# The Columbian.

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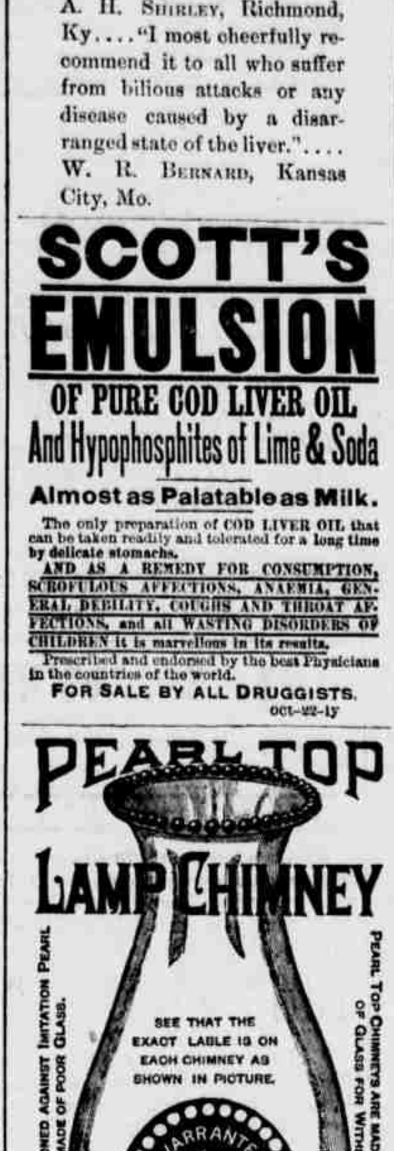

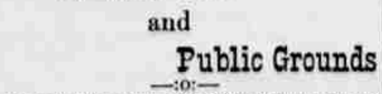

## SELECT STORY.

### MURDERED HIMSELF.

About half a mile from the village of Oposura, Mexico, facing the high road, and separated from the river Yagua by a belt of trees, there stood some years ago a long, low cottage known as La Bolsa. Senor Rodriquez, who was a squarely-built, clean-shaven man of about 40, with gray hair, mustache and goatee, and with nothing remarkable about him except a deep cut over his right eyebrow, had now been occupying the cottage for a little over a year. Considerable speculation was indulged in as to whom Rodriquez was and what he did for a living. He never volunteered any information on the score, but on one occasion he was heard to say something which led to the inference that he had been a sea captain, and on the strength of it the residents of the village called him the captain.

About this time the captain had got into trouble. He owed his landlord and the village tradesmen in the neighborhood of $500, and the patience of his creditors was nearly exhausted, when one day they received a letter from the captain in which he wrote that he would satisfy their claims on the following Monday, as a legacy left by a distant relative had been paid in to his account at the village bank.

On Saturday the captain came into town, met his landlord's son, chatted pleasantly with the young man and invited him to accompany him to the bank. He remained at the bank about ten minutes, and came out at the end of that time, buttoning into the breast-pocket of his coat a fat looking pocket-book. He then went straight home, after making a few purchases and bidding the young man good-day.

On Sunday morning the villagers were startled by the announcement made by the captain's servant at the police station that her master had been murdered the night before and robbed. The inspector and the whole available police force of the village, consisting of two policemen, set off for La Bolsa to unearth the mystery.

On reaching the building the windows and doors in front were closed and locked. On going round to the back the door leading from the sitting-room to the garden, which sloped down to the river, was found to be open, and on entering the sitting-room drops of blood were seen along the carpet between the staircase and the garden door. On the staircase itself the drops of blood were more frequent. The bedroom, however, was clearly the place where the murder had been committed. The table by the window had been pushed out of its place; the only two chairs in the room were lying on the floor. The bed, which had not been slept in, was deluged with blood, and in the middle of it was a deep indentation, as if a heavy body had been pressed down upon it. A large clasp-knife, stained with blood, was lying on the pillow, and by the door on the floor was an open pocket-book. So much the inspector saw at a glance as he entered. He took the pocket-book and looked carefully through it; it was empty, but lying near it, and behind the door, was a piece of neatly-folded paper. It had evidently fallen from the pocket-book while the murderer was emptying the contents. It was a half-sheet of note paper folded in three, and written on it were the numbers and value of forty-two bank notes, the total of which amounted to $3,750. Here was a clew at once. An officer was immediately dispatched to the village with the paper to inquire of the bank authorities whether those were the numbers of the notes which had been paid to the captain the day before. He also received orders to await the arrival of Capt. Salegria, a well-known and daring Mexican detective, who was to arrive in the village at noon that day to visit an old friend. The bank identified the numbers on the paper as those of the bank notes paid out the day before to the captain. The money had been paid him by the bank in pursuance of an order contained in a letter on Saturday morning from one of its correspondents, Colez, Garcia & Co, a large firm doing an immense business with the United States. Further inquiries being made by the officer, it was ascertained that a man, who seemed to avoid observation, was seen driving along the road early on the morning of the murder in a vehicle very much of the style used in the country. The man who drove the mysterious man to where he could obtain a stage which ran on the old Oposura road, showed the bank bill which the stranger had given him to change, and it was found to be one of those stolen from the captain.

From the indications outside, there was no doubt that the murderer had gone out of the sitting-room backward, dragging the body of his victim after him. Across the small grass plot, and half way through the belt of trees, the footsteps continued; there they ceased. On the soft mud and leaves were an impression as if a long, heavy body had been laid there; near this impression, lying on the ground, was a spade, and at the distance of a few feet the ground was dug up as if it had been intended to bury the body there. The project, however, had been given up, as the murdered had thought of a better plan for disposing of the body. But where! In the river, of course! Sure enough, in the river bank the footprints were again found. The river had been dragged up and down and sideways and across, and at every conceivable angle, but no body had been found. The inspector was getting impatient when a road wagon drove up and a dapper little man with a swarthy complexion and a heavy black mustache jumped out. The stranger was none other than Capt. Salegria, the famous detective. In a few minutes the detective had heard all that the inspector had to tell.

"Let me see," said the detective. "All the village, you say, knew the captain would have money to pay his debts?"

The inspector nodded.

"Which amounted in all to about $500, more or less?"

The inspector nodded again.

"And he drew out of the bank $3,750. Was that the whole legacy?"

"It was."

"He didn't want $3,750 to pay $500, did he?"

This was a new light to the inspector, who shook his head cautiously.

"From whom did the order to pay the money come?"

"Colez, Garcia & Co."

"Colez, Garcia & Co.," repeated Salegria, referring to his note book; "the great American traders. And you suspect no one?"

"No one except the man who passed the note."

The detective and the inspector entered the house. After looking over the kitchen and buxom widow's bedroom without making any discovery, the two went to the captain's bedroom. Everything of moment was carefully examined.

A pair of boots lying in the corner of the room finally attracted the detective's attention. Something in the lining of one of them seemed to interest him, for he again referred to his pocket-book. Having finished his examination of the bedroom the detective went down-stairs, taking one of the boots with him and inspecting each stair as he descended. These were apparently more satisfactory, for his smile brightened considerably, and after he had been shown the traces of blood along the floor of the sitting-room it had expanded into a broad grin.

He walked to the table and turned over the books and papers till he found some sheets of blotting-paper. These he examined attentively, holding them up to the light and turning them in every possible direction. The result seemed satisfactory, for he pocketed them.

"And now about the captain," said the detective, choosing the clearest footprint he could find in the soft mud, and pulling the boot out of his pocket. "His name is Rodriquez, you say. What is he captain of?"

"Nothing that I know of, but they do say that he has been a captain in the China trade."

"What sort of a man is he?"

"Tall, spare-built, about 40, gray hair, and no whiskers."

"Deep cut over the right eyebrow," added the detective quietly, as he stooped and fitted the boot which he had taken from the captain's room into the impression in the mud.

"Yes," said the inspector, puzzled at the detective's knowledge.

"He never went by that name here, did he?" asked the detective handing the boot to the inspector, on the lining of which was written "A. Perez."

"Never."

He was getting more and more puzzled.

"Perez, alias Cova, alias Delgardo, and now alias Rodriquez; I've wanted him these three years," said the detective cheerfully. "I've got him now."

"Yes," said the inspector, grimly, "he's safe enough over there."

And he jerked his thumb toward the river.

"Bless you," said the detective, "he's nearer America by this time. He'll die in his boots or with the rope around his neck Don't you see the fellow has murdered himself and bolted with the swag? When I found that boot I thought how it was, and this settled it," said the detective, pulling the sheets of blotting paper out of his pocket and holding them to the inspector. There, all over them, were the words Colez, Garcia & Co., in a neat, clerk-like hand, with that peculiar flourish at the end which those who had dealings with that eminent house knew so well. "That letter to the village bank is a forgery; it's not the first time he has served Colez, Garcia & Co. this trick. He was in their American house five years; came to them with a forged character, robbed them to the tune of $22,000 and bolted. He's been smuggling and thieving all over the world since then. But I must be off. I wouldn't miss him for anything."

The detective was right. The village bank found to its astonishment, that Colez, Garcia & Co. repudiated the letter which purported to bear their signature. It was a forgery. Some days later the captain was arrested just as he was in the act of booking his passage for New York. Subsequently he was tried in the village court in Oposura, and, under the name of Rodriquez, was sentenced to penal servitude for the term of his natural life.

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### Brazilian Doctors.

THEIR CHARGES REGULATED BY THE ESTIMATED VALUE OF A PATIENT'S LIFE.

The Brazilians are an indolent people, and lazily protest against improvements which are certain to disturb their listless ways. Their Emperor, Dom Pedro, stands alone among living rulers for the extent of his scientific attainments, and he devotes himself with exceptional energy to every branch of public affairs. He has inspired some of the leading officials to imitate his public spirit and energy. But with the mass of his subjects he is not popular. His industry shames their indolence; their shame irritates instead of stimulating them, and they murmur against the energetic ruler who will not let things remain as they are.

Brazilian doctors are as eccentric in their charges as the people are in their desire to enjoy the pleasure of being let alone. The physicians do not regulate their charges by the time and labor they have expended in the patient's service, but by the estimated value of his life. As this value is determined by the patient's income, he, if he survives, is treated by the doctor as wreckers treat a stranded ship—the greater the value, the larger the salvage. A young English engineer, while engaged in some work in the vicinity of Rio, was attacked by yellow fever. A doctor of good repute attended him, and on his recovery demanded a fee of nine hundred dollars. The young engineer remonstrated and threatened to appeal to the courts. But friends who had resorted to these tribunals for redress, advised him to have nothing to do with the law. He acted upon their counsel and paid the doctor's bill.—*Youth's Companion.*

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Coquelin, the French actor, was playing in the part of "Annibal" "L'Aventurie" in a provincial town some little time ago, and when he came to the scene in which "Annibal" is supposed to fall asleep, the actor, who happened to be extremely tired that evening, fell asleep in good earnest. He slept heavily and snored like a bell-ringer. When he took up the local papers next day he found that, while praising the performance in general, they all condemned his simulation of the phenomena of sleep as ridiculously stagy and unnatural.

### Another Railroad Accident.

A FRIGHTFUL SMASH UP ON THE BALTIMORE AND OHIO IN WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, August 17.—The few residents in the neighborhood of the Baltimore and Ohio "Y" who were up and on the street at 6.30 this morning witnessed a thrilling and startling scene. It was no less a spectacle than that of a train of cars leaping from the track and rushing with the speed of lightning and the crash of a thunderbolt through a brick house. In an instant the train and the house were in a heap of ruins, and the track for some distance was littered with debris. The train to which the accident occurred was train No. 4, the St. Louis, Chicago and Cincinnatti express, and coming from the West, due here at 6.20. About 6.30 it came thundering into the city over the Metropolitan branch, and at the curve, nearly a mile away from the "Y," began whistling "down brakes." For some reason the brakes were not put down. The air-brakes, it was stated, did not work and the engineer began blowing his distress whistle for the brakemen to put on the regular brakes.

Either the brakemen did not heed the signal or it was not given in time to be of use, for the train, flying at a frightful rate, came thundering on towards the sharp curve at the "Y." On the south side of the "Y" in the little corner made by the intersection of the tracks was located the railroad signal-tower, a brick structure, three stories high, where men are employed to regulate the signals and the switches at the "Y." When the train turned the sharp curve of the "Y," with fearful headway, the car behind the engine jumped the track and smashed into the signal-tower, and in an instant there was a wreck which for confusion has seldom been equalled in railroad annals.

The engine was dragged from the track, and, ploughing through the dirt and mud a distance of 150 feet, rolled completely over. There it lay, giving forth its steam and hot water in great jets. The steam plowed up the dirt and covered the house in front of the engine with a fine layer of yellow mud that looked like a fresh coat of paint. The steam and water were blown through the house, and some of the inmates were badly scalded. Near the engine lay Hamilton Brosius, the engineer, crushed and dying and his fireman with several bones broken. But behind the engine was a scene of panic and confusion. One car was crushed and nearly buried under the tracks and timbers of the demolished building. Two sleeping coaches and one passenger coach remained on the track. The mail car, the express car and the baggage car were rolled over and their sides were crushed. The roof of one car protruded from the ruins of the building.

The disaster, of course, at once created intense excitement. A fire-alarm was sounded, which quickly brought the fire department and the police to the scene. Ambulances were hurriedly sent for, and a corps of physicians came, summoned from every direction. Firemen, policemen, railroad men and the citizens went to work with coats off to clear out the debris. Many injured passengers were removed and taken to neighboring houses or drug stores or to hospitals. In this way eighteen or twenty people were got out of the wreck, some of them only slightly injured, others with bones broken and bodies badly bruised and cut.

In the signal-tower, on the upper floor or observatory, William Baxter, a railroad signalman, was at work. On the ground floor Joseph Haley, a young man employed by the railroad company, was engaged cleaning lamps. Baxter, it appears, realized the impending danger in time. He gave a shout to Haley, and leaped from the tower to the ground. He broke his arm in the fall, and was pretty badly shaken up, but seems to have escaped more serious injury. Haley below, however, was buried in the ruins of the house. When he was disinterred it was found that the timbers had fallen so as to protect him from the tons of brick and mortar above him. He was badly frightened and bruised and blinded by the lime and plaster.

When the men began to clear away the wreck there was a man in the debris very much excited, who would not leave, but showed fight. He dug desperately at the broken timbers and heaps of bricks. When he was ordered away by a policeman he turned savagely and said: "If you don't leave me alone I'll knock h—l out of you. My son is there." He was let alone and continued his desperate struggle until he had uncovered the bruised and battered form of his son.

Mr. and Mrs. William Benson, an elderly couple from Winchester, Indiana, were badly bruised. There were three Railroad Mail Service clerks, Messrs. C. H. Hooton, L. C. Morrill and J. H. Brown, in the postal car at the time of the accident and although the car was nearly demolished the men escaped with some bad bruises and scratches. Hooton and Morrill live in Baltimore, their run being from Grafton, W. Va., to Baltimore. J. H. Brown lives here.

Mrs. Agusta Barnes, a lady on her way to her home in Germany, had her head badly cut. She had considerable money and her tickets to New York and Germany. She was removed to Providence Hospital.

William Buck, a German, 54 years of age, was seriously and perhaps fatally injured. He, with his wife, was on his way from Cincinnati to Germany. He received six severe cuts on the head, his arm was badly wrenched and he was also internally injured. He was removed to Providence Hospital by the police. His wife was uninjured. She accompanied her husband to the hospital. Some of the passengers on the wrecked train returned to their Western homes instead of continuing on their journey to the East.

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Farmers should never consider lime as food for plants, but as a very important attractive of the soil, to be applied to correct acidity, to reduce vegetable matter into humus, to disintegate clay soils and stiffen sandy ones, and generally for all purposes for which alkalies are used. As to the condition of the lime when applied, it is of little importance whether it is slacked or fresh, the effects will be the same in the end. The point is to spread it on the land.

### Extravagance in Funerals.

HIGH PRICED UNDERTAKERS WHO GROW QUITE RICH THROUGH THE PRIDE OF THE POOR.

New York Letter to Washington Post.

The other day as I was passing through the poorer quarter of the city I met an uncanny little white hearse, driven by a tough-looking citizen who wore a black stove-pipe hat, smoked a cheap grocery store cigar and diffused a general air of toughness and rum. Inside the hearse was a tiny white coffin that was pitiful to look upon. Ten carriages followed the hearse and were filled with Italian laborers dressed in their blouses and overalls. They smoked pipes and lolled out of the windows.

The baby I learned from a policeman with whom I fell in conversation, was exactly one day old. His mother was a ragpicker. The cost of the funeral was not less than $100. The poor of New York are the most extravagant people in the world in the management of their funerals, though they are reasonably careful about other expenditures. When a death occurs the hawks descend upon the house in flocks. The richest undertakers are in the tenement-house districts and they have agents and wires innumerable. Many of them count their fortunes in six figures, though they live in squalor and apparent poverty. They own livery stables, grog shops and tenement houses, and every tenant, employee and political "heeler" is expected to work for the undertaker who patronizes him. The manufacturers of mottoes, wreaths, shrouds, memorial pictures, wax flowers, texts and all the other catchpenny devices and schemes that hang upon human woe are in close accord with the undertaker. They manage to milk the teat with a vengeance when they once begin.

The undertakers extend their lines across the river and out to Calvary Cemetery, on the outskirts of Brooklyn. Here the tenement house dead are buried, coffin on top of coffin, till as many as six bodies rest in one grave. All along the dusty road to the graveyard are rumshops and beer saloons—mere speculations on the part of the undertakers. Their drivers stop at these places in turn on the way to and from the grave, and thus keep business booming. As many as one hundred and fifty funerals a day pass over the Thirty-fourth street ferry on the way to this burying-place of the dead. An average of ten carriages to a funeral, and counting four "mourners" and the driver to each carriage, makes between seven and eight thousand people a day for the undertakers and their agents along the line to draw money from.

When a death occurs in the family of one of the local politicians the funeral takes on the air of a festival or a festival or picnic, and the whole ward turns out to do honor to the dead. The rich undertakers of New York are legion in the poorer districts. Uptown it is the custom to conduct funerals with extraordinary privacy, and when the ceremony can be performed in a country house the dead is conveyed out of town without any formalities at all. The one idea of poor New York is to make a show of the dead, while rich New York abhors it.

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### In a Photograph Gallery.

A sallow-complexioned old lady, accompanied by a phenomenally unprepossessing daughter, recently walked into an Austin photograph gallery.

"Be you the photographic man?" she inquired.

"Yes, ma'm," replied the artist in plate glass and chemicals, "can I do anything for you?"

"No, I reckon not. I'm too far over the border for you to waste any of your mechanical genius on me. It's my darter, Partheny, here, that I want tuck. Can't yer sorter mitigate that complexion of hers, and build up that nose that was broke by fallin' outer a winder?"

"I think I can," replied the artist.

"I've seen picturs of dead loads of our relations, an' I've allers noticed that the picturs flattered them mightily. I know enough about the biz to recognize that you have got everything in your own hands. You kin make a woman like a jimplecute of the first water, or a Mrs. Langtry, jest as yer please. Say, can't yer take in Partheny's ears a few so she won't look so much like a male rabbit?"

"There will be no difficulty in that."

"How about that air squint in her left eye?"

"I can touch it up with India ink."

"What particklar pose do you think best for Partheny's style of beauty, full circus or side show?"

"You mean quarter view or profile."

"I guess I do. You see the photograph is goin' to a young feller what put an advertisement in the paper for correspondents, an' Partheny's writin' to him. Now you see it won't hurt for the pictur to sorter mitergate her little blemishes. You'll do the fair thing by Partheny, won't yer?"

"Certainly, madam, I'll do my best."

"Well, all right, then. Just go ahead and square them shoulders back jest a trifle, wipe off them freckles and tone down her ears—an' the hair! It won't be red in the pictur, will it?"

"Oh, no, there will be no color shown but black."

"That's a comfort! Gracious! Partheny, what would that young man think if you sent him an' oil paintin' taken from life! Kin I stay in the room?"

"O, yes."

"All right. Strike an attitood, Partheny, that won't give yer away, and we'll rope in that young man as sure as you're a foot high."—*Texas Siftings.*

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### The Agricultural Lie in Bloom.

The Newton *Republican* tells of a farmer in Harvey County who proposes to bring suit against the Sante Fe Railroad company on the ground that they run their trains so slow as to shade his corn and keep it from growing as fast as it otherwise would. In Cloud County the railroad company threaten suit against the farmer if he plants his corn within half a mile of the track. Falling corn stalks have already maimed several brakemen who were on the top of the cars as they passed under the shade of the stalks.—*Miltonville (Kan.) News.*

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It is a wise child that knows which side of his bread is oleomargerined.

### A Peculiar Malady.

A FAMILY AFFLICTED WITH UNCONTROLLABLE MERRIMENT.

The story of a family's most peculiar affliction comes from New Jersey. It seems rather inconsistant to class merriment as a disease, but in this case its uncontrollable nature makes it, if not a disease, a most annoying malady. The family thus afflicted reside in a large, substantial house not far from the Delaware river, in Hunterdon county. The farmer and sons are prosperous and well-to-do. The entire family are chronic laughers, having an affection of the mouth and throat that compels them to give vent to apparent merriment at stated intervals.

The malady first appeared in the father about a dozen years ago. He was usually a very quiet man, enjoying fun, but manifested his enjoyment without much noise. He was seated at the dinner table one day in the spring of the year, eating steadily and not engaging in any of the conversation which the other members of the family were carrying on. Suddenly, without any cause, he burst into a loud fit of laughter, so extremely different from his accustomed laugh that all were attracted by it at once. When asked what was the reason for his sudden outburst he made no reply, but continued his merriment. Some of the boys thought he had hysterics and pounded him on the back but it did no good. After a few moments he made motions for pencil and paper and wrote that he was unable to control his risibles and asked them to send for a doctor. The rural physician came, but could give no remedy that stopped the laughing. Peal after peal of what sounded like the heartiest kind of fun came from him, and nothing would prevail to prevent it. The doctor finally came to the conclusion that he was the victim of a nervous attack, and, leaving a nervine, departed.

The father continued laughing until about sundown when he suddenly stopped and fell on the floor, completely prostrated. He soon grew better, however, ate a hearty supper and spent the evening much as usual. No signs of the return of the trouble appearing, he went to bed and was soon fast asleep. Along about two o'clock, however, his wife was awakened by his laughter, and the same symptoms as of the day before manifested themselves. He kept it up until seven o'clock, laughing loud and strong. At seven o'clock the noise suddenly ceased and did not return again until dinner time. Thus it continued recurring each day shortly after noon and in the night about two o'clock, and has ever since.

The trouble was very regular in its coming and going, and only occasionally broke forth at unlooked-for seasons. Once the old man was taken in church, just when the minister was exhorting his hearers in the most solemn strains, and spoiled the effect of the discourse, besides disturbing the equilibrium of the clergyman. Another time he was found by one of his neighbors along the road, lying beneath a bag of flour, laughing at a terrific rate. He had been taken while driving home from the mill, and the suddenness of the sounds frightened the horse, causing it to run away and dump the man and part of his load out in the road. For eighteen months the father was the only one of the household afflicted with the malady. Several of them had complained from time to time of an inclination to join the father in the laugh, but none of them did so until nearly two years after he was taken, when Susie, the youngest child, suddenly burst into a similar fit during one of her father's attacks. From that time on she has laughted at about the same hour that her father does. One by one the remaining members fell victims to this strange complaint until two years ago there was but one left free, and that was Charles, the elder son. His long exemption led him to believe he would escape the malady. But he was mistaken, and it is said that he had his first attack while proposing for the hand of a girl at Wilkesbarre. So frightened was the maiden that she ran from the room, and it was weeks before the explanation could induce her to see him again. She is now one of the family, and escaping the malady, never minds the hideous chorus of laughter which twice a day resounds through the house.

Their noticeable misfortune has rendered them very sensitive and they will not travel where they will be subjected to public scrutiny and remark. They go to church or the store in the village close by, and attend social gathering occasionally in the neighborhood in the evening, but only among life-long friends. People within a radius of a few miles are so accustomed to the thing that they never mind it or mention it. Consequently very few people outside the immediate vicinity, and the physicians who have attended them, are cognizant of the circumstances.

Curious stories are told of the travelers who went that way. Several years ago two young men came from the interior of the State to attend a party at Easton. It was a warm night and they did not start until late. They drove past the house of the laughing family, soon after the regular nightly attack had begun. The windows were still open, as it was early summer, and every sound could be clearly heard. As the young men approached, they heard the most unearthly noise their ears had ever received. It seemed like pandemonium, and the youths felt sure that they had struck the entrance to sheol.

The horse took fright and nearly ran away with them. Coming to the conclusion that at the least, the place was haunted, they hurried home, and the next morning spread the news. Parties were formed to investigate the matter, but none of them solved the subject until informed by a man in the village near at hand as to the nature of the case. They were urged to remain reticent about the matter and have done so.

The years of incessant laughter have told somewhat on the faces of the family, but not so as to be very noticeable. Their mouths have become wider and they keep them closed with difficulty. The most marked result of the disease, however, is in the voice. The entire family talk in the same tone, resembling as near as anything the voice of an alto singer. Males and females have the same inflection. Most of them have more or less trouble with their eyes, several having become very near-sighted. The pupils have contracted and the entire eyeball is diminished in size. This is accounted for by the contraction of the eyes while laughing and the effort required in working or reading while undergoing an attack. Very little physical annoyance is caused the laughters. They read and write, sleep and work without any trouble. The only thing they seem unable to do while attacked is to eat, and that can be readily understood. Several grandchildren have been born, and in all but one instance they were taken soon after birth with stated attacks at the same hours as their parents. Of course they do not laugh as the older ones do, but they crow and express all the signs of baby glee twice a day and never cry while in that state. If the disease continues in the new generation, the laughing family may ultimately become a laughing village.—*Wilkes-Barre News Dealer.*

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### She Took a Sleeper.

TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS OF A NERVOUS WOMAN IN A PULLMAN CAR.

A nervous woman on board a railroad train, in Missouri, called a conductor and said:

"I would like so much to take a sleeper for I've been up three nights, hand runnin,' but I am afeerd."

"What are you afraid of, madam?"

"W'y, I'm afeered that the train mout run off the track!"

"But will your staying away keep it on the track."

"Wall, do you know I hadn't thought of that? W'y, my settin' up here with my eyes open kain't have the slightest effect upon the train, can it?"

"None that I can see."

"Then, if you was in my place you'd go in the sleeper an' git a good night's rest?"

"I certainly should."

"Well, I will, but whenever you think there's any danger of the train runnnin' off, w'y I wish you'd have me called."

She went into the sleeper. About three hours later while the conductor was passing through the train, he found the woman sitting on the seat which she had occupied during the day.

"Why, madam, I thought you had taken a sleeper."

"I did," she replied, "but the fetch-taked train kep' a threatenin' an' a threatenin' to run off the track till I thought the safest plan would be fur me to git right out an' set here where I ken watch every thing, but do you know that when I got up that fetch-taked nigger in there had tuck my shoes and sloped off with 'em? Well, he had done that very think, an' I had the hardest sort of work gittin' 'em back again, fur the cussed rascal had put a little dab of blackin' on 'em an' wanted to charge me ten cents. I paid the conductor two dollars for the shelf—or berth as he calls it, but I reckon he'll give it back to me in the mornin'."

"He won't give it back."

"He won't?"

"No."

"Not if I tell him I am a pore widder?"

"That won't make any difference."

"Wall," bouncing up. "I'll jest go back there an' lay there, waitin' fur the train to run off, fur I'll be bound if I'm goin' to be beat out of my money thater way. Whenever the train starts to run off you mout call me, an' if you hear an awful rumpus in there you may know that the cussed nigger is airter my shoes again, an' that I am defendin' my rights."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

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### Thinking for Themselves.

It is a hopeful sign when the masses of the people give evidence that they are thinking for themselves in matters political.

In this day of newspapers when every individual has an opportunity of reading the details of every question of public and political importance entering into the every day life of the country, it is no longer possible for the political demagogue to lead the people into a blind acquiescence in his selfish plans.

The time has gone by when any man, no matter how well known as a leader, can assume to think for the masses, with the expectation that they will accept his dicta without question.

Once the colored population of this country knew no political creed excepting that which commanded them to vote the Republican ticket from top to bottom with unquestioning faith. Time was when the laboring element of the people read little, because of small opportunity, and seemed to think less concerning the vital political questions which affect their condition so materially. But the times are changed in this respect and political results are changing with them. — *Harrisburg Patriot.*

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### Predicting Hart's Defeat.

COLONEL D. C. KELLER SAYS THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATES WILL BE DEFEATED.

The Reading *Telegram*, an evening paper, prints the following: "Colonel D. C. Keller, who a year ago was one of the candidates for a place on the republican state ticket, and who recently signed the presidency of the State liquor league, says that Philadelphia will give 10,000 majority for the democratic state ticket, and he thinks that there is little doubt but that the democrats can defeat both Hart and Williams, unless the party shall get into a bad factional fight. 'There are,' says the colonel, '25,000 German voters in Philadelphia who have always voted the Republican ticket. Of these at least three-fourths will support the Democratic ticket, and no promises can prevent this. It will be so all over the state, and the fact will in a short time be so apparent that no one can have a doubt of it. How far this defection will affect the ticket in Philadelphia cannot be told, but it is probable that a strike will be made at the republican candidates, state and county, and of course if this be done the local ticket will probably be defeated also."

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### Silver on Their Shoes.

The workmen in Mexican silver mines become so skilful in stealing silver that the owners employ detectives to work with them. An owner tells this story: "One day a detective came to me and said when such and such men came out to examine their sandals. I had that done. On the bottoms of the sandals was what appeared to be mud, but when it was scraped into a pan and worked I found that it ran at the rate of $3,000 to the ton. My miners had plastered a thin layer of mud from the mine over the leather, and then sprinkled on the particles of silver, and over all had put another layer of mud. They were working for 37½ cents a day, and carrying out 50 cents worth of silver on the sole of each sandal."

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"Pray without seizing," said a convert at services when he found his fellow mourner's hand in his pocket.