGUOUS.

"Do Englishmen understand American slang?"

"Some of them do. Why?"

"My daughter is to be married in London and the earl has cabled me to 'come across.'"

"Well?"

"Does he want me or my maid?"

—Boston Transcript.

WHY LEONARD HESITATED.

A scripture lesson was proceeding and, having spoken about heaven and the happy life all good little boys would lead after they died, the Sunday school teacher said:

"Now, will all the little boys who wish to go to heaven please stand up."

All the little boys in the class stood up with the exception of Leonard. "And don't you want to go to heaven, Leonard?" the teacher asked kindly.

Leonard was a boy who always told the truth.

"Not yet," he said.

The Maid: "Mrs. Brown-Jones, ma'am."

The Mistress: "Oh, such a bore! Tell her I am out, Janet."

The Maid: "Yes'm."

The Mistress: "But stay. What kind of a dress is she wearing?"

The Maid: "A new one, ma'am; and it looks just like a late Parisian style."

The Mistress: "Gracious! Tell her I'll be down without a moment's delay."

—Pearson's Weekly.

Falling prices are drawing the tears out of profiteers.

—Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.

Those who declare Scotland will be dry in five years may be ignorant of the fact that two hundred thousand years is the earliest date set so far by scientists for the end of the world.

—Philadelphia North-American.

A plot to assassinate General Obregon is alleged to have been discovered, which goes to show that Mexicans are moving normally.

—Pittsburgh Gazette-Times.

Twenty-one persons have been injured as the result of the explosion of a bomb in a first class carriage on the Brazil Central Railway. The culprit, we understand, has written to the company expressing regret, but pointing out that no service was available in a third-class carriage.

—Punch.

When you see some of the pictures of Russian Bolsheviks you feel somewhat that a good deal of the red might come out in the wash.

—Philadelphia North American.

The up-to-date song-writer, says a musical journal, must strike a sad and a cheerful note this season. We are already engaged in writing "The Scotsman's Farewell to his Cork-screw."

—Punch.



VICTORY.

We're feeling well and hearty, and peace is in our souls; the Farmer-Labor party has triumphed at the polls; and Parley, standard bearer, will fill the White House chair, and bring a reign of terror to traitors everywhere. The Wall Street barons hissed him, hissed Parley, safe and sane, the plutocrats dismissed him with snorts of high disdain, and all the hosts of treason said they would knock him cold; but oh, there were no fears on our standard bearer bold. He came from Salt Lake City, the home of Brigham Young, and he was wise and witty, and had a fluent tongue. The farmer left his barley, in manner circumspect, to vote for good old Parley, our President-elect. And Peter, Mike and Charley, the tollers, piled their feet to vote for good old Parley, who takes the Woodrow seat. Oh, some were sure that Harding would harvest Wilson's socks, and some made claims regarding my old friend Jimmie Cox. And some grew sore and snarled, defending Warr'n or Jim, but I stood up for Parley, and now rejoice with him. Old parties are disjunct and driven from the map, and I will be appointed to some fat public snap.


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4 SUGGESTIONS

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3. For Winter Coughs and Bronchitis—Take Stafford's Phosphate according to directions printed on label.
4. For Asthma and various Lung Troubles—Take Stafford's Phosphate in two teaspoonful doses every two hours.

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GIN PILLS

FOR THE KIDNEYS

Women Jurors in England.

During the last few months a good deal of consternation has been carried into many a quite English household on account of the delivery of a paper stating that the lady of the house has, owing to the march of progress, become entitled to act as a juror when the country demands her services and in more than one instance a temporary collapse has followed. The broad-minded person will admit that there are many cases, both criminal and civil, in which the jury might with advantage be composed of women rather than of men, or it might literally be six of one and half a dozen of the other. The difficulty most apparent is the law at the best of times is a cold-blooded proceeding, in which impulsiveness is a danger, and impulsiveness is rather a common characteristic of what was once termed the softer sex. On the other hand, it must be admitted that women have very often a natural instinct for arriving at a right conclusion, even though their line of argument may be weak, and there are certain phases in human life which they may more truly understand than men.

St. Cecilia's Day.

St. Cecilia—whose day is November 22—was canonized by the Roman Church, and is reported to have been a beautiful Roman lady, married to Valerian. Becoming a convert to Christianity, she took a vow of perpetual virginity, but was forced to marry, and was later thrown to the lions with her devoted brother-in-law, Tibertus, who was himself converted, together with her husband. She is regarded as the patroness of Music, and, honoured in both the Eastern and Western Churches, is counted as one of the four great virgins of the Latin Church. Her skill at music was so great that, so runs a legend, an angel who visited her was drawn from the mansions of the blessed by the charms of her melody. Our early St. Cecilia's celebrations, about the end of the seventeenth century when "music feasts" took place, first at the Stationers' Hall and afterwards elsewhere, led to the establishment of the Three Choirs Festivals of Hereford, Worcester, and Gloucester. It became the fashion of every poet, either minor or of celebrity—to write an ode to St. Cecilia. Dryden's is perhaps, one of the finest and most frequently quoted.

A Bristol Benefactor.

The death took place in the evening of Wednesday, November 22, 1916, of Sir George White, of Bristol, in his 63rd year, after he had been engaged in business all the day. His career was a romance scarcely equalled in fiction. From the position of office boy in a solicitor's office, he rose to be a leading stock-broker, tramway king and millionaire. He was the pioneer of electric street traction, and as chairman of the Imperial Tramway Company first introduced electric system in London, Middleborough, Bristol, Dublin, and elsewhere. He was also chairman of several important companies, including the Bristol and Colonial Aeroplane Company, which has supplied aircraft to various countries. He established the first manufactory of flying machines in England, and introduced the Bristol aeroplanes and monoplanes in 1910. He was also President of the Bristol and West of England Aero Club. As President of the Bristol Royal Infirmary, an institution to which he gave princely sums, Sir George placed its finances on a sound basis and organized the extension of the buildings, a new wing being opened in 1912 by King George, accompanied by the Queen. He had devoted a large portion of his time to Red Cross work, and was president of the Queen Victoria Hospital at Nice. Sir George received his baronetcy in 1904.



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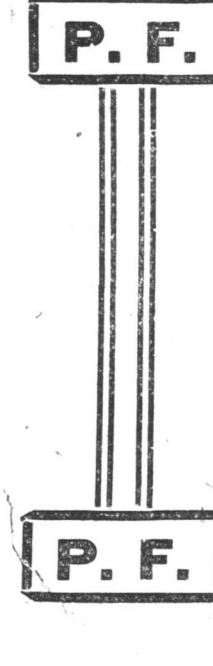
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