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SYNOPSIS.

Philip Secombe, wealthy Englishman, one of whose grandmothers was a gypsy, and his daughter, Gertrude, spend their summer traveling about England in a caravan of three coaches, fitted up as sleeping and cooking apartments. Their winters they spend at the fashionable resorts on the continent. One day, when the caravan is drawn up at the roadside, Gertrude expresses her discontent with their roving life. Her father, on questioning her, discovers that she has been over to conventional life by Percival Foxwell, whose father, a rich soap-boller, has purchased a handsome estate near which they are camped. Gertrude had climbed a tree to get a flower, had been caught by her dress, and rescued by young Foxwell, who had lectured her on the propriety of her dress and greatly interested in him, and resents her father's suggestion that she should marry her cousin Archdale, who is in love with her. So her father decides to ask Foxwell to dine with them.

PART II.

Percival Foxwell accepted the invitation to dinner. "The girl is most superior," he said to himself, "but the father, I expect, is of a different stamp. One so often sees that sort of thing nowadays, superficial refinement in the second generation, the gift of the board schools, covering innate commonness of mind, the gift of the parents." Mr. Foxwell had conveniently forgotten the existence of his father, the worthy soap-boller, whose strident tones, innocent alike of aspirates or grammar, were even then echoing through the stables at Mel-drum hall.

"Well, my man, how are you?" Foxwell asked, patronizingly, as he clambered up the steps into the caravan. "I am very pleased to dine with you, very pleased. I suppose, though, you call it supper when you are by yourselves."

Philip Secombe frowned, then said, humbly: "It is very kind of you, sir, to honor us. My daughter told me how interested you were in our caravan, and I thought you might care to see how we lived, so I presumed to ask."

"Oh, that is all right, my good fellow," Foxwell smiled.

At this moment Gertrude entered. With a start of surprise she noted that her father was wearing a red flannel shirt with no collar, that a coarse brown cloth was spread upon the table, and that, in place of the usual candles, a glaring paraffin hanging on the wall was making the atmosphere nauseous and unbearable. One glance at Secombe's face gave the explanation. He was posing as a vagabond indeed.

Mr. Foxwell took a seat at the table uninvited, his air of aggressive patronage growing more pronounced. Secombe saw Gertrude's involuntary indignation, and smiled to himself. The

"I am sorry to have been obliged to shatter your ideal so ruthlessly," Gertrude said, "but I have heard of the young man, and thought prompt measures necessary. I can only hope that the strong medicine has cured you of any wish to be moved as a court house in which the thousand restrictions such a man as Foxwell ordains for women of his own class."

"You are quite cured, thank you," Lady Gertrude answered. "The apostle of respectability behaved abominably."

That day Lord Amberthorpe wrote to his nephew, Lord Archdale:

"Gertrude was suddenly smitten with an unusual disease a week ago, feverishly delirious, and finally died. Her existence in the most approved suburban manner. A drastic cure has been effected, and if moved as a court house in which the thousand restrictions such a man as Foxwell ordains for women of his own class."

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"HANG IT ALL. DO YOU WANT TO POISON ME?"

Some Tales Told Outside of Court.

CAUGHT THE JUROR.

Dr. Robert D. Sheppard, business agent of the Northwestern university, relates a story how he won a lawsuit which illustrates the manner in which lawyers sometimes adapt themselves to their clients.

"There was no question," said Dr. Sheppard, "but that I was in the right of the case. The evidence was conclusive. The law was on my side, and when my attorney arose to make his opening address he thought he had the case won. He briefly reviewed the evidence, stated the law in the case, and was about to close his argument when he noticed that one of the jurors, a stolid old farmer, did not seem to be with him. The other eleven men had already decided the case in their own minds, but the farmer had a shrewd set expression on his countenance which boded no good for me or my case. Again the lawyer reviewed the evidence, addressing his remarks entirely to this one man, but no impression was made. The same stolid expression still occupied the man's face, and he seemed as little likely to be moved as the court house in which the trial was taking place. The attorney tried all kinds of arguments, and finally, when he had exhausted the last of his arguments, he thought struck him. He repeated again the bare facts, and when he came to a place where the person opposing me had made an egregious error in judgment, he leaned over to the old farmer and said: 'And want to tell you, my friend, that there's where he dropped his water-melon.'

"The old farmer's face lighted up, and from that moment the case was won. The jury was out less than five minutes, and brought back a verdict for all that I had asked."

HALSTEAD ANSWERED.

"The best retort that Murat Halstead ever received," is said by the Collector and Commercial Lawyer, of Detroit, to have been the one which it describes as follows:

"The old law firm of Goldsmith, Colston & Johnson was one of Mr. Halstead's pet subjects for sarcasm, politeness and otherwise. He caught up the name of Halstead was attributed to the junior partner of the firm, Mr. Johnson, and after calling him a 'shining ornament of the Cincinnati bar' for some time, the brilliant Mr. Halstead went further and publicly dubbed Mr. Johnson 'the brass ornament of the Cincinnati bar.' This phrase was so attractive to Mr. Halstead that he never hesitated to use it in every possible way. Halstead's day of reckoning came, however.

"At an evening gathering, Mr. Halstead was very susceptible to the charms of the fair sex, saw a handsome woman in the crowd superbly dressed, and with diamonds on her bosom and in her hair that would at once attract attention. He begged to be presented, and was introduced to her by Mr. Johnson. He turned to Mr. Halstead's mind, perhaps a little less steady at the time than usual, who the lady might be. He was curious about her.

"Johnson, Johnson," he repeated, "I have never till the present time known you before, Mr. Johnson. Do you live in Ohio?"

"Yes," replied the lady, blushing over with smiles, 'I live in Cincinnati.'

"Indeed," said Mr. Halstead, quite astonished, "Mr. Johnson, inquire of what family of Johnsons you are?"

"The smiles were more than merry this time."

"Mr. Halstead," she replied, "for fifteen years I have been trying to polish up the brass ornament of the Cincinnati bar."

HE COULDN'T SAY.

E. B. Green, of Ottumwa, Ia., tells a good story to the Washington Star about Judge Hendershot, of that city, one of the leading lawyers of the Hawkeye state. "Judge Hendershot," said Mr. Green,

"was trying a case under the prohibition law. An Irishman was raised as to whether or not a barrel of whisky was delivered to the defendant."

"An Irishman by the name of O'Connor was the drayman, and when Judge Hendershot started to cross-examine him he concluded to rig up the case. He was reading his testimony on the examination-in-chief. Assuming a dramatic pose, and with a stern voice, he said: 'Remember, sir, you are on your oath. Remember, you have sworn to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Remember that to deviate one iota from the truth is perjury, and the punishment for perjury is imprisonment in the state penitentiary of Iowa. Now, sir, upon your oath, did you deliver that barrel of whisky to Duffy?'"

"The Irishman answered coolly and deliberately: 'Well, judge, been' on my oath, faith I couldn't say. I delivered a bar' to Mr. Duffy's place. On one end of the bar' was marked 'whisky,' but on the other end of the bar' was marked 'beer,' and on my oath, I couldn't say whether Pat Duffy or whisky was in the bar'."

"The defendant was convicted."

JUDGMENT ON THE LAWYERS.

Judge B. B. Hoar, who has served twenty-eight years on the New York Supreme bench before coming to congress, relates an incident in the life of a penitentiary of Iowa. Now, sir, upon your oath, did you deliver that barrel of whisky to Duffy?"

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PATERNAL ADVICE REMEMBERED.

The writer was present in court when the following amusing case was tried between counsel and witness in a disputed will case:

"Did your father give you no parting admonition?"

"He never gave me away at any time."

"I mean to say, what were his last words?"

"They don't concern you."

"They not only concern me, sir," replied the barrister, severely, "but they concern the whole court, and I must know them."

"Oh, all right," was the reply. "Father said: 'Don't have no trouble when I'm gone. Jim, my lawyers is the biggest thieves unbing.'"

WHAT HE COULDN'T TEACH.

"I can't teach you law, but I can't teach you manners," said an experienced counsel to a small, meek witness.

"The latter reply, which is that is so, sir," and people laughed comically.

Mistook Him.

A noted duelist was introduced to Colonel A.

Noted Duelist: "Honey to make your acquaintance, sir."

A moment later, being very much puzzled, he says to himself:

"By Jove, didn't I kill that fellow somewhere in a duel. Texas Sitings."

Evidence.

Husband (in the early dawn): "It must be time to get up."

Wife: "Why not?"

Husband: "Baby has just fallen asleep."

Truth.

A President on Brandy for Sickness.

The president of the Baltimore Medical college, who has thoroughly tested Speer's Pure and Brandy, writes as follows: "I am prepared to bear testimony to the value of Speer's Chinch Brandy as a pure and healthy stimulant in all cases of disease in which a reliable stimulant is required. It is superior to most French brandies, and is of great value to the President and Professor of Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children, Baltimore Medical college."

MUNYON'S GRAND WORK FOR HUMANITY.

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What is CASTORIA

A PRACTICALLY PERFECT PREPARATION FOR CHILDREN'S COMPLAINTS. C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A

Nothing about. Maybe I'd do better if I could live my life over again, and maybe I wouldn't. There's no telling. But there's one thing I want to say. I'm not all bad. I've got some good streaks about me. I have some idea of what's right and what's wrong, and no man can say I haven't any principle. I want you to remember that. Whatever you may say about me after it's all over there's one thing I don't want you to forget. I've lived up to my lights in one way. I never went back on my country. No matter how things were going with me I've done all that one man could do to set a good example in one particular. I've lied, and cheated and stole, and for all you know I have counterfeited, and run off with other men's wives, and killed my man, dozens of times. I'm not saying whether I have or not. That's all passed and gone. But all my life I have been true to one principle. Ever since I was old enough to know anything I have believed, as I do now, in the final and complete triumph of one great doctrine. I am now, as I have always been, in favor of the free and unlimited coinage of silver."

The mob made a wild rush. In a flash of his kind this is the point at which the avengers usually make a frantic and desperate break to get away from the scene, leaving the orator to climb down from the barrel and go about his business; but the historian is compelled to record the fact that in this instance nothing of the kind took place.

The mob made a wild rush and struck the orator up.

He had spoken less than two minutes.

NO TIME WASTED.

A Kansas Widow Who Liked Men Who Knew Their Own Minds.

A cow and a mule were harnessed together and hitched to a plow, and a woman was holding the plow and ripping the soil of Kansas up and back at a great rate as I rode along the highway. I halted to watch the novel sight, and the woman stopped her team and came striding across the furrows to say: "Hello stranger! Did ye stop at the shanty?"

"Yes, stopped for a drink."

"Was the children all right?"

"I saw seven or eight playing on the grass and having a good time. Where's the old man?"

"Pegged out last fall."

"Do you mean he died?"

"Didn't do nuthin' else for about three months, and finally got there. Yes, he's gone to a better land, and I'm working to pay off his debts."

"Then you are a widow of course?"

"Certinly. Goin' to settle out here."

"Married?"

"No."

"Want me?"

"No."

"Stranger, shake!" she exclaimed as she came nearer and extended her hand.

"You ar' a critter as knows your gait, you ar', and it does me good to meet you. Lands alive, but the men who come along here don't know 'nuff to pound sand, and I waste about three days a week on 'em! I want a critter to say yes or no right off the handle and hev done with it. So you don't want me and the young 'uns and the mule and the cow and the claim?"

"No, ma'am."

"Nuff sed—so long—see up thar', you critters, and git around the field afore another fellow comes along!"



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TO OUR PATRONS: Washburn-Crosby Co. wish to assure their many patrons that they will this year hold to their usual custom of milling STRICTLY OLD WHEAT until the new crop is fully cured. New wheat now upon the market, owing to the excessively dry weather many millers are of the opinion that it is already cured, and is in proper condition for milling. Washburn-Crosby Co. will take no risks, and will allow the new wheat fully three months to mature before grinding. This careful attention to every detail of milling has placed Washburn-Crosby Co.'s flour far above other brands.

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