

Sept. 12. A well-dressed man and woman were in R. We drove to Ambar. I stole the railway, and it was taken in the motor-car to Paris. Thence it was sent to Marseilles to evade suspicion, and afterward came back to Clermont-Ferrand, where I took it to London and gave it to a rich antiquary, who has offices near the London stock market. He handed me a check for £2,000. I got £240 commission. I sold several other articles to other antiquaries. And that for the present, as I can say, in a few days, perhaps, I shall have more to tell you which will interest you.

There was little left to be discovered concerning the church thefts. But the magistrate was far from satisfied on the questions of the practice of illegal operations and the suggestion of a trade in murder.

"You know," he said to Thomas, "that the papers seized at your house show quite clearly that you had a large clientele for unlawful medical treatment."

ELASTIC CONSCIENCE.

"I do not deny it for an instant," Thomas replied, "but I do not wish to discuss it. In that branch of my trade I merely acted in accordance with my conscience and principles. I am sorry for my clients. But as I said before, I am convinced that the fear of an unprovoked scandal will cause all these charges against me to be dropped."

CABINET OF POISONS.

"And now," said the magistrate, "will you attempt to explain the presence in your house of the cabinet containing an array of the most deadly poisons and the blood-stained stiletto? We know you received the poisons from three well-known firms in Paris (the magistrates gave the names), for we have found the labels and invoices. You received them as Dr. Thomas at an address in Clermont-Ferrand, not that of your house."

Thomas turned pale and nearly fainted. "What! You know that?" he cried. "You found the cabinet? You opened it?" He trembled violently, and his teeth chattered. Recovering, he refused to say another word.

DRAMATIC FIND.

A still more dramatic incident followed. Thomas was taken to a cell and, like all prisoners, searched. A little case was found hidden next his skin under his shirt. It was filled with phials, hypodermic needles, and other surgical instruments. The phials contained curare, the deadly South American poison, arsenic, cyanide of potassium, and various drugs.

DRUGGED VICTIMS.

The discovery raises the question whether, in addition to the many mysterious thefts from churches reported during the last two years—such as that of the finger of St. Louis in its crystal case from Polisy in November, 1906, and of a valuable statue from a church at St. Nicholas de Port in December, 1905—the Thomas crime syndicate may not also be responsible for various thefts from drugged victims in trains. The most notable instance was that of a traveler on a train between Clermont-Ferrand and Bordeaux, who on Dec. 14 of last year had a narcotic injected into his face as he slept, and who was robbed of all his valuables.

Thomas is only 35 years of age, is quiet and refined in manner, in dress, reserved and sober in speech. His father died three years ago, and he announced soon after that he had come into a fortune. His "factory" seems to have been utilized mainly as a place of storage for stolen goods.

His accomplice Faure has given himself up to the authorities.

Napoleon Bonaparte.

Showered at the battle of Austerlitz, he was the greatest leader in the world. Ballard's Snow Liniment has shown the public it is the best Liniment in the world. A quick cure for Rheumatism, Sprains, Burns, Cuts, etc. A. C. Pitts, Redwood, Ia. says: "I use Ballard's Snow Liniment in my family and find it unexcelled for sore chest, headache, corns, in fact, for anything that can be reached by a liniment." Sold by Z. C. M. J. Drug Dept., 112 and 114 South Main St., B.



PROBABLE NEXT EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.

In the event of the death of Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria-Hungary, his nephew, Archduke Franz Ferdinand, will ascend the throne of the Hapsburgs.

Franz Ferdinand is a son of the late Archduke Karl Ludwig, brother of Francis Joseph, and was born Dec. 8, 1873. His mother was the Princess Anne Marie, daughter of the late King Ferdinand II of Naples.

The heir apparent was married July 1, 1900, to Sophia Chotek, now princess of Hohenberg, in order to espouse whom he renounced the right of his possible future children to the throne of Austria-Hungary.

LADY MARY'S LONDON GOSSIP.

(Continued from page thirteen.)

They have a town house in Rutland Gate.

William Waldorf Astor's health continues to give him and his friends anxiety. His long stay in Switzerland did him no good and now he has been ordered to Bath, a town for which he has always had a certain penchant.

His new house, a charming one in the Royal Crescent, he has taken on a lease of years. The interior is very beautiful, having been designed throughout by the Adams brothers.

At Bath, as everywhere else, he fights shy of society. The house nevertheless is run on his usual magnificent lines with an immense staff of servants to wait upon him. When alone his table is the most frugal, but if he is only lunching on a sardine and a wafer of toast, there are three footmen in attendance.

LADY MARY.

CARD.

This is to certify that all druggists are authorized to refund your money if Foley's Honey and Tar fails to cure your cough or cold. It stops the cough, loosens the lungs and prevents serious results from a cold. Cures la grippe, coughs and prevents pneumonia and consumption. Contains no opiates. The genuine is in a yellow package. Refuse substitutes. For sale by E. J. Hill Drug Co., "The Never Substitutes."

DR. E. J. HILL

Announces that he has opened an office at 207-10 Security and Trust Building, and will hereafter engage in the practice of general medicine and obstetrics. Hours 2 to 5.

DEAD SET ON BALLOONING.

Of late he has become dead set on ballooning and is constantly making trips in company with his great chum, the Hon. Charles Rolls, Lord Lansdowne's son, Princeps of Teano, Frank Butler and other well-known balloonists. It is a pity that Wimpole hall, the family place in Cambridgeshire, has passed out of the hands of the Hardwickes, but they own several important seats besides, including Dromington house in Ayrshire, Sydney Lodge on Southampton water and

doled with. For the Earl of Hardwicke's hall, Lord Royston, is not a bit like the typical impetuous British nobleman who goes helmsman hunting. To use an American phrase, he is one who is prepared to "make good" without any adventitious aids from his title. He is one of the most go-ahead young men of the moment and in a man of many parts. The earldom to which he will succeed is not exactly a wealthy one. But Lord Royston intends to rehabilitate the family fortunes. Some years ago he went into business on his own account and is now the proprietor of one of the biggest motor-factories in England from which not only popular "cars" are turned out, but also motor-boats, engines and buses. As lately as in Cowes week he was a winner in the water trials when he drove a small motor craft, with a hull like an egg-shell in a choppy sea for 10 hours.

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HOME OF THOMAS CARLYLE.

You Can Call Sheyne Row What You Please and Not Be Far Wrong.

I am an admirer of Thomas Carlyle, and on my last visit to London made a pilgrimage to Sheyne Row, says a writer in the Atlantic Monthly. It was a long distance from my room, in the neighborhood of the British Museum, but who minds riding on the top of a bus through London streets, where "every step is history," and who doesn't like to ask direction of a London policeman? The policeman at Trafalgar Square, whom I asked for a bus to Sheyne (shayne) Row, was at a loss for a moment, but when I mentioned Carlyle's house, he said, "Oh, you mean 'Chine Row.' I was a bit surprised, for I had my pronunciation from one who had got his in London, he said. He, too, was a Carlylean, and had read 'Hector' 17 times carrying it around with him, when a young Methodist circuit rider, in the breast pocket of his coat, doubtless to keep it safe from the eyes of his presiding elder. Anyhow, the policeman put me on the right bus; the rest was simple. I need now only to ask to be set down at the nearest point to 'Chine Row.' But the guard was puzzled till I said I was seeking Carlyle's house, then he said, 'Oh, 'Chine Row.' He let me off at the right place, and I was soon at my goal. The matron gave me full freedom of the house and garden, for I seemed to be the only visitor that rainy August afternoon, and I could inspect at my leisure the interesting relics and mementos of the Carlyles, and read most interesting authentic documents, such as Disraeli's autograph letter offering Carlyle the Grand Cross of the Bath, and the latter's dignified but grateful answer declining it. The room of chief interest to me was, of course, the sound-proof study at the top of the house, where Carlyle could be at peace from the noise of London, and whence he would descend when he had read himself full, seat himself on the floor in the sitting room with his back against the chimney jambs, light his pipe, and pour as it were, a flood of ideas upon Mrs. Carlyle. It was a great afternoon—but my story was about the street name, and I had still other experiences with that.

Chayne Row opens into Chayne walk, and, happily, just as I entered the latter street, a postman passed, whom I asked about the house where George Eliot died. He pointed it out (No. 4), and went on to tell me of other historic houses that I wanted to see, the sometime abode of Dante Gabriel Rossetti (No. 16), and the house where Turner died (No. 19). Indeed this postman's brain was a veritable storehouse of information about Chelsea antiquities and historic associations, and he was ready to tell it all as the Ancient Mariner. He was pleased that I had just come from Carlyle's house, but most kindly corrected my pronunciation of the street name. "We call it 'Chayne Row,' sir. You would be interested, sir," he added, "to see Scots come there sometimes and sit on the stoop and shed tears about Carlyle. I should indeed have been interested to see that, and I wondered what Carlyle's ghost thought about it. But there were other places to see; so, inventing some polite excuse I moved on, and soon met with another delightful bit of London courtesy. A man who seemed to be a common laborer had pointed out across the street the locality of Turner's house, but I could not find either the number or the memorial tablet. Observing my puzzled movements, he crossed the wide muddy street, and pointed out the tablet hidden under the overhanging ivy.

But I was not yet through with the name Chayne Row. At the dinner table I was telling my experience with the policeman, the bus man and the postman, and asked, "How do you call it, Mr. Hamilton?" He was a retired Indian civil service official whom we all found most agreeable and well informed. "Why, I should say 'Chayne Row,'" he answered. The maid, who was waiting at the table, was evidently disturbed and uneasy, which was all explained when she knocked at my door after dinner to say, "Mr. Hamilton doesn't know, sir; he's just back from India; we call it 'Cheene Row.'"

Mr. Hamilton's pronunciation is the one given of the name (though set of one particular street) in the "Century Dictionary," and the postman's is that given by Carlyle—pronounced "Chayne Row," he writes to Mrs. Carlyle (see Froude's "Life," II, p. 348)—but certainly London is not agreed on the way to call it.

Not a Profession.

Representative Lorimer of Chicago, who is a great walker, was seen out for a tramp along the conduit road leading from Washington, when, after going a few miles, he met a stranger.

"Want a lift, mister?" asked a good-natured Maryland farmer driving that way.

"Thank you," responded Mr. Lorimer. "I will avail myself of your kind offer."

The two rode in silence for a while. Presently the teamster asked: "Professional man?"

"Yes," answered Lorimer, who was thinking of a bill he had pending before the house.

After another long pause the farmer observed:

"Say, you ain't a lawyer, or you'd be takin' me to a doctah 'cause you ain't got no satchel, and you shore ain't a preacher, from the look of you. What is your profession, anyhow?"

"I am a politician," replied Lorimer.

The Marylander replied: "Disgrace! 'Politics ain't no profession; politics is a disorder.'"—Success Magazine.

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