

How the Marburys Came to Change Their Residence

By ESTHER VANDEVEER.

[This story is by a crusty old bachelor who knows nothing of married life. He says he is tired of hearing women say that the best way to manage a man is to feed him well.]

Mrs. Marbury had married for love and when coming to middle age still loved her husband. But it is an undisputed fact that persons who are closely allied become careless of what they say to each other and give way to fretfulness at slight provocations, while with others they put a guard on their tongues. Frank Marbury was a man not to be easily ruffled and realized that he had a nervous wife. So when she lost her self control he retained his own and soothed her as best he could.

But persons who are unrestrained and do not restrain themselves usually grow worse instead of better. Mrs. Marbury was continually getting upset over some trifle and at such times would berate her husband unmercifully, complaining that all men he was the hardest for a woman to live with. Finally one day during one of her explosions she told him that she could endure him no longer. Marbury concluded that she must be curbed and took his own way of curbing her. The day after the outburst he came home and told her that he intended to set up housekeeping on his own account. He had rented a furnished house and would move in at once. Mrs. Marbury looked at him, surprised, but made no objection.

"Will you keep a servant?" she asked. "I don't know. I shall leave the management to my housekeeper."

"Who will be your housekeeper?" "I have not engaged one yet. I shall begin by cooking some of my meals myself at home; for others I shall go out to restaurants."

Mrs. Marbury had a fancy for cooking and had often supplied the place of a cook at home when one was not to be hired. Servants were becoming scarcer every day, and he was becoming more valuable on that account. Mrs. Marbury did not have the knack of cooking, but was not made that way. The fact that she was to lose a cook as well as a husband angered her. She founced out of the room without a word.

Mrs. Marbury kept his word. He removed what he most needed to his new residence, removing himself there, at the same time. Mrs. Marbury made an effort to bring about a reconciliation. When her husband was about to leave he called up from the lower hall, "Goodby, dear!" But, though she heard him distinctly and found it difficult to refrain from going down, throwing her arms about him and retaining him, she gave him no reply.

One of the first things Mrs. Marbury did when she found herself alone was to hunt for a servant who could cook. She finally found a woman to whom she agreed to pay three times as much as she had paid a cook when she was a bride, but the first dinner that came on to the table afforded quite enough of her help's handicraft, and the woman was discharged.

Mrs. Marbury hired three cooks within a fortnight at fabulous prices and sent them all away. She dined at restaurants and tried occasionally at getting a meal herself. She lunched restaurant cooking, and sitting down alone to a meal she had spoiled was intolerable. Under the stress her stomach was giving out, and her condition was pitiable.

One morning the postman delivered a note to her bearing her husband's well known chirography on the envelope. She was delighted. "He's given in," she cried, tearing the note in her haste to open it. It read:

Mr. Francis Marbury requests the presence of Mrs. Marion Marbury to dinner this evening. No R. S. V. P. needed. The dinner will be served promptly at 7 o'clock.

Mrs. Marbury was puzzled. What did it mean? Of one thing she was sure—she would get an excellent dinner. But that was the only thing of which she was sure.

At two minutes of 7 Mrs. Marbury drove up in a taxicab to her husband's residence. She tried the front door, and, finding it unlocked, she walked in. A savory odor pervaded the premises. Passing to the rear, she entered the kitchen. Mr. Marbury, in a white linen jacket and a spider in his hand, turned from the range.

"What, my dear?" he said cheerily. "I thought you might like one of my dinners. I've got quite a delicate menu—little neck chams, mock turtle soup, a bird, sweetbreads."

"Stop!" cried Mrs. Marbury. "I'm starving, and you make me a thousand times more ravenous!"

"Go and lay aside your traps while I dash up."

Mrs. Marbury flung aside her "traps" and played scullion till the dinner was served, then sat down with her husband and enjoyed the first good meal she had eaten since her husband had left her. It seemed that every morsel that passed down her throat had been meant for a god. When the meal was finished she told her husband that she had reformed and if he would come back to her she would never again complain of anything he did.

FIRST AMERICAN TRAITOR.

Benjamin Church Played That Role During the Revolution. Benjamin Church, a graduate of Harvard and a member of a distinguished New England family, was the first American traitor. Church became eminent as a surgeon and as a writer of verse and was one of the leading Whigs in the years just preceding the Revolution. At one time he was a member of the Massachusetts provincial congress and became a member of the famous Boston committee of safety.

The committee's plans were constantly revealed to General Gage, governor of the province, but the source of the leak was not discovered until after the Revolution was fairly under way. At the time of the actual break between the colonies and England (Church was assigned to an important colonial hospital. In September, 1775, a letter from Church to a British army officer, containing secrets of the colonial army, was intercepted. Church had intrusted the letter, written in code, to a woman, to be conveyed to one of General Gage's staff officers. The woman confessed her share in the treasonable move and implicated Church.

The traitor was taken before a council presided over by Washington, and he there practically admitted his guilt. Congress, acting on the suggestion of the trial council, ordered Church kept in close confinement in the Cambridge jail, "without the use of pen or paper, and that no person be allowed to converse with him except in the presence and hearing of colonial officers until further orders from this or a future congress."

Church's health failed rapidly, and he was permitted to undergo banishment to the West Indies. He sailed in a merchant vessel in May, 1776, and neither the ship nor Church ever was heard of again.—Kansas City Star.

PACKING GOLD IN KEGS.

Care Taken in Preparing the Money Metal For Shipment.

When a gold shipment is to be made by ship the necessary number of kegs are taken in a truck to the assay office where they are received at a door in the rear. The gold bars are then placed on a hand truck and rolled to the kegs. In the presence of the agents of the shippers and of the officials of the assay office the bars are packed in the kegs, and sawdust is placed around them to prevent abrasion. When the heads of the kegs have been placed over the packed bars a piece of red tape is stretched across and fastened between the chime and the edge of the head. The seal of the shipping house is then attached to the head and the bottom of each keg.

After sealing the kegs are rolled to the wagon and lifted on. It takes two men to handle each keg, as there are ten bars to a keg, with a total gold weight of about 100 pounds. It may be mentioned that \$100,000 weighs in gold about 380 pounds, and \$1,000,000 weighs 3,800 pounds. Some time ago one of the officials of an assay office compiled figures showing how much gold a man could actually handle. It is a singular thing that great difficulty is experienced in carrying gold for any distance. The weight seems to be more "dead" than that of other metals, although that may be an illusion.

For instance, the average man could carry 100 pounds of gold one mile without much discomfort. Its value would be about \$20,000. A strong man could carry, say, 150 pounds a mile, reaching the end of his journey with just under \$30,000. A very powerful man might carry 200 pounds, or nearly \$50,000, a mile without exhaustion. Carrying gold is almost as difficult as getting it.—Los Angeles Times.

Courage in Elephants.

An elephant with a good mouth-ut gives perhaps the best instance of disciplined courage—courage, that is, which persists in the face of knowledge and disinclination—to be seen in the animal world. They will submit day after day to have painful wounds dressed in obedience to their keeper and meet danger in obedience to orders, though their intelligence is sufficient to understand the peril and far too great for man to risk them into a belief that it is non-existent. No animal will face danger more readily at man's bidding.—London Spectator.

True to His Promise.

"William, when we were married you promised to stop smoking."

"Oh, yes, I have. You see those three identical cigars are still unsmoked. I have them in my desk."—Boston Transcript.

A Curious Case.

Some years ago a woman in Brussels was aroused by church bells ringing in consequence of a fire. She had been asleep for nearly seventeen years. When she awoke she was in perfect health and remembered in detail events that had taken place before she fell off into her long nap.

Lengthening the Life of a Chain.

By twisting a hemp rope in and out of the links of a chain that runs over a pulley not only is the noise suppressed, but the life of the chain is lengthened 70 per cent.

A Cent a Day.

If a man saves a cent each day he will not need to risk the loss of a friend at the end of the year by trying to borrow a dollar.—New York Globe.

C. B. KEITH'S FAMILY

THEATRE

ENTIRE WEEK JULY 9 TO 14

All Irish VAUDEVILLE

A Genuine Novelty—First Time in Rochester

LADY LOUISE AGNESE

And Her Five Real Irish Colleens

In Songs and Dances of the Emerald Isle

Colleens Remain All Week

Mon. Tues. Wed. July 9-10-11

Other Acts Change Thursday

Thurs. Fri. Sat. July 12-13-14

Sullivan, Wells & Martin

Farce Comedy Playlet "Mrs. Dooley's Dilemma"

Shannon Duo

Two Men with Fine Irish Songs and Stories

Bernard Carmen

Equilibristic Novelty

Bruce and Barnes

Irish Music and Songs

Dick McGinnis & Co.

Merry Comedy Skit "ERIN GO BRAGH"

Thomas and Ryan

Two Irish Singing Gentlemen

Kelly and Karey

Comedy Novelty "At The Newstand"

Maud Ryan

Pretty Winsome Songstress

PLENTY OF GOOD COMEDY PHOTOPLAYS

How Peter Alexief Was Saved From Siberia

By PAUL VRONSKY

In a northern province of Russia there lived a peasant whose daughter, Anna, was a very pretty girl. Peter Alexief, a young farmer, wooed and won her, and it seemed that a happy future was before the young couple. That was before the revolution which deposed the Czar Nicholas, and the government was keeping a sharp eye on all persons who were suspected of plotting against it. A large force of secret police—better named spies—was scattered all over Russia.

Not only those who were really so, minded reported to the minister of the interior at the capital, but if one person had a private grudge against another there was liability that he would take revenge by reporting him to the police as a revolutionist, or what was then called a nihilist. This was also true of the spies themselves. If a spy chose to condemn a person he wished to get rid of, that person was taken away and nothing was heard of him afterward. He was buried in the convict mines of Kara.

While Peter and Anna were making their preparations to be married there came to the province where they lived a man whose name was Ivan Ivanovich. He did not look like a Russian, for he was dark complexioned, while the people among whom he had come had light skins and hair. Ivan had come from the Crimea, which is a southern province, where what is called the Mediterranean race is prevalent. This race is of southern blood and used to a hot climate.

Ivan had no visible occupation and was known to be a government spy. He met Anna at a dance in a barn and conceived a passion for her. Anna, knowing him to be a spy, dreaded him, but dared not refuse to dance with him, fearing that he would take revenge upon her.

Ivan, becoming more and more enamored of Anna, began to look about for some act of Peter's which could be used as evidence against him. This was shortly before the revolution whereby the people of Russia wrested a constitution from the czar, and Peter's neighbors were beginning to plan for resistance against the government's despotism. Peter got wind of the inquiries of Ivan and told his friends that he feared the spy was planning to get him out of the way that he might possess himself of Anna.

Meanwhile Anna, not daring to decline the attentions of Ivan, accepted invitations from him. One evening the two were walking together toward An-

na's house when Ivan left her. As he turned away a citizen tapped him on the shoulder and asked him to come with him. The citizen took him to a house where a dozen men were waiting for them. One of the men said to Ivan:

"You are suspected of trying to make a case against Peter Alexief to send him to Siberia that you may marry his betrothed. You are hereby notified that if anything happens to Peter your life will be forfeited."

"I deny the charge," replied Ivan. "I have no need to get rid of Peter. The girl prefers me to him."

It was plain to all that quite likely if Anna were called upon to choose between the two she would not dare to choose Peter for fear of Ivan.

"I am ready to fight with my rival for the girl I love and who, I believe, loves me. This proves that I am not planning to take any underhanded advantage of him."

Now, it was suspected that Ivan, who had come from a country where weapons are in common use, would make short work of Peter, who had been both and grown up a simple farmer. The spokesman of the tribunal before whom Ivan was arraigned consulted with the others and then turned to the prisoner.

"Your proposition to fight your rival for the possession of the girl is accepted. Since you are the challenger he will have the choice of weapons."

Peter was sent for and closeted with the leader of the citizens who were endeavoring to save him from his rival. They proposed to Peter that he should fight Ivan, choosing weapons which would give him an advantage over his enemy. Peter could think of no weapon that he could wield even indifferently, whereupon one was suggested to him. He gave his consent at once, and it was arranged that the duel should come off at dawn.

The thermometer at sunrise stood at 80 degrees below zero. Peter, who was used to cold weather, walked out to the yard in the rear of the house where the fray was to take place in shirt and trousers. Ivan, who had been used to a hot climate, had on his warmest clothing. One of those present handed each of the disputants the nozzle of a hose. Ivan stood aghast. He saw at once that he must fight with cold water.

But it was too late to recede. A fair hope came to him that his warm clothing would protect him. He took the nozzle offered him, the signal was given, and the two men poured a stream at each other which was as cold as it could be without freezing. Peter did not seem in the least troubled by his cold bath, but his enemy collapsed in five minutes. He dropped his weapon and ran for the house.

As soon as he had put on dry clothing and poured a hot drink into his stomach he was told to leave the place at once if he wished to save himself.

TASKS OF MIDDLE AGE.

Work to Keep Youthful and to Insure Future Happiness.

In Woman's Home Companion Margaret Deland gives useful advice on how to meet middle age in such a manner as to insure future happiness:

"To hold on to our appreciation of nature we must spur our dull and lagging memory of beauty; to keep our appreciation of human nature we must refuse to be laid on the shelf; we must keep up with the procession of human life; to keep our spirits bright, with a thought. Only so can we see the sweat of the tears and smiles of our fellow creatures.

These are the two tasks of middle age. If we perform them worthily our souls will never grow old. And plainly it is 'up to us,' as these slangy youngsters of ours express it—it is up to us to keep young; to make sure that our inner vision is open to beauty and to the joy and sorrow, the squalor and glory of our fellows. If we do this the 'compensation' is immediate.

"So what difference does it make if the body is rheumatic and nearsighted, and a little deaf when it comes to the song sparrow? What do such things matter if the eyes of the soul still see that crater mirroring the sky, if the ears of the spirit hear the bird's note in dawn and dew?"

"Nor does it matter that the body declines a game of tennis and shudders at a plunge in the surf when the thermometer registers only 85 degrees if the body's tenant is able to say to the young people: 'Go ahead! Have a good time! But take my word for it—the best is yet to be!'"

Why Polissamal Was Arrested.

An American friend of mine in Porto au Prince had a very useful house-servant by the name of Polissamal, who earned the notable sum of 5 gourdes (\$1 gold) a week and found. The federal authorities kept arresting Polissamal for military service and his employer got tired of going to headquarters about once a week to pry him loose from the army. He found that the continual arresting was due to the fact that several officers wanted Polissamal's job.—George Myrren in World's Work.

Dreaded Two Things.

Nicholas Romanoff, late czar of Russia, dreaded two things—assassination and revolution—and neither was a vain fear. Since 1891, when he was assaulted and wounded by a Japanese named Sango and escaped death only by the prompt action of Prince George of Greece; up to his abdication, there were thirteen attempts to assassinate him.

Capital Punishment.

Customer—Your cream is very good. Clerk—It ought to be. I just whipped it.—Life.

Mother's Doll Story

The Trained Nurse.

Once upon a time a little girl whose name was Milly had a beautiful, great, big trained nurse doll.

Miss Joy was the trained nurse's name. She always wore a spick-span, clean blue and white striped dress, with a white apron, cuffs and cap. And tinkling at her shies on a little silver shawl, was the key to the medicine chest. She was just like a really, truly trained nurse, you see.

Her work was to take care of all the other nursery folks. She gave a dose of castor oil to the fluffy white puppy, if he ate too many chop bones. And she put a bandage on the fox terrier's head when the kitten scratched him.

One day Milly's mamma went to town. "May I make some molasses candy?" Milly asked the cook.

"Yes, my dear," answered the cook, getting things ready for Milly. "That same afternoon Milly ate too much candy, and, sad to say, she was sick. Oh, quite sick."

And who do you think took care of her till her mamma came home? Why, Miss Joy, of course. She put her key in the medicine chest door, turned it and got Milly some little white pills that made her all better before her mamma got home.

Signes.

I wonder if I shall be big like Jim. And Jim will be big like me; I wonder if ever I shall grow.

Who has Deceived thee as often as thyself?—Franklin.

Baobab Trees.

The thickest tree trunk is said to be that of Adansonia digitata, called the baobab tree, a native of Africa. The trunks are sometimes more than thirty feet in diameter and the tree never more than sixty feet high. The tree is strictly tropical, but grows in the extreme south of Florida.

His Mission.

"The convict who was engineering an escape for his companions was really performing a public service."

How do you make that out?

"Wasn't he trying to bring about a free delivery of the males?"—Baltimore American.

A Soft Job.

First Hobo—I have at last thought of a job I think I would like. Second Hobo—And what is it? First Hobo—Linenman in a wireless telegraph company.—New York Times.

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