

A Song of Blessing.
God's blessing, gentle eyes,
Upon you for the glances you gave today;
Low 'neath your light my heart your debtor lies,
Striving to find some thankful words to say.
God's blessing, gentle lips,
Upon you for a tender smile—like this!
His rosiest roos with loveliest crimson tips
Your parted petals, quivering with a kiss.
God's blessing, gentle hand,
Upon your downy whiteness, and the touch
That thrills me so! I cannot understand—
Hands, lips and eyes, I love you all so much!
God's blessings for you, dear;
For all you are, and all that you may be;
Your glances, your kiss, your smile, your
touch—the more
Thought of you! Ah, how dear you are to me!
—FRANK L. STANTON in Atlanta Constitution.

The Nettley Farmhouse.

BY HELEN FOREST GRAVES.

"Have we got to spend all the rest of our days in this dismal place?" said Alicia Gray, despairingly.
"Oh, Al, I think it's splendid!" cried Sylvia, the younger sister, peeping into the cool, stone-paved dairy and clapping her hands to frighten away the big cat who was furtively watching the colony of gray and purple doves that were perched on the low brooding eaves.
"One could touch the ceiling with one's hand!" groaned Alicia.
"But that makes it all the more cozy."
"How are we ever to get our big furniture into these rooms?"
"Oh, we must sell the big things and keep only the little ones!" cheerily responded Sylvia. "Tall stagers and monster china cabinets would only be out of place in these doll-house nooks and corners. Do think, Al, how pleasant it will be here with muslin curtains drawn, cottage-fashion, across the casement, and big wood fires crackling in those delicious cavern-like chimneys!"
Alicia smiled. She could not help it.
"Sylvia," said she, "if you were imprisoned for life in the deepest dungeon of the Bastille, you would immediately set to work to make it as picturesque and comfortable as possible!"
Sylvia lifted her blue, smiling eyes.
"Well," said she, "wouldn't that be the best way?"
"It's all very well for you," said Alicia, shrugging her shoulders. "Will Barrymore has summoned up courage to ask you to marry him since he heard that you were no longer an heiress!"
"Shan't marry any one so long as mamma needs me!" declared Sylvia, flushing up to the roots of her lovely flaxen hair. "But, all the same, it's very nice of Will!"
"And," added Alicia, "Major Blossom has politely intimated that he can't bring himself to drag me into the poverty of an army officer's wife, now that circumstances have turned out so different from what we imagined."
"I'm glad of it, Al!" said Sylvia, with energy. "I never liked Major Blossom and you know, dear, Mr. Woodburn would give one of his eyes to call you his."
"Both of them," uttered a clear, manly voice, "and every other feature of his face into the bargain!"
And then the girls became aware, for the first time, that a pair of manly elbows were resting on the window-sill, and that a handsome young giant, posted among the lilacs and syringas, on the outside, was looking in, like a magnified copy of one of Raphael's cherubs.
"Don't scold me, Alicia!" he pleaded. "I don't want to drag you into poverty, either, and I don't pretend to be a rich man; but if you'll only give me a shred of hope to cling to, I'll work my fingers to the bone to make a home for you—aye, and a comfortable home, too!"
"Say yes, Al!" coaxingly whispered Sylvia.
But all that Alicia would murmur was some disjointed sentence about "thinking of it," as she hurried away down the dark, wainscoted corridor.
"Do you think she'll have me, Sylvia?" wistfully demanded Mr. Woodburn.
"I do believe she will," Sylvia answered, cordially, "if only you'll persevere!"
"I'll come again this evening," said he.
"Yes, do!" encouraged Sylvia.
"When you're a little settled."
Sylvia sat down on a packing-box and surveyed the general confusion around her, scarcely knowing whether to laugh or cry.
"If he expects us to get a little settled any time within a week, he is considerably mistaken," said she. "But we must manage to civilize things a little before mamma comes here. Al and I can camp down, gypsy fashion, anywhere, but mamma must be properly cared for."

Alicia and Sylvia Gray were the two daughters of a pretty, helpless widow, who had dwelt for ten years with Doctor Henry Haddon, her bachelor brother, and who, fully expecting that her family would be provided for through his generosity, was utterly amazed and confounded when at his death, the old will, made in favor of a distant cousin, when she had offended him by marrying a penniless army officer was found unrecinded.
"But I know," faltered Mrs. Gray, "that he forgave me all the past, and meant to leave me and the girls everything that he had. For he told me so again and again."
"My dear madam," said Mr. Snuffey, the lawyer, "I haven't the least doubt in the world of it. But all this isn't legal evidence, you know, and there's nothing on earth that men are so uncertain about as their wills. I'm afraid—I'm very much afraid—that Mr. Richard Haddon will inherit."
"But," gasped Alicia, "what is to become of us?"
The lawyer blew his nose in an imposing fashion on a big silk handkerchief, and declared that he didn't know.
Mrs. Gray, an inefficient little doll, took to her bed, and dissolved into floods of tears.
Alicia, the beautiful, sat like Niobe, contemplating her evil fate; but little Sylvia, scarcely promoted from the reign of short frocks and skipping ropes, stepped boldly into the front rank.
She it was who hired, at a merely nominal rent, the Nettley farmhouse, ascertained from Mr. Snuffey just how much of the furniture was theirs, and how much would descend to this unknown Richard Haddon.
She also discharged the servants, only excepting old purlined Joanna, the nurse, who declared that "she didn't want no wages except just the run of her teeth!" and who took the responsibility of everything with a courage almost equal to that of Joan of Arc.
"I did think," Sylvia confided to old Joanna, "that Mr. Richard Haddon might be like the heroes in novels, who would either come on and marry one of us three, or else generously bestow the estate on us, in consideration that we've been brought up to expect it, and that he owns two or three cotton mills already. But he's a fat, elderly man with a wife and five children, and he says law is law, and he feels constrained to abide by it. Horrid old thing!"
Joanna shook her cap frills.
"Real life ain't a bit like novels, Miss Sylvia, fix it how you will," said she, gloomily. "And arter all, its Doctor Haddon we'd orter blame; not Mr. Richard."
"No," said Sylvia, "we won't blame Uncle Henry. He was always good to us. And I'm quite sure if he hadn't died so suddenly, he would have altered his will."
"P'raps he would," sagely remarked old Joanna—"p'raps he wouldn't. There ain't no dependence to be put on men folks."
Just at this moment Joanna was busy planning a carpet on the sitting room floor.
"It's the white one with the little red stars all over it that your ma herself brought to Haddon Court when she came," said Joanna. "I was calculating on the pretty Ispahan pattern in the dinin'-room, but that sharp-nosed old lawyer said he couldn't allow the property of his client, Mr. Richard Haddon, to be tampered with. Never mind; he couldn't object when I took the ten-year file of the Scientific Messenger that was in your uncle's wardrobe drawers, an' packed 'em into the wagon to steady the Chinese cabinet and the cherry-wood rockin'-cheer."
Sylvia paused in her occupation of cutting the carpet to fit the angle of the fireplace.
"What on earth do you want of the ten-year file of the Scientific Messenger," said she, "unless it is to light fires with? Uncle Harry used to like to pore over the back numbers, and he always declared his file would some day be valuable to antiquarians. But we aren't antiquarians."
"I don't know nothin' about your antiques an' uncles," said Joanna, "but I do know that there ain't nothin' equal to good, smooth nosepapers laid under a carpet to keep off the rough edges of the boards—especially if it's an old carpet like this 'ere that hain't got much more wear in it."
And she threw down an armful of Scientific Messengers on the floor.
"Just you spread 'em out Miss Sylvia, there's a darling," said she. "Your back ain't so stiff as my old bones, and I'll help stretch the carpet over 'em and have it down in a jiffy."
Sylvia looked reluctantly at the musty-smelling sheets.

"It seems almost a pity," said she. "Uncle Henry thought so much of those papers."
Joanna gave her cap-borders another toss.
"I guess they don't read the Scientific Messenger in the country 'ere's gone to," said she. "And I don't know any better use we can put 'em to than in helpin' to make your poor ma a bit more comfortable."
"Yes, that is true," said Sylvia, slowly opening the closely-printed broadsides, and spreading them down on the cleanly-scoured board floor one by one, while Joanna, with her mouth full of carpet tacks, began vigorously to nail down the breadths on the opposite side.
"There's a raft more on 'em in the other room, dearie, if you need 'em," said she. "Eh, what's the matter? Is it a mouse?"
For Sylvia had uttered a sudden scream.
"It's—it's a paper," she gasped—"a written paper! It fell right out of the folds of the Scientific Messenger, and it's got a red seal on it!"
Old Joanna made a grasp for it.
"It's a will!" she croaked, hoarsely.
"It's signed with your uncle's name, and it's dated a year ago. Look at it, Miss Sylvia—everybody's turning black before my eyes!"
And Alicia, coming in from the outer air, was just in time to prevent the faithful servant from falling helpless to the floor.
"Why on earth my late client got that two-pence half-penny attorney from Wetherby to draw up his last will," snarled old Snuffey, "I can't imagine! Nor why he chose to hide it away in a parcel of old newspapers that might have been made a bonfire of at any time! But it's authentic—there's no sort of doubt of that! And it's very fortunate for Mrs. Gray's daughters that they are heiresses after all. I must write at once to my client."
Major Blossom, coming, all smiles, to renew his suit, was somewhat taken aback when he was presented to Mr. Woodburn as Miss Gray's accepted lover, and Will Barrymore consoled somewhat officiously with him on the subject.
"What a pity we can't know beforehand what's going to happen!" said he. "But, you see, Woodburn was quite satisfied to take the girl without the fortune."
"So was I," dolourously retorted the major, "so far as I was concerned. But a man can't be selfish enough to ask a woman to share his abject poverty!"
"I don't know," reflectively answered Will. "Some men are selfish enough for anything!"—[Saturday Night.]
Cheers Followed the Hisses.
The Boston Transcript tells the following story of Professor Blackie. Blackie was lecturing to a new class with whose personnel he was imperfectly acquainted. A student rose to read a paragraph, his book in his left hand.
"Sir," thundered Blackie, "hold your book in your right hand!" and as the student would have spoken,—"No words, sir! Your right hand, I say!"
The student held up his right arm, ending piteously at the wrist. "Sir, I have my right hand," he said.
Before Blackie could open his lips there arose such a storm of hisses as one perhaps must go to Edinburgh to hear; and by it his voice was overborne. Then the professor left his place and went down to the student he had unwittingly hurt, and put his arm around the lad's shoulders and drew him close, and the lad leaned against his breast.
"My boy," said Blackie—he spoke very softly, yet not so softly but that every word was audible in the hush that had fallen on the class room—"my boy, you'll forgive me that I was over rough? I did not know—I did not know!" He turned to the students, and with a look and tone that came straight from his great heart, he said,
"And let me say to you all, I am rejoiced to be shown that I am teaching a class of gentlemen."
Scottish lads can cheer as well as hiss, and that Blackie learned.
Her Idea of It.
A woman arraigned in a Vienna law court recently was asked by the judge if she had a clear character. The accused was silent. Then the judge, putting the question in a more direct form, asked: "Have you ever suffered a legal punishment?" "Yes," answered the defendant. "What was it?" "I am married!" At this judge, jury, and spectators alike broke into irrepressible laughter. —[Detroit Free Press.]

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.
Very full cheeks indicate great digestive powers.
Electricity travels about 90,000 miles a second faster than light.
It is stated that the effects of imprisonment are far severer, bodily and mentally, on women than men.
A pneumatic bumper, to be used on trolley cars, to knock careless pedestrians out of the way without seriously hurting them, has been contrived by a Baltimorean.
A new thing in the surgical world is a curious brass button recently designed by a surgeon for the purpose of joining together two ends of an intestine that has been cut.
During the last Paraguayan war it was noticed that the men who had been without salt for three months, and who had been wounded, however slight, died of their wounds because they would not heal.
One farmer in Lincolnshire, England, is pumping eighty tons of water daily on his potatoes, mangold seed and other crops, obtaining the water from one of the arterial drains of the fen district in which his farm is situated. This is something new for that country. They usually have to pump water off the land.
Among the products which science has put to valuable service is the nettle, a weed which is now being cultivated in some parts of Europe, its fibre proving useful for a variety of textile fabrics. In Dresden a thread is produced from it so fine that a length of sixty miles weighs only two and a half pounds.
The largest hand-sawing machine in the world has recently been completed in England and sent to Tasmania. The machine can saw through a maximum depth of seventy-five inches and the carriage will accommodate logs fifty feet long and weighing about fifty tons. It is asserted that this saw cuts even faster than a circular saw, while wasting seventy-five per cent. less wood.
Surgeon-General Sternberg has decided upon the establishment of a school for post-graduate instruction to the newly appointed officers of the Medical corps in the army. The course of instruction will be given in the Army Medical Museum in Washington, and will be of four months' duration. It will be conducted by four of the senior medical officers stationed in the Capital.
Undressing the Sheep.
The greatest event of the year on the sheep ranches of the prairies is shearing time. Sheep are not handled in the West in "bunches" of fifty or sixty, but in great masses that turn many square rods of prairie into a woolly sea.
There are regular bands of shearers who move from ranch to ranch, camping at each during the season from April 1 to June 1. While in camp the shearers do not lose a minute, for the work is paid "by the head," three-pence to five-pence, according to the fitness of the wool.
An expert shearer can clip sixty to a hundred Mexican sheep in a day, running his shears through their long, light wool, and having no work to do on the legs and under portion of the body.
The Merino and Cotswold are entirely different. The wrinkles lap over one another from nose to tail, and the greasy wool grows thickly down to the very hoofs, making fifteen to twenty-five a good day's work. The record of being the best shearer in camp is no slight honor.
A boy with a basket of tar stands by, and as a sheep is sheared he puts a dab of black on each spot where the careless shears have nipped out a piece of skin.
Then the ear-marks are looked over, to be sure there is a means of identification, and sometimes a brand in paint is put on the hip. If the flock is troubled with any kind of skin disease, each animal is dipped in a strong solution of tobacco and water.
Superstition in Business.
At No. 13 of a certain street in this city, several accidents have happened that tenants promptly ascribe to the unluckiness of the number. They have moved away in consequence of this belief, and the property has really depreciated in value. So serious is this relation of superstition to business that a lawyer says he would discriminate against any place numbered thirteen, not that he has any faith in its omen, but that other people have, and would give it a bad name. He would not advance as much for instance, on a mortgage on No. 13, as he would on No. 11 or 15, though all three of the houses should be precisely alike. —[Philadelphia Call.]

REPUBLICAN CONVENTION
JACKSON AND FELL.
The Republican State Ticket Selected by Acclamation.
It took the Republican convention at Harrisburg on Wednesday but 1 hour and 50 minutes to complete its work. When State Chairman Frank Reeder rapped for order there were 253 of the 261 delegates present. Only preliminary work was done at the morning session.
There was a larger attendance at the afternoon session and of course a great deal more life in the proceedings. Ex-State Senator Horace B. Packer of Tioga, was made permanent chairman.
After the platform had been read and adopted and the convention had passed a resolution thanking Gen. Frank Reeder and Frank Wiling Leach for their "distinguished services" as chairman and secretary of the State Committee, Chairman Packer called for the naming of candidates for Supreme Justice. District Attorney George S. Graham, of Philadelphia, nominated David Newlin Fell, of Philadelphia. U. B. Eastburn, of Bucks, in behalf of Judge Fell's native county, seconded the nomination.
Judge Fell's nomination was made by acclamation.
The nomination of Col. Samuel M. Jackson, of Armstrong, for State Treasurer, was also by acclamation. He was formally named by ex-Judge J. B. Neale, of Kittanning. William R. Leeds, of Philadelphia, seconded the nomination. Col. Jackson was by acclamation made the nominee for State Treasurer and the convention adjourned to the tune of "The Star Spangled Banner."
The platform reads as follows:
The Republicans of Pennsylvania, in convention assembled, reaffirming their adhesion to the declaration of principles adopted by the Republican National convention of 1892, resolve:
That we demand the immediate and unconditional repeal of the purchasing clause of the act of Congress entitled "An act directing the purchase of silver bullion, and the issuing of treasury notes thereon," approved July 14, 1890.
We congratulate the country upon the recent prompt and patriotic action of the House of Representatives, and request the Senators from Pennsylvania to support similar legislation now pending in the Senate.
We favor the expansion of the circulating medium of the country until the same shall amount to \$10 per capita of our population, and approve the proposition to issue to national banks notes to the par value of the bonds deposited to secure their circulation. In this connection we repeat the following declaration of the last Republican National Convention: "The American people, from tradition and interest, favor bi-metallic, and the Republican party demands the use of both gold and silver as standard money, with such restrictions and under such provisions, to be determined by legislation, as will secure the maintenance of the parity of value of the two metals so that the purchasing and debt paying power of a dollar, whether of silver, gold or paper, shall be at all times equal. The interests of the producers of the country, its farmers and its workmen, demand that every dollar, paper or coin, issued by the government shall be as good as any other."
Further, we declare that the obligations of the government should be discharged in money approved and current in all civilized nations, and to that end that a largely increased reserve of gold should be gradually accumulated and maintained.
Swiftly upon the heels of the success of the Democratic party in 1892 has followed unprecedented national distress. A ruinous fall in the price of farm and other products and manufactures; the closing of workshops, factories and mills; the reduction of the wages of labor; the discharge of working men from employment; the cessation of railroad extension and diminution of traffic; bankruptcy and the suspension of banks, are to-day the only monuments of its triumph. The present condition of our country is mainly due to the conviction that a vital attack will be made upon the American system of protection. We reiterate the belief we have often expressed that the maintenance of an adequate and stable system of protective duties is essential to the prosperity of the Nation and the prosperity of labor and capital and protest against any amendments to the McKinley bill until it shall have been fairly tested and judged by its practical operation.
The heroic sacrifices and untiring patriotism of the Union soldiers and sailors in the great War of the Rebellion created a debt of gratitude that the Nation can never pay, and the Republican party, ever mindful of their loyal services, and grateful for their heroism, renews its declaration of friendship for the surviving veterans, and its advocacy of liberal pensions, and so far as possible, will not only contribute to their comfort in their declining years, but will hold in sacred memory their priceless and distinguished services on the field of battle.
The National Democratic Administration in the appointment of officers in charge of the Interior Department at Washington, who are hostile to these surviving veterans, deserves the condemnation of every loyal citizen in the Nation, and the Republican party of Pennsylvania emphatically denounces the action by which the heroes of the Republic are being arbitrarily deprived of their pensions as unworthy of the patriotic American people and as reflecting discredit upon the great Republic made perpetual by the loyal services of the Union soldiers and sailors.
We demand the enactment and enforcement of immigration laws which shall effectually prohibit the importation of ignorant and undesirable immigrants. Our intelligent workmen should not be obliged to compete with such labor.
We recommend that the representation in the Republican National Convention for 1896 be based upon the Republican vote at the presidential election of 1892, and that the Republican National Committee in future State conventions shall be based upon the vote cast at the presidential or gubernatorial election immediately preceding, one delegate being allotted to each legislative district for every 2,000 Republican votes, and an additional delegate for a fraction exceeding 1,000 votes, each district to have at least one delegate.
We commend the action of the last Legislature in this State in setting apart from the revenue of the Commonwealth an additional \$1,000,000 to defray the cost of public schools, thus increasing the appropriation for that purpose to \$5,500,000 per annum, and relieving the burden of local taxation to that extent. This act again forcibly illustrates the integrity of the Republican party in redeeming its pledge for the reduction of taxation.
SKETCH OF THE CANDIDATES.
A REVIEW OF THE CAREERS OF JUDGE DAVID NEWLIN FELL AND COL. SAMUEL M. JACKSON.
DAVID NEWLIN FELL was born in Buckingham township, Bucks county, in November, 1840. His father was an eminent of one of the best county schools and conducted his early education. He attended and graduated from the Millersville State Normal School. In August, 1862, immediately after leaving school, he enlisted in the army, and rose from the rank of lieutenant to major in the One Hundred and Twenty-second Pennsylvania Volunteers. At the close of

the war he studied law in Philadelphia with his brother, the late W. W. Fell, and was admitted to the bar on March 17, 1866. On May 2, 1877, Maj. Fell was appointed by Gov. Hartranft a vacancy on the bench of the Philadelphia Court of Common Pleas, No. 2. The same year he was elected with out opposition for the full term of 10 years, and in 1877 was unanimously re-elected.
Col. SAMUEL M. JACKSON was born on a farm near Apollo, Armstrong county, on September 24, 1825. He attended for awhile the Jacksonville academy, in Indiana county, but was unable to finish his course by reason of his father's death. He joined the militia as a drummer boy when 15 years of age. Subsequently he became a captain. When the war broke out he recruited Co. G, of the Eleventh Pennsylvania Reserves, of which he was chosen captain. On July 2, 1861, he was promoted to major, October 25 the same year he was made lieutenant colonel and on April 10, 1862, became colonel. He served for three years.
At the close of the war Col. Jackson engaged in the oil business in Venango county, but subsequently returned to Armstrong county. In 1869 he was elected to the Lower House of the Legislature and in 1871, was re-elected. Four years later he was elected to the State Senate. In 1871 he became cashier of the Apollo Savings Bank and served as such until April, 1892, when he was made collector of internal revenue for the Twenty-third district, and served for July 1, 1885. In September, 1885, he was chosen president of the Apollo Savings Bank, an office he still holds.
KEYSTONE STATE COLLINGS.
MORE CASH THAN IS REQUIRED.
STATE TREASURER MORRISON'S DISCOVERY ABOUT THE STATE BANK.
HARRISBURG—State Treasurer Morrison has been investigating the banks of the state on his own account and finds a satisfactory yet peculiar condition of affairs. In anticipation of the existing stringency the banks have been swelling their cash reserve far in excess of the requirements of the national government. The balance sheet of the treasury, he says, will show a surplus of over \$2,000,000 on September 1, but much of this does not belong to the State. Under the Boyer act three-fourths of the personal property tax must be returned to the counties, and when certain large appropriations to educational and charitable institutions have been paid the surplus will be about eight. In 20 the state treasurer will be permitted to open a letter on file in the department stating a sum on deposit in the Girard trust company's vaults in Philadelphia to the credit of the state.
DROUTH IN FAYETTE.
UNIONTOWN.—With the exception of a few isolated fields the corn crop of the county will not be more than half the average yield. The mountain districts probably fared a little better than the farms in the low land, but even from Henry Clay, Wharton and Stewart and the other mountain townships the reports are encouraging. The drouth is perhaps severest along the valley between this place and Smithfield. Potatoes and buckwheat also have suffered and will be light yields.
THE NEW REPUBLICAN STATE CHAIRMAN.
HARRISBURG—Judge Fell, Col. Jackson, and Chairman Packer had a conference and selected Col. B. F. Glines, of Bucks county as chairman of the Republican State Committee. John A. McDonald, A. D. Fetteroff and Jere Rex will be the secretaries.
FIRE IN A BARN FIRE.
CARLEIGH.—The barn of Thomas Ahl, near Boiling Springs was struck by lightning and burned and George Lutz the tenant of the farm, was burned to death.
STANDING OF THE STATE LEAGUE.
York..... W. L. Fell, 106
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Easton..... 20 11 645 Harrisburg 13 16 484
Johnstown 16 13 532 Altoona, 15 16 484
Allentown 16 14 533 Reading, 4 25 138
Mrs. CONRAD JACOBS of Penn township Westmoreland county, while gathering cucumbers, was bitten by either a snake or spider in the hand. She is old and the wound may prove fatal.
COUNTERFEITERS are believed to be operating in some secluded spot near the Lehigh road. Counterfeit dollars and half dollars have been turning up daily at Conneville.
FARMERS near Crown Point, who have lost much stock, found the thief prowling around a hog pen and killed it. It was a big jaguar and must have escaped from some circus.
THAMPS robbed Joseph Covey, a Conneville cooper of \$50 as he was going to get it changed into foreign coin preparatory to sailing home.
THE Mahoningtown postoffice and railroad station were riddled by robbers Monday night and several hundred dollars worth of goods taken.
J. J. RHODES, proprietor of the Martin House at Girard was killed with his horse while out driving at Erie, by being struck by a train.
ALFRED ASHLEY, editor of "American Industries," was killed at Mt. Getz, by a heavy pole, uprooted by the wind, falling upon him.
FIVE HUNDRED miners at Madison and Aron near Greensburg went out on a strike against a 10 per cent reduction in wages.
It is said that Fayette county's corn crop will hardly be more than half the average now, owing to the continued drouth.
On Wednesday about 300 Slavs left Conneville for Europe. The will return when the coke trade improves.
JOHN McPHARLAND and Mark Fulton, coal miners, near Greensburg were killed while at work by falling stone.
A 4-YEAR-OLD daughter of Michael Siskiski, of Bradenville, fell into a well Sunday night and was drowned.
JAMES McGINNIS was thrown from his buggy near Templeton and killed.
Too Trivial.
Judge Chase of Vermont, was a man of excellent sense, and a great stickler for the dignity of courts.
At one time a case of very trifling importance, which had well-nigh run the gauntlet of legal adjudication, came before the highest court in the State. The counsel for the plaintiff was opening with the usual apologies for a frivolous suit, when the subject matter, "to wit, one turkey, of great value," caught the ear of the Judge.
"Mr. Clerk," he called out, in an irate tone, "Strike that case from the docket. The Supreme Court of the State of Vermont does not sit here to determine the ownership of a turkey!"
The way out of it for Australia is to set her pugilists to killing rabbits.