HE PROVED TOO SMART

JEALOUS FRENCHMAN SHOT GIRL AND THEN TOLD FINE STORY.

Said It Was a Suicide Pact, But the Girl Recovered and Denied It All.

Had his girl victim died from her wound instead of unexpectedly recovering, it is quite likely that Paul Boffard, a young Frenchman, of Paris, who recently attempted to kill Marguerite Marcel, might now be a free man instead of sentenced to a long imprisonment. So cleverly did the young scoundrel relate his concocted story of a suicide pact between the girl and him self that even the police believed it. But the account of the affair subsequently related by his victim exposed a most cowardly attempt at murder.

Boffard planned the shooting in a cunning manner. It was due to the steps he took before the deed that he was able to fool the police so easily. The young girl is a dressmaker and had been almost pestered to death by the unwelcome attentions of her assailant. Finally, losing all patience, she one evening sent him peremptorily about his business saying that she wished never to see him again. Whereupon Boffard flew into a great rage and accused the girl of having given her heart elsewhere.

A few evenings later Mlle. Marcel was returning from her work accompanied by her mother when she was

STOPPED BY BOFFARD.

He asked her if he could have a few moments' conversation with her. She assented and paused in front of her home, while her mother continued toward the door. The latter had gone but a few steps when she heard the report of a pistol and turning around, saw her daughter lying on the ground and Boffard standing over her with a smoking revolver in his hand. He had shot the girl through the head.

A police inspector who happened to be near at hand ran toward the man, whereupon he turned the revolver on himself and fired a second shot. The bullet flew wide, however, entirely missing its mark. When taken into custody Boffard told a romantic story of an agreement between himself and the girl, whereby he had, at her behest, swore to shoot her first and then follow immediately into the great unknown. He omitted no details that might corroborate his tale, even telling of frequent trips made by him and his victim to the cemetery where they had swore on the grave of the girl's father to commit suicide should her mother persist in her objection to their marriage. He produced letters purporting to have been written by the girl, begging him to remember his vows, and that same evening the chief of police received a letter from the prisoner, which had been mailed before the shooting, telling him of the intended carrying out of the pact.

These plans of Boffard's were extremely clever, but he had not prepared against the possible

RECOVERY OF THE GIRL.

Marguerite Marcel was conveyed to a hospital after the shooting and although it was first thought she would die without recovering consciousness, she eventually came to and under careful questioning, related an entirely opposite account of the circumstances of the shooting. When shown the letters supposed to have been written by her to Boffard, she immediately pronounced them forgeries. She said that she had never been to the cemetery with the man nor had she ever talked the question of suicide over with him. In fact, his whole story was an impudent lie. She said that Boffard had shot her out of jealousy.

When this version of the affair was related to him by the police Boffard indignantly denied its truth, believing the girl victim to be dead. When he was told that she was very much alive and that she had told the facts to the authorities, he completely broke down and made a full confession. He said that when he pointed the revolver at his own head after shooting the girl, it was only a sham attempt at suicide, carried out to support his story of a pre-arranged pact.

HE FOUND A FRIEND.

A Young Man Fed the Pigeons and Was Rewarded.

A thinly clad young man was walking along a city street one winter morning, eating peanuts from a five-cent sack in his coat pocket, in lieu of a breakfast, when he saw a number of boys trying to attract the atention of a flock of hungry pigeons in the street by tossing cracker crumbs at them. He stopped and joined in the fun by shelling some of his peanuts, breaking the kernels into small pieces, and throwing them on the pavement near the birds.

Recognizing a new benefactor, they flocked round him, eagerly picking up his offerings, but keeping an eye on him meanwhile, prepared for instant flight in the event of his becoming too familiar. Long experience had taught them to be suspicious of strangers.

Stooping down and holding a tempting morsel between his fingers, he called the birds gently.

At first they shrank back, but presently an old bird, having first inspected him critically with one eye and then with the other, stepped forward gingerly, plucked the titbit from his fingers, and darted away. Not finding the experience so very terrible, the old bird soon came back, and was rewarded with another choice bit of peanut. The other pigeons speedily followed the example.

"That's more than they'd for any of us," said one of the boys.

The young man gave the pigeons about half his stock of peanuts, and then straightened up.

"That's all I can spare you this time," he said, starting away.

A middle-aged man who had been watching the performance with considerable interest tapped him on the shoulder.

"Young man," he said, "are you looking for work?'

"Am I?" was the response. "I've been tramping over this town for a week, hunting for a job."

"What can you do?"

"I'm a sort of jack of all trades. I can carpenter a little, run an engine, repair bicycles and—"

"Can you take care of horses?"

"Can I?' said the young man, his face lighting up. "I was raised on a farm."

"Well, come along with me. I need a coachman, and I'm not afraid to trust my thoroughbreds with you. I'll take the recommendation the birds have just given you. Will you work for me for thirty dollars a month and board till you find something better?"

Would he? Well!

The young man is now his middle-aged employer's trusted man of all work, with a wage to correspond, and the pigeons have never had occasion to retract their recommendation.

POSED AS A GOVERNESS.

How a Clever Frenchwoman Thief Carried on Business.

Blanche Leclare, who is twenty-five years of age, and is known to the police as "Isabel," was arrested recently for 270 thefts, all of which she is charged with having committed during the last four years in Paris, France.

She has fair hair, blue eyes, and an expression of trusting innocence. But she made a practice of taking engagements as governess, and after remaining with her employers long enough to help herself to the valuables in the house, departing to fresh fields of enterprise.

She had never been caught and might not have been caught yet if she had not been careless enough to apply for the post of governess in a family where she had helped herself to $1,500 worth of jewellery only six months ago.

In her room the police found all kinds of disguises, including twelve wigs of different colors, jewellery enough to stock a shop, silver and linen marked with every letter of the alphabet, and a number of savings bank books, by forging the owners' names of which she had been able to withdraw the sums standing to their credit.

THE SECRETS OF SUCCESS.

"What is the secret of success?" asked the Sphinx.

"Push," said the Button.

"Take pains," said the Window.

"Never be led," said the blue Pencil.

"Be up to date," said the Calendar.

"Always keep cool," said the Ice.

"Do business on tick,' said the Clock.

"Do a driving business," said the Hammer.

"Aspire to greater things," said the Nutmeg.

"Make light of everything," said the Fire.

"Make much of small things," said the Microscope.

"Never do anything offhand," said the Glove.

"Spend much time in reflection," said the Mirror.

"Be sharp in all your dealings," said the Knife.

"Find a good thing and stick to it," said the Glue.

"Strive to make a good impression,' said the Seal.

"Turn all things to your advantage," said the Lathe.

"Make the most of your good points,' said the Compass.

"Never take sides, but be round when you're wanted," said the Ball.

Scott's Emulsion strengthens enfeebled nursing mothers by increasing their flesh and nerve force.

It provides baby with the necessary fat and mineral food for healthy growth.

ALL DRUGGISTS: 50c. AND $1.00.

GYPSY FORTUNE TELLER

IMPRISONED FOR TELLING A SERVING MAID SHE WOULD ELOPE.

And She Did, Too, But in the Meantime the Fortune Teller Had Been Punished.

Seven months ago a gypsy fortune teller told a maid in the employ of a miller in a small town near Chard, in Somersetshire, England, that she would some day elope with him. The maid told the miller, the miller told the police and the gypsy got a month's hard labor at the local lockup. A few days ago both the miller and the maid disappeared and investigation proves that the fortune teller's prediction has been verified. Under the circumstances, that month in jail looks like a bit of injustice toward the nomad, but she is getting her revenge. Dozens of serving maids in Somersetshire have applied to her for a reading and now every day is her busy day.

The gypsy goes by the rather pretentious name of Britannia Manley and is well known in the neighborhood. If you cross her palm with a sixpence she will read your past, foretell your future, and give a piece of lace to boot When the fates are to be bought at that small figure it is not strange that the plausible fortune teller

HAS MANY CUSTOMERS.

The home of the miller and the maid who have so strikingly vindicated the claims of Britannia Manley to prophetic powers adjoins the mill in the village of Forton. Walter Hellier, the miller, has two little children and his wife being confined in an asylum, he kept a maid. The latter was a pretty girl about seventeen years of age named Florrie Tytherleigh. Seven months ago, Britannia came to the door and called to Florrie who was upstairs tending to her household duties. When the girl came down she induced her to buy some lace and then offered to hold up the "mirror of fate" for her. The girl refused at first, but, upon the gypsy declaring that she would tell her something nice, assented.

The fortune teller took the girl's hand, and bending her dusky head over it for a few moments, professed to draw aside the veil shrouding the future. Then she told the maid that her employer's wife was never coming home. To this she added the statement that Mr. Hellier was very fond of the maid and that the maid was equally fond of the miller. "Soon,' she said, "he will ask you to take a very long journey with him, never to return and you will go."

This piece of information, leaving, as it did, the credulous little girl

SHAKING WITH NERVOUSNESS,

was too important to be disclosed for the original fee of sixpence and before she departed, Brittania demanded and received an extra fee of a like amount.

Soon after the gypsy had taken her leave, Heillier, who had been absent, returned to the house. Whereupon Florrie, who couldn't keep a secret, set up and told him what the intimate of the fates had told her. He professed to be highly indignant and immediately informed the police. Britannia's sojourn in jail followed. There was considerable local interest in the affair at the time and public opinion sympathized with the miller. The gypsy served her time and went away to other parts. She is a wise fortune teller, so she has eschewed elopements since then in her forecastings. Now that Heiller and the maid have taken her hint and skipped, the public demand for the same kind of readings may be so great that she will have to supply them.

It is believed that Hellier and Florrie, who took the children along with them in their flight, have gone to Canada. Some creditors of the absent miller are especially anxious for his return as it is found that he was heavily in debt.

SHE SELLS THE TIME.

The Curious Profession of a London Woman.

A curious profession is that of Miss Belleville of Maidenhead, who sells the time to various watch and clock makers in London, England. The idea was suggested to her father in 1835 by Mr. Pond, the then Astronomer Royal. He acted on it, and by taking round a corrected chronometer to the chief clock and watch makers he secured an income of about £500.

When he died in 1856 his widow was granted the privilege of having the chronometer corrected at Greenwich whenever she liked, and she carried on the business until 1892, when she had reached the age of eighty-one years.

She handed the business over to her daughter and Miss Belleville has carried it on ever since by permission of the Astronomer Royal.

She has about forty customers in various parts of London, including many important and old-established firms.

Miss Belleville goes from Maidenhead to Greenwich every Monday morning and has her chronometer corrected. She receives an official document stating that her chronometer differs from mean time by so many seconds and tenths, and her customers correct their times accordingly.

Fishes have, in most cases, no sense of hearing, says a Scottish scientist.

THE EAST AND THE WEST.

(By A. Banker.)

Perhaps the line of demarcation between the immovable East and the advancing West can be observed with greater clearness at that city of contrasts, Cairo, than at any other place in the world. For, within five minutes' walk of each other, on the one side is the squalid, unclean native quarter, reeking in garbage, and crowded with a motley throng of turbaned Arabs, negroes from the Soudan, and orientals of all shades of brown and black; on the other side a splendid city of handsome buildings, thronged with a fashionable crowd, many driving in fine motor cars or private carriages, many walking along the crowded streets, many travelling in electric trams, motor omnibuses, or public pair-horse victorias.

Visiting first the native quarter the visitor is struck by the fiery gesticulations and wild aspect of the untameable Arab. If one buys a half piastre worth of some unsavory compound or another, a very war of words lasting perhaps a quarter of an hour may ensue, resulting possibly in a reduction of the price by a "millieme," about the value of a farthing. Or if an overloaded camel or ass passes along the narrow street, blocking it up sometimes almost completely—for the streets are only a few feet wide—volleys of objurgations, couched doubtless in anything but polite and refined phraseology, greet the camel or ass driver. Their vocal cords must be formel of gutta-percha to withstand the strain of all this profuse and strenuous verbosity from morning until night.

And what a contrast, too, between the shops of the European and those of the Arab quarter. The former like the best of those in London or Paris; the latter, dingy, dismal cabins, displaying for sale oily looking garbage which few Europeans could touch without a shudder, or chopped up offal, or sheep's tails (which in this part of the world grow to an enormous size, or perhaps the primitive requirements of an Arab's house, consisting of not much more than a pail or two, a few wooden stools and an iron cooking tripod.

But happily since the British protectorate over Egypt the condition of the natives is rapidly improving, the fertile country is rapidly becoming more and more cultivated, and the natives, protected from the rapacity of the usurious tax-gatherer, are acquiring wealth and living in greater comfort.

Unhappily, however, the blight of Islam still presses heavily upon them. May the time speedily arrive when they will acknowledge as their Mediator and Redeemer Him who as a young child was taken into Egypt for a time to escape the ferocity of Herod, but who was the Son of God, who in order to nullify the effects of mankind's fall, made atonement on the Cross of Calvary for the transgressions of all who will come to Him for eternal life.

DRUGGING CHILDREN A SOURCE OF DANGER

When you give your child a so-called "soothing" medicine you are not curing its sickness. You are merely drugging it into temporary insensibility. Soothing medicines contain opiates and an overdose may kill the child. When you give your little one Baby's Own Tablets you have the guarantee of a government analyst that this medicine is safe. And you have the word of thousands of grateful mothers that this medicine will promptly cure all the minor ailments of childhood. Mrs. L. W Smith, St. Giles, Que., says:—"I have used Baby's Own Tablets for my little girl for constipation and other troubles and have found them the best medicine I have ever used." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

BERTILLON ON FRANCE'S WEALTH.

Savings for Old Age Pretty General, but Very Small—Population.

Dr. Jaques Bertillon, the statistician, has just issued an official report as head of the Statistical Bureau of the French Government on the division of wealth throughout the population. Three-fourths of all the people in France over 50 years of age possess savings, but in the great majority of cases the amount is trivial, the average for the whole number being about $400.

Of 770,000 persons who died in 1905, the last year for which the figures are compiled, only 1,343 persons left an estate of $100,000 or over; 6,257 left property ranging from that figure down to $10,000, and 7,000 left from $10,000 down to $2,000. There were 326,000 others who left estates of smaller amount. The 430,000 who left nothing were mainly women and children.

Dr. Bertillon discusses in the report the change for the worse that has taken place in the influence which France wields financially and economically. He does not think it is due to any actual impoverishment of the country. But a hundred years ago France had within her boundaries 27 per cent. of the population of Europe, while to-day she has only 11 per cent. It is not the fertility of the soil nor the excellence of industrial products that counts, he says. It is the number of men laboring in a country that gives it economic and intellectual power.

It's safe to knock some men down without turning the other cheek.

ANCIENT HEALTH RESORT

HERE IS THE TEMPLE WHERE HIPPOCRATES PRACTISED.

Greek Patients Were Treated 2,400 Years Ago Much as They Would Be Now.

The most famous of the ancient Greek health temples and the last whose ruins have been brought into view is on the island of Cos in the Ægean Sea, not far from the southwest corner of Asia Minor.

There were larger health temples than that of Cos, but the newly discovered temple is the most celebrated of them all, because it was there that Hippocrates, the Father of Medicine, studied and practised the art of healing and wrote some of the books that have come down to us. It was there that he freed medicine from some of the ancient superstitions and that his powers of observation and scientific insight led him to discoveries of new truth that were a blessing to the Greeks for centuries after his death.

This forerunner of the modern hospital was built about 2,400 years ago. The place where it stood had been so changed by earthquakes and the ravages of time and men that it was not identified as the site of the health temple of Hippocrates till three years ago.

Then two British architects began digging and found inscriptions proving that on this spot the long lost temple stood. Excavations were rapidly pushed and the foundations and ruined buildings, now revealed, were found to cover an area of 590 feet from north to south and 423 feet from east to west.

So much has been found that it is not difficult to make a mental picture of the ensemble of the beautiful buildings that stood here

OVER 2,000 YEARS AGO.

The site, two miles from sea, is very beautiful. Mountains rise on two sides of it and it is fronted by the turquoise Ægean dotted with islands. The buildings were grouped on three terraces.

In front is the three sided portico and its buildings where patients were received and where the consultation and operating rooms and baths were situated. It was here that Hippocrates wrote his notes on many important cases.

The baths were numerous because he was a great believer in the remedial uses of water. It is supposed that the medical school also occupied some of the front buildings.

A flight of stairs in the middle ground leads to the second terrace, and here was the great altar and the gymnasium, for Hippocrates prescribed a great deal of exercise in suitable cases. On this terrace have been unearthed many wall slabs inscribed with wise maxims in regard to health that have come down to us in the writings of Hippocrates's.

Reached by the broad stairs ascending to the third terrace is the restoration of the beautiful temple to Apollo. The temples of all the greater gods exactly faced the east, and this is the only building in the sanitarium that had precisely that orientation.

THE PRIESTS OF APOLLO

here were trained to the care of the sick and so their religious ceremonies occupied only a part of their time. In the buildings that surround the terrace on three sides were the sleeping apartments of the patients.

Thus it is seen that 2,400 years ago the sick in this hospital were surrounded by many of the advantages which to-day are regarded as helpful to invalids. They were nursed back to health in a lovely environment, for here was the charm of mountains, plain and sea—a place of rest, peace and beauty.

There was the daily routine of treatment by baths, exercise, massage, a regulated diet, and medicines of vegetable origin, which usage had approved, and there were hours of sitting out in the sunlight in that pure mountain air, and to divert attention from human ills there were processions of white robed priests and priestesses, with music of flute and cithara and the singing of pæans.

Then there were performances of comedy to banish despondency, and the studious person was free to borrow manuscripts from the library and dream over works of history, the drama or poetry.

Here Hippocrates won his undying fame by his devotion and lifelong labors to help the sick and maimed, to lessen suffering of all kinds and to record his experiences and discoveries for the benefit of future generations. He placed curative methods upon a new basis. His work, however, was hampered by the fact that the Greek reverence for the human body forbade him to dissect the bodies of the dead, and therefore his knowledge of anatomy was defective.

COULD NOT GIVE TIME.

"There are some verses I wrote," said the innocent young man, laying the paper on the editor's desk, "you may give me just what you think they are worth."

"But I have not the authority to give you what they deserve," replied the man with the pen. "Remember, I am an editor, not a magistrate.'

Few men are powerful enough to keep their faces closed.