

An Incident of the French Revolution

By MARTHA V. MONROE

Antoine le Beouf was a leader of the aristocrats into which France is divided, and when the great revolution came on so far as his sway extended it was absolute. Jenn Millet was a leader, too, but a Conservative. The revolution was like a roaring stream, that gathered power as it sped on. Time came when those who had been instrumental in starting it lost their heads by trying to control it. Millet went into it hoping to reorganize the existing government. Before it finished its mad course its object was to get rid of the existing government and the class that supported it by means of the guillotine.

When order was restored under the Directory, Le Beouf, who had made Millet enemies during the period of blood running from having sent so many persons to the guillotine, found himself exposed to plots hatched against him for purposes of revenge. One who had lost a near and dear relative spent a long time in manufacturing a case of murder against him. He had him arrested and tried. Millet presided as Judge, and it was in his power so to instruct the jury that they must bring in a verdict of guilty or not guilty, as he chose. When it became his duty to do this, instead of once addressing the jury he addressed the prisoner.

"Citizen Antoine le Beouf, stand up!" Le Beouf, who was much broken by his troubles, could only stand by leaning on his daughter, a young woman perhaps twenty-three or twenty-four years old.

"Citizen le Beouf, do you remember during the reign of terror one who at the time the Girondists were executed protested against their execution?"

"There was no reply."

"Do you remember that you sent out an order for the arrest of that person that he was brought before you and adjudged an enemy of the revolution? He was confined in a room in your house—the prisons were too full to admit him—till he could be sent to the guillotine. He escaped and strove as before to keep the French people from committing political suicide by their murderous course. Tell me, Le Beouf, do you remember that man?"

"Yes," moaned the prisoner. "I remember him."

All who heard the Judge speak were moved his words to be preliminary to a vengeance upon the accused. They supposed that he would in the end ask Le Beouf if he thought that one who had sent so many to the guillotine should be spared from the guillotine, then instruct the jury that it was their duty under the law to bring in a verdict of guilty. The girl who sustained her father kept her eyes on the Judge in a frightened, reproachful look, like the rest dreading his final words.

"This man Millet, who was trying to stem the butchery of yourself and others, kept himself out of your way. You tried to get your hands on him by open means, but, falling, tried treachery. You sent for him on the ground that you wished to form a union between the Conservatives and the Radicals and desired him as a representative man of the Conservatives to join with you to make the revolution less bloody. Supporting your design, he sent a man to meet you in a dark court, where you would not recognize him. He was seized and hurried away. But when the light shone on him you saw that it was you instead of I who had been tricked."

The prisoner trembled, but said nothing.

"And now, Antoine le Beouf, you who on the bench—not the judicial bench, the bench of the revolution—sent so many innocent persons to the guillotine, what do you think that I, a Judge regularly appointed by the state, should do in your case?"

The prisoner bowed his head without reply, but his daughter in a trembling voice said, "You should be merciful, M. le Judge."

"No, mademoiselle, not merciful. Your father does not deserve mercy. But first I should be just. It has not been proved that the prisoner committed this murder with which he has been charged. But this is not my ruling motive. Gratitude is not stronger than justice gratitude to you, who, when I was confined in the rear of your father's house while he was in the front sending men and women to the guillotine, came and at the risk of yourself dying to save me opened my door and conducted me to the street. It is my duty to instruct the jury in this case to bring in a verdict of not guilty, and it is my pleasure to give you your father's life."

When the Judge was speaking the last words an impressive silence reigned in the courtroom. Millet le Beouf ran to the Judge and, kneeling before him, seized his hand and kissed it. Giving her, he turned to the jury and gave them his formal instructions that freed the prisoner. Then Le Beouf turned to thank the Judge; but, being unable to speak, he waved his hand to him and was led away by his daughter.

A part of the throng followed the released prisoner, and a part remained with the Judge to express their interest in his conduct and their admiration for him. He became one of the prominent names under the Directory.

Such was a trial during a period of law and order. How different from those trials which were more profane.

The Geologist's Clock

Each fossiliferous rock bed contains characteristic forms or groups of forms that determine the period in which it was laid or sand. Former Director Powell of the United States geological survey once tersely explained to a congressional committee the value of paleontology by saying that it is "the geologist's clock," by which he tells the time when rock beds were formed. The economic importance of paleontology has been repeatedly shown in this country. At the earliest exploitation of anthracite coal thousands of dollars were fruitlessly expended in New York in search of coal beds until the New York geologists showed that the beds in that state could contain no coal. The fossils in the rocks exploited are devonian, whereas the fossils of the Pennsylvania anthracite coal beds belong to the carboniferous, a much later period. This discovery at once stopped a useless expenditure of money.—Associated Press.

A Fatal Sleep

Hugh Miller, the Scottish geologist and writer, was one of the most illustrious of sleepwalkers. Miller, who had been addicted to somnambulism in his youth, found his restlessness return while he was engaged upon his "Fossil History of the Rocks." He used to wake in the morning feeling, as he said, as if he had been abroad in the night wind, dragged by some invisible power and ridden by witches. On the night of his death he slept alone. In the morning they found him stretched dead on the floor with a bullet through his breast. He had written a note to his wife: "My brain burns I must have walked, and a fearful dream does oppress me. I cannot bear the horrible thought. My brain burns as the recollection grows." So intense had been the poor fellow's anguish that he made certain his end he had torn back shirt and vest and placed the muzzle of the pistol to his naked flesh.—St. James' Gazette.

Turks Picnic at Home

"Simple life" picnicking in the house is thoroughly understood by the Turk. The real old fashioned Turk indeed, at Sir Charles Elliot shows, favors this in his private domestic instants by turning his house merely as a place to camp in. Rooms are not assigned to special purposes. You sit in a room and write on your hand. When you are hungry you call. A little table is brought in and you eat. When you want to go to bed a pile of rugs is laid in a corner and you go to sleep on it. Then a scene at Yildiz—secretaries working in a red plush room furnished in European style. "Some were sitting curled up in armchairs, with their inkpots poised perilously on the arms, the idea of having a writing table never having come into their heads. Some were squatting on the floor, eating with their fingers off broad dishes placed on a low table. One was taking a siesta in the corner"—St. James' Gazette.

Disabused His Mind

At a London theater the other night when a well known actress was weeping bitterly on the stage, a sensitive countryman burst into tears and wept audibly.

"What are you making—that row for?" asked a neighbor.

"I'm thinking of that poor creature's distress," was the reply.

"What? Don't you know she's paid £20 a week to do that?"

"Eh? Twenty pounds a week? Do you mean to say her crying's not real?"

"Of course not."

"Then all I've got to say is she's a deceitful busy." And up he got and went out.

"Twenty pounds a week," he was muttering as he moved into the street, "and to klick up all that row too"—London Globe.

Diseases They Have in Scotland

Has Scotland still its own word for measles? Dean Ramsay relates that in 1775 Mrs. Betty Multhead, who kept a boarding school for young ladies in the Trongate of Glasgow, asked a new pupil whether she had had smallpox. "Yes, mem." replied the girl. "I've had the smallpox, the Irish the blais, the scay, the kinkhast and the fever, the branks and the worm." "Smallpox" and even the vague "fever" might not worry an English reader, but it needs a glossary to interpret the others in order as measles, nettle-rash, itchy wheezing cough, mumps and tooth-ache.—London Tattler.

Counterthrust

"A very good return!" said a sonneteer in an argument. "A very good return indeed!" It reminds me of Weeks.

"Weeks and his wife were quarreling."

"The night you proposed," said Mrs. Weeks, with a hard, scornful laugh, "you acted like a fish out of water."

"Weeks sighed."

"But a great clearest handed fish," he said in a musing voice.—Washington Star.

The Explanation

"Who is it that some young men get on so much faster in the world than others? It must be pure luck."

"No! I rather think it is because while some are always ready to accept positions, others go out and look up jobs." Exchange.

Homer Indeed

"You talk as if your friend was a greater poet than Homer."

"Homer! Well, say, if Perry had tackled that Homer stuff he'd have made it rime!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Things don't turn up in this world until somebody turns them up.—James A. Gardner.

The Williams Investigation

By DONALD CHAMBERLAIN

Ben Williams was queer, but Ben was a genius, and geniuses are usually queer. He lived a roving life till he was past sixty years old, then bought an acre of ground commanding a beautiful view for \$10 and built a log cabin on it.

How he lived—that is, how he bought clothing and food, for he raised nothing—no one knew. He had been something of an artist, a newspaper man, a poet and an author generally. Whether he had made enough money to enable him to supply his limited wants no one knew. He occasionally walked to the store, six miles distant from his cabin, his provisions or anything else he needed and always had the cash with which to pay. No one could solve the riddle, so it proved an endless source of gossip for the countryside.

But one day a possible clue to how Williams obtained the necessary funds presented itself. A robbery was committed in the region, and the fact at once suggested itself to the community that Williams was the robber. Every one wondered why that solution of the problem had not been thought of before. A report was started that the robbery had been committed by a masked man just the height and build of Williams. For a week this report circulated, growing more definite as it spread, then it occurred to some one to mount a horse and ride over to the man who had been robbed and ask him about it. He said that his store had been entered in the middle of the night and he knew nothing about the robbery till the next morning. Neither he nor anybody else had seen the robber. But Williams having been suspected of the robbery notwithstanding the correction of this report, the talk went on, and the more talk the more the certainty not only that he made his living by robbery, but that he was guilty in the case under discussion.

Cy Adams, a man who had the reputation of being the principal talker throughout, said that Williams ought to be investigated. It wasn't to the credit of the community that a man could live in it without any visible means of support and robberies going on without giving some account of himself. A committee should go to his cabin, ask him to explain how he lived and see if the building contained stolen goods. No one had ever been there and for all any one knew Williams might have the place full of plunder.

He talked the matter up; but, though he got a number of persons to agree with him, somehow he couldn't get anything done. Then he called for volunteers to serve on the committee. No one volunteered, so at last he said that if he were appointed a deputy sheriff he would do the job alone.

There was no objection to his appointment of his going to interrogate Mr. Williams. The only objection in the case was by individuals who were not minded to go with him.

He concluded to go armed only with the sheriff's badge. His mission was thought to be a peaceful one, therefore he wouldn't need a weapon. He set out forms were arranged. The law was one morning on horseback for Williams' cabin and on reaching it dismounted, tied his horse to a sapling and appeared in the doorway. Will or engines of game destruction. And, Williams was sitting at a table writing. Further, the servant and laborer were he looked up, saw the man standing before him and asked what he could do for him.

"Mr. Williams," said Cy, "I'm commissioned by the people of this county to come to you and ask your business."

"My business not being the business of the county, I decline to answer."

"In that event I am commissioned by the people to explain to you that the people make it their business to find time to view your business, and with that end in view I am directed to search your house. You understand that this is simply a legal process, not a forcible one."

Cy then opened his coat and showed his badge.

"Pleased," said Williams and resumed his writing.

There was one room and a loft in the cabin. No search was needed for the room for there was nothing but a pile of sticks, a washstand and a cooking stove, and the sheriff saw it all and gnawed his lip.

"Did you get up there?" he asked. "Yes, sir. But I got down by the chimney. You're too busy to get it for alone, but they come around an stole de shotgun."—Washington Star.

"Tell me where it is and I'll go for it myself."

"I keep it hidden. I'll go for it myself. I've done so with my pen. He went out and returned with a ladder, with him placed in position. Cy climbed up and, finding it dark up there, asked more if it had been 2 o'clock in the morning and I was insisting on knowing. Having satisfied himself that he was there he had been"—Detroit Free Press.

admirer was about to come down when he saw that the ladder had been removed. Williams was driving a pen at the table. The sheriff asked for the ladder.

"Not till you settle," was the reply.

"Settle for what?"

"For the ladder and the candle."

"How much?"

"Ten dollars each."

"There was a gun on the table ready for use, and Adams thought he wouldn't jump. Not having the money with him, he agreed to give an order for the amount in goods at the store. Williams put up the ladder; the sheriff wrote the order and passed out.

Williams, though he lived twenty years longer in his cabin till his death, was never again investigated.

The Sack Suit

It is hard for a today's man, as he leans back in his sack suit and tries to think to imagine a time when the easy and comfortable hobnail coat was yet unknown and all coats sported tails.

The sack suit originated in France in the thirties, about the same time that our trousers took their present shape. It is possible that the two innovations were correlated, as the changes in coat and trousers have always gone hand in hand. France was the mother of the sack when it was developed from the French blouse, a garment of coarse linen worn by laborers and peasants. The new coat was at first worn only by laborers, but before long it became very fashionable in France. It did not cross the English channel until 1840 and was not worn in this country much until after the civil war. In fact, it was the war uniform of the soldiers that gave its introduction to the American public. The soldiers found out the merits of the short coats, so civilian short coats became popular. They were soon adopted by all classes in the United States.—New York Sun.

Dryden's Ruse

The story is told that Dryden, finishing his translation of "Virgil," sent it to Jacob Tanson for publication for a sum specified upon the manuscript. Tanson was desirous of obtaining the book, but determined to take advantage of Dryden's need of money. He therefore informed the poet that he could not pay the sum Dryden asked. In reply Dryden sent the following lines in description of the publisher:

With teeth like tooth, bull faced and freakish fair,
With two left legs, with Judas colored hair,
And frowzy pores that taint the ambient air.

When this was delivered to Tanson he asked if Dryden had said anything more. "Yes," replied the bearer; "he said to tell the dog that he who wrote these lines could write more like him."

Tanson sent the money at once.

Love's Young Dream

The newly married young woman rushed into her father's presence and threw herself on her knees before him. "Oh, papa," she sobbed, "I have come for your forgiveness and blessing! It was wrong and unkind of me, but I loved Richard so that I just had to love with him. But I couldn't be happy till I had been reconciled with you, so here I am at your feet."

"Well, well," growled the old man, much affected in spite of himself. "I suppose I'll have to. But you are alone—where is—Richard?"

"He's just outside, papa, dear, with the catman. And now that you have forgiven us, please lend us enough to pay the horrid brute so that he'll go away. You see we had only enough money for the license and the minister"—Pittsburgh Gazette-Times.

Dog Laws of Richard II.

When Richard II. was king of England the keeping of greyhounds by men of his going to interrogate Mr. Williams. The only objection in the case was by individuals who were not minded to go with him.

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