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The Idyl of the Barge Man.

With many a curve the trunk I pitch,
With many a shout and salty;
At station, riding, crossing, switch,
On mountain grade or valley.
I heave, I push, I sling, I toss,
With vigorous endeavor;
And men may smile, and men may grow cross,
But I sling my trunk forever,
I bust trunks forever.
The paper trunk from country town
Is halcyon and dandies;
I turn it once or twice around,
And pull out both the handles.
And grumble over traveling bags
And monstrous sample cases,
But I can smash the maker's brags
Like plaster paries vases!
They holler, holler, as I go,
But they can't stop me never;
For they will learn just what I know,
A trunk won't last forever!
Ever! Ever!
And in and out I wind about,
And here I smash a knicker;
I turn a grip-sack inside out,
Three times a day at least, sir;
I sing, I jerk, I swear, I scowl,
I toss the light valves;
And what's too big to throw, you bet,
I'll fire it round in pieces.
They murmur, murmur, everywhere,
But I will heed them never!
For women weep and strong men swear,
I'll claw their trunks forever!
Ever! Ever!
I'll bust trunks forever.
I've crossed the preacher with my wrath,
I scorn the judge's crime;
I've spilt both beef and sermon,
And books, and socks, and cards, and strings
Too numerous to mention;
And babies' clothes and women's things,
Beyond my comprehension,
I've spilt, and scattered, and slung
As far as space could sever;
And scater, scater, old or young,
I'll scatter things forever!
Ever! Ever!
Scatter things forever.
—R. J. Burdette.

A LAWYER'S STORY.

"I never would convict a man on circumstantial evidence if I were a juror—never!"
The speaker was a distinguished criminal lawyer of nearly forty years' active practice, and whose fame extended far beyond the limits of his own State.
We had been discussing a recent case in which, upon purely circumstantial evidence, a man had been convicted of an atrocious murder, although many of those most familiar with the circumstances of the case entertained the gravest doubts about the justice of his conviction; and he had been swung off into eternity protesting his absolute innocence with his latest breath, and calling upon God to send his soul straightway to perdition if he were not telling the truth.
As most of our party were lawyers the conversation naturally enough drifted into a discussion of the dangers arising from convicting accused persons, whose own mouths were closed, upon purely circumstantial evidence, in the absence of any direct and positive proof of guilt, and case after case was cited in which, after conviction and execution, the entire innocence of the supposed culprits had been clearly demonstrated. Most of the laymen present agreed with the distinguished lawyer, whose very positive expression of opinion has been quoted, while the majority of the lawyers contended, with that earnestness for which lawyers are noted, when advocating their own side of any question, that justice could never miscarry when careful judges guard against the possibility of unsafe verdicts by refusing to permit a conviction except when every link in the chain of circumstantial evidence has been established beyond doubt, and the whole chain been perfect and complete as to leave no room for any consistent hypothesis of innocence.
"The first murder case I ever tried," said one of them, "was stronger than fiction, as you will admit, and is quite as remarkable as any of the cases you have referred to where innocent men have been wrongfully convicted on circumstantial evidence. It ought to have been reported as an example of the unreliability of the direct and positive testimony of eye-witnesses who tell what they believe to be the truth."
He then related the main points of what was certainly a most remarkable and dramatic trial, and which constitutes a fair offset to some of the menorable cases to be found in every work on circumstantial evidence. The narrative produced so strong an impression upon my mind that subsequently, with his consent, I put it into the following shape, having first carefully compared it with his notes of testimony taken upon the trial of the case. It can be relied upon as absolutely correct, with the exception that I have used fictitious names, for reasons which will readily be appreciated when it is known that most of the actors in the drama are still living.
One winter evening, about 8 o'clock, in the early days of the war, in the quiet little town of —, while patrolling the streets to pick up stragglers from the camp on the outskirts of the town, Corporal Julius Fry was shot and killed by one of three men of bad character, who were in company and upon terms of open enmity with the soldiers. The men were arrested, committed to prison and brought to trial at the next term of the court. Two of them were gamblers and desperadoes, and supposed to have more than once had their hands stained with human blood. The third, whom I shall call Short, though bearing an unenviable reputation, was regarded as one unlikely to slay a fellow-man, except under compulsion of circumstances. On account of the character of the men and the trouble they had already brought upon quiet, law-abiding citizens, the sentiment of the whole community was strongly against them.
In order to clearly understand the force of the testimony given upon the trial and the subsequent result it is im-

portant to bear in mind the physical peculiarities, dress and general appearance of each of the three prisoners.
Short was a small man, not more than five feet six inches in height, slender, weighing scarcely one hundred and thirty pounds, with bright, fiery red hair and side-whiskers, and at the time of the murder wore a white felt hat and an old light blue army overcoat.
Ryan was fully six feet in height with robust frame, with black hair and mustache, dressed in dark clothes, and wore black Derby hat.
Grey was a heavy, broad-shouldered man of medium height, weighing fully two hundred pounds, with a full, black beard reaching nearly to his waist. But as the evidence subsequently showed that he had not fired the shot, it is unnecessary to describe his appearance more minutely.
Certainly it is difficult to imagine two men more unlike than Short and Ryan, or less liable to be mistaken for each other, even by strangers, much less by their acquaintances. There was no possibility here for a case of mistaken identity.
Short and Ryan were tried together with their consent—Grey having asked for and obtained a separate trial—and each was defended by separate counsel.
After the preliminary proof relating to the post-mortem examination, the cause of death and the identification of the body of the deceased as the person named in the indictment, the common-law called as its first witness a woman, Mary Bowen. She bore a bad reputation, but nobody questioned her purpose to tell, reluctantly, it is true, the whole truth. The prisoners were all her friends, and were constant visitors to the drinking saloon of which she was proprietress. She was a woman of powerful physique, almost masculine frame, great force of character and more than ordinary intelligence.
From her testimony it appeared that a colored woman with whom she had had some dispute had hit her on the head with a stone and ran, and the three prisoners, coming up at the moment, started with her upon the street in pursuit of the fugitive. Although the night was dark there was snow on the ground, and a gas-lamp near by gave sufficient light to enable one to recognize a person with ease some feet away. After running about one hundred yards the pursuers came to the corner of an alley, where the fugitive, who was being challenged by the deceased, who was in uniform, in company with one of his squad. She swore that when the corporal called "halt," Short, who she had known intimately for years, replied, "Go to —" and while standing at her side, so that their elbows were touching, both being immediately under the gaslight, he pulled out a pistol, pointed it at the deceased, who was four or five feet from him, and fired and then ran down the alley, the deceased pursuing him. She heard four or five more shots fired, and immediately the deceased returned wounded, and Short disappeared. While the shots were being fired, she saw both Ryan and Grey standing at the corner some feet away from her, and after that they separated and she went home. It was also proved that this alley was bounded on either side by high fences difficult to climb, and led down to a stream of water about fifty feet wide and three or four feet deep. No traces of footprints were found in the snow except those of one man leading down into the stream, and it was evident that the person who had fired had not climbed either fence, but had waded through the stream and disappeared on the other side.
The next witness was the soldier who stood close by the deceased when the first shot was fired, and who, not knowing either of the prisoners, described the person who had fired and ran down the alley as the man with red hair and side whiskers, dressed in a light-blue army overcoat and white soft hat, and upon being directed to look at the three prisoners immediately identified Short as the man whom he had seen do the shooting.
The testimony of these witnesses was in no wise shaken upon cross-examination.
Then the sworn ante-mortem statement of the deceased, taken by a magistrate, was read to the jury. He said that he had known Short personally for some time, but had never had any difficulty with him. He fully identified him as the man who had fired the first shot and then ran down the alley, firing one shot after another until he fired the last and fatal shot almost in the face of the deceased. He also fully described the clothing worn by Short as it had been described by the other witnesses.
There were all the witnesses to the occurrence, except the prisoners themselves, and, of course, they could not be as conclusively made out as though a score of witnesses had sworn that they had seen him do the shooting.
Neither the judge, the jury nor the spectators entertained the slightest doubt of his guilt, and when the common-law at this point closed its case, it seemed as though the fatal rope was already around his neck and his escape impossible.
Ryan heaved a sigh of relief which was audible throughout the whole court-room, for he was safe; there was not one word of testimony against him, and he felt that he was safe, and that any previous arrangement or concert of action between him and Short.
After a whispered consultation between the counsel for the defense, one of them rose and moved the court to direct the jury to forthwith return a verdict of "not guilty" as to Ryan, in order that he might be called a witness for the other prisoner. This was resisted by the district attorney, and after lengthy and elaborate arguments the court decided that it was bound to grant the motion, and accordingly Ryan was declared "not guilty" and the verdict returned.
Then came a scene as dramatic to those present as anything ever witnessed on the stage. Without any opening speech by Short's counsel, Ryan, in obedience to a nod from his attorney, stepped out of the prisoners' dock and into the witness-box, looked

around the court-room, took up the Bible and was sworn to tell "the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth." Every head was bent forward, every ear was on the alert, every eye fixed on the witness—something startling was expected. Would he attempt to show that Short had done the shooting in self-defense? That seemed the only thing possible. But how could he be believed in the face of the positive testimony of three witnesses, two of them firing and in the court-room, one of them dead—murdered?
Ryan stood for a moment looking down, and then slowly lifting his eyes to the bench, in a silence in which the falling of a feather might have been heard, he said:
"May I ask the court a question?"
The venerable judge, evidently surprised at being interrogated, looked at him and said: "Certainly, sir."
"I understand that I am acquitted," said Ryan, pausing for a moment and then continuing: "I want to know from the court whether anything I may say now can ever be used against me in any way?"
"What did he mean? What looked for that question? Every one looked at his neighbor inquiringly.
The flushed face of the judge showed that he, at least, understood what it meant—an attempt to swear his guilty companion out of the hangman's grasp. Then, in a tone of unmistakable indignation, came the answer:
"I am sorry to say, sir, that nothing you say now can be used against you; that is, on a trial for murder. You have been acquitted."
Ryan's face grew pale and then red, and he said, slowly and distinctly:
"It was I who fired all the shots—not Short."
Most of the faces in the court-room wore looks of incredulity; some of indignation at the hardened wickedness of the man who had just been declared innocent, and who, by his own statement, had been guilty of perjury.
But quietly and calmly, without a tremor, as coolly as though he were describing some trivial occurrence, which he had casually witnessed, Ryan went on, step by step, detailing all that had occurred, and when he had finished his story there was probably not a person present who was not fully convinced not only that Ryan had told the simple truth, but also that he had himself fired the fatal shot which had killed the man under such circumstances of danger as would have led any jury to acquit him.
He detailed how he had fired the first shot from a small, single-barreled pistol in the air without any purpose except to give his challenger a scare, and then ran down the alley, and upon being closely pursued by the deceased with a sabre drawn and raised to strike, he was compelled to pull out a revolver and fire several shots toward his pursuer, who was rapidly gaining on him, to keep him back; and when he had but one shot left he stumbled over a large stone and fell on his knees, and at this moment, while he was kneeling, he was struck by the sabre, cutting him slightly in the cheek, and, being thus pressed, he aimed and fired the last shot, which subsequently proved fatal. He further told how, upon recovering his feet, he ran, waded through the stream, and finding that he had lost his hat when he fell, retraced his steps, recrossed the stream, found the hat and then went to a hotel, where he was seen by several witnesses to dry his wet clothing. His manner, his bearing and his story convinced his hearers that he was telling the truth.
But, so that nothing might be wanting if any doubt remained in the minds of the judge or jury, witnesses of undoubted veracity were called who corroborated him as to the condition of his clothing and the cut on his cheek within fifteen minutes after the occurrence. Besides, it was shown that, although the man who had fired had waded through the stream, Short's clothing was perfectly dry.
It is unnecessary to say that Short was promptly acquitted and warmly congratulated on one of the narrow escapes ever made by any man in a court-room. Nothing could have saved him if the court refused to direct the acquittal of Ryan and allow him to testify.
The deceased corporal, the soldier and Mary Bowen were mistaken. That was all there was about it.
So much for the occasional unreliability of the direct testimony of honest eye-witnesses.
And so much, also, for giving the accused an opportunity to be heard on the witness-stand, the denial of which by the law is one of the relics of barbarism which still lingers in its administration in some States at this late day.

SUNDAY READING.

Kenrick's "Mountain Moses."
A letter to the Louisville, (Ky.) Courier-Journal gives an interesting account of one George O. Barnes, who is holding largely-attended revival meetings in Kentucky. The correspondent says:
He began his labors at Lebanon, where he preached for a month without results. Such a beginning would naturally damp the ardor of one upheld by ordinary faith; but it did not deter Mr. Barnes. He left God's work to God's will, and leaving Lebanon struck out for the mountains. On the twentieth of February, 1877, he purchased a little reed organ, and Miss Marie, his daughter, began to assist him in his work. Every three or four days he would sing and prayed the gospel throughout the mountains and wilderness, holding their services in winter in court houses and in summer in the cool shade of the woods. When Mr. Barnes began his work he concluded, like Mr. Moody, to take a vacation for rest, preaching every other day in the week. At first he used a balsam for his throat to strengthen his voice. As he proceeded the light of the work became brighter in his mind. He concluded to let God take care of his throat and quit the balsam. Months afterward he concluded that he needed no rest on Saturdays, and that God would sustain his strength. For eighteen months, therefore, he has not missed preaching two or three hours every day and three on Sunday. Services are about two and a half hours in length. If he leaves one station to travel to another, he stops on the way to hold his service in the afternoon. So eagerly is his coming expected, that whenever he holds one of these transient services, some convert rides ahead in the morning to inform the people where he will preach. The news goes from mouth to mouth and flies like the Scottish torch from cottage to cottage. Signal fires lighting the mountain fastnesses of the moonshiners could not startle the people more. When the great preacher arrives there are usually hundreds and sometimes thousands gathered to hear him. They come aloft on horseback and in wagons for miles about. When he has preached they depart, except those who, rendered eager by his eloquence and elaborate ride after the next town to hear him. Often when he enters a mountain hamlet, after having preached by the wayside, he is the head of a caravan of followers and eager listeners. All through those trackless mountains he has pushed his wife and his daughter and their little reed organ, which has been in use four years, in a way that no feet touch, without having once been touched by a tamer. If you ask Brother Barnes about the organ he will tell you God keeps the organ in tune. Miss Marie plays it without teaching, knowing nothing of music, and it is the most exquisite tonal instrument through the mountains. Mr. Barnes goes such as Christ went among the Jews. He is hailed everywhere. He talks to them in a language they know. He is a pure, genial, sympathetic man. His faith is lifted by his evident sincerity away above the mark of ridicule, except from denominational Christians. Where he goes he gains adherents from the farmers, the merchants close their business houses in the afternoon, the lawyers put down their briefs. In Breathitt county, where civil war was threatened, Judge Randall adjourned court daily at 11 o'clock, in order that Barnes might preach two hours. Judge Randall said he preached was stronger than the whole State militia. While there the lawless element was powerless. In less than three weeks he had registered 365 converts. He preaches irresistibly. His Bible explanations are clear, simple and lucid. All doctrinal difficulties disappear, and the military dock to hear him like their own. They sit amazed under the simple power and child-like faith of the great preacher. All he asks is that you shall want to know Christ and receive God's mercy if it is offered. If you do, then you are received. God will fashion the mind, he says, if the heart has a longing for the truth.

The City of Tunis.

An Italian proverb says, "See Naples and then die," and there is also an Arabian saying to the same effect as regards Tunis; but to the European traveler the Mohammedan city, with its mosques, its minarets, its huge palms and fig trees, and, above all, the great fortress that dominates its site, will always be preferred. Unfortunately, on landing the pleasing illusion is speedily lost, and that which appeared from afar as a succession of fine streets and princely residences is found to be a labyrinth of small lanes, the buildings generally in a wretched state of dilapidation and the narrow roadways filthy in the extreme. Evidently there has never been any recognized plan in its construction, but of late years, especially since the occupation of Algeria by the French, the influence of European residents has resulted in ameliorating and beautifying some of the open sites with which the city is studded, but which are mostly dedicated to cemeteries and to the ruins of palaces and strongholds that mark the salient history of Tunis since its foundation in the birth of our civilization. The city may be divided into three parts, respectively devoted to the Europeans, the Arabs and the Jews. The square in which is situated the Exchange presents a fine appearance, being built with some semblance of regularity, and containing the abodes of the consuls and rich foreign residents. This quarter assumes the liveliest and most picturesque appearance during the busy hours of the day, when Arab, Moor, Turk, Frank and Jew meet in this, the principal mart of the northern coast of Africa, where are to be found all the products of this magnificent but as yet poorly explored continent.
The upper part of the city, forming a species of amphitheater, is inhabited by the Mussulmans, and on the summit is the Kasbah or citadel, which is justly celebrated for its Oriental magnificence, the approaches being embellished with massive Roman and Saracenic ruins, with fountains shaded by marble porticoes wrought with the most intricate and elaborate designs, which drive them into piffering and their parish them because they become thieves at once an injustice and a folly. She proposes to cut off the supply of our prisons, and even of our reform schools, by putting the street Arabs under ten years of age into homes no one of which should contain more than fifty or sixty children, who should be under the charge of carefully-instructed matrons, and should be clothed, fed and properly trained, and eventually provided with places where a healthful and productive industry would become possible for them.
There is a new kind of fiend in existence, said a postoffice detective to a correspondent of the Philadelphia Record, "the postal card thief, who exists in existence with that species of epistolary effusion. The nuisance is a much greater one than you can imagine. No one who is not connected with the service can imagine the number of scurrilous cards sent out. Ladies come to us—some of them belonging to the first families of our city—who are almost heartbroken over the open cards they have received. They do not want to expose the matter—often it is the result of some family feud—and so all we can do is to stop the cards here, while the villain is allowed to go free. I have heard of a case lately where a young wife was assailed in reputation by a former lover—rejected of course who kept just within the boundary of the law. The insinuating language was sufficiently veiled to keep the young husband uneasy, while it ate deep into the young bride's heart. It will kill her, as she is dying slowly of the inward wound. Of course ten years in prison would be light punishment for such a fiend, but these people always calculate on an unwillingness to prosecute on account of fears of publicity."
An illustration of the value of re-education is afforded by a report just furnished by the chief medical officer of the general postoffice in England. This report relates to an average number of 10,504 persons employed in the postal service in London, all of whom have been required to undergo re-education on admission to the service, unless that operation has been performed within seven years previously. Among these persons, during the ten years 1870-1879, there has not been a single fatal case of smallpox, and in only ten instances have there been non-fatal attacks, all of which were of very slight character. In the telegraph department, where the enforcement of re-education has not been carried out with quite the same completeness, twelve cases have occurred in the same period among a staff averaging 1,458 in number. Eight of these attacks were of persons who had not been re-educating, and one proved fatal. The remaining four were of re-educating persons, who all perfectly recovered without pitting. This experience, like that of the nurses at the smallpox hospitals, seems to show that re-educating persons enjoy absolute immunity from severe attacks of smallpox, and that their risk of catching that disease at all, even in its most modified form, is infinitesimal.
Always willing to give his note—The music teacher.

FACTS AND COMMENTS.

A Colorado judge recently cleared a desperado who had committed a foul murder, but the crowd hanged the rascal from the court-house window and told the judge that the next time he let a murderer go they would hang him. Thereupon his honor promptly sentenced three other murderers to be hanged.
Utah is just now the chosen field for considerable Christian missionary work. There are forty-four Presbyterian missionaries in the Territory, maintained at an annual cost of \$36,000, the Congregationalists are spending \$90,000 in new churches and churches, the Methodists have twenty missionaries on the ground and other denominations are represented. These tremendous onslaughts have incited the Mormons to renewed zeal.
The czar of Russia rules over an undetermined empire, and occasionally some portion of the explosive elements, cropping out of the surface, is observed. This is the real significance of the incident of the other day, when a mine of gunpowder was found under a stone bridge at a steamer landing in St. Petersburg. The arrest of a couple of naval lieutenants at Cronstadt for abstracting dynamite from the imperial stores caused a complete investigation of the czar has on his own picked officers.
Some of the nihilists, who are known as "Federalists," have drawn up a scheme of reorganization which they propose to bring forward after the destruction of the present political regime. According to this scheme Russia would be split up into a number of small free states, which would only be connected with each other by a congress and a president, like the United States of America. Small and self-governing states are, they say, the primitive form of Russian political life; it was only Ivan the Terrible and his successor who, with the help of the Tartars, created the present centralized and autocratic empire. Such a scheme would, it is believed, find favor with many members of the constitutional party, who feel the difficulty of governing a nation of 80,000,000 of people by a single central parliament, and also with some of the "old Russians," who dream of establishing, in opposition to the civilization of the West, an improved civilization based on the institutions of ancient Russia.
In the Nineteenth Century Mrs. Burr advocates a reform in dealing with the problem of crime which deserves careful consideration and which will command itself to common sense on this side of the Atlantic as well as on the other. She points out the fact which both moralists and novelists have emphasized before this, that the seeds of crime are sown in young hearts before boys and girls have reached their teens, and that to leave little children to grow up under circumstances which almost drive them into piffering and their parish them because they become thieves at once an injustice and a folly. She proposes to cut off the supply of our prisons, and even of our reform schools, by putting the street Arabs under ten years of age into homes no one of which should contain more than fifty or sixty children, who should be under the charge of carefully-instructed matrons, and should be clothed, fed and properly trained, and eventually provided with places where a healthful and productive industry would become possible for them.
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The Skein we Wind.

If you and I, to-day,
Should stop and lay
Our life-work down, and let our hands fall
where they will—
Fall down to lie quite still—
And if some other hand should come, and stoop
to find
The threads we carried, so that it could wind,
Beginning where we stopped; if it should come
to keep
Our life-work going; seek
To carry on the good design
Distinctively made yours, or mine,
What would it find?
Some work we must be doing, truer false;
Some threads we wind; some purpose, poor or exalted
That we look up to, or down,
As to how we do it, or how,
To last before, and as we weave threads
Of different lengths and thickness—some mere
shreds—
And wind them round
Till all the skein of life is bound,
Sometimes forgetting at the task
To ask
The value of the threads, or choose
Strong stuff to use.
No hand but winds some thread;
It cannot stand quite still, and let its dead
But what it spins and winds a little skein.
God made each hand for work—not to fall-
in is required, but every hand
Spins, though but ropes of sand,
If love should come,
Stooping above when we are done,
To find bright threads
That we have held, that it may spin them longer
—find but shreds
That break when touched, how cold,
Sad, shivering, portionless, the hands will hold
The broken strands and know
Fresh cause for weep.
—George K. Klinge.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Josh Billings says he has never known a second wife but what was boss of the situation.
"Will the coming man fly?" He probably will when the coming woman gets after him.
The Detroit Free Press advises you to make weather predictions if you want to be talked about.
The Rochester Democrat hears of couples being married on the run. Old man after them with a shotgun, perhaps.
We know a man so near-sighted that he can't recognize a creditor when he passes one on the street.—Keokuk Gate City.
Soldiers are always the most adept lovers, because they learn how to present arms and salute.—Baltimore Every Saturday.
This is his first season on a farm, and he has planted ten acres with tomato cans. He expects the ground will produce a heavy crop of canned tomatoes.—Philadelphia Chronicle.
A horse died in Hampton, N. H., the other day in whose stomach was found fifty shingle nails and pieces of hoop iron. Indigestion is the curse of our modern civilization.—Lowell Citizen.
Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "Have you a pen?"
—Keokuk Constitution.
Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "We haven't a pen."
—Seabrook Herald.
Can anybody tell us why a woman, emerging from a crowded car, always makes believe she is going to get out on one side of the platform, until two or three men have jumped off in the mud, and then steps off at the other side? She always does it; and we want to know the reason why.—Philadelphia Bulletin.
The young folks will never be entirely resigned to the introduction of the electric light into private residences until some means of turning it down are invented and applied. As it now is, you must have the full blaze or Egyptian darkness. The latter is not exactly proper, and the former, for obvious reasons, will never do.—Elevated Railway Journal.

WISE WORDS.

A man's good breeding is the best security against other people's ill manners.
Darkness, solitude and remorse are grim and hateful company.
Those who hope for no other life are dead even for this.
Great truths are generally bought, not found by chance.
Do that which is assigned you, and you cannot hope too much or dare too much.
It is a great pity that some people grow bitter as they grow old. It seems as though the more teeth they lose the more they want to bite.
There are men in the world who never make use of their opportunities. They couldn't weigh the chances of success if they had as many scales as a fish.
In seasons of adversity some men bear up under the stress of circumstances, while others bear up. The principal difference is seen in the purse and on the nose.
You often gain more knowledge from a shrewd though illiterate man than from a pedantic scholar; there is generally more nourishment in a mass of oatmeal porridge than in a costly pudding.
If you are a wise man you will treat the world as the moon treats it. Show it only one side of yourself, seldom show yourself too much at a time, and let what you show be calm, cool and polished. But look at every side of the world.
Oaths are vulgar, senseless, offensive and impious; they leave a noisome trail upon the lips and stamp odium upon the soul. They are execrable. They gratify no sense, while they outrage taste and dignity.
There is no place in the wide world like home. It is the dwelling place of our hearts' treasure, and the first of our lives we owe to it and its inmates. To make it pleasant and attractive should be the aim of every man.