EARL OF ESSEX SELLS HOME

Hard Pressed, Swallows Pride and Lets Place Go.

ONCE A RETREAT OF ROYALTY

Charles I and Charles II Held Forth There and Nell Gwyn Had a Boudoir in the Famous House.

LONDON, Sept. 12.—(Special.)—Rarely in the history of famous English estates have such evil days fallen upon a great property as those which have overtaken Cashiobury, the seat of the earl of Essex. It is being sold in lots for building purposes and cheap villas will shortly be erected upon it. The mansion of Cashiobury itself is still in the possession of Lord and Lady Essex. The countess, who was Miss Adela Grant of New York, a beautiful woman, was before her marriage with Lord Essex engaged to another British nobleman. For years she was in that exclusive coterie, the king's immediate set and used to be invited everywhere to meet him. Of late, however, she has practically given up the smart world and has been Lord Essex's right hand in sustaining him through the severe trial of parting with his birthright. For some time past Lady Essex and the children have been residing in a small house on the estate, the mansion itself being let. Lady Essex used to be prouder of Cashiobury than the earl. Almost every room in the house is associated with some romance. "Nell of Old Drury," showed she had some appreciation of beautiful scenery, when she selected the Oriel room for her boudoir during her occasional visits to Cashiobury. Charles I and Charles II. both had a high appreciation of the charms of Cashiobury. It was the latter who built the picturesque outside staircase down to the lake. This, in later years was removed, as it furnished such infinite possibilities for an enterprising burglar. The place has been in the possession of the Essex family since the end of the reign of Charles II.

Wards Back in London.

The Wards have arrived back in London after a good long honeymoon in the wilds of Ireland. The American girl and her husband have set a record in this respect and I look to see longer honeymoon become the fashion among the smart set, thanks to their example. The "Hon. Johnny" and his demure little mate have been away for more than six weeks.

I met them coming out of Dorchester house the other morning, the embassy being their headquarters until they take up their abode at the earl and countess of Dudley's town residence, 7 Carlton Gardens, about the middle of September. They are, however, booked for a series of country house visits in England and Scotland.

Mrs. Ward is having all her private belongings, including her wedding presents, packed and forwarded to 7, Carlton Gardens. These have been stored away at the embassy since her marriage. She is looking for a country place which, I hear, will be presented to her by her mother as a wedding gift in lieu of a London house which was the original idea. Mrs. Ward decided that she would prefer a place of her own in the country. She was greatly "taken" with the Irish jaunting cars and purchased one in Dublin. It is upholstered in drab and is very jaunty indeed.

Rich Americans in Scotland.

Scotland this season is overrun by Americans. "Not content with having taken possession of Paris and London, rich Americans now want to buy all the ancestral seats and the best moors in the north." So said the duke of Fife, the richest man north of the Tweed and the son-in-law of King Edward. Fife is prouder of his clan than of having married a sovereign's daughter. His indignation thus may be imagined when Morgan Plant, the owner of the yacht which made such a sensation at Cowes this year, made advances for the purchase of new Mar Lodge. It would appear that Mr. Plant is determined by hook or crook to get hold of an ancestral home in Scotland. This is not an easy matter. In a fit of determined desperation to achieve his object he bid a fancy price for the home of the Fifes. As a matter of fact, he would have had far more chance of buying Balmoral castle.

Scotch Seldom Sell.

It is always difficult to purchase outright a castle or mansion in Scotland. Even the Scotch aristocracy are true to the instincts of their race. Thrifty, cautious and careful, they are never like their English neighbors—hard up. They are willing enough to let their houses, but to sell them is another story. Most of them would rather die than allow them to pass out of the family. How often the Bradley-Martins have tried to buy Balmaacan would be hard to estimate. The fancy prices Mrs. David Beatty, daughter of the late Marshall Field, has offered for Invercauld is a matter of history. Mrs. James Henry Smith, it is well known, would like to make Castle Newe her own, but all her millions can't buy it.

Edinburgh Full of Yankees.

So full of Americans—many of whom are tourists—is Prince's street, Edinburgh, just now, that a well known American woman told me she could easily imagine herself back in the United States, so ubiquitous is the American accent. In the shops it is the wardrobe of the American woman which is first considered. The tailor made gowns and wraps likely to appeal to her taste are those which are most conspicuously displayed, and American confectionery and American drinks can this year be obtained in half a dozen places in the capital of the north.

Mrs. Drexel the Thing.

It was the universal opinion that Mrs. John Drexel was the smartest woman at Aix this season. Her gowns and her hats expressed the last word in Parisian chic and she set the fashions as easily as other women set their hats at the proper angle. For all this her frocks for ordinary occasions were of the simplest design—exquisite things of "broidery Anglaise" or of muslin worked by Breton peasantry. It was only when she went to breakfast or to dine with the king of Greece or other high born friends that she wore the gowns which made the grand duchesses sit up and take notes.

Mr. and Mrs. John Drexel went to the tables a good deal, but both always played with caution and retired immediately if they developed a losing streak. They were frequently unrecognized and one very good authority tells me that Mrs. John Drexel won 5,000 francs one night—a coup which for a few days was the talk of the place. The Drexels are now motoring in France. They have a magnificent touring car for their private use, possessing every modern luxury, including electric light and an electric stove, which at a pinch can cook a meal. A pair of revolvers are always in readiness should necessity for their use arise.

Nihilists Spoil Pleasure.

At Contrexeville, where Lord and Lady Bateman were staying for a short time during August, the latter saw a great deal of the Russian Grand Duchess Vladmir, who has a great weakness for Americans. They were constantly motoring about the town together and were to be seen tete a tete at places of amusement. The Vladmirs are among the Russian nobles who are singled out for the animosity of the nihilists. Lady Bateman received several anonymous letters during her stay at Contrexeville advising her to give up the company of the grand duchess. This was a most difficult thing to do, as her imperial highness went out of her way to pay court to her American friend. Eventually the Batemans got out of the difficulty by leaving Contrexeville at the shortest notice. They were tactful enough, however, not to let the Russian princess know that her presence had anything to do with their flight, though I hear Lady Bateman did advise her friend to the effect that she had reason to know the grand duchess would do well to be "most careful."

LADY MARY.

BRINGS THEATER TO SICK BED

London Society Entertainer Hires Out to Convalescent Patients and Makes Them Forget Troubles.

LONDON, Sept. 12.—(Special.)—The beneficial effects of a visit to the theater by a convalescent patient can now be had by Londoners without stirring from their bed or couch. George Silwill, a well-known society entertainer, has, after months of practice, cultivated a most soothing bedside manner, and for a substantial fee will while away the weary hours for those compelled to stay indoors.

This issue of consoling the convalescent is a new one and all Mr. Silwill's own. Although he has not been in the business long, he really is so popular and in such demand that his affairs are in the hands of an agent, and should you want his attendance you must make your engagements some time ahead. There is no secret as to the methods employed. Silwill's list of accomplishments is so extensive that they defy competition on any extended scale. He is an elocutionist of rare power. He is an expert in reading the human countenance, although I hardly need to tell you that he doesn't always tell his patients all that he reads there. What he doesn't know about Shakespeare, Dickens, Virgil, Homer and every other author of note isn't worth knowing or wouldn't be of any interest to his customers.

One of the best elements of this innovation is that you can hire Mr. Silwill on trial, and should he not prove to your liking, return him with thanks and no hard feelings. In order to introduce himself to the public he has published a little pamphlet that sets forth the benefits to be derived from taking a bottle of "Silwill, undiluted." I append a short extract:

Mr. George Silwill undertakes to greatly relieve the monotony of convalescence without the aid of mechanical or artificial means. Into the dreary sameness of the sick room, Mr. George Silwill can bring kaleidoscopic mind pictures, which not only engage and arrest the attention of its occupant at the time, but remain impressed upon the hearer's memory and imagination afterwards.

In cases of insomnia, from pain or other causes, and in cases of acute depression, Mr. George Silwill can and does soothe and brighten the weary hours of the sick chamber; in point of fact, takes the patient away from his or her surroundings as much as it is possible to do so.

COMSTOCK WANTED AT OSTEND

Some Watchdog of Public Morals Will Find His Work Cut Out for Him on the Bench.

OSTEND, Sept. 12.—(Special.)—Although the ban upon gambling has made this town a sad and dreary place in many respects it still possesses much of its one-time glory in another direction. The bathing girl is still to be found here as nowhere else in the world over. With that single-eyed righteousness which is so typical of continental countries, the reformers who framed the anti-gambling law with an especial eye towards the moral salvation of Ostend, completely overlooked the scantily-clad maidens, who throng the beach and bring joy to the hearts of the amateur snapshotter.

To American eyes, used as they are to skirts and ruffles on their women's bathing suits, the daring costumes of the mermaids of the Belgian resort seem to call for a hurry-up visit of Anthony Comstock. To the continental, with his constant perusal of the various weekly magazine of so-called wit and humor, which make a speciality of the nude in art, the lack of reserve of his female companions seems in the natural order of things.

Certainly, the majority of the costumes of the fair sex to be seen any morning these days here would not only create a riot if worn by a woman in the United States, but would not be permitted by the police there even if worn by a man. Many of them are single piece affairs that fit the form like the tightest glove that ever woman donned and the great majority of them could be carried away in one's pocket without any great overcrowding. Sleeveless, low-necked and well-nigh legless, many of them out-do La Milo—she of the theater, not of the Louvre—in the flouting of public taste.

There was a time, of course, not so very long ago, when mixed bathing was unknown on this side of the Atlantic. Society really never bathed in public, while the general rule throughout all classes was for bathers of the feminine and masculine sex to keep as much of the foreshore between them as possible. Ostend along with the majority of the other popular resorts, has outgrown such ideas and has traveled considerably further in the opposite direction than we ever dared or wished to in the United States. There is a free and easy air about the bathers here that permeates all grades of society and contributes to the gaiety of the sport. Everybody feels privileged to talk to anyone else, male or female, and there is a degree of familiarity undreamt of at even so democratic and cosmopolitan a place as Coney Island in the United States.

LEADER OF "HUNGER MARCH"

Scotchman Who Gave Up Wealth for Sake of an Idea.

PROTEST AGAINST SOCIETY

Land for the Landless and Employment for the Idle, with Incidental Food for the Hungry, is His Aim.

LONDON, Sept. 13.—(Special.)—Alexander Stewart Gray, leader of the "Hunger Marchers," who are attracting so much attention in England just now, was until recently one of the most prominent and successful lawyers in Edinburgh. In order to identify himself with this new movement—which is organized for the purpose of calling public attention to the unemployed problem, especially in its bearing on the land question—he abandoned a fortune of nearly $250,000.

Clad in rough garments, a slouch hat and sometimes barefooted, Stewart Gray is tramping about the country at the head of a body of men, like a modern Peter the Hermit, preaching a new crusade. Not long ago the "Hunger Marchers," led by him, walked from Manchester to London, a distance of 187 miles, to present a petition to King Edward. In London they were invited to St. Paul's Cathedral, where Archdeacon Sinclair delivered a sermon championing their cause and collected $200 to provide them with food and shelter. Rev. R. J. Campbell of the City Temple also "entertained" them in a similar way. Recently they "invaded" Canterbury cathedral and created a sensation by demanding that a sermon on unemployment and the land question should be preached.

The personality of Stewart Gray is striking. Tall, gaunt, ascetic, with long hair and deep-set eyes, clad in workmen's clothes and often wearing knickerbockers with no stockings, with a great "sombrero" pulled down over his eyes, he looks like the typical "social reformer" depicted on the stage. Seated in his dingy little office in Fetter Lane—the headquarters of the "Hunger Marchers"—he told me the story of his life.

Story of His Life.

"I was born in East Lothian, Scotland, in 1862," he said, leaning back in a rickety chair and smoking a cigarette, "and had every advantage of a good education, except that, as my father was more or less independent, I was brought up to entertain a mistaken notion of the dignity of labor. My mother was a woman of great culture, a remarkable musician, and is said to have been descended from an early Scottish king. One of my uncles was physician to the late Queen Victoria.

"I was sent to one of the best private schools in England—a place where, as part of your education, they bring you up to have an utter contempt for manual work. I had a natural instinct for farming, but my people took good care to suppress these yearnings and when I left school I was sent straight away to study law. I eventually entered the office of a prominent Edinburgh counsel. This office was connected with the highest people in the country and in time I made the acquaintance of the most aristocratic 'set' in Scotland. I became a typical society man and moved in the atmosphere of royalty, even coming in contact with the duke of Fife. Eventually I became the trustee of a very large estate in connection with the heirs of the duke of Fife and had the management of their vast landed holdings.

"Society" Loses Its Savor.

"It was about this time that, in traveling about Scotland, managing various estates and buying and speculating in landed property, that I came in contact with some of my father's people, who belonged to what would be called the peasant proprietary class. Though these people were in a far humbler state of life than those among whom I moved, I soon learned that they were worth more than all the educated "society" people and rich people put together. In the humble homesteads of Caithness, I found the highest standards of virtue, and, besides, the people possessed very fine ideals of citizenship and humanity. In the poorest cottages I often came across photographs and mementoes of famous scientists, explorers, writers, artists and people of that kind. I began to realize the emptiness and vapidity of the sort of life I was leading, and, indeed, of the life that is led generally by the so-called 'upper classes.'

"Though practising as a lawyer at this time, I always tried to act as a man; and by attempting to perform this dual duty, I lost my respect for the law and lawyers generally, while my admiration for men, as men, increased. Naturally, my business deals brought me in contact with a large number of people, who were not men in any sense of the term. Especially in the commercial classes, I found meanness and unscrupulousness, and my soul often burned with shame at the transactions I came across. Just at this time—the psychological moment, it might be called—I came in contact with the works of Tolstoy and Henry George and I chanced to meet Prince Peter Kropotkin. By thinking over the new problems which these great thinkers brought to my mind, I formed a plan for severing my connection with all that class of society and "all its works" in which I had been engaged.

Land for the People.

"When I took the resolve to 'quit the game,' I gave all my property into the hands of a friend, and then left the whole business. I should say the property abandoned was worth about $250,000. I decided then to devote my life to trying to obtain some of the land for the people. There are vast tracts of land in England which are not under cultivation at all, and, besides this, upwards of 100,000 acres a year go out of cultivation for sporting purposes, that is, for shooting and fishing and for deer parks, made by the wealthy and landed classes. With nearly a million unemployed men walking about, and these bare acres of England waiting to be tilled, it seems a crime to me that this idle land should not be linked to idle labor. The people of England have a birthright in their own soil, and that is why in my speeches and pamphlets, I refer to them as the 'born-robbed.' They have no right to live, and if the landed classes in England choose to turn them all out tomorrow, they would have perfect legal power to do so. With my knowledge of farming and my experience on the land, I am quite convinced that I would soon be able to teach every man under my charge to make his own living on the land.

Aim of the Hunger March.

"My main idea in the hunger march is this: If we can get, say 10,000 men, marching about the country and agitating, we are sure to make an impression on the authorities in time. The people themselves will have a species of grand holiday at the best season of the year. We our taking our men to all the 'swell' seaside resorts, such as Hastings, Bexhill, Brighton and elsewhere, and the process of education is going on. Wherever we go, we find the public sympathetic; though, of course, the police and the authorities are generally opposed. In London, several prominent persons have already come to speak from our platform, and we think the plan we have adopted of giving the workless men and women a grand national holiday at the public expense a very effective way of calling attention to the unemployed problem.

"One million men and women in England, at least, are unemployed. These include many of the vigorous and most capable workmen the world has ever seen. Vast tracts of fertile land lie idle. England's cultivated area is the only one in the world that has decreased during the last twenty-five years. Its land and climate and markets are the world's best. It is madness on the part of those who value money to neglect these considerations. The unemployed are costing us for maintenance in prisons and workhouses, by public and private charity and reforming agencies, and by a loss of potential productive power on the land, not less than $500,000,000 a year. The hunger marchers seek to abolish all these costly institutions."

TWO WEDDING, TWO CENTURIES

Unique Record of St. Peter's, Vere Street, Where Pews Are in Great Demand.

LONDON, Sept. 12.—(Special.)—Two marriages only in two centuries is a record of which possibly but one church in the world can boast. That church is St. Peter's Vere street. And yet St. Peter's is one of the most fashionable churches of London. The reason of its record is curious. The church is not licensed for marriages.

Four years ago in the little church, with the aid of a special license and a special proclamation and dispensation, the archbishop of Canterbury, primate of all England, assisted by a distinguished gathering of clergy married his chaplain, Rev. Mr. McMillan to Miss Maurice, granddaughter of the late Rev. Charles Maurice, and daughter of General Maurice. In the middle Victorian period Dr. Maurice was the incumbent of the church. He soon became celebrated as the most eloquent and powerful preacher in the Church of England, and brought St. Peter's from the unknown ranks of a chapel of ease to its present status of a famous and fashionable church. The only other marriage celebrated in the church was that of Lord Selborne's daughter to Colonel Lord Digby of the Coldstream Guards. This was some years ago and King Edward was among the guests. But for the fact that the bride was daughter of England's lord chancellor, it is doubtful whether the special authorization needed for the ceremony would have been issued. In the McMillan-Maurice wedding the fact that the bridegroom was chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury made it easier to grant the bride's request that she might be married in her grandfather's old church. The fees for the special license and special authorization amounted to $250.

St. Peter's was built two centuries ago by the earl of Oxford as a domestic chapel to his big mansion on what were then the outskirts of London. About a century age, when the earldom became extinct, the chapel became the property of the crown and has remainded so ever since. For years it was used as a chapel of ease and has never had a parish attached to it. The government finally charged pew rents, in Dr. Maurice's time, for the church was crowded to the doors twice every Sunday. When Dr. Maurice died Canon Page-Roberts of Canterbury, another of England's most famous preachers, succeeded him and is still in charge. Canon Page-Roberts comes to London only during the social season and during the other months of the year his curate conducts the services, and distinguished preachers from all parts visit there. The late Bishop Potter of New York has been heard there.

The exterior of St. Peter's is very plain. It looks more like a little old church in the backwoods of the United States than a famous London place of worship. But the interior is a thing of beauty. Thousands upon thousands of dollars have been spent on it during the last quarter of a century. Its marvelous windows, altar pictures and decorations are all by Burne-Jones and hundreds of American tourists visit it every year to see them. Its congregation is said to be the most intellectual in England. The church being so near Cavendish square and Harley street, a large number of scientists, surgeons and physicians attend it. Lord Cheylesmore, ex-mayor of Westminster, and his American wife attend. The duke of Wellington, Lord Roberts and a hundred or more great peers are pewholders. So anxious are people to attend the services that the vestry always has a waiting list of over 300 who have applied for pews.

RELIGIOUS NOTES.

The Protestant, Catholic and Jewish denominations of Oakland, Cal., have organized under one constitution a society of the pastors to help along the church work in the city.

It costs the Methodist Episcopal church about $28,000,000 annually for its preaching and superintendence, this including about $600,000 that is paid to superannuated ministers.

The death of Elder Eli Owens, near Beckton, Ky., ends the career of a man who had preached the gospel for over sixty years, and had baptized more persons than any other minister in the state.

Church work in Uganda has been greatly aided of late years by the prime minister, Apolo Kagwa, at whose home every week there is a Bible class which is often attended by as many as thirty of the highest chiefs.

Bishop Ibarra of Pueblo, Mex., has received a letter from Pope Pius offering him the archbishopric of Mexico, made vacant by the death of Archbishop Alakon. The Pueblo prelate has accepted the office.

A missionary deaconess in Liberia has edited in native dialect a book containing the Ten Commandments, the Apostles Creed, the doxology and a number of the best known hymns. The book is not only the first book published in the dialect, but the first successful attempt to make it a written language.

Rev. Father David Hillhouse Buel, S. J., president of Georgetown university, has received notification from the superior general of the Jesuit order in Rome that his official duties as head of the Washington university will terminate on September 1. A few days later Father Buel will assume parochial duties at St. Joseph's college, Philadelphia. Rev. Father Joseph Himmel, S. J., rector of St. Aloysius' church and president of Gonzaga college, has been named as Father Buel's successor.

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Severe tailor-made styles, all custom tailored and made of finest imported plain and fancy fabrics, cut in the most correct of strictly tailored lines and dressy tailored suits, beautifully trimmed with imported braids and fancy embroidered models, showing both medium and long coats, in square and pointed effects. Prices **$35 $45 $50**

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LAW FOR CRIME IN ITALY

Long Delay Responsible for Some Queer Legal Situations.

NOTORIOUS CASE NOW ON TRIAL

Inquisitors Who Tortured Would-Be Regicide to Extort Confession Are Being Tried for Their Offense.

ROME, Sept. 12.—(Special.)—Wide attention is being attracted by the trial of Commendator Canevelli, director general of the prisons of the kingdom, and Commendator Doria, his second in command, because of the high positions of the accused and the object lesson which it presents for those who are agitating for prompter justice. The two officials are being indicted for moral cruelties to a prisoner, with the object of inducing him to betray his accomplices. The trial has already had two distinct and beneficial effects, that of further opening the eyes of Italians to the need of reform of prison methods, and also to the scandalous delays in bringing accused persons, whether innocent or guilty, to trial.

The latter seems to be a characteristic of "justice" peculiarly Italian, as there is scarcely another country where a prisoner can languish for years in prison on mere suspicion. So universal is the custom here, that I have not been able to remember a single important trial in this country where the prisoner was tried inside of two years after the crime was committed, and it is usually twice that time.

"Third Degree' for Acciarito.

Who has not heard of Acciarito, the would-be murderer of King Humbert? In the minds of most people he is such ancient history that he is almost forgotten, but the trial now going on has to do with his imprisonment, although his attempt on the life of King Humbert took place ten years ago, his escaped victim has been dead eight years, and Acciarito himself is languishing in a cell where ten years of solitary confinement has made deep inroads on his intelligence, and he is little better than an idiot.

It seems that Commendator Doria, with the approval of Commendator Canevelli and some others, finding that Acciarite refused to acknowledge that he had accomplices, had one of the prison guards pretend to be a prisoner, and from the cell adjoining, by means of knocks on the wall, informed Acciarite that his mistress had had a son, and that they were dying of hunger. To support this monstrous and untrue story letters were sent to him, purporting to be from the woman, with the same story. Acciarito's love for her and a possible child were the best elements in him, and in his agony at their supposed condition he at once gave way and supplied the names of several men as his accomplices. Later, however, he retracted his confession and nothing could be proved against them.

People Demand Reforms.

Public indignation was at white heat when the facts became public, and socialism and even anarchism made enormous strides. Notwithstanding this, it has taken ten years to bring these officials to justice. After all this time the public cares little on whom the responsibility lies; what they demand is that no such thing shall happen again, and that the whole prison lies the point of defense of those who approve a somewhat lengthy delay between the arrest of a person for a serious crime and his trial. They argue that if he is tried at once passions are aroused, that jurors and even the judge cannot argue serenely, and that justice is more apt to go astray.

This keeping prisoners for years before trying them is doubly cruel in Italy, for the reason that there is no such thing as bail for criminal offenses. If they can afford it, alleviations in foods and comforts are allowed from outside. If they are poor so much the worse for them. Thus an innocent man's affairs may go to absolute ruin and his wife and family be cast upon the street and public charity, yet he has no redress. This is the reason that both innocent and guilty at once take to cover on the least hint of danger. To be taken is fatal; if they can hide for a while their innocence may be proved while they are at liberty.

Ancient Crime as Example.

Another ancient crime, just now judged and concluded and which illustrates this point, is that of the murder of Baron Saporito, brother of the well-known Sicilian deputy, who has been the head of so many parliamentary commissions to inquire into the Camorra and doubtful doings in the south. Deputy Saporito was the chief cause of bringing ex-Minister Nasi to trial and has always believed that the latter had a moral influence in the murder of his brother. The latter was murdered seven and a half years ago, so that the accused men, now proved to be innocent, have been seven years in prison, turning in that time from comparatively young men into middle-aged ones. There is no way of regaining or revenging those lost precious years.

The now famous Filippo Cifariello trial exhibited Italian justice in a new light, while retaining the features of the old. While three years have passed since this Neapolitan sculptor murdered his wife in a fit of jealousy, he is yet unjudged for the prime reason that while a trial was instituted this spring, it was considered that the jurors were altogether too sympathetic with the prisoner, the judge was not above suspicion, and the public, not only made no secret of its opinion, but frequently took a hand in the proceedings. At last even this accommodating judge's patience found its limit, and the trial has been postponed, perhaps for years, anyway for months, and when it comes on again it will take place in the north at Bologna or Turin, where the prisoner is not known and where the public does not care one way or the other. The jurors were furious at this, calling it a "miscarriage of justice." Incidentally they objected to being deprived of what was really to them a scene "as good as a play," in which they had the proud satisfaction of being prominent actors. "It is useless to change. Go where you will all over Italy, Cifariello will not find a jury which will not acquit him with its eyes shut," one enraged juror declared.

A characteristic case shows another phase of Italian law—that is, that even the confessed guilt of a prisoner does not hurry his trial. A certain Casale murdered an elderly man of good means in 1895 in Perugia, and when arrested shortly after confessed his guilt, notwithstanding he has just been placed on trial. Of course, in such a case the lawyer for the defense seeks every excuse to put off the trial. Their client is sure to be given long years in prison, but the time spent in prison before the trial is deducted from the sentence. Before the trial, however, he is allowed certain privileges, such as seeing his family and friends, reading, writing, better food and lodging, so he desires, naturally, to prolong the period as long as possible.

Casale expects to spend the next thirty years at least in prison, and now that his trial has finally come it will probably prove a not unwelcome break in the monotony of his days. This same Casale has lately passed his leisure in prison writing a play which was reported to have been accepted by Eleanora Duse. This was later discovered to be mere invention, and the confessed murderer is now writing his prison experiences.

Thus the only persons who gain by the extraordinary dilatoriness of the Italian law are the assured criminals, and it bears hardest of all on the innocent. Public opinion in the peninsula is perfectly unanimous in demanding that there should be a thorough overhauling of the procedure of the law. The law itself is of the highest order and the judges and responsible authorities in their great majority are animated only by an honest desire to see it carried out, but the jurors cannot be depended upon and the public is often carried away, so that there is always delay and often real miscarriage of justice.

CONSTANCE HARRIMAN.

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The attention of all who are half choked and generally bedeviled by an excess of fat which, by the way, always seems more excessively excessive during the sultry season than any other, is called to the Marmola Prescription Tablets.

Seventy-five cents secures enough of these remarkable fat reducers from any druggist to last you a good while, in fact, it buys an extra large case. This is enough to make a very desirable change in almost anyone's weight. Taken one after each meal and at bedtime the loss of as much as a pound of fat a day has been attained innumerable times.

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