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BY W. BLAIR.

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Select Poetry.

FORGET THEE.

Forget thee! Ask the violet blue,
In yonder flowery bed;
If it forgets the pearly dew
That trembles on its head.
Forget thee! Ask the vesper star
That glows the evening skies,
If, in the blazing amplitude,
It e'er forgets to rise.

Forget thee! Ask the bird of flight,
With rich and glossy wing,
If it forgets the moorland green
Of sweet and early spring.
Forget thee! Ask the blushing rose
That opens its petals fair,
If it forgets the rain that throws
Its fragrant moisture there.

Forget thee! Ask the blighted heart,
Bereft of every friend,
If it forgets the holy spot
Where weeping willows bend,
Forget thee! Ask the mother dove,
With sad and tearful eyes,
If she forgets her cherub's brow,
So guileless in the skies.

Forget thee! Ask the harp that throng
That fill the courts on high,
If they forget to sing their song
Of triumph through the sky.
Forget thee! Ask the child of light,
Wreathed with undying flowers,
If he forgets the wreathlet bright,
Culled from celestial bowers.

Forget thee! Ask me ne'er forget
A face so sweet as thine;
Thine image is forever set
Within this heart of mine;
And when 'neath other skies I be,
And brave the ocean's foam,
Josie, my thoughts will turn to thee—
Too true and thy bright home.

Miscellaneous Reading.

WHAT WAS STOLEN.

About five years ago I received information that a larceny of great magnitude had been committed in the residence of Mrs. Hillheigh, on Rolvat St. My first inquiry was, "How was the larceny committed?" and next, "What was stolen?"

The last was answered by Mrs. Hillheigh, who furnished a list of the missing articles, among which was a miniature breastpin of peculiar make. It was in the shape of a hand holding a small gold fan open, and when a concealed spring was touched the fan closed and revealed a miniature of a gentleman. This and a large number of valuable diamonds were among the articles taken.

From one of the servants I learned that about seven o'clock in the morning a middle-aged woman with a masculine cast of features, had called with a letter for Mrs. Hillheigh, saying it was of the greatest importance, and must be delivered by herself to the lady, and that in private.

This woman was shown the way to, and was permitted to enter the room where Mrs. Hillheigh was sleeping. In a little while she came down stairs, and without saying a word to either of the two servants who were busy in the main hall, passed hurriedly out of the front door into the street.

Mrs. Hillheigh did not come from her room at the usual hour that morning, and one of the servants fearing that she was sick, went to her bedside, found her in a profound slumber, and the same time discovered a small vial which had contained either on the bed. A physician was sent for, who, by the use of proper remedies, brought the lady to, and after that it was discovered that the jewelry had been stolen.

When I heard this the truth of the matter flashed through my mind in an instant. A man disguised as a woman had entered the house under pretext of handing Mrs. Hillheigh a letter, had placed her under the influence of ether and then robbed the jewel casket, which was found with the lid forced off.

That it had been done by some one well acquainted with the lady and her mode of living I had no doubt in my own mind, and when I suggested to the lady that it might be some friend of her family, she laughed at the idea, for, according to her statement, her friends were all wealthy and necessarily would not prompt them to commit such an act.

Again I questioned the servant who had admitted the visitor, but the only description I could obtain from her was that the woman was rather tall, was dressed in a maroon-colored dress, with overskirt of the same color and material, and further that she wore short curly hair, and that there was a small scratch, apparently a fresh one, on the right cheek.

It was not long before I chanced to get "on a track of the jewelry," as we call it, and obtained a clew, and in a small jewelry store kept by a Polish Jew, who was known to be a "fence" for receiving stolen goods, we found some of the jewelry in a highly demoralized state, for the valuable diamonds had been removed from the settings.

Said Sanog, the jeweler, to me in answer to a question, "So help me mein gotness, I didn't know dot dings was steel goods; if I know dot, I never buye dem, but I delle you dot was a mans mit gurlly hair, and ein scratch on dot right side von de face, vod sells dese dings."

This corresponded in a measure with the description of the woman by the servant girl, and now I was satisfied beyond a doubt that my conjecture about the thief being in disguise was correct.

I left my Polish friend, reached Emonas street just as I saw a man with a curly head of hair and a slight scratch on his right cheek.

He looked at me for a moment, and suddenly threw up his right hand to his face in such a manner as to hide the scratch from view. I then advanced toward him, when he suddenly turned and crossed to the other side of the street. "That's my man," I said to myself, and in a few moments overtook him and had him in the detective's office.

The man was about thirty-seven years of age, spoke several languages fluently, and was evidently well educated. When I charged him with the crime, the color forsook his face, and for a moment he was speechless; but when he recovered the color returned to his cheeks. He indignantly, yet in a quiet and gentlemanly manner, denied the accusation. He claimed to be almost a stranger in the city, having only arrived the day before by steamer, and offered to exhibit letters as recommendation, but I declined to see them at that time.

"That is the old respectability dodge," I remarked to the brother officer who was present; and then, turning to my friend, said: "You run a fine chance of being just where the dogs won't bite you for some time," for I felt sure that I had the right man.

Placing him in one of the cells below, I started for Mrs. Hillheigh's residence to get the servant to come to the prison to see if she could recognize in the prisoner the person who had visited the house in female attire; but I had been gone but a short time, when my attention was attracted to a notorious woman of the town seated at the window of a house, and noticed that a lace collar which she wore around her neck was held together by a breastpin, which corresponded with the description furnished of the one stolen.

Entering the house I made myself known, and asked permission to examine the pin which the woman said had been given her as a present by a friend. The jewel was passed into my hand, and I was looking for the secret spring, when the door of the room in which we were was unceremoniously opened by a man who, the moment he saw me, attempted to retreat, but I stopped him the instant I caught sight of his features, for he also had curly hair and a slight scratch on his right cheek.

While talking to him and examining the jewel I touched the spring which I had been looking for, and the little gold fan closing exposed to view a portrait of the husband of Mrs. Hillheigh.

A brief inquiry followed, when I learned enough to satisfy me this time beyond the question of a doubt, that I had the right party, and therefore took him into custody, and also the woman. He made a full confession of the larceny, and implicated the woman, saying that she, as we term it, "put up the job" and he executed it.

My next step was to take the prisoner, who gave the name of Charles Wellward, and confront him with Mrs. Hillheigh and the servant. The moment the lady saw him she extended her hand in a cordial manner, saying, "Why, my dear nephew, how do you do? when did you get back?" He made no reply but hung his head as all guilty ones do when detected, and I informed the lady that he was the thief. She was loth to believe it at first, but his own admission convinced her of the truth of what I had said.

The matter was hushed up, and Mrs. Hillheigh was not anxious for newspaper notoriety, and with means which she furnished her nephew he left the State.

Shortly after making the arrest I returned to the prison and caused the release of the unfortunate young man who had fallen under my suspicious eye. Everything was fully explained to him, after which I ascertained that he was the person he represented himself to be, and among his letters of recommendation was one from a particular friend of mine. He said he had come here in the hope of finding employment, but had not offered his services. I apologized for the indignity I had heaped upon him in placing him under arrest, and told him I would do what I could to make reparation. Through my influence I obtained for him a situation as book-keeper in Richbox's bank, which place he fills to the present day.

A Hindoo priest called in all the members of a large family, one of whom was known to have committed a theft, and thus addressed them: "Take each of you one of these sticks, which are of an equal length, and put them under your pillows to-night. I do not at present know the offender, but you must return the sticks to me to-morrow morning; and the one belonging to the thief will have grown an inch during the night." The family retired to rest; but before he went to sleep, the man who had committed the theft, cunningly cut off an inch from his stick, firmly believing, by this means, to attain the length of the others by next morning.

The sticks were returned, and, by comparing them, the priest was instantly able to pitch upon the offender, to his great surprise and dismay.

TESTING BY PRACTICE.—A party of gentlemen in a saloon disputing over the question whether the American system of treating or the European system of not treating, was preferable couldn't settle the matter by talking, so they went to work testing it by practice. First each man took a drink by himself. Then each man invited a single friend to drink. After that each single friend returned the compliment. And finally each man in the party—there were six of them—asked all the rest to drink. When that all was accomplished, not a soul in the room could tell where the discussion originated, or what it was about.

'Twas none of His Funeral.

A western paper tells a story of a deaf gentleman's mistake. It seems that in the procession that followed good Deacon Jones to the grave last Summer the Rev. Mr. Sampler, the new clergyman of East Town, found himself in the same carriage with an elderly man he had never before met. They rode in grave silence for a few moments, when the clergyman endeavored to improve the occasion by serious conversation.

"This is a solemn duty in which we are engaged, my friend," he said.

"Hey! what do you say, sir?" the old man returned. "Can't you speak louder? I'm hard of herin'!"

"I was remarking," shouted the clergyman, "that this is a solemn road we are traveling to-day."

"Sandy road? You don't call this 'ere road sandy, do you? Guess you ain't been down to the south district. There's a stretch of road on the old pike that beats all I ever see for hard travelin'!"

"That's a remark," shouted the clergyman, "that this is a solemn road we are traveling to-day."

"No, sir. None of your cheap-John turnouts for me. I'm here to have a good time, and money ain't any object. I mean to have the noblest rig that's going. Now here comes the very trick. Stop that yaller one with the pictures on it—don't you fret—I'll stand all the expense myself."

So Colonel Jim stopped an empty omnibus and they got in, said Colonel Jack.

"Ain't it gay, though. Oh, no, I reckon not! Cushions, and windows, and pictures, till you can't rest. What would the boys say if they could see us cutting a swell like this in New York? By George I wish they could see us."

Then he put his head out of the window, and shouted to the driver!

"Say Johnny, this suits me!—suits yours truly, you bet! I want this shabang all day. I'm on it, old man. Let 'em out! Make 'em go! We will make it all right with you sonny!"

The driver passed his hand through the trap-hole, and tapped for his fare—it was before the gongs came into common use—Colonel Jack took the hand, and shook it cordially. He said:

"You twig me, old pard! All right between gents. Small of that and see how you like it!"

And he put a twenty dollar gold piece into the driver's hands. After a moment the driver said he could not make change.

"Both the change. Ride it out. Put it in your pocket!"

The omnibus stopped and a young lady got in. Colonel Jack stared for a moment, then nudged Colonel Jim with his elbow.

"Don't say a word," he whispered. Let her ride if she wants to. Gracious, there's the room enough."

The young lady got out her portemonnaie and handed her fare to Colonel Jack.

"What's this for? said he.

"Give it to the driver, please."

"Take back your money, madame. We can't allow it. You're welcome to ride here as long as you please, but this shabang's chartered, you shan't pay a cent."

TOO SOCIABLE.

The following extract is from Mark Twain's new book entitled "Roughing It," now in process of publication. It is an amusing illustration of a back-settler's view of New York life:

In Nevada there used to be current the story of an adventure of two of her nabobs, which may or may not have occurred. I give it for what it is worth.

Colonel Jim had seen somewhat of the world, and knew more or less of its ways; but Colonel Jack was from the back settlements of the states and had led a life of arduous toil, and had never seen a city.

These two, blessed with sudden wealth, projected a visit to New York—Colonel Jack to see the sights, and Colonel Jim to guard his unsophistication from mistaking.

They reached San Francisco in the night, and sailed in the morning. Arriving in New York, Colonel Jack said: "I've heard tall of carriages all my life and now I mean to have a ride in one; I don't care what it costs. Come along."

They stepped out on the sidewalk, and Colonel Jim called a stylish barouche. But Jack said:

"No, sir. None of your cheap-John turnouts for me. I'm here to have a good time, and money ain't any object. I mean to have the noblest rig that's going. Now here comes the very trick. Stop that yaller one with the pictures on it—don't you fret—I'll stand all the expense myself."

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POSITIVITY.

Hold not thy head so high, my friend,
For surely thou must know,
The heaviest heads of wheat will bend
The stocks on which they grow,
And everywhere the loveliest flowers
Bloom nearest to the ground—
The sweetest songsters of the wood
In lowly shades abound.

Hold not thy head so high, my friend,
Though rich in laud or gold;
The throngs that on thy steps attend
Speak not the thoughts they hold;
Their true respect is only paid
Where worthiness they see—
Whose deferential bows are made
Unto thy wealth, not thee!

Hold not thy head so high, my friend,
What'er thy station here;
For brain will triumph in the end—
What then will thy sphere?
We envy not thy lordly tread,
Nor at thy lot repine—
Who could not hold erect a head
That weighs so light as thine?

A Sad Story in Real Life.

Some two years ago a young German girl, Fanny Blasser, modest, handsome and industrious, was engaged to be married to a country man named John Emig, a mechanic of unexceptionable character, both residing or having friends here.

About the time set for the wedding, and in consequence the wedding was postponed, the betrothal still continuing, the girl helping to support her widowed mother and family, the young man working at his trade as a cabinet-maker in Steubenville.

Last Christmas day, as we understand, was the day appointed the second time for the wedding, and the preparations were made at Steubenville, even to the providing, by his own hand, of the necessary tables, chairs, &c., for housekeeping. Unfortunately, about this time, he was taken suddenly sick, and boarding with a family in which there had been small pox disease. The lady with whom he boarded, knowing the relations between the parties, but unknown to him, sent a message to his betrothed at Wellsburg to come up and nurse him.

Never hesitating, she went, as she supposed herself in duty bound, and in a short time the young man recovered, not having the small-pox at all, but some other illness. She then came home, was treated as parties supposed to have been in contact with small-pox usually are, and the wedding was again, for a few days, deferred.

Shortly after, in apparent good health, she returned to Steubenville on Tuesday of last week, was married, on Thursday was taken with the small-pox, and on Saturday night following she died of the terrible disease. She died among friends, it is true, but her very mother could not see her in her sickness, and on Sunday she was buried out of sight, hastily and with hardly an attendant. She was a Catholic, but Father Bigelow, the faithful priest, was then, also, on his death bed, and the Holy rites of the Church could not be performed over this daughter of affliction.

It is a sorrowful story, and a true one. True and loyal woman as she was, her heart was in her troth, and her truth and loyalty led her to her death. Without a question, when others hesitated, she went, in his deadly peril, to the side of him she loved; and as bravely and as truly as ever soldier did, she died at the post of duty. May the flowers of the early spring bloom over her humble grave—Wellsburg Herald.

SAVED BY A HORSE.—Some years since a party of surveyors had just finished their day's work in the northwestern part of Illinois, when a violent snowstorm came on. They started for their camp, which was in a grove of about eighty acres in a large prairie, nearly twenty miles from any other timber.

The wind was blowing very hard, and the snow drifting so as nearly to blind them.

When they thought they had nearly reached their camp, they all at once came upon tracks in the snow. These they looked at with care, and found, to their dismay, that they were their own tracks.

It was now plain that they were lost on the great prairie, and that if they had to pass the night there, in the cold and snow, the chance was that not one of them would be alive in the morning.

While they were shivering with fear and the cold, the chief man of the party caught sight of one of the horses—a grey pony known as "Old Jack."

Then the chief said, "If any one can show us our way to camp out of this blinding snow, Old Jack can do it. I will take off his bridle and let him loose, and we can follow him. I think he will show us our way back to camp."

The horse, as soon as he found himself free, threw his head and tail into the air, as if proud of the trust that had been put upon him. "Then he snuffed the breeze and gave a loud snort, which seemed to say: 'Come on, boys! Follow me; I'll lead you out of this scrape.' He then turned in a new direction, and trotted along, but not so fast that the men could not follow him. They had not gone more than a mile when they saw the cheerful blaze of their camp fires, and they gave a loud huzza at the sight, and for Old Jack.

A Georgia negro, to whom Senator Sumner's supplemental civil rights bill was explained, characterized it as "trap to kill niggers." "You see, sah, some fool niggers will go to de Pulaski House, and jes set hisself down by a white man, and de white man will jes for dat ar nigger out de window and broke his neck."

Wine and Social Pressure.

One who makes a careful study of the drinking customs of America, and the phenomena of intemperance in general, will soon discover that the tap-root of the evil tree of drunkenness is the fashion, old but not venerable, of regarding alcohol in some form as the established and proper symbol of hospitality and good social fellowship. Subtract the social element from the drinking usages of our own country, leaving each person to use alcoholic beverages solely for the sake of stimulation, or not at all, and you remove a system of social pressure without which few men or women would contract drinking habits.

The young American usually learns to use wine and spirits, not because of any insubstantial appetite for alcohol, not because of its pleasant taste, not because of any need for artificial stimulant, but simply because he finds himself in company where social drinking is fashionable, and he wishes to imitate, or fears to offend, his associates and superiors. An occasional glass, accepted under social pressure or ostentatiously quaffed as an evidence of budding manliness, speedily breaks down all early scruples, and engenders the alcoholic appetite. Thenceforward no outside pressure is required to maintain the drinking habit. A fire has been kindled within; our young American has joined the ranks of the steady drinkers, and in his turn helps to perpetuate and extend the social custom which has entrapped himself.

Thus do drinking usages descend from generation to generation; and thus does drunkenness propagate itself.

LOOKING BACK.—If my friend, in the pressure and worry of "closing up" one year, and "opening another in your trade, or in your social duties, you have had no time to sit down quietly, and let memory go retrospectively, please put it down as an engagement with yourself for the earliest possible evening. Then send your thoughts back to childhood, and let them walk slowly over the path by which you have come to be what you are. Think of all you can, the important and the little, the sad and gay together. Let memory awaken honest pride or tinge the cheek with shame—no one need see it. Unwind the ball of life regularly, if you will see what it amounts to, do not slip it off in tangled handfuls of hasty recollection, the occupying but an hour or two, as much changed in your notions and feelings about yourself, as if you had been traveling abroad as many years.—N. Y. Observer.

A HINT.—If a youth is woefully disposed toward any damsel, as he values his happiness, let him call on that lady when she least expects him; and take note of the appearance of all that is under her control. Observe if the shoes fit neatly, and hair well dressed. And we would forgive a man for breaking off an engagement if he discovered a greasy novel hid away under the cushion of a sofa, or a hole in the garniture of the prettiest foot in the world. Slovenliness in a woman will ever be avoided by a well regulated mind. A woman cannot always be what is called "dressed," but she may be always neat. And as certainly as a virtuous woman is a crown of glory to her husband, so surely is a slovenly one a crown of thorns.

THE PRESENT.—Some people are always wishing themselves somewhere but where they are, or thinking of something else than what they are doing, or of some person else than to whom they are speaking. This is the way to enjoy nothing well, and to please nobody. It is better to be interested with the best. A principal cause of this difference is the adoption of other people's tastes to the cultivation of our own, the pursuit after that which we are not fitted, and to which, consequently, we are not really inclined. This folly pervades more or less all classes, and arises from the error of building our enjoyment on the false foundation of the world's opinion, instead of being, with due regard to others, each of our own world.

PARTING THE HAIR.—Eminent men have long considered it the thing to part the hair of their heads in the middle, while on the other hand, dashing young women given to masculine ways, delight to appear with short curly hair, parted at the side. In both cases the parties show themselves in their true character. It would be well if the law allowed them to change costumes with each other. By a Paris letter it appears that this suggestion is to be the fashion. We doubt it, mainly because such a division cannot be becoming unless long tresses are sacrificed, and few of the belles will consent to that. It is fortunate this is the case. We do not deny that a handsome girl adds to—can we say her beauty? no; rather her style may, by parting her hair at the side, but it gives such an air of fastness that we should not like the custom to become general. We are of the same opinion in the matter as was the gentleman of tilting hilts, who said: "Well, I rather do like tilts, so long as they are only worn by other fellows wives."

KEEP THE HEAD COOL.—Hall's Journal of Health says that the human scalp is often diseased, and intolerable headaches result from wearing the ordinary hat, which excludes the air altogether, aided by the custom of many of keeping the hair plastered close down upon the scalp with the various forms of hair oils and pomades, which occasions baldness in multitudes. It is of the utmost importance to the health of the hair that the air should be allowed to have free access to every hair and to every root of it.

Cast no dirt into the well that has given you water when you were thirsty.

Wit and Humor.

What did Adam first plant in the Garden of Eden? His foot.

Why is a leaky barrel like a coward? Because it runs.

What is the difference between a girl and a night cap? One is born to wed, the other is worn to bed.

Why should people marry in the winter? Because ladies want muffs and gentlemen want comforters.

Josh Billings says he will never patronize a lottery so long as he can hire anybody else to job him at reasonable wages.

Two reasons why some persons don't mind their own business: One is they haven't any business; and the other, they haven't any mind.

"Did you know," said a cunning Gentile to a Jew, "That they hang Jews and jackasses together in Portland?" "Indeed!" retorted Solomon, "den it ish vell dat you and I ish not dere."

A man went to borrow a mule of a neighbor, who said the animal was from home. Meanwhile the mule chanced to bray, upon which the borrower exclaimed, "How? did you not tell me the mule was abroad?" The other replied in a passion, "Do you prefer the mule's word to mine?"

A TALE HOUSE.—A Down-Easter arrived in New York, and took lodgings at one of the high houses. Telling the waiter he wished to be called in the morning for the boat, both of them proceeded on their way up ward, till, having arrived at the eighth flight of stairs, Jonathan caught the arm of his guide, and accosted him thus: "Look here, stranger if you intend to call me at six o'clock in the morning, you might as well do it now, as 'twill be that time before, I can get down again."

"Well, Mr. Smith I want to ax you a question."

"Propel it, den."

"Why am a gen' shop like a counterfeit dollar?"

"Well, Ginger, I gibe dat up."

"Does you gibe it up? Kase you can't pass it."

"Yah! yah, nigger, you talk so much about your counterfeit dollars, just succeed to deform me why a counterfeit dollar is like an apple pie?"

"No, I drops de subject, and don't know nothin' 'bout it."

"Kase it isn't current."

"One-eyed Winston" was (and probably is) a negro preacher in Virginia; and his ideas of theology and human nature are very original, as the following anecdote may prove. A gentleman thus accosted the old man on Sunday:

"Winston, I understand you believe every woman has seven devils. Now, how can you prove it?"

"Well, sah, did you never read in de Bible how de seven devils was cast out'er Mary Magdelene?"

"Oh! yes; I've read dat."

"Did you ever hear of 'em bein' cast out of any odder woman, sah?"

"No, I never did."

"Well, den, all de odder got 'em yik."

A LEAP YEAR STORY.—Judge Chambers of the Belmont county, Penn., common pleas, is an "old bachelor." At a party at St. Clairville the other evening a young lady was standing in a draught when the Judge stopped up and remarked, "Miss —, I will protect you from the draught with my person." She replied, "Do you promise thus to guard and protect me?" Through his proverbial gallantry he replied, "I do." Extending her hand she remarked, "Judge you will recollect this is leap year." The Judge was for a moment nonplused, but finally succeeded in saying, "You must ask my mother."

HOW HE DECIDED.—A poor Turkish slater, of Constantinople, being at work upon the roof of a house, lost his footing and fell into the narrow street upon a man who chanced to be passing at the time. The pedestrian was killed by the concussion, while the slater escaped without material injury.

A son of the deceased caused the slater to be arrested and brought before the Cadí, where he made the most grave charge, and claimed ampler redress.

The Cadí listened attentively, and in the end asked the slater what he had to say in his defence.

"Dispenser of justice," answered the accused, in humble mood, "it is even as this man says; but God forbid that there should be evil in my heart. I am a poor man, and know not how I can make amends."

The son of the man who had been killed thereupon demanded that condign punishment should be inflicted upon the accused.

The Cadí meditated a few moments, and finally said: