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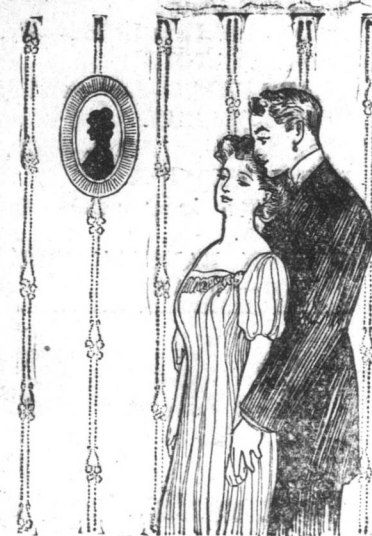
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MARSHALL BROS.



Queens of Love.

Helen of Troy, the Woman Who Bewitched Men With Her Beauty

(Pearson's Weekly.)

A red-haired woman, whose beauty was the envy of all eyes, lived three thousand years ago, yet whose name is well known to-day; a woman who left her home and her husband for another man, yet was not scorned; who caused a war and thousands of deaths, yet was not hated. That is Helen of Troy. Her story is as wonderful as she was.

Three thousand years ago Helen, the daughter of a Greek king, was sought in marriage by many suitors who had heard of her extraordinary beauty, and from far and near they came to woo her at her father's court. She was slender, tall, red-headed, and she had that subtle something which people of to-day describe as "come hither" in her eye. Every man she looked at wanted her.

In those days it was very dangerous to be a girl, and Helen's father, King Laertes, thought out a plan to prevent the lovers getting a share of her. He told her she should choose her husband, but he made the suitors promise that they would abide by her choice, and also that they would do battle for her and her husband if necessary. You must remember that those were the days when a man might kill in love with any girl and carry off, whether she wanted to go or not—the old man was being wise.

There is no accounting for the whims of a girl. Out of all those suitors, some handsome, others rich, Helen chose Menelaus, the poorest of them all, a rather slow-witted, quiet man, and not at all the dashing lover she would expect Helen to choose. They married—but they did not live happily ever afterwards, although for a year nothing happened. In the Palace at Sparta Helen lived quietly, and as far as we know happily, and as far as we know hap-

pyly. Then the other man came. Even three thousand years ago things were much the same as they are to-day.

The "other man" was Paris, a prince of Troy, and he was the best looking man of the day in a part of the world where every second man you met was handsome. Paris was searching for the most beautiful woman in the world, and he found her in Helen.

Perhaps you can guess what happened. Although Helen was now forty years old, she left her home, husband and child, and fled with Paris to Troy, where, although her legal husband was still living, she and Paris were married.

Then things began to happen. Menelaus, furious and heartbroken, called on all the other suitors to keep their promise to help him—the man who was Helen's first choice. He determined to make war on Paris, burn Troy town, and bring back the beautiful, red-haired woman he could never forget. All through the land of Greece preparations for war began.

At last twelve thousand ships lay ready to carry the avenging armies to Troy, and a conflict began which lasted ten years.

Helen was as lovely as ever and even grey-haired old men were so blinded by her beauty that they forgot it was through her their sons were slain and their country ruined. They went out to curse her—instead they praised her lovely face.

In the meantime Helen had grown tired of Paris. Perhaps she was the type that can never love one man for long. At any rate, when he was carried in, wounded unto death, she did not seem particularly upset. He begged her pitiously to kiss him and to smile at him in the old way.

She kissed him, and Paris, Prince of Troy, died.

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But red-headed Helen, the cause of the war, was very much alive. The next thing we hear about her is that she married the younger brother of Paris, although her legal husband was with the besieging forces just outside the gates of the city.

Then something strange happened. The Greeks seemed to have abandoned the siege. At any rate, their ships headed away from Troy. Wonder of wonders, however! On the beach they left a huge wooden horse. What ever could it be?

It was absolutely a puzzle to the Trojans, who, overjoyed at the apparent departure of their enemies, drew the huge ungainly horse into the city, having to break down the walls to get it in.

That night Helen went to examine it. She was curious. Suddenly she heard a noise within, and on the spur of the moment she spoke.

An answer came—in the voice of one of her old sweethearts. The hollow of the body of the horse was filled with Greek soldiers! A trapdoor in the wooden horse was opened and the soldiers climbed out. Speedily they ran and opened the gates of Troy—and let in their comrades. For the Greek army had returned—the whole thing had been planned.

One of the greatest massacres in the history of the world followed. Men, women, and children—were all butchered mercilessly. Troy, the wonderful city of towers and palaces, was burnt to ashes.

But red-headed Helen, still gloriously beautiful, although she was now fifty years old, was spared. She, the cause of the whole tragedy, held such charm, was possessed of so many wiles, that not a man could bring himself to blame her. Menelaus, her first husband, took her again to his heart and home. He seemed to have forgotten all the wrong she had done him—to have forgotten everything except that strange, elusive beauty.

But the people of Sparta remembered. Mothers who had lost their sons, and wives who had lost their husbands, cursed this siren woman, and at last they so worked upon their men folk that a number of them gathered together to stone her to death. But

the very men who had stoned in their hands dropped them as they looked into the eyes of Helen of Troy. She was too beautiful for death.

Women might spit at her as she passed, but every man's heart became as water as he met the eyes of Helen, siren, sinner, breaker of hearts and homes.

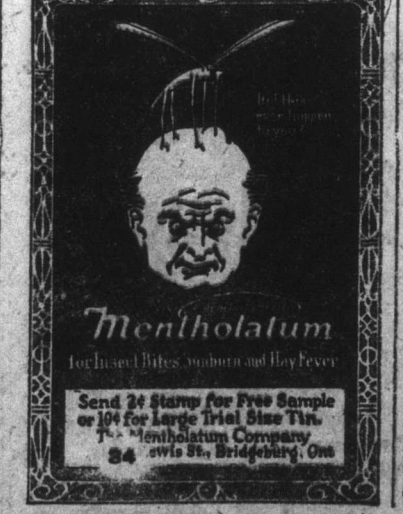
So long as her husband lived she was safe in her palace, but at his death she had to flee from the women of Sparta, who were bent on her death. She fell into the hands of the Queen of Rhodes, who had lost her husband in the war of Troy, and her heart was black and bitter towards Helen.

"Take her away! Hang her!" was her stern decree. But the Queen of Rhodes was wise. She had the executioners blindfolded, so that they might not be bewitched by her beauty as all other men had been.

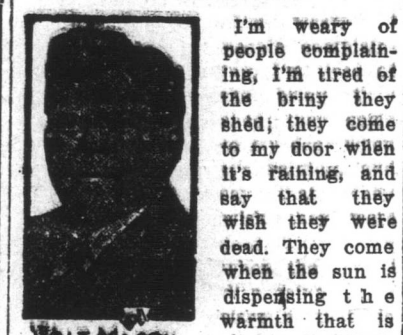
So perished Helen of Troy, the most famous beauty the world had ever seen, of whom poets had sung, of whom legends innumerable have sprung up, and whose name will never be forgotten so long as the world remains.

A loose sac costee of rose tussor and white striped tussor has a roll collar of the rose and buttons cross-wise fashion. The deep cuffs of the rose tussor are embroidered.

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THE CROAKERS.



I'm weary of people complaining, I'm tired of the busy they shed; they come to my door when it's raining, and say that they wish they were dead. They come when the sun is dispensing the warmth that is vital and sweet, and say that the corn is commencing to shrivel and fire in the heat. They come when the winter is spreading its radiant mantle of snow, and say it's just what they've been dreading—it rounds out their burden of woe. They come when the gentle caressings of spring should make everyone gay, but they have forgotten their blessings it's always a grudge they display. They come when kind Providence chooses to sprinkle some frost in the glens, and talk of their aches and their bruises, their corns and their bunions and wens. So more like a hermit I'm getting, I'd fain be alone in my lair, for visitors always are fretting and grumbling and wasting their hair. Sometimes there's a caller who chatters of happiness, sunshine and gloom; his supple language he splatters, as though from a hose, over me. I weep on his neck, and embrace him, and tell him his presence is sweet, and hope that good fortune may chase him all over the world and report. Too many have heart-breaking stories, too many shed tears in a flood; this world in their eyes has no glories, they can't see the roses for mud.

AUTOMOBILE TIRES.—Just received a small lot of Tires, different sizes, all new, which will be sold at bargain prices. See them and get a good tire at a low price. E. D. SPURRIER, 365 Water Street—may,3od,tt

Irish Funds for Lucrative Practice

The Irish establishments in the eighteenth century were out of all proportion to the wealth and to the needs of the people, and they formed a great yield of lucrative patronage—paid for from the Irish revenues—at the full disposal of the English ministers, and almost wholly beyond the cognizance of the British Parliament. The habit of quartering on Ireland persons who could not be safely or largely provided for in England was inveterate. The Duke of St. Albans—the illegitimate son of Charles II.—enjoyed an Irish pension of £800 a year; Catherine Sedley, the mistress of James II. had one of £5,000 a year. William III. bestowed confiscated lands exceeding an English county in extent on his Dutch favorites, Portland and Albemarle, and considerable estates on his former mistress, Elizabeth Villiers. The Duchesses of Kendal and the Countess of Darlington, the two mistresses of George I. had pensions of the united value of £5,000 per annum. Lady Walington—the daughter of his Duchesses of Kendal—had an Irish pension of £1,500, and Lady Howe, the daughter of Lady Darlington, one of £900, while Madame de Walington, one of the mistresses of George II. had an Irish pension of £8,000. Some of the pensions stood under other names. Thus we had the Duke of Devonshire, when Lord Lieutenant—on August 6, 1788—transmitting to the Lord Justice a warrant granting an annuity of £2,000 for thirty-one years to the Earl of Cholmondeley and Lord Walpole for the sole use of Sophie Marianne de Walmden, the Queen Dowager of Prussia—sister of George II.

HOUSEKEEPERS.

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Just as soon as the lower priced Sugar is all sold, your grocer will be compelled to charge you a cent more per pound.

If Sugar advances another cent, your grocer will have to ask you to pay 2 cents per pound more.

Your grocer may have a few cases of Lantic Sugar to sell at the present prevailing price, ask him to sell you a case (100 lbs.)

A case of Lantic Sugar contains 50 packages of 2 pounds each and if you do not want a whole case ask some friend of yours to take half the case.

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