

**"THE CLEANER"**  
WILL BE DELIVERED AT ANY ADDRESS IN  
GIBSON AND MARYSVILLE AT  
**25 Cents a Month.**

No. 106

Gelert, the Greyhound.  
Llewellyn, a prince who reigned over North Wales at the beginning of the Thirteenth century, had a famous greyhound that had been given to him by his father-in-law, King John, of England. The hound was called Gelert, or "Kill-hart," from its prowess in the chase, and was a great favorite with the prince, feeding from his hand and guarding his couch when he slept.

One day Llewellyn went out with his men and dogs to hunt; but during the chase he missed Gelert, the strongest and swiftest of all his hounds, and, owing to his favorite's absence, but little game was taken. The prince returned home angry and disappointed, when, just as he reached the gate of his castle, Gelert came bounding toward him to receive his accustomed caresses; but Llewellyn started back in surprise, for the jaws of the hound were dripping with

He rushed to his chamber, and saw to his horror that the cradle in which his little son had been sleeping was overturned, and the coverlet and floor sprinkled with blood. Thinking that his favorite bound had killed his child, he turned in his rage and plunged his sword into its side; but as poor Gelell felt, there mingled with his dying howl the cry of a child. Lewellyn ran to the overturned cradle, and, raising the blood stained cover-

let, he found his rosy boy beneath it, just awakened from his sleep, and beside him there lay a huge wolf, torn and dead, that had been killed by the brave greyhound. The cradle had been overturned in the fierce struggle between Gelert and the wolf; but the little boy was unhurt, and had fallen asleep under the coverlet, only to be awakened by the death cry of his preserver.

Llewellyn's joy at finding his little son safe and unharmed was only

equaled by his grief and remorse at having slain his faithful Gelert. He caused the noble animal to be honorably buried, and erected a monument over him, and hung thereon his horn and hunting spear; and the place was called Eddgelert, pronounced Bethgelert, "the grave of Gelert," and from it the whole surrounding neighborhood takes its present name. And in gratitude to heaven for his child's escape from the jaws of the wolf, and to perpetuate the memory of his gallant

greyhound, Llewellyn founded the abbey, the ruins of which may still be seen amid the wild and beautiful scenery of Bethgeleit.—Boston Herald.

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**Hints to Amateur Reciters.**

Emphasis is no less important than inflection. In every sentence there are particular words demanding special accentuation; and by a false quantity the meaning of a phrase may be entirely misrepresented. Nouns

and verbs receive the largest share of attention in this regard. Contrasts must be strongly marked, while anti-theses demand the greatest force of emphasis. To keep an attentive eye upon the precise meaning of the text is the great desideratum.

Should doubt arise as to the correct emphasis of a sentence, a useful rule is as follows: It is a fact that in ordinary conversation, people—even the least educated—instinctively speak with expressive accentuation; it is only

when they come to render the thoughts of others, or to read from a printed page, that their habitual and unconsciously acquired art fails them. Thus the proper emphasis is the natural. Take, therefore, your doubtful passage and express the thought colloquially—as you would talk it to your friend across the table.

You will thus obtain, not always the proper tone (the due dignity might be wanting), but you will invariably perceive the natural, and therefore the

correct, concentration. Rate of utterance must also be attended to. The gay, the mirthful, the amusing should speed buoyantly along. Conversational passages should be spoken trippingly on the tongue. Dignity requires a certain stately, measured movement. The reverent and sorrowful are slowly uttered. In the very whirlwind of passion the speed is fitful, the utterance irregular and abrupt. Sarcasm is generally obtrusively deliberate. Tyros usually

Let the amateur be as sparing with gesture as he can. A great elocutionist advises that no movement whatever be used for the use of which the reciter cannot give reasons in writing. He states that his own method is to employ during early rehearsal every gesture that suggests itself, and thereafter to thin them down, retaining none for which there

**The Seventh Son.**

In France a seventh son in direct succession is called a *marcou*. In Orleans, during the present century, the following was written concerning the *marcou*: "If a man is the seventh son of his father, without any female intervening, he is a *marcou*; he has some part of his body the mark of *la fleur de lis*, and like the king of

France, he has the power of curing the king's evil. All that is necessary to effect a cure is that the marquis should breathe upon the part affected, or that the sufferer should touch the mark of the fleur de lis. Of all the marquis of the Orleansais, he of Orleans is the best known and the most celebrated. Every year, from twenty, thirty, forty leagues around, crowds of patients come to visit him; but it is particularly in holy week that his power is most efficacious, and on the

A darker superstition concerning the seventh son exists in Portugal. It is there believed that the unfortunate being who is the seventh male in direct succession, is in the power of the Prince of Darkness, by whom he is compelled, on every Saturday evening, to assume the appearance of an ass. In this guise, and accompanied by a troop of dogs, he is compelled to wade over mud, and through mill-

until the light of the Sabbath dawns when he may resume his human form for another week.—F. S. Bassett in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

der the window, where the bars were broken. He took hold of him, and found his leg was broken. In due time he was examined, charged with trying to escape. They found he was a tramp, but had not escaped at all.

"How did you come to get there?"

"Judge, I fell from the window."

"What were you doing at the window?"

"Judge, I was trying to get into jail. It's so darned cold outside."—San Francisco Chronicle.

**He Was Fond of Dogs.**  
An English lady traveling in a Paris railroad car carried her pet dog in her lap. A French dandy beside her began to caress the dog. "Well, sir," said she snappishly, "I must say that you do appear to be very fond of dogs!"  
"Madame," said he, "I learned to love them during the siege, and since that time I scarcely ever eat anything else!"—New York Post.