

GIFTED FRENCHMAN.

PAUL DESCHANEL, PRESIDENT OF CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES, TO WED.

The Statesman, Poet and Youngest of "the Forty Immortals" soon to become a Benedict—the Story of His Brilliant Career—A Genius and an Orator.

To be 45 years of age, just in the prime of life, to be handsomer than the majority of men, gifted with genius and an oratorical tongue; to be the president of the chamber of deputies, with splendid prospects of becoming one day president of the French republic, and, best of all, to be one of the 40 immortal members of the French academy—what more could Paul Deschanel desire? Only one thing was needed to complete his happiness and to round out his life, and that was M. Deschanel is about to supply. He is soon to be married.

Paul Deschanel is one of the most brilliant men of his age in France. He was born in Brussels in 1855 and is the son of Professor Emile Deschanel of the College of France. Paul Deschanel received a very good education and studied law. He held minor positions under the French government, and ran for a seat in the chamber of deputies in 1881. He was defeated, but gained his seat four years later. He has been a member ever since and has won a brilliant reputation for his oratory, logic and grasp of public questions. In 1899 his fellow members elected him president of the chamber, and he was recently re-elected. This dignity is considered the third highest in France.

Besides his political reputation M. Deschanel has won distinction in the world of letters. He has written a number of books on various subjects, all of which have been favorably received. In 1899 M. Deschanel was awarded the highest possible French distinction, membership in the "Forty Immortals," as the French academicians are known. In 1891 he was sent as a special envoy from France to the United States to study labor and sociological problems. The finance of this brilliant young politician-author is Mlle. Price, daughter of a member of the chamber of deputies and granddaughter of the late Camille Boucet, formerly member and perpetual secretary of the French academy. All France rejoices that Paul Deschanel has at length consented to take a partner to share his many honors and dignities.

A Bad Combination.
Why, oh why, will ladies who have ingrown nerves and are built on the semi-hysterical lines of architecture insist on going into the pyramids? asks a writer in The Sphinx. I saw the other day a measly little shap of a woman struggling with three or four stalwart Arabs—this was in the pyramid, where the dust was thick and the darkness was thicker. She faints, and the Arabs had a fit, their candles went out and the flash of a magnesium light showed a picture that was a study. The fumes of a smelling bottle, mingled with the breath of the Pharaohs, do not form a combination that smells like peaches and cream; besides, the bats flutter about the place making one's heart beat like a trip hammer. But why should I lecture the poor little thing? She's only a woman with a grievance—there are plenty of them. If she don't climb to the top of the pyramid, she'll be a failure. I saw her reaching it she comes home walking on her ankles and holding the small of her back, and she grieves; so I am sorry I spoke.

An Absinthe Club.
At Berna a new drinking society has been formed under the name of the Absinthe Club, writes a Lausanne correspondent of the London Express.

The members bind themselves to drink nothing but absinthe, and also to pay a small sum to the treasurer in the shape of a fine for each glass drunk. These fines are to provide excursions, and so success has been that the club has the expenses, including a band, of the first excursion were entirely covered by the amount paid in fines.

Absinthe drinking in Switzerland is increasing to such an extent that various societies have been formed for the purpose of delivering illustrated lectures all over the country showing the terrible effect this liquor has on the system.

The Bicycle Wheel in Astronomy.
At the Yale observatory an interesting use has been found for the bicycle wheel. By fitting such a wheel with a series of opaque screens placed at regular intervals and then rotating it with the aid of a small motor at the rate of from 30 to 50 turns in a minute in front of the cameras used to photograph meteors, Dr. Elkin has succeeded in measuring the velocity of the meteors' flight. The principle depends upon the interruptions produced by the screen in the trails of light made upon the photographic plates by the flying meteors. The velocity of the wheel is known at every instant by means of a chronographic record, and the length of the interruptions indicates the speed of the meteors.

Poaching in London Parks.
Nearly all the London parks are well stocked with edible birds, says the Glasgow Evening News, and it is the easiest thing in the world for the looters to kill them, clean them and carry them off to the nearest hot-plate for roasting. A story is told by Londoners of a couple of impetuous Scotch black-and-white artists who took a garret in Lincoln's Field and lived for a week on Law Court pigeons, which are plump, lively, plentiful and tame, and would doubtless make a good meal. In addition to poaching in the parks there is also good reason to believe that many of the rare birds sold to shady bird dealers are snared there.

A DREAM.

I stood where gifts were showered on men from heaven,
And some had honors and the joy thereof,
And some received, with solemn, radiant faces
The gift of love.

The green I saw of bay leaves and of laurel,
Of gold the gleam,
A voice spoke to me, standing empty handed,
"For thee—a dream."

Forbear to pity, ye who richly laden
Forth from the place of heaven's bounty went;
Who marvel that I smile, my hands still empty;
I am content.

Ye cannot guess how dowered beyond the measure
Of your receiving to myself I seem,
Lonely and cold, I yet pass on unregarded,
I have my dream.

A GREWSOME STORY.

Why a Trader Held a Deadly Grudge Against All Chinamen.

Mail is one of the islands of the Caroline group of the western Pacific. The following grewsome story of an American who once lived on the island is vouched for by a writer in The Pall Mall Gazette:

One day in November, 1900, a small Sydney trading schooner called off Mokil. The one white trader living on the island came off in his whaleboat. He was an American of about 50 years, bronze faced, stout and muscular and quiet and unassuming. He had just agreed to supply the captain with some pigs, turtles and poultry in return for some European provisions when the Chinese cook and steward came into the cabin. The trader looked at the man curiously for a moment.

"Is he a Cantonese?" he asked the skipper. "Aye! He comes from the Kwangtung province, I believe."

"Thought so by the grin of his eye. Been with you long, sir?" "No. I only shipped him in Sydney this trip," replied the master. "Well, I guess I'll get along ashore, captain. Perhaps it would be just as well if you let your steward come with me and pick out the pigs you want. Trust a Chinaman to tell a good pig."

The captain assented to the proposition, and in a few minutes the trader, accompanied by the steward, left the ship and went on shore.

An hour afterward the boat returned, bringing the pigs, turtles and poultry, but without the Chinese steward.

"Where's my steward?" asked the captain. "He's dead," replied the trader calmly. "I shot him the moment I got him inside my house. Now, don't get mad, captain. Here's a man I've brought aboard who'll make just as good a steward as the Chow."

"Why did you murder the man?" gasped the astonished seaman.

"I didn't murder him. I shot him as I mean to shoot every Chinaman I come across in the south seas. I can do it down here." Then he told his story: "When I was a lad of 14, I sailed with my father in a big lump of a brig called the Luba. We were in the China-Vietnam trade. Left Hongkong one time under charter to take 30 coolies to the island. My mother, two younger brothers and my sister were aboard—had been sailing in the Luba for eight or nine years. Mate was my uncle, a Regular family ship. We carried nine hands.

One night, when we were two days out, the Chow made a sudden rush. I was aloft with a Swede studding the topgallant sail. They first killed every man of the watch on deck; then they went below and slaughtered every living soul, for and aft. In half an hour it was all over, and they lowered the two boats and cleared out. The Swede and I came on deck, and this is what we saw: Our father's head and sister's head were lying on the main deck. My two little brothers, 5 and 7 years of age, were just trunks—hands, feet and heads gone—and my sister's body (she was 17 or more, maybe) was disemboweled and laid across the life rail. And every other body was hacked and slashed about, chunks of flesh lying around everywhere. "They had set the brig on fire before they left. The Swede and I put it out. We were picked up by a French bark the same day.

"That's why I always shoot one of the Chinamen when I get the chance."

The Curfew Bell in England.
That picturesque relic of Norman England, ringing the curfew bell, still survives in more than 30 towns and cities throughout the country. At some of these the bell is rung at certain stated periods only. Thus, at Perthshire, in Worcester-shire, the curfew is only heard between Nov. 5 and Candlemas, and at Brackley church from Michaelmas to Lady day only, while its original significance is, of course, entirely a thing of the past. "The knell of parting day" is—or was until recently—still tolled from Canterbury cathedral and from the Church of St. Nicholas, Bristol, every evening. By a code of instruction dated 1481 the suffragan of the Bristol diocese was directed "to ring curfew with one bell at IX of the clock."—London Chronicle.

Advantages of Submarine Boats.
There will be no sea sickness, because in a submerged boat there is absolutely no perceptible motion. There will be no smells to create nausea, for the boats will be propelled by electric power, taken from storage batteries, which will be charged at either end. The offensive odor that causes so much discomfort in surface boats is due to the heated oil on the bearings and to the escaping steam. There will be no steam on these submerged channel boats, and the little machinery necessary to drive them will be confined within an airtight chamber. There will be no collisions, because the boats coming and the boats going will travel at different depths. John P. Holland in North American Review.

Taking Stock.
Edward—That sign, "Closed, Taking Stock," has been in that window more than a week.

Ned—Oh, that's all right. The shop is closed; the sheriff is taking the stock.

Break Away.
"Can I get a word with Mr. Jilbe?" "Yes, you can get a word easy enough, but you'd better arrange for somebody to call you when you want to get away."

There are more than 12,000 streams in Porto Rico. Not more than half a dozen are worthy of the name of river. The rest, which are so numerous, are only mountain brooks or rivulets at most, which are almost wholly dry except when the rain falls.

AN EXTRAORDINARY KILLING.

The Story of an Arizona Sheriff and a Nervy Desperado.

"One of the nerriest shootings that ever came off in the west occurred some years ago in Arizona," said a Denver man at the Hotel Victoria. "I think it was at Tombstone that it happened, but of that I am not certain. It seemed that a certain road agent and all around desperate character had turned up in the town. Of course he was traveling strictly inco, but he was recognized, and the news of his arrival soon reached the ears of the sheriff, who straightway started out to land him. The bad men of the west travel with their lives in their hands and know it. They are always prepared for the possibility of capture or an attempt which may be made to do so, and they try to take every precaution to render such action ineffective. Then, too, as a rule these men prefer death to capture. In most cases capture means that they will ultimately dance the jig of death at the end of the heppen thread after having been duly tried and sentenced. But even when they have nothing worse to face than a term of years in the pen they will put up as stubborn a resistance as if they were wanted for murder, for their love of freedom causes them to prefer death in a fight to being imprisoned for a term of years. The desperado I am telling you of, however, had committed every crime known to the criminal calendar, and there were a dozen rewards offered for him, dead or alive.

"Capture with him meant certain and ignominious death, and it was a surety that he would fight to the bitter end and sell his life as dearly as possible. The sheriff knew this, but himself a desperately courageous man, nevertheless resolved on his capture. But he was as careful as possible about it and placed his man by carefully guarded inquiries in order that the quarry might not take flight and escape him. Finally the sheriff found out that the road agent was in a gambling joint and went there after him. The robber in the meantime had sized the room up carefully, and while not expecting trouble he took what precautions he could to avoid it should it arise.

"The sheriff's most intimate friend, a man named Driscoll, was playing faro, and the desperado took the seat beside him, which faced the door. Suddenly that door was flung open with a crash, and the sheriff, a revolver in either hand, appeared in the portal. Men dived for places of safety, tables and chairs were upset, and in the confusion the road agent jumped on Driscoll's back and swung him between him and the sheriff. The robber was the stronger man, but Driscoll put up a good fight, and while he could not shake him off or turn him toward the sheriff he nevertheless could prevent him from drawing his gun, which the road agent was desperately trying to do. Around and around they swung, the sheriff excitedly drawing around the man, afraid to shoot on account of the fear of injuring his friend.

"For the land's sake, Danny, hold still," he cried, "I'll get a shot at the devil."

"How can I?" gasped Driscoll. "The palpeps stronger than I am."

"For a few seconds longer the struggle went on, and then Driscoll spread his legs apart in effort to acquire sufficient purchase with his feet to hold the road agent still. The sheriff saw his chance and without a second's delay dove base-ball fashion through Driscoll's legs. Turning then, he shot the desperado with the ring of the shot the road agent's soul took flight. A more extraordinary killing never took place in the west."

The Helpless Woman.
There was once a Woman who had Never Learned how to Swim, although she went in Bathing every day in the Summer. She had a Friend who had Acquired this Art with Some Trouble and was Very Proud of her Proficiency in it.

"It is Absurd," said this Friend, "to Lie near the Water and not Swim. It makes you very Attractive to Swimmers if you can Go Out with them and they do not Feel that you are a Drag on their Pleasures. What would you Do in Case you Fell off the Pier? Now, Watch me!"

With these words she Dived off into the Water and Swam about By Herself. "It is a Good Thing to have a Woman Swim so Well," said one of the Men near by. "Now, if any of the Children fall into the Water with Some Trouble and I Just then the Woman who Could Not Help Herself uttered a Scream and Fell into the Sea. Instantly Five Men leaped in to Rescue Her and Spent the Rest of the Day. Thus, at Perthshire, in Worcester-shire, the curfew is only heard between Nov. 5 and Candlemas, and at Brackley church from Michaelmas to Lady day only, while its original significance is, of course, entirely a thing of the past. "The knell of parting day" is—or was until recently—still tolled from Canterbury cathedral and from the Church of St. Nicholas, Bristol, every evening. By a code of instruction dated 1481 the suffragan of the Bristol diocese was directed "to ring curfew with one bell at IX of the clock."—London Chronicle.

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In recent history.

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