

## FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Gall is seldom grit.  
Perfect rest is death.  
Our nature consists in motion.  
Where there's a will there's a con'estant.  
No question is settled until it is settled right.  
The best of prophets of the future is the past.  
Bravery escapes more dangers than cowardice.  
Vices and virtues often live very close together.  
A smart man can learn a good deal from a fool.  
People who think too little are sure to talk too much.  
You can tell by the honey where the bees have been.  
There is nothing improbable to a jealous woman.  
The lightning is as full of mercy as the gentle shower.  
Hate makes us vehement partisans, but love still more so.  
Character is something that cannot be burned up or buried.  
Common sense is the gift of Heaven; enough of it is genius.  
True faith never goes home until it gets what it went after.  
The richest people on earth are those who give away the most.  
It is better to see "men as trees walking" than not to see at all.  
The only way to keep from backsiding is to keep sliding forward.  
The first effect of a blessing on a man is to make him more thankful.  
The pure don't grow old any more than a mountain spring does.  
The man who does all his praying on his knees prays very little.  
The first secret a girl keeps from her mother is her first step astray.  
Suffering is the surest means of making us truthful to ourselves.  
The man who is satisfied with himself is terribly disappointed in other people.  
A certain amount of ceremony seems to be necessary to run the social machine.  
The sunlight comes for rich and poor alike; the blizzard is mostly for poor folks.  
If a man is right he can't be too radical; if he is wrong he can't be too conservative.  
A man realizes that life is a burden when he gets insured and has to pay his premium.  
A man is a genius who can say nice things to two different women without repeating.  
A man never forgives until he has had a chance to get even and has improved the chance.  
There is a pleasure greater than making money, and that is in giving it away.  
There are parents who work for their children too much and talk to them too little.  
Where there is the right kind of faith there is sure to be the right kind of works.  
The woman who talks about her neighbor is no worse than the one who listens.  
If an alligator could talk he would probably declare that he had a small mouth.  
The man who seeks for truth will never find very much of it while walking on stilts.  
No man can work with all his heart and soul for anything he does not believe to be true.  
The man who never makes mistakes misses a good many splendid chances to learn something.  
Leisure for men of business, and business for men of leisure, would cure many complaints.  
The person who can least spare it is often most willing to give others a piece of his mind.  
Trouble and perplexity drive me to prayer, and prayer drives away perplexity and trouble.  
Our enemies come nearer to the truth, in the opinions they form of us, than we do ourselves.  
Never risk a joke with a person who is not well bred and possessed of sense to comprehend it.  
It is one of the easiest things in the world to economically lay out the money you never will have.  
Woman hath thin resemblance to sugar, that the more refined she is the harder it is to detect the sand.  
Be not too brief in conversation, lest you be not understood; nor too diffuse, lest you be troublesome.  
There isn't a man in ten thousand who knows what kind of a man he would be if he had plenty of money.  
About the only time some people speak well of some other people is after they are dead and buried.  
The man who starts out to be a reformer had better be well prepared for all kinds of roads and weather.  
If poor men knew how hard rich men have to work, and how little they get for doing it, they would be better satisfied.  
The difference between a man's sphere and a woman's is that the woman does the most work and the man gets the most salary.  
The man who knows that he was one kind of a fool yesterday very often has a suspicion that he is some other kind of a fool to-day.  
A philosopher is a man who can feel as easy over his own troubles as he does over his neighbor's. There are no philosophers.  
A woman never feels pleased at a man's admiration of the color in her face when he has just made her angry in order to bring the color there.  
When a girl is sixteen she likes to be called a little witch, and yet she does not like to think that she will be called an old witch when she is sixty.

## LIFE.

old glow of noon, and gloom of utter night;  
Black, bitter days of winter storm and  
stress,  
And bland, bright hours of summer bloom  
and light;  
A voice that speaks strange secrets none  
may guess;  
An anxious questioning without reply,  
A wind that comes and goes—a song, a sigh;  
A dim, mysterious dusk of ancient trees.  
That ever stir with wild and wandering  
tones;  
Of laughter, strife, old pains and prophecies;  
Deep breath of bliss, heart throbs, and an-  
guished moan;  
A narrow streak of sunlit path between;  
A bird's brief note, high, clear and keen!  
A message written in the shifting sands,  
Cloud forms that drift athwart the twi-  
light gleams,  
Stray waifs, far blown from unimagined  
lands;  
Fates that laugh or weep in reverend dreams;  
Youth, flushed with flame of longing and de-  
sire;  
Giantage, chill-flustered, crouching by the  
fire!  
It is a masque of mingled tears and mirth—  
A shallow scene, painted puppet-play,  
Made for the gods who sit above the earth  
And dose away the years? Ah, who shall  
say?  
The fruit grows ripe and falls: when come  
and go;  
The end is death and silence—this we know.  
—Charles L. Hildreth, in Belford,

## A PECULIAR CASE.

I haven't a bit of patience with that mass of men who are always shaking their heads in a solemn way and decrying that many an innocent man has been sent to State Prison on circumstantial evidence. Such instances have been known, of course, but they are very rare, and it is then the fault of the accused. I am about to narrate the particulars of a case which excited widespread interest in 1863, and I ask the reader to follow the situations closely, and to see what curious combinations can arise through circumstances. James Stowe was a merchant in the village of G., Illinois. He had been there fifteen years. He was a church member, had no vices, and while accounted rather close-fisted, he was said to be strictly honest. A year before the mystery occurred he had taken a boy named Robert Lisle into his home, the boy being an orphan and his nephew. Bob, as we all call him, was thirteen years old when he came. He went into the store as a clerk, and a bed-room was made for him up stairs.

I was a boy of Bob's age, and we came to be chums. It thus came about that I learned the cause of certain wets and bruises on his legs and body. His uncle, while pretending to feel a great interest in his welfare, and while speaking to him in the kindest manner before others, was beating him on the slightest excuse, and seeking to make the place so warm for him that he would run away. Some boys would have gone, but Bob had the courage to get up and face the world without a shilling in his pocket.

On the afternoon of the 23d day of June, 1863, as was sworn to in court, I was in the alley back of the store, and I heard Stowe whipping Bob in the store-room. I heard him charge Bob with stealing some money, but the boy vigorously denied it. After the whipping Stowe told three different customers that he had caught the boy stealing, but suppressed the fact that he had whipped him. I saw Bob about an hour after the affair, and he made his denial in such a manner that I felt sure of his innocence.

"I ordered him to run away, but as I had no money to give him, and as he had not a penny of his own, he did not think it best to go. He wanted me to come and share his bed with him that night, as I had often done before, but a circumstance prevented. Stowe saw us together, and ordered me away from the store.

At seven o'clock that evening a man named Chadwick arrived in the village from Chicago to visit a sister. He had \$2000 in money with him, and he asked Stowe to keep it in his safe over night.

At eight o'clock the store was closed and Stowe went home. At nine o'clock I left home to go to the store, calculating to call Bob up by throwing pebbles against his window, a signal often made before.

As I passed the alley I saw a man skulk away. I afterward swore in court that I believed this man to be Stowe. The sight of him frightened me, and I returned home at once. Next morning "the mystery" opened with a grand blast of trumpets. Bob Lisle had disappeared during the night, and the safe had been robbed of Chadwick's \$2000. Investigation heightened the mystery.

There was blood on Bob's pillow. A trail of blood led from his bed to the back door of the store. The safe had been opened in the regular way, and Stowe claimed that \$400 of his money had gone with Chadwick's.

The town was at once alive, and the village constable proved his enthusiasm and worth by arresting two strangers. One soon identified himself as an honest man, while the other admitted that he was a deserter from the army and a tramp.

Just previous to the trial Mrs. Stowe admitted that when her husband came home his coat was covered with dust; he was pale and nervous; one of his fingers was bleeding from a cut; and that he sat up for an hour after she had retired.

It was further discovered that his business affairs had gone wrong, and that two creditors were pressing him for payment of debts. All in all, a pretty good case was made out against him, but he had a surprise in store for the public.

When called upon to plead he answered "Not guilty" to the charge of robbery, but desired to plead guilty to the accusation of having murdered the boy. This took everybody aback, of course, and as they had no more proofs in the one case than in the other, the charge of robbery was dropped and he was arraigned on the other. On the stand he told the story as follows:

"I had discovered that Bob was a thief, and had punished him several times for stealing. I had misinformed him on this day. When I returned to the store in the evening I went up to his room to have a talk with him. He was impudent, and I struck him a blow and broke his neck. I then carried the body to the river and flung it in, and the reason you didn't find it was because it floated away with the current. I am very sorry. I had no malice and no thought of hurting him. I struck the blow on the impulse of the moment."

When he came to trial a plea of "not guilty" was, of course, entered, but his lawyer made little or no effect, and he was pronounced guilty and got a sentence of fifteen years. After it was over public opinion whipped about, as it generally does, and every person felt sorry for the man. He went to prison, saying that it was a just punishment, and it was a year and a half before the real climax came.

One morning Bob Lisle walked into town as cool as you please, and when he had

satisfied us that he was no ghost he told his story as follows:

On the night of the murder he had hardly got to bed when he had nose-bleed. He was down stairs to look for water when his uncle came in and opened the safe and removed the money. He did not see Bob at all, but after hanging around for a spell left by the back door, falling out of it as he went. In this way he got the dust on his coat, and at the same time let go of some of the money. Bob realized that it was a robbery, and suspecting that it was a put-up job to get him sent to prison, he determined to run away. He took two or three dollars left in the money drawer, bundled up something to eat, and when morning came was miles away. For upward of a year he had been running on a steamboat. One day he had heard two passengers talking of the case, and when discovered that he was supposed to have been murdered he at once started to clear his uncle. Stowe was State Prison, as you know. When told that the boy had returned alive and well, he was all broken up. When Bob was taken to the prison his uncle had nothing to say.

While the heroic constables and others were digesting the above, the Yankee was turning things over in his mind and preparing to add:

"What object to kill the boy, or even to accuse him? And, if killed, where is the body? Why should the robber have carried it away at all? If Davis is the robber, there must have been blood spots on his clothing. What did he do with the balance of the money? Where did he get his key to enter? How did he learn the combination of the safe?"

This line of reasoning upset everybody, and it no sooner reached the ears of Stowe than he suggested the arrest of the Yankee as an accessory. It was not done, but the latter heard of it and repled:

"Investigate Stowe. He knows more about this than the deserter does!"

His suggestion turned public attention and suspicion in another direction, and it was not long before some curious results were forthcoming. I gave out the information that I saw him in the alley at about nine o'clock of the night of the crime. The village blacksmith then came forward and said he saw him on the street half an hour later, and that Stowe dodged past him and did not return his salutation. The hired girl at Stowe's house declared that he went just before nine o'clock and did not return until ten. It was so unusual for him to go out of an evening alone that she particularly noticed his going. Three or four of us boys told how Bob had been beaten and misused, and so it came about that while the deserter was not released, Stowe was arrested. His story was that he had caught Bob pilfering from the money drawer on several occasions, and that on the day of the murder and robbery he had laid a trap for him and caught him taking \$5. He said he had a feeling when he got home that he had neglected to close the safe door, and he had returned to make certain on this point. After finding that everything was all right he had stopped to put up some goods left on the counter, and had then returned home. He denied being in the alley at the hour I thought I saw him, or of meeting the blacksmith.

A new and more vigorous search was made for the body, but no trace of it could be found. During this time a citizen picked up a ten-dollar bill in the rear of the store, and everybody at once declared that the deserter must have told the truth. When the man who robbed the safe went out by the back door he must have lost his grip on the money, and the wind had scattered some of it. The case against Davis was dropped when called before the higher court, and Stowe was put on trial for robbery. Everybody now believed him guilty of the murder of the boy, but as the body could not be found this charge was not included. Search was made high and low for the money, but it could not be found. The general idea was that he had buried the body somewhere in the village, and concealed all traces.

The fastest English trains are those running between Euston and Edinburg, which average forty-seven miles an hour, while the speed of the fast trains between Berlin and Hamburg averages forty-six miles.

In our schools at the present day we use "Euclid's Elements of Geometry," written by Euclid 2300 years ago. Euclid also wrote on music and optics, antedating much which we think we

have discovered.

According to an official return which has just been issued, there are 400,000 milch cows in the colony of Victoria, and the annual value of their milk, butter and cheese is about three million sterling.

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