$50,000 FOR WOUNDED LOVE

LARGEST SOOTHING BALM FOR BROKEN HEART ON RECORD.

Danville, Ill., Widower Pays Dearly For His Attentions to a Pretty Widow--Said He Would Not Marry the Last Woman on Earth.

Danville, Ill., dispatch in Chicago Times-Herald.

John H. Gernand has been asked by a jury to pay Mrs. Carrie Corbett $54,333.33 for breaking off an engagement which Mrs. Corbett understood to be bona fide —the breaking off being caused by jealousy over the attention Mrs. Corbett gave to a young man from Indiana during the excursion of the Christian Endeavorers to California last summer. It is thought to be the largest and most soothing balm that has even been demanded to satisfy a broken heart. It is so big that there is prospect that the fortune of a wealthy man will be dissipated in an effort to get a higher court to place a lower estimate on the affections of a handsome widow with a son 12 years old.

Mr. Gernand has long been one of the most conspicuous men of this section. He is three times a widower. He came into the community forty-two years ago, and prospered as the country developed and a town appeared on the prairie. There was a general suspicion that he was one of the richest men in all the region, and his descendants down to grown grandchildren had been able to gather wealth as he had done. He is 71 years old.

Mrs. Corbett, who is exceedingly pretty and 35 years old, is one of the comparatively recent comers. She is modest and devoid of ostentation, and Mr. Gernand paid no attentions to her for a long time, confining his visits to very short and businesslike trips for the collection of the monthly rental.

Mr. Gernand told the court that the trouble began one spring morning when he called to see how the painters were getting along with some new decorations he had consented to make for his tenant. This was eighteen months ago. He declared that he first met Mrs. Corbett aside from his business call, at this time. He appeared in the hall and was giving instructions to the painters when Mrs. Corbett came out and joined in the conversation. They stood in the hall for sime time, and then Mrs. Corbett suggested they go inside. This is where Mr. Gernand thinks he made the mistake. He sat upon the sofa with her, and in court Mrs. Corbett made much of the incident.

The widower admitted that he subsequently made frequent calls upon the widow, but purely in the course of business. Mrs. Corbett had missed paying the rent one or two months, and Mr. Gernand went around to see about it. He said he told her she must leave the building unless she settled for the amount due. He then confided to the jury that he was able to fix an arrangement with her whereby in the future the question of rent would be a minor one. Mrs. Corbett insisted from that time on that Mr. Gernand had made her an offer of marriage, and after he had presented her with a ring he would not allow her to settle any of the bills.

Danville began to talk about the courtship of the widower and the widow about this time. Mr. Gernand's relatives were worried over the turn matters had taken, and urged him to get most of his property into safer hands than his own. He refused to do it, and the excursions of the devoted pair became more numerous and extended to more distant places. They grew from buggy rides along the country roads to trips to interesting towns at a distance, and at one time they went to Chicago for a vacation, Mrs. Corbett being chaperoned by a friend of hers there.

It went along this way for a long time, and then came the disrupting trip with the Christian Endeavorers. Mr. Gernand announced he thought he would make the journey, and Mrs. Corbett testified that she suggested she would like dreadfully well to make the trip. He saw no reason why she should not make it. The jury heard him say that he objected on the ground that it might not look well, but that his sweetheart begged him on bended knees to give her money for a ticket and a new dress. He finally consented, and she prepared herself for the excursion. Mr. Gernand went with her, but during all the time he insists they were properly chaperoned and with people whom they knew perfectly well.

The man from Indiana appeared during this trip. He was also a Christian Endeavorer excursionist. He fell in with Mrs. Corbett, and Mr. Gernand claimed he was chagrined at the attention she gave the young man over him. He lamented that part of the time he was forced to sit in the back end of the palace car and amuse himself, while Mrs. Corbett was carrying on a flirtation with the man from Indiana. He chided her for it, and she called him an old goose for his jealousy. This did not satisfy him, and after they got back to Danville he called frequently in his effort to prove to himself that he was the one man in favor. He admitted this in the trial.

Mrs. Corbett was not in favor with the relatives of her lover. They imagined that trouble was brewing, and a short time ago the greater part of his possessions was transferred to other names. Mrs. Corbett began insisting to him that he had promised to marry her, and produced the ring on her finger as evidence of the plight and betrothal. Mr. Gernand began to get alarmed, and one evening told her he would not marry the last woman on earth if there were no others ever to be born. He said he had already had enough trouble with women, and he would not wed one "even if she were hung from head to foot with gold." He declared Mrs. Corbett was entirely mistaken in supposing he had taken her seriously.

Mrs. Corbett then began suit for breach of promise. She asked for $75,000 in her bill, placing the damage to her affections at that amount. The suit was started in August, and after it started there was hardly a dollar of the Gernand estate in the veteran lover's name. All the time since then has been filled in with sensational incidents.

Mr. Gernand admitted to the court that he had made an offer of $200 to a police officer in case he would come into Mrs. Corbett's room with a paper accusing her of violating a statute covering a matter of orderliness.

Mrs. Corbett claimed on the stand that Mr. Gernand had agreed to pay her $1,000 if she would go to Denver and start a millinery store. She told him she would not do him such an injustice and there was no reason why she should leave Danville. The police officers told of the offers they had received to do something to cast suspicion on Mrs. Corbett, and Mrs. Corbett's son testified to the visits of Mr. Gernand and of no other people to his mother's apartments.

The jury took but little time for deliberation. On the first ballot all were agreed that the defendant was guilty. The amount of the damages was then voted upon. The highest was $100,000 and the lowest $40,000. The juror who wanted to make the amount $100,000 was asked to drop to $50,000, but he declined to do so. The amount was then placed at $54,333.33.

TRANS-MISSISSIPPI EXPOSITION

Some of the Interesting Features of the Great Show.

(St. Louis Post-Dispatch.)

William Elliott, commissioner to Missouri for the Transmississippi and International Exposition, to be opened in Omaha in June, 1898, has established headquarters on the tenth floor in the Century building.

"The merchants of St. Louis," he said, "know a good thing when they see it, and they will not be backward in securing space at our exposition.

"On all sides I meet with encouragement. The Business Men's League have taken up the matter and manufacturers are readily interested. I have the promise of the members of the Furniture Board of Trade that they will cooperate with me, and a great St. Louis brewery will make an extensive display."

Although the opening is some time off the Administration building is completed and a number of other buildings are in course of construction.

There will be a number of interesting features connected with the great show. One will be a baby incubator, similar to those that have done such great work for infantile humanity in London during the last half dozen years. London parties will have half a dozen of these incubators at the exposition.

The story of the discovery of gold at Cripple Creek and the metamorphosis of a cattle ranch into a great mining camp will be illustrated by a fac-simile mountain town as it really existed in 1892 and 1893. The camp will be reproduced in every detail, populated by men who have spent most of their lives in wide-awake Colorado mining camps. Mining will be carried on as it is seen daily in the Cripple Creek district, and a mill in active operation, with its necessary shafts and adjuncts, will form an attractive feature.

The production will be one that necessitates a thorough knowledge of all the minute particulars and details which go to make a perfect production. No less than fifty-two buildings will be erected, among which may be mentioned a dance hall, hotel, variety theater, general merchandise and drug stores, newspaper office, postoffice, express office, barber shop, meat market, carpenter shop, lodging house, etc. There will not be less than three hundred persons engaged in the production. Old overland stage coaches, mud wagons, trains of burros and pack mules, freight wagons, etc., will be in full swing from early morning until late at night.

It is proposed to construct a lake representing the palm-bordered domain of a wealthy Turk, with an historically correct representation of a Turkish harem on a floating island in the center of the lake. Niagara Falls will be reproduced by the California wine makers, and instead of water, millions of gallons of the juice of the grape will be used in the display.

The timber resources of the state of Washington will be illustrated, and Sherman's umbrella, a mechanical invention, will take passengers 250 feet into the air.

The electric exhibit will reveal many interesting features. Recent discoveries in the field of electricity by Lord Kelvin, the undisputed leader in the field of applied and theoretical electric science, Edison, the "Wizard," Prof. Elihu Thomson, Steinmetz, Trask, Peabody and others will be illustrated. Luther Stieringer of Schenectady, N. Y., who designed the electrical fountains of the Worlds' Fair, has been engaged as consulting electrical engineer of the exposition.

The illumination feature will reveal some magnificent effects, arranged by Mr. Stieringer, whose recent experiments in the illumination of the whirlpool rapids at Niagara Falls, by the aid of powerful searchlights, proved so interesting to the members attending the convention of the Edison Electric Illuminating companies. Mr. Stieringer contemplates further experiments along this line in the night illuminations, principal among which will be an electric garden, showing the various hues and tints of the flowers by means of colored screens and powerful searchlights, and demonstrations with searchlight effects on moving waters.

ENORMOUS PROFITS.

Over $10,000 Made From 325 Acres of a Fruit Farm.

"It is only since the year 1890 that the people of California have shipped their fruit to the New York and Philadelphia markets in any large quantities, but California fruit has found its way into eastern cities more than ever this summer," said a gentleman who is the owner of 10,000 acres of choice fruit land in Tehama county, California, to a Washington Star reporter.

"California fruit has acquired a world-wide reputation on account of its size, fruit farm probably in the world is that of the late ex-Senator Stanford. It contains 35,000 acres, and the grapes raised and wines made there bring in not less than $75,000 a year. Ex-Governor Bidwell has a fruit farm containing 18,000 acres. Some of the cherry trees on this property have been growing for twenty five years and the branches form a circle at least sixty feet in diameter. Not more than a dozen such trees can be profitably grown on an acre of land on account of their immense size and the lack of room. I have seen $174 worth of cherries picked from one of the Bidwell trees, and cases are well authenticated where cherries to the value of $200 and over have been gathered from a single tree on their fruit farms. A full crop of cherries from the Bidwell orchard will bring its owner anywhere from $30,000 to $35,000.

"Just to show you how enormous the profits of fruit farming are, a friend of mine, the cashier of the Fresna National bank, owns 325 acres near Fresno, which he turned into a fruit farm seven years ago. His wife manages the farm while he attends to matters at the bank. Perhaps it is due to his wife's able management, perhaps to the fertility of the soil, but he told me recently that his profits this year from 325 acres would be over $10,000, and he showed me books and figures to substantiate this statement, which I, knowing the fertility of some of the California fruit farms, have not the slightest reason to doubt."

Birds a Check to Insects.

From the Youth's Companion.

In a recent lecture Professor Wilmer Stone of Philadelphia cited many facts to show that birds are nature's great check on the excess of insects, and that they keep the balance between plants and insect life. Ten thousand caterpillars, it has been estimated, could destroy every blade of grass on an acre of cultivated land. In thirty days from the time it is hatched an ordinary caterpillar increases 10,000 times in bulk, and the food it lives and grows on is vegetable. The insect population of a single cherry tree infested with aphides was calculated by a prominent entomologist at no less than 12,000,000! The bird population of cultivated country districts has been estimated at from 700 to 1,000 per square mile. This is small compared with the number of insects, yet as each bird consumes hundreds of insects every day, the latter are prevented from becoming the scourge they would be but for their feathered enemies.

IRELAND'S JOAN OF ARC.

NOW IN THE UNITED STATES ON A LECTURING TOUR.

Her Mission is Not to Make Money but to Awaken in Irish-Americans the Spirit of '98--History of the Irish Patriot.

The Joan of Arc of Ireland put her dainty foot on American soil Saturday. She arrived in New York on the Lucania. A committee from the Irish National Alliance went down the bay to meet her. Miss Gonne is to lecture in this country and made her first appearance in the Grand opera house Sunday evening. William McAdoo, ex-Assistant Secretary of the Navy, presided. Miss Gonne is accompanied by a lady companion and a maid and occupies an elegant suite of rooms at the Waldor hotel.

Very little is known in this country of Miss Gonne's antecedents prior to her coming out as an Irish patriot. It is said that her parents live in Ireland and are rabid tories.

Her mission is to awake in Irish-Americans the spirit of '98—of the great year of the uprising, when Ireland's brave lads went singing to their dungeons or to the scaffold in lightness of heart, eager to cement with their blood the foundations for a new nation.

Miss Gonne is not in the United States on a begging tour or a dollar-seeking lecturing trip. She asks nothing for herself. For Ireland she asks everything. She will meet men and women of kindred faith and play upon them as instruments with the subtlety of intellect, the power of beauty and the strength of earnestness.

For Maud Gonne is a wonderful woman. She is about 30 years old. Her father, Colonel Gonne, was an attache of the British embassy in St. Petersburg for many years, and she was reared in an atmosphere of intense loyalty to Great Britain, as well as in the most cultured society of Europe.

But Maud Gonne had a heart. She was an Irish girl, which is but saying the same thing in different words. Left at 19 an orphan, with an ample fortune, she resolved to devote her life to her country, to the alleviation of misery and the righting of wrong.

How had she known of the misery and the wrong? By instinct and by affection, it would seem. She was reared in the most picturesque part of County Kerry, the Gap of Dunloe. As a child she heard in all the countryside tales of O'Connell, the Liberator, of the rebels and the redcoats and the great, terrible years of the war.

Then came travel and years of residence abroad, which made of the warm-hearted Kerry girl a cultured woman, gifted in languages, the while she was growing into noble beauty.

When she returned to Ireland in the early 80s she saw the sight which called back to her like a flash all her childhood's passion for the poor people of her own land, and she fixed her firm resolution, in which she has never faltered, to serve her people during her life.

She saw the McGrath eviction on Lord Bantry's estate—Irish-Americans know what that means!

McGrath, his wife and sister and four daughters lived on a tiny holding. In the re-letting of the lease a "land shark" overbid McGrath by $300. The very improvements which McGrath had made in his industry were thus made the means of ousting him from his home. For he refused to pay the advance, and the soldiers and constables came to break his resolution with the weapons and by the tactics of the "crowbar brigade."

For six days McGrath and his family held their home against assault with well-flung bits of turf and with boiling water. It was not the object of the invaders to give the house over to others to live in; no, it was to turn farm into pasture and tear down the house—a process that has robbed Ireland of half its people in half a century.

Well, the McGraths had to go, turned adrift in the world. Then McGrath went back and was put into jail. Mrs. McGrath next took possession and was arrested and sent to jail. Then the sister, then the four daughters in turn sought to shelter themselves in what had been their home, and all were sent to prison. And the world rang with the story. For of all the seven each went to the cell with the firm determination to go back again to the old home and live there in despite of bailiff and crowbars. For where could they live?

Lord Bantry determined to forestall that. His minions tore down the cabin. So when poor McGrath emerged from prison there was no roof to shelter him.

He owned a fishing boat. With the help of willing neighbors the boat was hauled up on the farm and keeled over. The sails were spread so as to make a roof, and there McGrath and his children lived, while all Ireland sang the praise of their resolution.

But prison life had told on McGrath. He had been discharged suffering from pneumonia, and three weeks after his freedom was granted he was gone beyond the reach of rack-renting landlords. He was "waked" under the old fishing boat. He is remembered in every part of the world where Irishmen live.

Miss Gonne saw McGrath's dead face, wet with the October rain-storm, his grief-stricken family about him.

"I will do something for Ireland," cried Miss Gonne, and after a dangerous illness, the direct result of her shock at the sight, she sought means to put her resolution into practice.

Strange as it may seem in the light of later events, Parnell, Davitt, O'Leary and others looked at first with suspicion upon the beautiful girl because of her aristocratic birth and Unionist relatives.

But she disarmed them. She worked among the evicted tenants, preaching to them home rule—though this she considered a half-way measure—while she relieved their necessities. In this arduous work her health gave way again, but it was interrupted by the issue of a warrant for her arrest. She fled to France.

She made the Irish question in France. Before her advent it had not existed. Now it ranks with the Egyptian question, the fisheries question, the Eastern question.

She can visit England again now. Salisbury and Balfour have concluded that it is more dangerous to war upon a woman than to let her have her way. She has visited the Irish political prisoners in their dungeons in Chatham, Portland and Dartmoor. She has established in Paris and now edits a newspaper, L'Irlande Libre, in which are printed contributions from the ablest thinkers in Europe, urging justice for Erin. She has been hissed by costermongers in the East End slums of London, jeered at by navvies and button-workers in Birmingham, mobbed by silk-winders in Coventry, and almost murdered by the cotton-quillers of Manchester, but her Irish-English heart is still true to the object she set out to achieve.

LIVES IN A TENT.

A Story of Poverty, Dirt and Desolation in St. Louis.

In a ragged tent in a fashionable residence section of the West End, says the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, in poverty and squalor, lives Mrs. Mary Churchill Garner, a widow with a mysterious past.

The sides of the tent are partially enclosed by odd pieces of lumber patched with strips of tin. There is but one room, seven by ten feet, and the ceiling is only six feet high. The chimney is a piece of clay tiling. The floor is bare earth, beaten firm by many footfalls and baked by the fires of eight consecutive winters. There is one door, but no windows. Ventilation is an unknown quantity. The tent is fenced in by boards and sticks driven in the ground. At one end of the enclosure is a pile of wood. Near by is a small chicken house, and still further away a goat pen three and one-half feet high and six feet long, roofed with tin. On the door is a padlock. In this moldy den sleeps a young man, a boarder. Mrs. Garner calls it her "spare bedroom." Her rental amounts to 50 cents a month.

A similar shed near by serves the triple purpose of coal shed, rag receptacle and dog house.

About the place there is a look of the most abject poverty. In thus humble habitation two children were born to Mrs. Garner. One of them, a girl, is 8 years old; the other, 6.

Besides them she has a son, who loafs around the premises when he gets tired of staying elsewhere. He is 21 years old. His mother is 40.

This strange family is the embodiment of poverty, dirt and desolation. Within a few yards of wealth, comfort and luxury they live as destitute and lonely as if in a wilderness or on a desert island.

The children have no playmates; the mother no friends.

The little ones never venture beyond the confines of the yard, except to pick up kindling, rags or scraps of garbage to replenish the family larder.

Garbage? Yes, garbage. Half-decayed vegetables, pieces of pie not wholly watersoaked, and scraps of meat which still retain their flavor—anything by any means edible. To such depths of poverty, to such shiftlessness and swinishness can human beings descend.

When visited by a stranger the children danced about in great glee. The elder one brought out an old red dress, torn and tattered, and displayed it with juvenile pride. When the visitor departed she climbed to the top of the chicken house and shaded her eye with her little hand and watched the stranger until out of sight.

But what of this strange woman? She was born in Randolph county, Missouri, of wealthy parents, she says, and that is about all she seems to know. When she was one year old her parents died, and she was taken by a man who told her, when she was old enough to understand, that he was her brother-in-law. His name was Wood. She asked him to tell her more of her history, but he would not. Mrs. Garner believes he was a gypsy and that she was stolen away from home. Anyway, he took her to Arkansas, where they camped until she was nearly grown. Then they moved to Mississipi, to Ohio and later to Indiana.

In her girlhood Miss Wood, as she was then called, met Mr. Garner, a young farmer, and they moved to Central Illinois, where they rented a small farm and lived in comfort.

Twelve years ago they decided to seek their fortune in California. They started in a covered moving wagon and reached St. Louis. They never got a step further. Both were sick, and they camped about from place to place, wherever they could find a vacant lot. Then they camped on Forest Park boulevard, west of Vandeventer avenue, and erected the tent which is still standing. There the two younger children were born. Mr. Garner died. Mrs. Garner has been camping ever since.

Pride and ambition did not linger long after prosperity had deserted the poor woman, and today she is satisfied with her lot and has no desire for a change.

"I like a rough life," she declares. "I am no worse off that lots of other folks. I don't want anything better. This is my home, all I have, and it is paid for.

"I guess folks think this is an awful way to live, and my house must look awful to them. But I was raised out of doors and I like it.

"The neighbors send me old clothes and things to eat, and I pick up lots of stuff. I raise chickens and sell the young ones to rich people for 30 cents apiece. I also sell eggs, and the money I get this way keeps me and the children. We never get cold in the winter, because the room is small and I always have plenty of wood."

The room contains a rusty looking bedstead, a tick full of feathers, a cooking stove and three chairs. That is all. The interior is almost as dark as a dungeon, even in the daytime.

The number of the tent, as indicated by a rude sign on the fence, is 3965 Forest Park boulevard. "Mary Churchill Garner, 3965 Forest Park boulevard." How would that sound in the Blue Book? But the compilers of that azure-backed volume never heard of Mrs. Garner. Yet she is a householder.

How about the boarder? He claims to be an adopted son of Mrs. Garner, but in reality he is Harry Miller, and his father is a jeweler on Chouteau avenue. Three years ago, it is said, he was disowned by his father. Now he is sleeping in a goat pen. Every night he gets down on his hands and knees and crawls into his mildewed dungeon like a mangy dog whipped into his kennel. Though raised in comfort and refinement and given a good education, at the age of 25 he has fallen to such a depth of degradation. For the privilege of a roof and an earthen bed he pays 50 cents a month. He makes a living as best he may. All week he is ragged and dirty, but on Sundays he emerges from these strange quarters clad in a neat black suit and wearing a shining silk hat. His conduct is a mystery which the fashionable residents of Forest Park boulevard are unable to fathom.

Mrs. Garner receives letters occasionally, but the relation they bear to her life she will not explain. She once engaged a lawyer to look up her family record and locate her relatives, but his efforts amounted to nothing. Then, after the death of her husband, she settled down to a level of poverty, above which she never expects to rise.

A silk quilt and a flock of pigeons are the pride of her life. The pigeons she bought "because they were so pretty." The quilt she made herself out of scraps of silk gathered at different times during several years by herself and the children, and her boast is that it is pure silk and of her own design.

About the woman there seems to be nothing vicious. She is simply commonplace. Whatever her parentage may have been, it has been of no benefit to her, from a social or intellectual standpoint. Her speech is illiterate, her features unrefined and her ideas crude. Pride and ambition, lowly in her as they must have been, are dead. She has no hope of improving her condition, and seemingly no desire. The world goes on. She is stationary. She is like an animal that hibernates through the long winter. She is of the earth, earthy. She has no place in a century of progress.

A REAL INDIAN ACTRESS.

The Only Indian Actress in the World to Star America.

Miss Go-Won-Go Mohawk, who has just returned from England, where she has been for the past six years, enjoys the distinction of being the only Indian actress in the world.

Miss Mohawk is not only a real red Indian, and a descendant of the famous chief Red Jacket, but she is what may be termed an aristocratic Indian, for she belongs to the Six Nations, which means to the American Indian what belonging to the peerage means to an Englishman.

But Miss Mohawk's claims to consideration do not depend entirely upon her blood or her nationality. She is a very remarkable woman in more senses than one. She would be a notable figure in any class of any race, however highly cultured or civilized the race may be, for she has the mental acumen, the quick perception and all the other qualities which go to make up the highly intellectual order of being so much in demand in the front ranks of today. In addition to her rather extraordinary intelligence, Miss Mohawk has rare magnetic qualities, which place her head and shoulder above any other woman on the stage in this respect. In fact, her personality is so striking that when on the stage she dominates everything and everybody else in sight.

Miss Mohawk was born at Gowanda, Cattaraugus Reservation, New York. She is the daughter of Chief Ga-ne-gau, who was known to Americans as Doctor Allan Mohawk. After laying the foundation for her splendid physique by rowing, riding, running and hunting, and in all of these sports she excelled, Miss Mohawk entered a ladies' seminary at Painesville, O., from which she graduated with honors a few years later.

After leaving school Miss Mohawk decided to go upon the stage professionally. She looked about for a time, and not finding a play just suited to her peculiar powers and temperament, she decided to write her own play, and the result is a clever story of western frontier life, very dramatic and very exciting, but very natural and true to the times and conditions of life with which the writer deals. It is called "Wep-ton-no-mah, the Indian Mail Carrier." Miss Mohawk impersonates the male hero, and her acting is so realistic at times that her sex is often doubted. Six years ago, with the play and a company of her own, Miss Mohawk went to London, expecting to remain a year. After playing at a suburban theater for a few weeks she began touring the provinces, and with such success that she remained in England six years, instead of one as she had planned.

Miss Mohawk is her own business manager and her own stage manager. She designs all her own scenery and furnishes sketches for all her pictorial printing. Her physical strength is very remarkable. She is able to throw the ordinary man clean over her head with the greatest possible ease. She is an excellent shot, a good fencer, an able archer, and an expert horsewoman, and very skilled in the use of the lariat. She captures and trains with her own hands the wild Indian ponies, and she owns some magnificent specimens of horseflesh. Nor is this woman lacking in any of the feminine graces or accomplishments. She speaks French and German, sings well and has the finished manners of the woman of the world. She also makes all her own costumes, both for stage and ordinary wear.

Miss Mohawk sailed from England September 7, and opened at the People's theater, Philadelphia, October 11. She will not be seen in New York until some time next March.

X-RAY'S DANGEROUS EFFECTS.

It Is Yet a Mysterious Force to the Best of Electricians.

It is not safe to fool with the X-ray, any more than it is with a buzz-saw. Harmless enough in appearance and interesting as a scientific phenomenon, yet its effect upon the human body exposed to it for a great length of time would, in the end, probably prove deadly. Such is the testimony of Edward Bayliss, manager of an X-ray exhibit, who has exposed his body to a powerful ray daily in the course of his business. Bayliss' assistant, Giles Martin, is in bed, suffering from nervous prostration, as the result of repeated exposure to the ray.

Mr. Bayliss, in answer to a reporter's question as to how it feels to be X-rayed, said:

"I can't explain the sensation. A peculiar warmth penetrates my body; yet it is hardly a warmth, for I am cold afterward. There seems to be a quick vibration of the molecules of my body. My theory is that they are being disintegrated. It is as if myriads of infinitesimal battering rams were at work in the system, tearing its atoms asunder.

"Look at my hands. Are they not as brown as a farmer's who has passed the summer in the harvest field? Yet three months ago they were as white as those of any man who does indoor work; in fact, whiter than the majority, for my skin is very fair."

The hands were brown, a nut brown. The appearance was more like tanned leather than skin which had been turned by the sun's rays. The touch also was as leather. Around the second finger of the left hand a bandage was wound.

"What's that—a cut?" was asked.

"No, it's a sore. Several physicians have looked at it and they cannot tell me its nature. My theory is that the X-ray has destroyed the small veins and the sore is caused by blood not flowing freely and the finger not having nourishment. As for the tanned skin on my hands, I believe the tissue has been destroyed. The hands are like leaves on a tree after the frost of autumn has nipped them."

"What effect has the X-ray on your heart?"

"Neither can I describe that," was the reply. "My heart seems to flutter and I feel slightly oppressed. I shall not make that experiment again, for I am convinced that it is dangerous."

"Is your skin brown in other places?"

"Yes; small spots of this dead shade have appeared in places on my back and my arm."

"What do you think in a general way of the X-ray?"

"I don't know what to think, and I am a skilled electrician. It is a mysterious force, and perhaps it is for the detriment of mankind that it has been unchained. No one understands it, and no one pretends to understand it."

"With your experience how long do you think it safe to stand before the fluoroscope?"

"I suppose from thirty seconds to a minute."

Often, Mr. Bayliss said, the exposure to the rays causes him to feel sick and his face to turn pale and thick beads of perspiration to appear on his forehead.

The new steamer Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, is evidently a good deal of a ship, and, judging from her first run across the Atlantic, is likely to break the record repeatedly. It would not be easy to sink her, as she has eighteen separate watertight compartments. In her hold could be stowed a sky-scraper weighing 25,000,000 pounds, with plenty of room left. Placed on end, she would overtop the tallest building in New York by more than 300 feet. It would take sixty railway trains of twenty cars each to fill the space provided for freight.

IN LOVE WITH HIS SOVEREIGN

Story of Charles Dickens' Romantic Love For the Young Queen.

Once there was a singing bird, and it lived in a cage and sang so sweetly that all the world listened and cried: "O, sing again!" And when the bird had sung a new strain the world would cry: "Again!" and "Again!"

But those who listened knew why the bird's song was so sweet. Away above it's cage there hung, month after month, a beautiful star that the singing bird loved with all the passion of its warm, quick-beating heart. Nightly, when no one saw it, it beat its wings against the cruel bars that it might escape and fly away, away up to that star. And daily it sang, and there was a melting pathos in the strain because the singer had suffered.

But the bird knew—ah, how well it knew—that it could never escape; that its eager wings could never compass the long, weary way that lay between it and the shining one it loved.

And the star never knew.

This in paraphrase is the story of the most remarkable episode in the recent history of English letters.

It is the story of Charles Dickens' romantic personal love for the young queen of Great Britain; not as his sovereign, but from his impulsive heart.

It was the desire of the moth for the star.

It is notable that Dickens had never seen the Princess Victoria in the strict seclusion which was her life before her coronation, when she studied her lessons and scrawled her childish drawings in the quiet of Kensington, as unvexed by the roar and clatter of the great town to the eastward as if it did not exist, as ignorant of the destiny that awaited her as was all the rest of the world.

The unexpected happened as always, and in 1837 the young princess was crowned queen of Great Britain amid a wave of popular enthusiasm which could not have been equaled if the new sovereign had been any one but a young girl, confiding and winsome and with the appeal of apparent helplessness.

Dickens was then 25 years old, and had recently been married—April 2, 1836—to Catherine Hogarth, the daughter of his friend and associate in the management of the Morning Chronicle. There is no doubt whatever that his domestic life was happy from the first.

The strange desire that came into his life was so wildly impossible of fulfillment, so blankly ridiculous, that it never affected his daily life except by making sadder and sweeter the peculiar strain of his genius. It never embittered him or reacted upon his family.

For Dickens fell in love with his queen.

The fancy grew upon him gradually. Her pictures—the pictures of the slim young girl in her robes of state, whose youth and beauty appealed to men hearts as her crown did to their loyalty —were everywhere. When she rode abroad, the world, which was a far smaller world then than now, ran to see her, to cheer, to admire, to bless.

Dickens, as a newspaper reporter and a writer of popular sketches, went everywhere, and, from a respectful English distance, saw the notables of his time, the queen among them, play the great game of state. From her pictures he grew first to love her, and then he sought to be everywhere where she could be seen.

Mr. Richard Harding Davis, in "The Princess Aline," has outlined a somewhat similar situation.

His hero, in whom Mr. Davis' own personality is but thinly disguised, saw the princess' portrait in an illustrated paper and crossed the sea to look upon her from afar.

But Mr. Davis' tale is presumably fiction. This of Charles Dickens is the pathetic truth, for more than half a century concealed from the world.

It was not long before Dickens used to wander in the afternoon about Constitution hill and the western parts of the city where the queen's carriage might be expected to pass. And from the sight of her serene girlish face and her slender form bolt upright in the big carriage he would go home, tantalized and racked by hopeless longing, to cover scraps of paper with endearing words and tear them carefully to bits.

Sometimes he would unbosom himself to one of his friends in a disjointed phrase of feeling, or would half unconsciously give a hint to them of his sentimental frenzy in the endearing way in which he would describe the queen as he had seen her during the day.

His friends kept his secret well. No hint of it ever reached the world during his life, even in after years, when he had outgrown his folly and had become famous enough for less successful men to hate.

No one now living knows how long he cherished the feeling. No one knows when the singing bird ceased to be troubled by the vision of the star. No one knows how long it survived the queen's marriage and the rapid appearance of her interesting family. That it deepened and strengthened the sympathy which made him what he was can not be doubted.

It was in the period when his hopeless passion was at its height, when the popular young novelist was sighing like a furnace over the portrait of his queen and haunting the drives of the West End where her carriage might be expected to pass, that he was writing probably the most pathetic and winsome of all his creations—less finished in its art, perhaps, than later works, but full of human sentiment—the story of Little Nell and the Old Curiosity Shop.

This was the period, also, of "Oliver Twist"—the period when he was burning his candle of life at both ends, as it were, plunging into editorial work, writing, planning, contriving, working as he never had worked before.

Perhaps he sought to drown his sorrow in work, as other men have done. It was the best specific at his command, and it served him as it had served others.

Of the Dickens of those days his friend and biographer, Forster, has left a picture more flattering than that of Willis —a man "dressed very much as he has described Dick Swiveller, minus the swell look," as the American described him.

"There was that in the face as I first recollect it," says Forster, "which no time could change, and which remained implanted on it unutterably to the last. This was the quickness, keenness and practical power, the eager, restless, energetic outlook on each several feature, that seemed to tell so little of a student or writer of books and so much of a man of action and business in the world. Light and motion flashed from every part of it."

In these words might one describe the singing bird, with its quick, passionate, impulsive movements and its eye of fire.

It would be interesting to know whether Queen Victoria ever knew until the present year of the romantic attachment to her person of one of the chief writers who won fame during her reign.

Certainly no lady, however highborn, ever had a more handsome or dashing lover, or one with a kinder heart or a more liberal infusion of the fire of genius.

As one sees him in the painting by Maclise, with his wide, rolling collar, his ruffled shirt and strapped trousers, with his rapt, keen face framed in its waving locks, he seems a king among lovers, as the one he loved in vain was in station a queen.