

FUND FOR RUINED GAMBLERS

Monte Carlo Casino Company Sends Home Those Who Have Lost Everything.

The Casino company, which controls the notorious gambling resort at Monte Carlo, has provided a fund to send home gamblers who have lost their all in the gambling rooms. The granting of the viatique is constantly being carried on. The broken gambler who presents himself at a small office in the central saloon of the casino is, if he is found to be a bone-fide loser, handed the price of a second-class railway ticket to his home, whether his home be in London, New York or Jerusalem, and enough extra money for his meals on the journey. An Englishman is usually given from \$40 to \$60. Each broken gambler who receives the viatique signs a receipt for the money handed to him, surrenders his card of admission to the casino, and is told that he will not be allowed again to enter the gambling rooms until he has paid back the loan. Every year the company assists losers in this way to the extent of nearly \$40,000.—Oscar Fichet, in National Magazine.

IS GREAT PLACE FOR DUCKS

Stinger Island is Very Small, but It Is Valued at Sum of \$15,000.

Little Stinger island, only 10 by 12 feet, will be sold this week for \$15,000, representing the biggest price paid for a piece of land of such small dimensions ever to be recorded in Princess Anne county.

Although little Stinger island contains only 220 square feet of land, rising from the waters of Back bay, N. S., its value lies in the fact that it forms a natural battery for shooting ducks and is located at the lead to the great Virginia and Carolina ducking grounds.

The title includes a strip of land on the mainland which, however, has no particular value except for the location of a club house—Norfolk landmark.

HE COULDN'T UNDERSTAND.

"I was coming down town late last night on a Sixth avenue car," said a man at the Imperial. "When a man who spoke with an accent was asked by the conductor for his fare, the passenger handed the conductor a piece of paper. It turned out to be a check for \$10. The ticket taker shook his head and handed it back. 'I can't take this,' he said. 'I ain't no bank.' 'What ain't it no good?' demanded the passenger. The passenger did not seem to be able to understand why the conductor would not take the check and give him \$10 in change, and it was only when he was threatened with being taken off the car that he delved into his pockets and produced a nickel. For the rest of the way he kept taking the check out of his pocket, shaking his head at it and putting the paper back."

SUPERIOR TO THE JOB.

The tramp leaned against the door knob, while Miss Annabel Sheldon looked out at him through the screen, and he gazed past her without talking.

"You look strong," said Miss Annabel. "Are you equal to the task of sawing and splitting half a cord of wood?"

"Equal to it, madam?" said the tramp. "The word is inadequate. I am superior to it," and a moment later the sunshine played on the door knob, where his figure had so lately leaned, and down in the road drifted a cloud of dust, raised by his patient, willing feet.—Youth's Companion.

NIAGARA'S DEFEAT.

"There," cried Jonathan to a newly arrived Irishman, as he paved his hand in the direction of the Horseshoe falls at Niagara: "there now, isn't it wonderful?"

"Wonderful? What's wonderful about that?"

"Why, to see all that water coming thundering over those rocks."

"Faith then, to tell ye the honest truth," was the response, "Oj can't see anything so wonderful about that. What's there to prevent it from comin' over?"—Housekeeper.

WHO WOULDN'T SMILE?

Warden—See here! What are you laughing at?

No. 999—Oh, I just happened to remember that I've got a note coming due today.—Puck.

Behind Closed Doors

By Dorothy Douglas

"There's no use talking, Babs, a girl who can sing is always in demand." Bob Danvers gazed reminiscently up into the apple tree under which he was lying.

The hurt look that came into Barbara Trent's eyes escaped him. He went on, happily oblivious.

"The two girls in our quartette never have an evening to themselves and I'll tell you it would be a pretty slow town without them to keep us going."

Barbara glanced stiffly at her fiancé. No; his words were not intentional but with all a man's brutal frankness he was stabbing her to the heart.

To the man's ears, the hurs in her voice was well concealed.

"Yes; it is nice to have them here. You see I was right in refusing to become engaged to you unless you kept up your quartette two evenings a week." There was a wistful expression in the eyes she turned from him.

"You are a girl in a thousand, Babs," he said and drew her nearer to him. "Now I couldn't stand it for a minute if you were to spend two nights a week with any other fellow." He tried to look into her eyes, but for the first time something in their depths eluded him. "I sometimes think you don't love me," he said.

Barbara remained silent. "If you loved me you couldn't be so indifferent."

"Perhaps not." Barbara's voice was curiously preoccupied. "I suppose you will insist on my keeping up the quartette when we are married?"

"Certainly. I will not marry you otherwise."

Suddenly Barbara laughed—a laugh so completely the outcome of her own thoughts that Bob looked agrieved.

Three weeks later Bob and Barbara were saying good night down by the old gate.

"Well, I'll see you tomorrow night," said Bob.

"No, no!" cried Barbara quickly, "tomorrow is Friday—quartette night!"

A breathless something escaped Bob's lips. "I am coming anyway," he said doggedly.

Barbara's eyes had grown wide and dark in the moonlight.

"You may as well have this ring back then," she said quietly.

But Bob had flung off down the lane. Barbara laughed softly as she went slowly toward the house.

The next evening Bob Danvers took a roundabout way to the little club house where the quartette met. The way took him past Barbara's house and he strode along with his hands deep in his pockets. But they were not deeper than his thoughts. Barbara's indifference during the last few weeks and a certain air of aloofness and mystery had sent gloomy forebodings into his brain.

He had not intended to stand and gaze at the house as he passed, but a voice arrested his attention.

Bob Danvers drew nearer and a great wave of jealous heat surged through him.

Through a tiny crack between the blinds Danvers had seen a man seated at the piano. Beside him stood Barbara—his Barbara—and the man's arm was about Barbara's waist. Blind with jealousy, rage and convictions of Barbara's duplicity, he went swiftly away from the scene.

"So that's why she sends me off to sing!" he muttered as he strode along.

An hour later, because he wanted to make sure that his eyes had not played him false, Bob returned to the walk in front of Barbara's home. His heart thumped within him.

"I will see you Tuesday," Barbara's sweet voice called out.

"You certainly will," a man's voice responded, then Bob Danvers heard the front door close and a man went swiftly out through the gate over which he and Barbara had said good night.

With all his impetuosity and jealousy Danvers still possessed reasoning powers. He decided to wait until Tuesday. Nothing could be gained by his bursting in upon her and compelling Barbara to confess. He permitted himself to call upon

Barbara Sunday. She was as cool and her eyes met his steadily as they had on the night when they had become engaged.

"How is the music coming along?" she asked lightly.

"Fine," he told her. "I always feel guilty about having so pleasant an evening without you," he couldn't help saying.

A deep flush swept into Barbara's face and she quickly averted her head. Danvers had a desire to make her confess her intrigue, but he said good night and left her.

Tuesday night Bob confirmed his suspicions. He saw the man go into Barbara's house, saw them in the drawing room, saw Barbara carefully pull down all the blinds and then—

Bob didn't remember much until the postman brought him a registered package which contained their engagement ring.

Barbara had been prompt in answering his curt, accusing note. She had written nothing; the ring released him.

Danvers learned later that she had gone to town for the winter.

Notwithstanding the fact that a musical club had organized and that the village had lived up to Bob Danvers found no joy. He had lost the only girl he wanted.

It was during the third year of their broken engagement that Danvers was asked to take part in an amateur opera that the musical club intended to produce.

"There is only one girl I know who can do Jessica," said the instructor who had charge of the club music, "and that is Barbara Trent." "Barbara Trent!" Bob Danvers and the club spoke in one voice of surprise.

"I was not aware that Babs—Miss Trent sang!" Bob's voice was far from steady.

"Miss Trent has been under my special instruction for over two



A Great Wave of Jealous Heat Surged Through Him.

years. She was very anxious to learn to sing and I gave her private instructions at her home."

Victor Morrison spoke with a deliberate emphasis on the last two words and kept his eyes on Danvers the while.

"I am leading her into a musical career," he finished.

The tension in the room broke when Bob Danvers rushed out.

"Will she sing for us?" the crowd asked.

"Miss Trent came out from town with me yesterday," said Morrison.

Barbara Trent was strolling about the garden when she heard swiftly approaching footsteps. She turned and found herself held close in a man's arms.

"Babs," he said breathlessly, "I love you so." Then he whispered unsteadily, "Can you forgive me?" "Forgive—but not forget—you," she answered softly.

"But Babs, dear—why—why did he have his arm around your waist—that night?"

"Silly," she laughed, "that wasn't my waist—it was my diaphragm. He was teaching me how to breathe properly. All music teachers do that until we learn to breathe from the right place."

CLASSIFIED.

A patriot is a man who successfully hooks his wife's clothes.

A martyr is a man who makes the endeavor and fails.

A hero is the man who refuses to try.

A coward is a man who remains single to avoid it.—Judge.

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