

A Conductor Badly Sold.

A CHICAGO paper tells the following good story, as an event having happened on a road having its terminus in that city:

On a recent trip there came aboard the train at Adrian a well-dressed, though modest little woman, bearing in her arms a cherub of some three months of age.—The woman with her child took a seat in the ladies' car. Soon the conductor came along to collect the fares. When he arrived at the seat occupied by the little woman he appeared slightly confused, but regaining his equilibrium, asked to see her ticket. She replied that she was not possessed of the desired piece of pasteboard, neither had she the wherewith to purchase the article. Some conversation in a low tone then occurred between the conductor and his impecunious passenger, when he turned about and going to the gentlemen occupying the coach told them that the woman was a deserving creature, who had met with misfortune through the machinations of some "double-dyed villain," etc., and whom he desired to help. He proposed to head a subscription in her behalf with a V; would not the liberal-hearted passengers assist him? Of course they would. Who could resist such a tempting offer? In less time than it requires to write these lines a purse of considerable magnitude was collected and handed to the little woman in black, who returned her thanks with tears, which spoke more eloquently than words.

While what is above related was occurring, the train was speeding on its westward way—station after station being passed in quick succession. When Hudson was called, the little woman in black started to her feet and rushed for the door of the car, forgetting in her haste to take along the "blessed baby," which was left in the seat lately occupied by its mother. In a minute the train was again under headway, and was soon beyond the suburbs of the charming village. As it sped along toward the setting sun, the jostling awoke the offspring of the "woman in black," the late recipient of alms, and then, for the first time, were the occupants of the coach made aware that the woman had abandoned her babe.—The poor innocent was at once kindly cared for by some gentle ladies, and the conductor notified of what had occurred.

At Pittsford, the next station, the conductor stopped the train, gave the wait into the keeping of the agent, and, calling the telegraph into requisition, sent a dispatch to Hudson, requesting the arrest of the "woman in black," and giving his reasons for making the request.

A lapse of twenty-four hours must now occur, as they say in the play bills, before we can commence the second act of our little drama, the curtain having descended on the first at the telegraph office at Pittsford.

On Saturday our conductor was again on the road, this time journeying eastward, bound for Toledo. When he reached Pittsford he again took aboard the abandoned child, intending to deliver it to its mother at Hudson. Upon reaching the latter station he alighted with the cherub in his arms, and immediately set about searching for the mother or some one into whose possession he could give the babe. But no one could be found to accept the charge. Not they.—"Not for Joseph!" They knew a trick worth two of that. They had been present at an examination of the little woman before a Justice of the Peace, and heard the testimony! "Oh, no, Mr. Conductor, keep your child; don't try to bring it over to us to bring up. A pretty father you are to act so shamefully."

Such were the noble responses our noble conductor received from the people of Hudson, whose population he was so anxious to increase to the extent of one soul.

Of course he was mystified, not to say dumbfounded. What does all this—nonsense mean? Would they explain? Would they come out from behind their masks and inform him who he was? And all that sort of thing?

An explanation followed. It appeared that when the woman was taken into custody in response to the Pittsford telegram of the day before, she demanded an instant examination before a competent judicial tribunal. This was accorded her, and the telegram was offered as the chief witness for the prosecution.—Though a little irregular, it was admitted to testify, and had its due weight upon the mind of "His Honor."

Then came the defense. The little woman proceeded. She admitted that she had abandoned her child, but contended she had done nothing wrong. Only

half of the infant belonged to her, and she was willing to give up even that share. To its father belonged the remainder.—Into the possession of its father had she delivered the child. The conductor, the author of the dispatch, which led to her arrest, was also the author of its being, and he must look to its welfare in the future. She had done all for it she was going to do, "and that's the end on't."

The learned magistrate took the testimony under advisement a few minutes, and then rendered "judgment in favor of the defendant," in other words, ordered that the woman be released from custody and be permitted to depart. And she did depart, right soon, to parts unknown. The conductor upon hearing this revelation, was almost distracted; he paced frantically up and down the platform, one moment cursing the crowd, which, by this time had grown to considerable magnitude, and the next imploring some one to relieve him from his unpleasant predicament, and take the "accursed baby" off his hands. He said he was a married man, with a wife and children of his own to support, and did not want to add to his flock any stray lambs.

Finally he succeeded in convincing an old lady in the crowd that they had been imposed upon by the mysterious woman, and she consented to take the innocent cause of all his troubles under her protecting wing.

And so ends the drama of the "Mysterious Woman, or, the Abandoned Baby and Distracted Conductor."

An Instructive Witness.

At a trial in the Court of King's Bench between two publishing houses as to an alleged piracy of an argument of "The old English Gentleman," T. Cooke was subpoenaed as a witness. On cross-examination by Sir Jas. Scarlett, the counsel, rather flippantly said, "Now, sir, you say that the two melodies are the same, but different. What do you mean, sir?"—Tom promptly answered: "I said that the notes in the two copies were alike, but with a different accent." Sir James: "What is musical accent?"—Cooke: "My terms are a guinea a lesson, sir." (A loud laugh.) Sir James—rather ruffled—: "Don't mind your terms here; I ask you what is musical accent? Can you see it?"—Cooke: "No." Sir James: "Can you feel it?"—Cooke: "A musician can."—Great laughter.—Sir James—very angrily—: "Now, pray, sir, don't beat about the bush; but tell his lordship and the jury, who are supposed to know nothing about it, the meaning of what you call accent."—Cooke: "Accent in music is a stress laid on a particular note as you would lay a stress on any given word, for the purpose of being better understood. If I were to say, You are an ass, it rests on ass; but were I to say, You are an ass, it rests on you, Sir James." Reiterated shouts of laughter by the whole Court, in which the Bench joined, followed the repartee. Silence being obtained, Lord Denman, the Judge with much seeming gravity, accented the chop-fallen counsel, "Are you satisfied, Sir James?"—Sir James—deep red as he naturally was—had become scarlet in more than name, and in a great huff said: "The witness may go down."

Spoiling his own Trade.

No person gains anything by acting the part of "dog in the manger," or trying to do business at the expense of others. There are a great many people in the world and all have a right to get a living honestly, as we have. The following short story has a good moral:

Some years ago, a certain tradesman became offended at a brother chip, and to spite him put a sign over the door warning the public against the man of the same trade around the corner. The result was, that every one that wanted work done in his way, was sure to look around the corner to see who the other man could be, and in nine cases in ten left their work with him to do.

In the course of time, the tradesman, who had thus punished his enemy, found that customers, like "angels' visits," were few and far between, and finally relented, and offered his neighbor, on condition that he would acknowledge that he had done wrong in the first instance, that he would take the sign down.

"My dear sir," said the good-natured man, "I have ever been ready to acknowledge anything, or do anything that was necessary to make peace, but I beg of you not to take the sign down if you can afford to keep it up, for it is the best advertisement for my business that could be devised."

Tried for Forgery.

THERE lived in the city of P—, in the State of Pennsylvania, a gentleman on the shady side of sixty, who had by industry and economy amassed a large competence, sustaining in all the work of life a character above suspicion. He was the head of a fine family, and noted for his eccentricities and his peculiar style of dress. He was stooped, shoudered, limped a little, and for ten years previous to the time of the scene about to be narrated, wore a coat that had turned red with age.

It was the middle of the afternoon of a cloudy dismal day in March, when an old man entered one of the banks in the city named, and presented a check for payment. The cashier took it and paid over to the man \$30,000, and he descended the steps into the street.

In less than five minutes after he had left, the check was discovered to be a forgery. The proper authorities were immediately notified by the cashier, who gave them a description of the person, and rigid search was immediately commenced.—In about half an hour afterwards, an officer entered the bank with a man answering to the description, and, presenting him to the cashier, asked him if that was the man.

"That is the man; I cannot be mistaken," he replied. He eyed him a little closer, being near-sighted and throwing up his hands, he exclaimed:

"Mr. Rawling, (the gentleman alluded to in the opening of the narrative,) can it be possible that you have committed this forgery?"

The old man protested his innocence, but of no avail; for he was led away to prison to await the sitting of the court.

His friends wished to go his bail, but he obstinately refused to accept release, and lay in jail three months.

The day of trial came on, and, although defended by the best legal talent, the evidence against him was conclusive, and he was convicted.

It was sentence day. The court room was filled with spectators, and the friends and relatives of the prisoner. It was a sorrowful scene, and among the participants were the wife and two lovely daughters of Mr. Rawling, their beautiful faces swollen with weeping over the sad fate of their father. One by one the prisoners descended from the box and received their sentences.

Rawling was next in turn. There was an awful silence for some moments when the judge, in a choking, trembling voice, for he was an intimate friend of the condemned man, said:

"Mr. Rawling!"

He arose and took a stand before the judge.

The judge proceeded:

"Have you or any one in the room a reason why the sentence of the law should not be passed against you?"

Here a terrible silence ensued, almost paralyzing the hearts of many anxious friends; when, all at once a prisoner in the box—a young man arose and said, "I have."

"Your reason," said the judge.

"Because he is not guilty. I will explain."

What a mountain's weight of sorrow was lifted from the hearts of some by the pronunciation of these words *not guilty*.

"Proceed! Proceed!" cried a hundred voices.

"I will. If you will send some reliable man—an officer or two—with me to a certain point on the main highway leading out of the city, under a flat stone of peculiar shape, you will find \$10,000 of the money; the balance I lost at faro."

They started, followed by a crowd. In an hour—an hour of anxiety and excitement—they returned, and produced the money in court.

"Now," said the prisoner, "send to room No. 14, at the Linden House, on A—street, and you will find a hair trunk, which you will bring to me."

In due time the trunk was brought in court, and at the previous secret request of the judge, through the sheriff, he and the trunk were placed in one ante-room and Mr. Rawling in another.

In a few minutes he or Rawling, no one knew which it was, took his place in the box, and the judge ordered the Sheriff, to summon the Cashier, which he did.

He now came in.

"Are you the cashier of the bank in which that check was forged for \$30,000. I am, sir."

"Before passing sentence upon this man I would have you look at him and tell the court he is the man," said the judge.

"He is the man. I cannot be mistaken, although I am sorry to say it."

Here the prisoner suddenly twitched the whiskers from his face, threw off his hat and coat, and stood in his shirt sleeves a mere boy. The cashier swooned, fell upon the floor, and was carried out of the court room.

"I am the man," said the prisoner, "who did the forging of that check. I came from England a few months ago, determined to make a raise. I knew the man would be looked at and not the check. How well I did it you all know; but I could not see an innocent man suffer for a crime that I had committed."

Rawling was discharged and borne off triumphantly on the shoulders of his friends, and in consideration of the honesty of heart of the young man, the Governor commuted his sentence from twenty to two years—he having been convicted of another charge.

Asking Directions.

"CAN you direct me to the —Hotel?" inquired a gentleman with a carpet bag, of a burly Hibernian standing on the steps of the railway station.

"Faith," was the reply, "it's just me can do the same. You see, you just go up this strate till you come to Thady O'Mulligan's shop. Then you—"

"But I don't know where Thady O'Mulligan's shop is."

"O, faith, why didn't I think of that? Well, then, yer honor must kape on till you get to the apple waman's stand, on the corner of the brick church, it is, and keep on the right, and go till you get to the sign of the big watch, and mind that yer don't fall down the cellar thereway; after that you turn to the right or left but by the bones of St. Patrick I don't really know which."

The traveller turned in despair to a long, lank Jonathan, who was standing whistling near by, and made the same inquiry.

"May be you're going to put up, there?"

"Yes, I intend to."

"Did you come from far off?"

"Yes, from Philadelphia; but can you tell me where—"

"Got any more baggage?" said the importunate Yankee.

"No, this is all," said the traveler, convinced that the only way to get the direction was to submit.

"Going to stay long?"

"Couldn't say," was the reply, in a crusty manner. "But I'm in a hurry."

"Wait a minute. I reckon you're a married man, ain't you?"

"No, I'm not, and I won't answer no more questions till you have answered."

"Well, squire said the Yankee, coolly, "I'd like to, but the truth is, I have never been here before myself."

In less than a minute a carpet bag with a man attached, was seen hurrying away from the vicinity, cursing the Irishmen and Yankees.

A Peasle Tree.

In one of the lower counties of Maryland, there flourished in the palmy days of the "peculiar institution," an old darkey preacher, who used no notes and prided himself on his extemporaneous efforts. His white brethren called him "Doctor"—a title which he accepted, of course, with ludicrous gravity.—At a camp meeting which the "Doctor" was holding, one of these friends gave him as a text, this passage in the Psalms of David: "Wake, psaltery and harp; I myself will arise right early." The "Doctor" adjusted his spectacles, and read:

"Wake, peasle tree and harp; I myself will arouse right airy."

The "Doctor" went on to explain that Moses was a very early riser; that he had a peasle tree which grew near his window; and that he was wont to rise mighty early and hang his harp on de peasle tree, *wid palms*.—

In a religious excitement in Boston, a person met a neighbor who took him by the hand and said:

"I have become a christian."

"I am glad of it," he replied. "Suppose we now have a settlement of that little account between us. Pay me what thou owest."

"No," said the new born child, turning on his heel: "religion is religion, and business is business." Isn't there too much such religion?

Some young men think it is a "fine thing" to sow their "wild oats," but they do not know what a harvest they will have to reap.

A Satisfying Drink.

SOME years since, when they were buildin' the locks on Coalriver, I was over thar at Peytona, an' I stopt in at Dr. Kellum's.

There was a famine just then, and great sufferin' among men, women and children, for want of the necessaries of life.

Leastwise, it was about the same thing. Thar was plenty of meat an abundance of corn and no skercity of chickens, but the rivers were dry, an' whiskey run entirely short. Some prudent people had laid in sufficient stock, but more had not, an' the sufferin' was enormous.

Dr. Kellum was in trouble, too, he sympathized with his neighbors, but he had a half barrel of 95 per cent alcohol in his house, an' as far as he was concerned, he managed to fix up with sugar an' water, an' gum, an' ether, an' sich truck, until he made a purty fair drink. Seem' I was a friend of his, he invited me to sample it. Well, it kinder filled the room with the smell, an' just then a man from the Mud river country came in on his way to Raleigh court house.—He smelt the smell, an' says: "I've been nigh two days from home, an' I'm almost starved."

"Oh," says Kellum, pintin' to the cask, "that's it, help yourself."

The chap brightened up, an' he drew a level tumblerful of that alcohol, an' afore you could say, "seat, you beast," down it went!

Kellum, he turned pale. Says the man, "I'm much obliged to you. That's sarchin'!" an' he turned an' went out.

Kellum set as if he'd bin shot, and then jumped up.

"That won't do," says he, "That's enough to pizen a crowd. I'll call him back and give him an emetic."

We both went to the door. He was not in sight. I run up to the krick, an' Kellum, he run down the road; but it warn't of no use.

"I shouldn't wonder," says Kellum, "of that chap hasn't gone and died somewhere by himself. Thar'll be a corpse found directly, and lots of trouble."

Well, we sot thar for about an hour, talking about the poor chap's melancholy fate, when all at once, in walks the chap himself, as peert as a wild cat.

"Doctor," says he, "I'm a guinea long way up the river, an' liquor is skase, an' if it's all the same to you could you spare me another tumblerful? It's the most satisfyin' liquor I ever drank."

Not So Green As He Looked.

THERE IS a class of men in the city who are on the look out for a "flat" continually. When they find one they endeavor to entice him into a game of cards, just for fun, you know, and soon a proposition is made for money, when, after permitting him to win a few dollars, they go in and scientifically "scoop" him. That is their business. A day or two ago a couple of these sharpers "caught a countryman," as they term it, and got him into a game of cards. When betting was proposed he seemed nothing loth, producing a roll of greenbacks that made them wriggle with delight. Here was richness indeed. The man was evidently very green, and his money they looked upon as already their own. They allowed him to win more than they usually do, feeling sure of their victim. As he raked in the winnings he would remark that the luck was all his way, and he felt already ashamed to take their money in that manner. "Puro luck," said he, "bullhead luck, nothin' else. Better quit this, and play for drinks, gentlemen; I'm really 'shamed to take your money, positively 'shamed."

The "beats" chuckled and felt so sure of their man that they actually let him sweep in nearly all their "stake"; but when they were ready to close in on him and go for his pile, he hastily threw down the cards, jumped up to his feet and exclaimed, "Now, gentlemen, this is too bad Luck's all agin' ye to-day and we'd better quit. Some other day—"

"Oh, sit down. Take another hand. We don't cry 'quit yet.'

"Can't do it, gentlemen; its robbery and nothin' else for me to play with you, cos' you see luck is all on my side. I can't take your money—not no more. Good day, gentlemen."

And thus this innocent countryman, after being permitted to win all these poor sharpers' money, walked off, leaving them exceedingly chop-fallen. As he emerged into the street he was observed to lay his finger on his nose significantly and remark, "I'm not quite so green as I looks."