

WOMAN'S AMAZING LIFE

How a Bank was Tricked by a "Kennel Maid," Husband's discovery after Marriage.

(London Daily Mail.)

Mrs. Maria Josephine Leslie, who obtained notoriety in the "Kennel Maid" criminal case last year, figured in the King's Bench Division as a defendant on Tuesday last in connection with another alleged fraud.

The action was brought by Messrs. William Charles and Marcel and Frederick Cuenod, Swiss bankers, against Mr. Charles John Leslie, a wealthy gentleman who has been High Sheriff of County Monaghan, and Mrs. Leslie, his wife, to recover £2731, alleged to be due in consequence of a fraud committed by Mrs. Leslie on the plaintiffs. Mrs. Leslie did not defend, but Mr. Leslie contended that he was not responsible for his wife's torts.

Mr. Ernest Pollock, K. C., and Mr. Harold S. Simmons, appeared for the plaintiffs; Mr. M. Lush, K. C., and Mr. George Wallace represented Mr. Leslie.

HUSBAND'S DISCOVERY.

Mr. Pollock explained that Mrs. Leslie was now undergoing a term of five years' penal servitude for the fraud of which she was convicted at the Old Bailey on July 26 of last year. In 1906 she was married to Mr. Leslie, and in carrying out the fraud with which this action was concerned went to the plaintiffs' bank, and by a trick obtained an advance and opened an account. She left certain securities with the bank, and induced them to cash two cheques. She afterwards succeeded in getting the securities back; and the cheques, when presented by the bank, were not honored. Thus the plaintiffs found themselves short by the amount of the securities and the two cheques they cashed. Counsel contended that the husband, who was in Switzerland at the time, was responsible for his wife's torts.

Mr. Lush, K. C., for the husband, said his client had the terrible misfortune of having married the other

defendant. She was at that time reputed to be of great wealth. She drove a four-in-hand, owned motor cars, and entertained lavishly. Mr. Leslie married her abroad in 1906, and lived with her, mostly abroad, for four months. When they came back to this country they stayed at the Ritz hotel. She had to go into a nursing home. A message which he received at the time left no doubt she had been in communication with money lenders. He also discovered she had been previously sent to prison for six months for obtaining money by false pretences. From that moment he ceased to live with her as his wife, and made her an allowance. She took proceedings for restitution of conjugal rights, and afterwards obtained a decree of judicial separation, which was dated June 1907, after the issue of the writ in this action.

FIVE YEARS FOR FRAUD.

In July 1907, she was sent to penal servitude for five years for obtaining about £13,000 by fraud from two ladies. The case was known as the "Kennel Maid" case. She had also obtained thousands of pounds from her husband. He contended that the husband could not be held responsible for his wife's fraud in the present case, of which he knew nothing.

His Lordship said it was a hard case, but Mr. Leslie could not get out of his liability. If the wrongs complained of were perpetrated in 1906, before the decree of judicial separation was pronounced, the husband would be liable, but if they were done afterwards he would not be liable. In this case the wrongs were done in 1906, and the decree was made absolute in June 1907. Judgment must therefore be for the plaintiffs against both defendants for £2631, a certain sum having previously been paid by Mrs. Leslie.

Stay was granted with a view to appeal.

SHOT DEAD IN TRACKS.

A Desperate Battle Between Warriors and Indians.

BUTTE, Mont., Oct. 24.—A desperate battle between the miners from Missouri, says.

Game Warden W. F. Scott and Deputy Game Warden Charles B. Peyton, killed in a fight with Indians Sunday in the Swan River country while attempting to arrest them for transgressing the game laws of the state. According to the story of Peyton's death told by Herman Rudolph, the ranch hand who accompanied Peyton within forty feet of the Indian camp, the deputy game warden was shot by a 12-year-old Indian lad, who had been behind the horses of the red skins and had not been noticed by Peyton.

When Peyton told the Indians they were under arrest, one of them grabbed the officer by the neck. Peyton shook him off and advised them to be peaceful. Another Indian then uttered a war whoop, pulled his rifle and was about to shoot when Peyton dropped in his tracks with a bullet. Two other Indians attempted to get their guns unshathed, but Peyton killed them both before they could get into action.

Rudolph then observed the little Indian lad kneeling between the horses aiming at Peyton, and he fired at the redskin at the same time that the latter fired at the officer. Peyton was mortally shot, and the Indian boy toppled over dead.

The squaws put Warden Peyton out of his misery according to Rudolph, ending his sufferings by a half dozen shots from small calibre guns. All the mountain passes are being watched for the fleeing squaws, who have with them the bodies of their braves.

A TEACHER'S HEROISM.

Girl in Michigan Saved Children From Forest Fires.

BAY CITY, Mich., Oct. 24.—Among the most thrilling experiences of survivors of the Presque Isle county forest fires was that of Miss Grace Barber, a school teacher, nineteen years old, whose school in Kew township was in session when the flames swept down upon the building. A terrified farmer gave the alarm just as the rear of the school house caught fire.

The young teacher marshalled her pupils in a double row, the largest at the head, and ordered them to remain in close order and not to break the line. She then directed the leaders to head for a ploughed field nearby, and the column started on a run, Miss Barber bringing up the rear to prevent straggling. Burning embers fell thick, but the teacher kept the children crowded close together, and every ember was extinguished the instant it fell upon any child's clothing.

The fire burned steadily for some time, as the blaze in the tops of the trees ate its way down. During the majority,

night two bears made their appearance. A fox came slinking in, as did also a wild cat, rabbits, partridges and other game; but the animals kept well away from the children.

Miss Barber kept her charges in the field all Thursday night, and in the morning sent them home in groups, piloting the smaller ones herself.

RHEUMATIC LIVER OVER STRAINED KIDNEYS

Caused sickness that puzzled able physicians. Was cured by

Ferrozone.

A Real Miracle.

"My doctor told me I had gouty or rheumatic liver or kidneys," writes G. O. Ford, from Halifax. "I guess he was right for I was a mighty sick man and felt the game was pretty nearly up. So many remedies failed that the doctor was completely puzzled. As for symptoms—I had bushels of them in the morning a sort of nausea. Sometimes the bowels were constipated, at other times quite relaxed. I felt dull, and a sense of weight in the back and over the liver was very distressing."

LOST 15 POUNDS IN WEIGHT. "My color resembled a yellowish pallor, and gradually I lost weight to the alarming extent of fifteen pounds. I looked jaundiced and felt sure I would die."

"Then I read of the wonders worked by Ferrozone and in desperation I bought six boxes. At once I began to mend. Ferrozone must have put a peg or two into the nervous system for things at the end of the month began to look up. In three months I felt like new, but kept on taking Ferrozone. In six months I was cured."

FERROZONE SAVED HIS LIFE. "Were it not for Ferrozone I wouldn't be alive today. I am sure it will cure any weakened, rheumatism, gout, debility, poor blood or nervousness. My condition embraced all these, and Ferrozone cured me." Reader, get Ferrozone today, 50c per box or six boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers.

First Shining Light in the Colored Church—Ah don't believe in callin' his heah society de Ladies Auxiliary Dat's imitatin de white folks.

Sec'd Shining Light—Den wot will we call it? First Shining Light—Well, wot's de matter wid callin' it de Colored Supplement?—Judge

The Buckley Hat the choice of the majority.

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Or any Other so Called Indigestible Foods and see if they hurt you

Nothing will remain undigested or sour on your stomach if you will take Diapensin after your meal. This powerful digestive and antacid, though as harmless and pleasant as candy, will digest and prepare for assimilation into the blood all the food you can eat.

Eat what your stomach craves with out the slightest fear of indigestion or that you will be bothered with sour risings, Belching, Gas on Stomach, Heartburn, Headaches from stomach, Nausea, Bad Breath, Water Brash or a feeling like you had swallowed a lump of lead, or other disagreeable miseries.

If you will get from your pharmacist a 50 cent case of Pape's Diapensin you could always go to the table with a hearty appetite, and your meals would taste good because you would know there would be no indigestion or Sleepless nights or Headache or Stomach misery all the next day; and besides, you would not need laxatives or liver pills to keep your stomach and bowels clean and fresh.

Pape's Diapensin can be obtained from your druggist, and contains more than enough vitamins to thoroughly cure the worst dyspeptic. There is nothing better for Gas on the Stomach or sour odors from the stomach or to cure a Stomach Headache.

You couldn't keep a handier or more useful article in the house.

WHEN I GET INTO BED.

I'm never frightened in the dark, Though I am very small; I never sit all scared and hark For ogres in the hall. But when my prayers are said I have one awful dread— That something waits to grab my toes When I get into bed!

I try to think of pleasant things Each time I get undressed And how each day no evil brings If children do their best. But the thought comes in my head As I'm turning down the spread That something's going to grab my toes When I climb into bed!

And when there's nothing more to do, With bedclothes open wide, It makes me shiver through and through A-trying to decide Which foot shall go ahead, 'Cause I'm sure I'd tumble dead If something ever grabbed my toes As I got into bed!

THE HONEY IN FLOWERS.

Pits and Pockets in Which It Is Carefully Concealed.

Before "the bee sucks," as Ariel put it, he must find the wonderful places where the flowers hide away their honey, to be found like the priests' hiding holes in ancient mansions by the right sort of visitor, and to keep away all intruders.

In the recesses of the crown imperial lily at the centre can be seen six large honey pits, one on every floral leaf, and each brimming over with a big drop of honey and glistening like a tear drop. Shake the flower and it "weeps" as the big drops fall from it, soon to be replaced by other tears in the rapidly secreting flower. The simple folk call the flower "Job's tears."

The snowdrop is literally flowing with honey, for in swollen veins traversing its fragile whiteness are rivers of nectar. The petals of the columbine are ingeniously and elaborately designed with a view to providing good places of hiding for the honey. Each is circular, hollow, shaped like a horn. In each the honey is secreted in a round knob at which would be the mouthpiece of the horn, and the five are arranged in a ring side by side with the honey knobs aloft. Though the honey store is obvious from without, yet the insects who would sip it must creep into the flower and penetrate with a long nose up the curving horn to the knob.

Sometimes the petals are all joined together into a tube, and the sweet nectar simply exudes from the inner side of the wall and collects at the bottom. This is the case in the dead nettle, the tube of which forms so toothsome a morsel that some children call it "suckies." The honey-suckle is similarly planned, and its sweetness is so striking as to have furnished its name.

The monkshood has quaint nectaries. If the hood be drawn back there suddenly spring into sight two objects on long stalks which are sometimes like a French horn, sometimes like a cowl or, looked at sideways, not unlike a pair of doves. Their presence within the hood has provided the nicknames Adam and Eve and Noah's Ark. Thus the honey bags are carefully tucked away and protected.

Treatment of Dog Bites.

The immediate treatment of dog bites or scratches is very important. These should be squeezed and sucked and pressed so as to make the blood come freely, then should be burned to the very bottom with a blunt, partly burnt match soaking wet with pure carbolic or nitric acid, to be followed by the Pasteur treatment if the physician thinks a case suspicious.

Loafers' Paradise.

The Rev. T. P. Radford-Kirk, a Bath curate, says he knows no town where charity is so much abused as in Bath. If he were to be born again, and under poverty-stricken circumstances, with the power of deciding on the place, he would choose Bath because he could live comfortably on the charity of the public without doing a decent day's work.

FIVE HUNDRED PERISH.

Heroic Effort to Save Natives from Typhoon.

MANILA, Oct. 24.—Additional reports of damage wrought in the Cagayan valley, by the typhoon of Oct. 12, indicate that loss of life will reach 500.

At Aparri, where a thrilling rescue of a hundred natives was effected through the heroism of Lieut. Robert Clark, Lieut. Tredway and Postmaster Foss, the survivors say that 300 residents of the submerged fishing village, which is located some distance below Aparri, were swept away, and drowned.

The three Americans, aided by one of the Filipino volunteers, were informed of the danger that threatened the village and managed to reach it by boat. Approaching the shore in a series of short rushes between breakers that threatened at any time to swamp their frail craft, the rescuers found scores of natives clinging to the poles of their wrecked habitations. Lieut. Clark and Lieut. Tredway, carrying lines from the boat, fought their way through the breakers, and swinging from house to house, saved the lives of about 100 women and children. So thorough was their work that all but six of those living when the boat reached the village were saved.

The half dozen unfortunate in question were swept away by the force of the water, while the Americans were striving to reach them.

More than fifty bodies were recovered in this locality.

It is reported that many were drowned at Ilalang and that the town was almost entirely destroyed. It is feared that the storm and the resulting flood has seriously damaged the tobacco crop of the islands.

The principal supply and the best quality of Philippine tobacco is grown in the Cagayan district, where two plantations are seriously damaged. Up to the present time there has been no communication established with other sections where the cotton crop is of more importance.

Royal Golfer.

King James II. was a fine golfer in the sense of fondness for the game, and in other senses too. He it was as Duke of York who, when challenged by two English noblemen at the Scottish court to a match, the duke to take any partner whom he could find, took to his side an Edinburgh shoemaker named John Paterson. The duke and Paterson won, and the latter, being given half the stake, built for himself a house, which is to be distinguished by the record upon it in Canongate to this day.

The Star Chamber.

The old tribunal which figures so extensively in the history of Charles I. as the "star chamber" is said to have received the name from the fact that the roof of the apartment in which the tribunal sat was decorated with gilt stars. Another explanation is that it took its name from the "starres," or Jewish bonds, which at one time had been kept in it.

The Buckley Hat far men who know.

Why He Wept.

During a fashionable wedding ceremony one of the old family servants was observed to be weeping as though his heart would break.

"Well, well!" exclaimed a bystander. "It is so picturesque to see old servants weeping at a grand wedding. I suppose you are weeping because you hate to see the bride leave the old mansion?"

The old servant brushed his eyes with his sleeve. "Tain't that, sir," he sobbed, "b-but the blooming duke that's won her borrowed 50 cents from me to get some clean collars, and when I asked for it all I got was a good booting. 'Nough to make anybody cry.'"—Chicago News.

Gritty's Ambition.

"Der is one time," yawned Gritty George as he helped himself to strawberry shortcake, "when I'd really like to be president."

"Ah, what a noble ambition!" responded the housewife. "And when is that?"

"Why, when he takes his vacation, mum!"—Detroit Tribune.

The Truth About It.

"Stimson told me the other day that Grimley is awfully close."

"Yes, Grimley told me that Stimson tried to borrow a couple of hundred from him the other day, and he could not let him have it because Stimson's brother held him up the day before and took all the ready cash he could command."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Usual Travel Talk.

"Bliggins is going abroad."

"Is he?" said the man of languid interest.

"He should have something to tell when he returns."

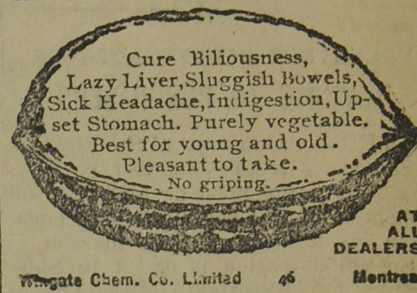
"Perhaps. But the chances are he will do what everybody else does—merely praise the scenery and abuse the hotels."—Pittsburg Post.

Rights Respected.

"You will admit that even a man who disagrees with you is entitled to his opinions."

"Of course he's entitled to them," answered Sirius Barker. "That's why I insist on his keeping his opinions to himself instead of carelessly scattering them around."—Washington Star.

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