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THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL XXXII BUTLER, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1895. No 46

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Ladies' twentieth century SHOES In French Enamel Patent Calf Dongola in button or lace. Invisible Cork soles Goodyear welts. Ladies' Fine button shoes, Pat. tip 85c, $1.00, $1.25 and $1.50. Heavy sole fair stitch at $2.00, $2.50 and $3.00. Goodyear welts are perfect gems for the price. Ladies fine hand turns Dongola and cloth top lace and button.

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Wool Boots, Rubber Boots and Shoes.

See our new Rubber Boots with leather insoles, wont sweat the foot. We guarantee our best rubber boots not to break. Save Money——Save Time——Save Annoyances——by buying at——

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Every step you take in HUSELTON'S Shoes is a treat to the feet

102 N. Main Street, - — — Opposite Post Office

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Let us pilot you around to our store and show you the many nice goods suitable and very appropriate for Christmas presents. Fine Cut-glassware, Silverware, Sterling Silver Novelties, Rings, Stick Pins, Watches in Gold and Silver, Tribly and Lorgnette Chains, Braceletts, etc. We have a large stock and want your custom. If your purse is not well filled, come anyway, we can meet your desires.

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The place to buy
GAS COOKING STOVES AND BURNERS. GAS LAMPS FIXTURES, HOSE, WATER FILTERS, BATH TUB ENAMEL etc, is at

W. H. O'Brien & Son's

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Harness of all Kinds Made to Order.

Repairing a Specialty,

AND PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

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(The old Times Office.)

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Every Woman
Sometimes needs a reliable monthly regulating medicine.
Dr. PEAL'S PENNYROYAL PILLS,
Are prompt, safe and certain in result. The genuine Dr. Peal's never disappoint. Sent anywhere, $1.00. Peal Medicine Co., Cleveland, O.
For Sale at City Pharmacy.

Hotel Willard.

Reopened and now ready for the accommodation of the traveling public.

Everything in first-class style.
MRS. MATTIE REIHING, Owner
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O My Head! Is the weak, languid cry of the sufferer from sick headache. Hood's Pills cure this condition promptly, and so agreeably that it is like the pleasant change from darkness to daylight. The feeling of utter exhaustion and inability to work is driven off and the digestive organs are toned, strengthened and regulated. Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, safe, reliable. 25c. at all druggists.

HEINEMAN & SON,

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SUMMER is approaching and the only way to keep cool is to go to Heineman's and get yourself a nice Hammock.

We have the largest and finest line of Hammocks ever brought to Butler.

Wall Paper from the cheapest to the finest of Pressed PAPERS.

We also handle the celebrated RAMBLER BICYCLE.

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Selling Out Wall Paper!

It has been going quite rapidly during the last few weeks.
We are selling our whole stock at less than cost. It will pay you to buy your Spring paper now. A FREE TICKET to the Wilber Entertainment to every $2 purchase—at Park Theatre, Nov. 22.

DOUGLASS' Near P. O.

It's All In The Making.

whether clothes fit well or not. That is where we excel. Whether we succeed or not you can judge by the fact that the best dressed men in Butler almost without exception patronize us.

Poorly Made Clothes always look cheap while those well made have an elegant appearance. The clothes we make are put together thoroughly. No slop shop work is tolerated. Try us, and see if we do not answer this description.

Cutting Your Cloth to suit the size and shape is a good thing to push along, also the cutting of our prices to suit the demands of the public. You'll be astonished at the low prices at which we are making up our large and elegant stock of Foreign and Domestic Woolens. Call and examine our large stock.

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Under-Wear Points

Thorough protection
No irritation—
Non-shrinkable
Perfect fitting
Moderate prices
All in Jaros Hygienic Underwear.

All grade of underwear at very low prices.

Largest stock of hats and furnishings for gentleman in the country. An inspection will prove this to any ones satisfactory.

Colbert & Dale.

242 S. Main St., Butler, Penn'a.

HOOD'S PILLS cure Liver Ills, Billousness, Indigestion, Headache. A pleasant laxative. All Druggists.

CHAPTER XII.

My life at Newgate was an ordeal such as I hope no reader of this will ever undergo. Day by day I saw the world slipping from under my feet and the net drawing its deadly folds closer around me. Soon we all were forced to realize there was no escape for any of us.

Of course we were all guilty and deserved punishment—I need not say we did not think so then—but the evidence was most weak, and had our trial taken place in America under the too liberal construction of our laws undoubtedly we all would have escaped. But in England there is no court of criminal appeal, as with us, and when once the jury gives a verdict that ends the matter. The result is that if judges are prejudiced or want a man convicted he never escapes. The jury is always selected from the shopkeeping class, and they are horribly subservient to the aristocratic classes. They don't care for evidence. They simply watch the judge. If he smiles, the prisoner is innocent; if he frowns, then, of course, guilty.

With us when a man is charged with an offense against the laws he engages a lawyer. One is sufficient and quite costly enough. In England they are divided into three classes—viz, solicitors, barristers and queen's counsel.

The solicitor takes the case and transacts all the business connected with it. A barrister is the lawyer who is employed by the solicitor to conduct the case in court and make the pleadings. He never comes in contact with the client, but takes the brief and all instructions from the solicitor. The queen's counsel is a lawyer of a higher rank, and whenever his serene lordship takes a brief he must, to keep up his dignity, be "supported" by a barrister. So my reader will perhaps understand the raison d'etre of the proverb, "The lawyers own England." As no solicitor can plead in court, so no queen's counsel will come in direct contact with a client and must be "supported" by a barrister. Ergo any unfortunate having a case in court must fee two if not three legal sharks to represent him, if represented at all.

We employed as solicitor a Mr. David Howell of 105 Cheapside, and a thoroughgoing, unprincipled rascal he proved to be. He was a small, spare, undersized man, with little beady eyes, light complexion, red hair and stubby beard, and when he spoke it was with a thin, reedy voice. From first to last he managed our case in exactly the way the prosecution would have desired. He bled us freely, and altogether we paid him nearly $10,000, and our defense by our eight lawyers—four queen's counsel and four barristers—was about the lamest and most idiotic possible.

We early came to the unanimous conclusion that in our country Howell would have had to face a jury for robbing us, and that but one of our eight lawyers had ability enough to appear in a police court here to conduct a hearing before an ordinary magistrate.

I do not propose to enter into the details of our preliminary hearings before the lord mayor at the Mansion House, or of the trial. Both the hearings and trial were sensational in the highest degree and attracted universal attention all over the English speaking world. Full page pictures of the trial appeared in all the illustrated journals of Europe and America, and our portraits were on sale everywhere.

After many hearings before Sir Sidney Waterlow we were finally committed for trial.

For eight mortal days the final trial dragged on, and there we were pilloried in that horrible dock—a spectacle for the staring throngs that flocked to see the young Americans who had found a pregnable spot in the impregnable Bank of England.

The misery of those eight days! No language can describe it, nor would I undergo it again for the wealth of the world.

The court was filled with fashionables, ladies as well, who flocked to stare at the misery, while the corridors of the Old Bailey and the street itself were packed with thousands eager to catch a glimpse of us. The judge in scarlet sat in solemn state, with members of the nobility or gouty aldermen in gold chains and robes on the bench behind him. The body of the court was filled with bewigged lawyers—a tippling lot of sharks and rogues, always after lunch half tipsy with the punch or dry sherry which English lawyers drink, jesting and cracking jokes unmindful of the fate of their clients. Captain Curtin and a score of detectives were present.

No fewer than 213 witnesses were called by the prosecution. Of these about 50 were from America, and by them they traced our lives for many years before. As the forged bills were all sent by mail it was necessary to convict us by circumstantial evidence. It really was all very weak save only in that remarkable matter of the blotting paper.

The jury retired to consider their verdict shortly after 7 o'clock, and on returning into court after the lapse of about a quarter of an hour they gave in a verdict of guilty against all of the four prisoners.

Judge Archibald proceeded to pass sentence. He began with the interesting and truthful remark, "I have anxiously considered whether anything less than the maximum penalty of the law will be adequate to meet the requirements of this case, and I think not." We had information that a few days previously a meeting of judges had been held and that he had been advised to pass a life sentence. What he really meant to say was that he had anxiously considered whether anything less would be adequate to satisfy the Bank of England. He went on to say that "the sentence is penal servitude for life, and I further order that each one of you pay one-fourth of the costs of prosecution—£49,000, or £249,000 in all."

And, after all, what aroused so greatly his indignation? It was simply this—because we were youngsters and Americans and had successfully assaulted the fondly imagined impregnable Bank of England, and, worse still, had held up to the laughter of the whole world its red tape idiotic management, for had they even asked me for a reference the fraud would have been made impossible.

Let my reader contrast this modern Jeffreys, his savage tirade, and for an offense against property the most brutal sentence, with his treatment of the Warwickshire bank wreckers. Greenaway, the manager of this bank, and three of the directors, by false balance sheets and perjured reports, for years had looted the bank, finally robbing the depositors of £1,000,000, several of whom committed suicide, and thousands more of whom were ruined.

They were tried, convicted and in being sentenced were told that, being men of high social position, the disgrace in itself was a severe punishment. Therefore he should take that fact into consideration and ended by sentencing two to 8 months, one to 12 months and one to 14 months' imprisonment.

We were sentenced late at night, nearly 10 o'clock, a smoky, foggy London night. The court was packed, the corridors crowded, and when the jury came in with their verdict the suppressed excitement found vent. But when the vindictive and unheard of sentence fell from the lips of this villain judge an exclamation of horror fell from that crowded court.

We turned from the judge and went down the stairs to the entrance of the underground passage leading to Newgate. There we halted to say farewell.

To say farewell! Yes. The Primrose Way had come to an end, but we were comrades and friends still, and in order that in the gloom of the slow moving days and the blackness and thick horror of the years to come we might have some thought in common we then and there promised—what could we poor, broken bankrupts promise?

Where or to what in the thick horror enshrouding us could we turn? We had

Nothing left us to call our own save death
And that small model of the barren earth
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones,

nothing but a grave, that

Small model of the barren earth,

with dishonor and degradation for our epitaph!

But there, in the very instant of our overwhelming defeat, standing in the dark mouth of the stone conduit leading from the Old Bailey to the dungeons of Newgate, by virtue of the high resolve we made, we conquered fate at her worst, and by our act in establishing a secret bond of sympathy in our separation dropped the bad, disastrous past, and starting on new things planted our feet on the bottom round of the ladder of success, feeling that, with plenty of faith and endurance, fortune, frown as she might now, must turn her wheel and smile again.

And what was this act? Why, it was a simple one, but bore in it the germ of great things.

As we halted there in the gloom we swore never to give in, however they might starve us, even grind us to powder, as we felt they would certainly try to do. We knew that in their anxiety about our souls they would be sure kindly to furnish each with a Bible, and we promised to read one chapter every day consecutively, and while reading the same chapter at the same hour think of the others. For 20 years we kept the promise. Then, making the resolve mentioned in the beginning of this book, I marched back to my cell. The door was opened and closed behind me, leaving me in pitch darkness—a convict in my dungeon. Dressed as I was I lay down on the little bed there, and through all that long and terrible night, with a million dread images rushing through my brain, I lay passive with wide open eyes, staring into the darkness, conscious that sanity and insanity were struggling for mastery in my brain, while I, like some interested spectator, watched the struggle, or again I was struggling in the air with some powerful but viewless monster form, that clutched my throat with iron fingers, but whose body was impalpable to the grasp of my hands. A mighty space, an eternity of time, and daylight came. Then, like one in a dream, I rose mechanically, and finding a pin I had secreted I stood on the little wooden bench, and impelled by some spiritual but irresistible force I scratched on the wall the message I had resolved to leave:

In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men.

Then I thought of my friends and my promise, and like one in a dream I took the ill smelling and dirty little Bible from the shelf, and turning to the first chapter read:

"And the spirit of God moved upon the waters. And God said let there be light, and there was light."

Then the book fell from my hand, and I remembered no more. My mind had gone whirling into the abyss.

I was sentenced on Wednesday. For three days, from Thursday to Sunday, my mind was a blank. I have no recollection of my removal under escort from Newgate to Pentonville. On Sunday, the fourth day of my sentence, like one rousing from a trance, I awoke to find myself shaven and shorn, dressed in a coarse convict uniform, in a rough cell of whitewashed brick. The small window had heavy double bars set with thick fluted glass, which, while admitting light, foiled any attempt of the eye to discern objects without. In the corner there was a rusty iron shelf. A board let into the brickwork served for bed, bench and table. A zinc jug and basin for water, with a wooden plate, spoon and salt dish—no knife or fork for 20 years—completed the furnishings.

As I was looking around in a helpless way a key suddenly rattled in the lock, and the door opening a uniformed warder stepped in, and giving me a searching look said in a rough voice: "Come on. You'll do for chapel. You have put on the balmy long enough." His kindly face belied his rough tones, and I followed him out of the door and soon found myself in the prison chapel. None was present, and I was ordered to sit on the front bench at the far end. The benches were simply common flat boards ranged in rows. Soon the prisoners came in singly, marching about two yards apart, and sat on the benches with that interval between them—that is, in the division of the chapel where I sat, it being separated from the rest by a high partition. Soon a white robed, surpliced clergyman came in, and the service began, but I had no eye or ear nor any comprehension save in a dim manner as to what was going on. My brain was trying to connect the past and the present, feeling that something terrible had befallen me, but what it was I could not understand.

When the services were over, I returned under the escort of the warder, who, when I arrived at my cell, ordered me to go in and close the door, which I did, banging it behind me. It had a spring lock, and when I heard the snap of the catch and looked at the narrow, barred window, with its thick, fluted glass, admitting only a dim light, I remembered everything. Like a flash it all came to me, and I realized the full horror of my position. Sitting down on the little board fastened to the wall serving as bed, seat and table, I buried my face in my hands and began to ponder. Regrets came in floods, with remorse and despair hand in hand, when, realizing that it was madness to think, I sprang up, saying to myself the hour and minute had come for me to decide—either for madness and a convict's dishonored grave, or to keep the promise I had made to my friends—never to give in, but to live and conquer fate.

I determined then and there to live in the future, and never to dwell on the horrible present or past. Then I remembered the last scene in Newgate and my promise to accompany my friends step by step, day by day, in our readings. Finding a Bible on the little rusty iron shelf in the corner, and this being the fourth day of our sentence, I turned to the fourth chapter. It gives the story of Cain's crime and punishment, and I read the graphic narrative with an intensity of interest difficult to describe. When I read: "And Cain said unto the Lord: My punishment is greater than I can bear. Behold, thou hast driven me out this day from the face of the earth!" I felt that the cry of Cain in all its intense naturalness, in its remorse and despair, was my own, and I was overcome. Laying the book down, I walked the floor for an hour in agony, until fantastic images came thronging thick and fast to my brain. I realized that my mind was going and felt I must do something to make me forget my misery.

I opened the Bible at random, and my eye caught the word "misery." I looked closely at the verse and read:

Thou shalt forget thy misery and remember it as waters that pass away.

I threw the book down, crying with vehemence: "That's a lie! God never gives something for nothing." Soon I opened the book again and looked at the context. Those of my readers who care to do so can do the same. The verse is Job xi, 16. The context begins at verse 13. From that hour I never despaired again.

The same day I began committing the book of Job to memory and worked for dear life and reason. I became interested, and my interest in that wondrous poem deepened until the study became a passion. Thus I turned the whole current of my thoughts into a new channel. Relief came back, and with a resolution and courage and strength I spent 20 years in that little stone dungeon. For 20 years I never saw a star, nor for 15 years the face of a woman or of a child.

I awoke to find myself shaven and shorn.

That is, from my early manhood, when the heart beats fast and the blood runs warmly in the veins—through all that fearful gap of time filled to the brim with the peltings of a pitiless storm. Twelve months in solitude, then for 19 years toiling in the mud in a swamp, hunger driven under the summer's burning sun, or, thinly clad, exposed to all the blizzards and whirling storms of winter. And never again for a single moment after that first Sunday did I know what it was to fear or despair.

I was in Pentonville prison in the suburbs of London. All men convicted in England are sent to this prison to undergo one year solitary confinement. At the completion of the year they are drafted away to the public works prisons, where, working in gangs, they complete their sentences.

Of my experience in Pentonville during my year of solitude it suffices to say that, passing through a great deal of mental conflict, I found I had grown stronger, and was eager for transfer to the other prison, where I could for a few hours each day at least look on the sky and the faces of my fellow men.

At last the day of transfer came, and escorted by two uniformed and armed warders I was taken to the famous Chatham prison, 27 miles from London on the river Medway.

"You were sent here to work, and you will have to do it, or I will make you suffer for it," was the friendly greeting that fell on my ears as I stood before a pompous little fellow, an ex-major of the army, at Chatham prison one lovely morning in 1874.

I had arrived there under escort but an hour before, strong in the resolve to obey the regulations if I could and never to give in if I had a fair chance; also with a desperate resolve never to submit to persecution, come what might, and these resolutions saved me, but only by a steady and dogged adherence to them on the many occasions, through many years and amid surroundings that might well make me, as it did and does many good men, desperate and utterly reckless.

After a few more remarks of a very personal and pungent nature the little fellow marched off with a delicious swagger and a heroic air that had a powerful effect upon—the warder who had me up for inspection. I at once turned to the warder and asked, "Who is that little fellow?" "The governor," he gasped out. "If he had only heard you!" and then followed a pantomime that implied something very dreadful. Then I marched off to the doctor and next to the chaplain, who, knowing who I was, asked me if I could read and write, to which I meekly replied, "Yes, sir," but apparently being doubtful upon the point he gave me a book. Asking me to read an account of the battle of Agincourt, in a solemn tone of voice I said, "When time and place adhere, write me down as an ass." He took the book from me, looked at the open page, gazed solemnly in my face with a funny wagging of his head, as much as to say, "You will come to no good," and followed the little major.

Then my cicerone took me into the main building, filled up to the brim with what seemed to be little brick and stone boxes, and halting in front of one said: "This is your cell. You must keep your tinware clean and bright and keep your bed and bedding and your cell in perfect order at all times."

Looking around to see if it was safe to talk, he began to question me rapidly about my case, and getting no satisfaction he wound up the questioning with the remark, "Well, you tried to take all our money over to America;" then, becoming confidential, he told me what wicked fellows the other prisoners were, chiefly because they went to the governor and reported the officers, charging them with maltreatment and bullying particularly and knocking them about generally. Of course the warders never did such things, but were really of a very lamblike and gentle nature. In order to back up their lies the prisoners would knock their own heads against the walls, and then swear by everything good that some one of the warders had done it. I said perhaps he had.

Well, he said, perhaps an officer might give a man "a little clip," but never so as to hurt him, and "only in fun, you know." I felt at the time that I would never learn to appreciate Chatham "fun," but on the very next day I was convinced of it when a man named Farrier pulled out from his waistband a piece of rag, and, unrolling it, produced two of his front teeth, with the information that a certain warder, Soden, had struck him with his fist in the mouth and knocked them out. After many "wise saws and modern instances" he locked me up in the little brick and stone box and departed, having first informed me that I "would go out to labor in the morning."

I looked about my little box with a mixture of curiosity and consternation, for the thought smote me with blinding force that for ten years at least that little box—8 feet 6 inches in length, 8 feet in height and 5 feet in width, with its floor and roof of stone—would be my only home—would be, must be, and no power could avert my fate.

On the small iron shelf I found a tin dish used by some previous occupant and smeared inside and out with gruel. There being no water in my jug, when the men came in for dinner I, in my innocence, asked one of the officers for some water to wash with. He looked at me with great contempt and said, "Will you have it hot or cold?" "Oh, cold, please!" He went away, but soon came back again and said: "You are a precious flat. Lick it off, man. Before long you won't waste gruel by washing your tin dish. You won't be here many days and want to use water to clean your pint."

After dinner I saw the men marched out to labor, and was amazed to see their famished, wolfish looks—thin, gaunt and almost disguised out of all human resemblance by their ill fitting, mud covered garments and mud splashed faces and hands. I myself was kept in and marched about by my old friend "Nosy" to the shops and stores for clothing, boots, etc. But the weary, almost ghastly specter march I had witnessed constantly haunted me, and I said, "Will I ever resemble them?" And youthful spirit and pride rushed to the front and cried, "Never!"

Night and supper—eight ounces of brown bread—came at length, and I rose up from my meal cheerful and resolute to meet the worst, be it what it might short of deliberate persecution, with a stout heart and faith that at last all would be well.

In the morning I arose, had my breakfast—nine ounces of brown bread and a pint of gruel—and was eager to learn what this "labor" meant. I was prepared for much, but not for the grim reality. I had been ordered to join party 82—a brickmaking party, but working in the "mud districts." So we, along with 1,200 others, marched out to our work, and as soon as we were outside of the prison grounds I saw a sight that, while it explained the mud splashed appearance of my spectral array, was enough to daunt any man doomed to join in the game. Mud, mud everywhere, with groups of weary men with shovel, or shovel and barrow, working in it. A sort of road had been made over the mud with ashes and cinders, and our party of 22 men, with five other parties, moved steadily on for about a mile until we came to the clay banks or pits. Fortunately we had a very good officer of the name of James. He wanted the work done, and used his tongue pretty freely. Still he was a man who would speak the truth and treated his men as well as he dared to do under the brutal regime ruling in Chatham. He speedily told me off to a barrow and spade, and I was fully enlisted as barrow and spade man to her majesty.

A steam mill or "pug" like a monster coffee mill was used for mixing the clay and sand and delivering it in form of bricks below, where another party received them and laid them out to dry preparatory to burning. Our duty was "to keep the pug going"—keep it full of clay to the top. The clay was in a high bank. We dug into it from the bottom with our spades and filled it as fast as possible into our barrows. In coming up with our barrows we had to walk up a plank laid up at an angle of 45 degrees, supported by a line of planks only eight inches in width and all converging toward and meeting near the "pug." The distance we were wheeling was from 30 to 40 yards, and the incline was really very steep, but that in itself would not have been so bad, but the labor of digging out the clay was very severe, and that everlasting "pug" was as hungry as if it were in the habit of taking bitters to give it an appetite.

One had no period of rest between the filling of one's barrow and the start up the run. In an hour's time my poor hands were covered with blood blisters, and my left knee was a lame duck indeed, made so by the slight wrench given it each time I struck in my spade with my left foot, but I made no complaint. About 10 o'clock the man next me, with an oath, threw down his spade and vowed he would do no more work. Putting on his vest and jacket, he walked up to the warder and quite as a matter of course turned his back to him and put both hands behind him. The warder produced a pair of handcuffs and without any comment whatever handcuffed his hands in that position and then told him to stand with his back to the work. No one took the slightest notice, and the toil did not slacken for an instant, but one man was out of the game, and we had to make his side good.

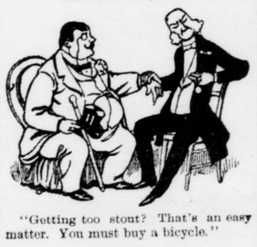
Noon came at last. We dropped our spades, hastily slipped on our jackets and at once set off at a quick march for the prison. I naturally looked at the various gangs piloting their way through the mud and all steering in a straight line for the Appian way, whereon we were, for, as all roads lead to Rome, so all the sticky ways "on the works" led to the prison. Our laconic friend was trudging on behind the party, and to my surprise I noticed that several of the other parties had un enfant perdu hands behind his back, marching in the rear, and as soon as we reached the prison each poor sheep in the rear fell out quite as a matter of course.

When all the men were in, a warder came up and gave the order: "Right turn! Forward!" and off the poor fellows marched to the punishment cells for three days' bread and water each and no bed, unless one designates an oak plank as such. It was all very sad. 'Twas pitiable to see the matter of fact way in which every one concerned took it all.

So my first day in the mud and clay came to an end, and I found myself once more in my little box, with a night before me for rest and thought. Although I had suffered, yet there were grounds for gratitude and hope, and I felt that I might regard the future steadily and without despair.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Universal Remedy.



"Getting too stout? That's an easy matter. You must buy a bicycle."

"Getting too thin? That's a very simple matter. You must buy a bicycle."
—St. Paul's.

POINTS ON FREAKS.

SOME BORN TO THE PROFESSION, OTHERS THRUST UPON IT.

If Nature Hasn't Been Kind to You In Giving You an Odd Number of Limbs or Hirsute Adornments Where They Ought Not to Be, You Must Achieve Notoriety.

"Any one who has remarked the gregarious element in human nature, which makes every one eager to see what the other has seen, will not marvel at the success which notoriety has attained in the show business," said the manager of a popular museum.

"Notoriety, no matter how and where obtained, is just so much stock in trade, and people in our line of work are willing to pay any price for it. To make no account of the money value of the advertisement, they are delighted to know that they are being talked about and speculated about, and to see their names in the newspapers. You see how high that dome is?" he continued, pointing to the arched space far above the ropes and bars stretched across for acrobatic performances. "Well, a man came in here, offered to jump from its highest point down to the floor so as to make a name for himself. It would have been a certain death, you know, to attempt it, but he said he had practiced jumping, knew how to manage and would escape injury. He begged to be allowed to make the jump and was much cast down at our refusal.

"That man only expected to jump once. After having performed the feat he felt that he would be a curiosity worth money to see.

"Anyway, we business people see that the public crave amusement of this kind, and we are delighted to gratify them.

"At the time of the 'White Cap' agitation, when there was so much talk in the papers about their outrages, a man offered to exhibit himself as a tarred and feathered victim just returned from the west, and we let him do it. Moreover, the public encouraged him to do it, for they came in flocks to see him. The tattooed woman who was paid $100 a day was tattooed right here in New York, but the work was marvelously well done, and the fairy tale about her, as told by the showman, only heightened the crowd's interest and harmed nobody. She was represented in the story as having been stranded on one of the Sandwich islands, shipwrecked, with her husband, who was put to death. Her life was spared, but she was put to torture, having these extraordinary characters tattooed all over her body. There were from 500 to 700 people at each one of the 21 daily performances at which that tattooed woman was exhibited, and all were pleased at the show, for which they paid 10 cents."

"Do many of these freaks, remarkable for various reasons, get fine salaries?"

"Indeed they do. We paid a certain midget $700 a week. Her father and the family traveled with her, and got rich out of it. Then that wonderful Oregon horse with the trailing mane and tail was paid $900 a week for several months. The two headed negro girl, or girls, has made a fortune, and I could mention any number of celebrated freaks who have profited financially.

"Each day we get letters from all over the country—all over the world—offering us freaks of nature. This one sends a photograph of a sheep having a fifth leg and hoof growing out of his shoulder. This one sends a cow with a horn projecting from her back. Here is a letter from a handless man in West Virginia. He writes with his toes and writes a very good letter."

That box of photographs unearthed from little used recesses to refresh the showman's mind! What a galaxy, not of beauty, but of the bizarre and the grotesque! Bearded women taken in decollete gowns, their masculine faces in revolting contrast to the feminine neck and arms; men without legs or arms; tremendously fat men, and men so thin that they were photographed prone upon a couch, limp and helpless; men who had starved themselves in order to live. The strong woman is there, and her remarkable sister, with a veritable horse's mane growing upon her back.

"That was a clever scheme this fellow devised," said the showman, adjusting his glasses so as to view a likeness. "He represented himself as having a gunshot wound through and through the body, and then he fixed up an optical delusion apparatus which made it appear that people could look straight through him. We displayed a colored photograph at the back, and the people could see that picture on the other side of the man. You have no idea what a furore there was about it. That was down on the Bowery. Everybody wanted to look through the man with the gunshot wound. Then, finding that the man was such a howling success a woman fixed herself up as having been speared through the body with her husband's bayonet, the victim of cruelty and brutality. We fixed it for the crowd to look through her, and she was no end of a success. She stood there surrounded by red curtains with a pathetic, rapt look on her face, and the people couldn't get enough of looking through her at the bouquet of flowers displayed at her back.

"People will delight in signs and wonders as long as the world endures," added the showman, "and just so long will scientists and magicians cater to their desires. In Paris there is an institution where infants are made into freaks as systematically as flour is made into bread. Those in charge are skillful physicians, it is said, who know just how much the human anatomy can be crippled and cramped and distorted without injury to life. The babies' limbs are manipulated when tender and pliable, and they soon grow misshapen and grotesque."—New York Tribune.

COLOR SCHEME FOR SMALL HOUSE.

Let Old Blue Predominate In Parlor, Library and Dining Room.

How few people when furnishing a small house or flat remember that old blue is one of the happiest colors to choose for a foundation, writes Frances Ann Hoadley in The Ladies' Home Journal. In a house where, as a rule, all the rooms open into one another, especial care must be taken to preserve harmony. It is better then to select one color which shall run through all the rooms. Old blue is the color par excellence in such a case, combined with tan, gray or white for the rugs, while the same scheme prevails in the heavy draperies.

A lovely little house in mind has a parlor and library in one. The large rug, covering the greater part of the room, is old blue and gray. In front of the fireplace is a long, light gray fur one. A broad, low lounge is covered with dark gray. It is always better to cover a lounge in a solid color, as it takes more kindly to the pillows of endless hues. The large dining room rug is old blue and tan, with smaller rugs of tawny brown. The bedroom has an old blue and white large rug and white fur smaller ones. Let old blue predominate everywhere in the floor furnishings and draperies, but not to the exclusion of all other colors elsewhere, for where one color only is used the effect as a whole is flat. Let there be odd bright color touches in the way of pillows, lamp shades, odd bits of china and bric-a-brac, but with always an eye to what is the proper color for each room. When all furnished be careful to see whether all of the rooms blend into a beautiful harmony.

In a bedroom white enameled or birds-eye maple is exquisite where two or three pieces of fresh old mahogany are added. Each heightens the other's beauty in a most charming manner. A room furnished entirely in mahogany gives a heavy, dismal effect, but in a parlor and library combined, say in a flat or small house, place a large, quaintly carved old desk and one of those highly polished, round card tables, and see what an air they give to the modern and equally beautiful furniture. In the dining room a square mahogany table with a surface like glass, and even a small buffet or china cabinet, will be quite enough of antique to set off everything else in the room. Have exquisitely drawn linen doilies, candles in rose colored shades and a profusion of, say, pink carnations and you have a lovely lunch table. In a house the hall should be a leading feature—enticing, not cold, bare and cheerless, repelling one from further acquaintance with the house and its mistress. A hall like an introduction.

HERE'S A NUT TO CRACK.

A Puzzle That May Give a Leisure Mind Something to Think Of.

I have found the following interesting problem in an old notebook, writes Sir Walter Besant. I have no recollection at all of its origin. Perhaps everybody knows it. Perhaps everybody does not. Those who do not will find it, I think, unless they bring algebra to bear upon it, rather a tough nut to crack.

Here it is. Once there were three niggers—their wickedness is a negligible quantity; it does not enter into the problem—who robbed an orchard, carried away the apples in a sack, laid them up in a barn for the night and went to bed. One of them woke up before dawn, and, being distrustful of his friends, thought he would make sure of his share at once. He therefore went to the barn, divided the apples into three equal heaps—there was one over, which he threw away—and carried off his share. Another nigger then woke up with the same uneasiness and the same resolution. He, too, divided the apples into three heaps—there was one over, which he threw away—took his share, and carried it off. And then the third nigger woke up with the same emotions. He, too, divided the remaining apples into three portions—there was one over, which he threw away—took his share and departed.

In the morning every one preserved silence over his doings of the night; they divided the apples which were left into three heaps—one was over, which they threw away—and so took each his share. How many apples were there in the sack? There are many possible answers—a whole series of numbers—but let us have the lowest number of apples possible. Senior wranglers must be good enough not to answer this question. Moralists, if they please, may narrate the subsequent history of these three niggers, apart from the problem of their apples.

The Glowworm Cavern.

The greatest wonder of the antipodes is the celebrated glowworm cavern, discovered in 1891, in the heart of the Tasmanian wilderness. The cavern or caverns (there appears to be a series of such caverns in the vicinity, each separate and distinct) are situated near the town of Southport, Tasmania, in a limestone bluff, about four miles from Ida bay. The appearance of the main cavern is that of an underground river, the entire floor of the subterranean passage being covered with water about a foot and a half in depth. These wonderful Tasmanian caves are similar to all caverns found in limestone formation, with the exception that their roofs and sides literally shine with the light emitted by the millions of glowworms which inhabit them.—St. Louis Republic.

A gold dollar if beaten until its surface was enlarged 310,814 times would become a golden film not more than the 1-566,020th part of an inch in thickness.

Sawdust and chamois as polishers after cut glass has been thoroughly washed in hot soapsuds will make it glitter and sparkle.

Authorities on chess declare that the game was known to the Chinese in the year 174 B. C.

A Warning to Knickerbocker Girls.

There was a fire at the seaside hotel. The local fire brigade responded valiantly. One lady, who was in cycling costume, at the cry of alarm leaped from her chair and went to the window. "Save me! Oh, save me!" she shrieked. But the brave fireman on the ladder paused not. "Ladies first," he said and passed on to the chamber above, where the girls wore skirts.—London Wonder.

He Stopped Short.

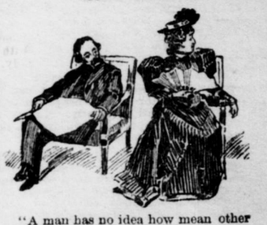
Jane—Dorothy, how many proposals did you have last summer?

Dorothy (modestly)—Only three and a half.

Jane—What does the half mean?

Dorothy—We were on a yacht, and, you see, Tom grew seasick.—Scribner's Magazine.

Applies to Each.



"A man has no idea how mean other people can be till he asks them to do him a favor."

"Nor how strong minded he can be till his wife asks him for one."—Life.