

A ROMANCE OF MONTE CARLO.

Love and Life with Gold, and, Failing Gold,
Love and Death.

A young married man of Lyons fell in love with a young married woman. They met secretly, adored each other, and agreed to fly together—to put the seas between themselves and their families. But there was a slight difficulty in the way. They had little money for a long journey, and they wanted to be far, far away—in America for choice. Then the idea came to the man that they would take their small capital of a few hundred francs and go to Monte Carlo and make it into a fortune—a fortune which would enable them to live in peace and plenty on a far-off shore. So it came that one day, with a small box and a portmanteau, the fugitives arrived at Monte Carlo and put up in a little hotel where for eight francs a day you can have bed and board. They had only a few hundred francs with them. In the letter which they had left behind they explained that from the first their arrangements were complete. They foresaw the possibilities of the situation. They would play until they had won enough to go to America or they would lose all. And if they lost all they would die together and give their friends no further trouble about them.

They were a few days only in Monte Carlo. They risked their lives only a few at a time, and they spent the remainder of the days and evenings in strolling about the romantic glades and quiet pathways of the beautiful gardens, whispering together of love and looking into each other's eyes.

The end came quickly. One evening they went up in the soft moonlight to the fairyland of Monte Carlo. They entered the Casino. They had come to their last few golden coins. One by one the croupier's remorseless rake swept them away, and then the lovers went out of the hot, crowded rooms, out from the glare of the chandeliers and the swinging lamps, into the tender moonlight again. Down "the Staircase of Fortune," arm in arm they went, along the glorious marble terraces that look upon the sea, on to where at the foot of the great rock on which Monaco stands there lies the Condamine. It was their last walk together. The lovers were going home to die.

That night, in some way which I was unable to ascertain, the guilty and ruined man and woman obtained some charcoal and got it into their bedroom. They then closed the windows and doors and prepared for death. They wrote a letter—a letter which an official assured me was so touching that as he read it in the room where they lay dead the tears ran down his cheeks. Then the girl—she was but a girl—dressed herself in snowy white and placed in her breast a sweet bouquet of violets. Then the charcoal was lighted and the lovers laid themselves out for death, side by side, and passed dreamily into sleep, from sleep to death, and from death to judgment.

It is not a moral story, it is not a new story. I have told it simply as it happened.—George R. Sims, in London *Referee*.

About Coffee.

The pleasures of coffee are by no means dissipated in the warm weather, when "hot coffee" is not needed as a means of defying the discomfort of cold weather. Cold coffee is a delicious beverage when well made. Coffee ice made of strong coffee frozen in a freezer and served in cups with whipped cream is a dainty dessert or a convenient part of the afternoon tea menu; coffee soda is a peculiar summer drink, and few people accustomed to the morning cup of coffee make any difference on account of the weather in this most important feature of the breakfast table. An expert in coffee maintains that the best coffee is made in the old-fashioned tin coffee-pot. "Don't give me any new patent arrangement for making coffee," he says; "the old tin pot is the only kind of cooking utensil that preserves the aroma and the full flavor of the coffee."

After the coffee has been boiled and settled pour it in good strength upon a cup half filled with cream and hot milk. Most true coffee epicures have a beverage prepared with full strength that will give a delicious aroma and a true but delicate flavor to a cup of rich cream and boiled milk. Rather peculiarly the average American drinks about the same amount of coffee now that he did eighteen years ago. In 1870 the average consumption for each person was 7½ pounds, in 1888 it was 7½ pounds, showing that the taste for coffee neither increases nor decreases.

—*Boston Journal*.

Lost His Money and Sweetheart.
To his infatuation for a fickle New Jersey maiden John Bennett, who was for many years a prosperous wheelwright in this city, owes the loss of most of his property. Soon after marrying, about three years ago, he fell in love with Miss Cornelius Hulfish of Trenton, and, it is alleged, by paying his wife \$1,500 induced her to leave him. Then he made Miss Hulfish many costly presents.

Meanwhile David Jobs, a cousin of Bennett, also became enamored of Miss Hulfish, and they arranged a plan by which Jobs was to obtain Bennett's intended bride. About a month ago Bennett, finding himself harassed by his creditors, deeded all his property, amounting to about \$15,000, over to Miss Hulfish. She and Jobs then went to Camden and were married, and went to housekeeping in one of Bennett's cottages at Jamesburg, N. J. Mrs. Jobs refuses to return any money to

Bennett, and threatens to expose him to his creditors if he shall take legal steps.—*Philadelphia Record*.

Sherman and the Veteran.

A good story is now going the rounds which shows how generous Gen. Sherman is. The General sat at the breakfast table in his home in New York city the other morning when the door bell rang. When the door was opened a one-legged soldier was seen on the steps. He asked for Gen. Sherman. He was taken to the parlor by the servant girl and the General was notified of the soldier's presence. Shortly afterward the General joined the veteran in the parlor. The greeting was cordial and for hours they talked over the stirring days of 1864. The soldier made it known that he had been with the General to the sea. Finally the visitor stated his business. He had been unfortunate. The little he had accumulated had been swept away. His health was infirm and he could not do hard work. He had come to his old commander for a recommendation for a government position. With it he could secure a place. Would he not give it to him? Gen. Sherman was in a tighter place than he had ever been during the war. He had solemnly promised not to write or sign a letter asking for office. Still he wished to help his comrade. Running his hand in his pocket he pulled out a card bearing his name, and said: "You wish to get into the postoffice? I—I cannot write you a letter, for I would break a pledge I have made, but give this card to Mr. Van Cott, tell him that you are my friend, that I sent you to him, and if he desires to know more about you to ask me. If he does, I'll fix it." The soldier was overjoyed, and was about to leave, after thanking the General, when the latter said: "So you are not doing very well, are you? You may have to wait some time before you get your office. What are you going to do until then?" The soldier replied that he would have to do the best he could. "At any rate, let's shake hands," said Gen. Sherman. "I may not see you again." There was a hearty grasp of hands; Gen. Sherman disappeared. The soldier felt something in his palm. He soon found out that it was a \$50 bill.

Emerson and Carlyle.

The London *Westminster Review* quotes Ralph Waldo Emerson as saying, in Paris, that he discovered that "his French was far from being as good as Madame de Staél's." A grimly ludicrous remark emanating from the staid, philosophic sage of Concord.

Emerson met Tennyson at Coventry Patmore's house, and gives this impression of him: "Though cultivated, quite unaffected. Quiet, sluggish sense and thought; refined, as all English are, and good-humored." Carlyle alludes to Tennyson as "the best man in England to smoke a pipe with."

Under date of August 26, 1883, Emerson thus records his impressions of Carlyle:

I found the youth I sought in Scotland, and good and wise and pleasant he seems to me. * * * I never saw more amiability than in his countenance. T. C. has made up his mind to pay his taxes to William and Adelaide Guell, with great cheerfulness, as long as William is able to compel the payment; and shall cease to do so the moment he ceases to compel them.

On his side, Carlyle seems to have "fallen in love at first sight" with Emerson. Later on, speaking to Lord Houghton of him, he said:

That man came to see me; I don't know what brought him; and we kept him one night, and then he left us. I saw him go up the hill; I didn't go with him to see him descend. I preferred to watch him mount and vanish like an angel.

The mutual admiration society that sprung from this first meeting is far more likely to go down the ages than the Howells-James affair of you-puff-me-and-I'll-puff-you.—*St. Louis Magazine*.

The Ruling Passion.

Wild-eyed lover—This is your last chance, Cold Beauty. Speak quickly. Do you see that can? It's full of dynamite. Promise to marry me or I will touch it off.

Bold Beauty—Will you promise to keep me in better style than that horrid Miss Pert is going to live in when she marries Mr. De Rich?

"Impossible."

"Touch it off."—*New York Weekly*.

Scriptural Authority.

The Rev. Dr. Thirdly—Is not your bill rather high, Dr. Diagnose?

Dr. Diagnose—Yes, but I have Scriptural authority for making it high, and you, as a clergyman, should not object.

"Ah, I am not aware of such authority."

"I will recall the passage to you. It reads: 'Physician, heal thyself.'—*Life*.

Willing to Do His Best.

"I'm a little out of funds," said a seedy-looking individual, "and I'd like to be assisted along to the next town. Could you help me a short distance?"

"Well, really, now," replied the citizen addressed, "you take me at a slight disadvantage. I haven't got my heavy boots on this morning, but I can land you two or three feet farther on your way if you insist upon it."

No more fatal error can be cherished than that any character can be complete without the religious element. The essential factors in character-building are religion, morality and knowledge.

It is a little singular, to say the least, that after a man has been painting the town red he usually feels blue.

Still, He Adhered to His Principle.

A clean, shrewd-looking gentleman stepped into a street car on Pennsylvania Avenue yesterday afternoon, and took a seat inside. The conductor, who was in a conversational mood, turned to a gentleman who stood upon the platform, and said:

"You saw that man who just got on?"

"Yes."

"Well, I saw him do the foolest thing one day last winter that any man ever did."

"What was it?"

"He got on my car and gave me a dime out on the platform. I handed him a nickel and in trying to put it into his pocket he dropped it and it rolled off into the slush. He made a dive for it, and in jumping off the car fell down and daubed himself all over. I stopped the car, but he said to go on; that he was going to find his nickel. So he pawed around in the soft snow till he found it, hopped aboard the next car, paid the nickel to that conductor, and reached home one car later and a good deal madder and madder than he would if he had stayed on my car and let his nickel go."—*Washington Post*.

Self-defense Against a Dangerous Foe.

Forewarned is not forearmed in the case of those who incur the risk of an attack from that dangerous foe, malaria, unprovided with a means of defense. But if those in peril are aided, sustained, and re-enforced with the great fortifying safeguard, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, prolific breeder of evils manifested in the shape of bilious remittents and chills and fever, ague cake, dumb ague, and the *calentura* of the Isthmus and Central American coast, is nullified and rendered harmless. Our Western pioneer settlers and miners, dwellers in tropic lowlands, and visitors of and dwellers in malarious localities in this country and many quarters of the globe, have for years been acquainted with the fact, and are constantly provided with this unparalleled defensive medicine and remedy. All disorder of the stomach, liver, and kidneys, and kidney complaints and rheumatism are conquered by it.

An Old Game Revived.

"One of the neatest tricks I have heard in some time was perpetrated by a pair of burglars in this city lately," said a police captain yesterday. "The younger of the two had entered a private residence while the inmates were at tea, and the elder stood outside on watch. The riffer was discovered, and was soon chased from one floor to another by two gentlemen members of the household. Somebody called 'police,' and the outside burglar, drawing his revolver, responded. 'There, there, ladies; don't make any fuss. I'll take care of this fellow,' he said, and, making a rush, he grabbed his mate by the collar and gave him a cuff on the neck as he led him down the stoop. The family breathed more freely, and the gentlemen prepared to go to the station house to swear out a complaint. When they arrived there nobody had heard of the case. The burglars had vanished. It's an old trick, but I haven't heard about it in this neighborhood in many years."—*New York Graphic*.

WHAT BROUGHT THE CHANGE? This woman's face is ruddy with a rose's grace.

Her eye is bright, Her heart is light,

Ah, truly 'tis a goodly sight.

A few brief months ago her cheek Was pale and her step was weak.

The end is near.

For her, I fear."

Sighed many a friend who held her dear.

I can tell you what brought the change in her. She was told by a friend, who, like her, had suffered untold misery from a complication of female troubles, that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription would certainly cure her. This friend "knew whereof she spoke," for she had been cured by the remedy she advised her friend to use. She is enthusiastic in her praise, and tells her friends that Dr. Pierce deserves the universal gratitude of womankind for having given it this invaluable remedy for its peculiar ailments. It is guaranteed to give satisfaction in every case or money refunded.

DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS, one a dose. Cure headache, constipation and indigestion.

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WEAR AND TEAR.

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