

BY A NARROW MARGIN

HOW A MAN'S LIFE WAS SAVED BY A MARKED \$10 BILL.

Accused of Murdering a Neighbor, and the Circumstantial Evidence Was Very Strong—A Government Official Tells Why He Changed His Ways.

"Were you ever suspected of murder?" inquired a government official of a Star reporter.

"Never," responded the reporter as calmly as if questions of that pleasing character were his daily food.

"Well, I was once, and if you have any feelings at all you need never want to be."

The reporter nodded for the official to proceed, and the official proceeded.

"When I was 20 or thereabout," he said, "I was a hard case. I don't know why, because my family were decent people and had some money, but somehow I flew the track, and before I had attained my majority I was a gambler, a drunkard and generally a tough character, though up to the time I am about to tell of I had never been in the hands of the law. Living in my neighborhood was a man whom I hadn't much use for, and it was known we were not friends, though we were on speaking terms and had some business relations. Our town was about three miles from the railroad station, and one November evening, just about sunset, as I was coming to town afoot, I met him walking to the station.

"He stopped me, much to my surprise, and asked me if I had any money, because if I had he would sell me his watch for almost nothing, as he was going to the city unexpectedly and needed cash. As it happened, I had two \$10 bills and three \$5, which I had received from the station agent not an hour before, and as the man's watch was a good gold one I thought I had a chance to turn an honest penny, something I didn't do very often. So I opened negotiations. Several persons we knew passed us as we were dickering, and at last I went on home with the watch, and he went on to the station with \$25, including a \$10 bill with the station agent's name on it in red ink, which had caused a part of our delay in the trade, as he didn't want it, and I insisted that he take it.

"As it turned out, he had a reason for not wanting it, and I can't say why I was so anxious for him to take it. Well, next day the man's dead body was found in the woods quite near the station and a mile from where we had met and made our trade, and it was evident that he had been robbed, for his pockets were turned inside out and everything taken. My connection with the matter did not strike me until the day after when I was arrested on suspicion. I was so badly rattled by the shock of the arrest on such a charge that I made my case worse by talking, and when the man's watch was found on me and it was known that I had been treating the crowd the night of the murder, I hadn't any show at all.

"Of course I protested my innocence and told my story, but people took it with little grace, for my character was known, and after an examining trial I was jailed without bail. What I suffered nobody except myself can know, and before a week had passed I had made up my mind to commit suicide and end the whole thing. I am sure I would have done so, but providence had something else in store for me, and sent it by a stranger. This man was arrested as drunk and disorderly ten days after my arrest, and when he was searched in the station house a \$10 bill was found on him bearing the station agent's name.

"The officer who searched him was a friend of mine, and as soon as he got his hands on the bill he thought he had found a way out of my difficulties and went after my lawyer. Then they saw the station agent, and he identified the bill as the only one he had ever put his name on, and remembered that I had jokingly asked him to do it to make it good. The next move was to make a few inquiries of the stranger as to how he came into possession of the money. This was done by waiting until next morning, when he was sober, and charging him directly with murder. It was so sudden that he weakened on the spot, as most murderers will, and the result was that I was saved. Saved in more senses than one, too," concluded the official, "for from that very day I lived a new life, and, thank God, I have never fallen into evil ways again, and that was 30 years ago."

"How do you explain your notion to have the station agent's signature on the bill, and your insisting on the man taking it?" inquired the writer.

"God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform," was the reverent reply.

"And the man who did not want to take the marked bill?"

"He was running away from justice. He had spent every dollar of a fund belonging to an orphan, and had been called to an accounting."—Washington Star.

Earl Gray.

Earl Gray, who succeeds Dr. Jim as administrator of Rhodesia, is a tall, good looking man of 45. He was the nephew of the late earl and succeeded to the title less than two years ago. He is a quiet, rather reserved, man, but is reputed to be possessed of considerable ability in business affairs. He has lived an adventurous life and has traveled a good deal in South Africa. His wife, who was a Miss Holford, has also seen something of South African life.—London Tit-Bits.

Eggs in the Arts.

Calico print works use 40,000,000 dozen eggs per year, wine clarifiers use 10,000,000 dozen, photographers and other industries use many millions, and these demands increase more rapidly than table demands.—Germantown Telegraph.

TIPS IN ENGLAND.

Two Well Guarded Places Into Which They Got a New Yorker.

"It is amazing," said a New Yorker, "to see what a tip will do in England. When I was younger and more adventurous than I am now, being in London I went down to Woolwich with the hope of seeing the inside of the arsenal. I went with the full knowledge that a request from the minister of the United States for a pass to the arsenal for a distinguished officer of our own army had been denied at the war office, upon the ground that, a war being then in progress, the arsenal was closed against visitors. I hung around one of the gates until the men came out at the noon hour, and, finally falling in with a man that I took for a foreman, slipped a tip into his hand and explained what I was after. He must have found me trustworthy, for he explained that one of his squad was not going back after the noon meal, and having procured me a workman's coat smuggled me in through the gate with the crowd. Once inside I was safe enough, and by the aid of the man I had corrupted I saw nearly everything worth seeing.

"It was during the same visit to England that a friend of my father's came to take him into the house of commons to hear a debate. He had been unable to obtain a pass for me, but I hurried down to the house of parliament, found a policeman, gave him a handsome tip, and told him I wished to get into the visitors' gallery of the commons. I hardly expected to succeed, but that bobby disappeared and returned with a pass bearing the signature of Joseph Chamberlain, and in I went. I haven't the slightest notion how the policeman obtained it. Perhaps it was a forgery, but it helped to convince me that in Great Britain more things are wrought by tips than by prayers."—New York Sun.

DOGS KEPT THEM WARM.

A Knife Manufacturing Town Where the Grinders Use Living Stoves.

Thiers, an old town in the Auvergne, is famous for its steel knife industry. The town has retained much of its romantic medieval character. Its streets are narrow and crooked, and the manufacture of knives, the principal industry of the town, is not carried on in modern factories, but in ancient, small buildings along the little river Durole, which furnishes the power for the industrial township. Curious and unique, as everything else in Thiers, is the method of work of the people engaged in grinding the knives.

The grinders, men and women, lay stretched out on wooden planks, over which they sometimes throw sheepskins to soften the boards. Head, shoulders and arms reach over the end of the board, and with their hands they hold unceasingly the rough steel blades upon the big grindstone which revolves beneath them by means of a powerful yet simple transmission. It is a very comical aspect to see these people at work, particularly because every one of the workmen has a small, long haired dog, who serves as a sort of live stove. During the long winter in the mountains a body stretched out at full length suffers much from cold in these ill protected mills, and since it is not possible for the workman to warm himself by a change of position or by moving his limbs this peculiar expedient has been adopted in Thiers. The dogs are well trained to their office. One whistle of their master calls them up, and a simple turn of the body indicates to them where they have to lie down to give new warmth to the body of their master.—Philadelphia Press.

Apples Are Good Nightcaps.

The apple is such a common fruit that very few persons are familiar with its remarkably efficacious medicinal properties, states The Bulletin of Pharmacy. Everybody ought to know that the very best thing he can do is to eat apples just before retiring for the night. Persons uninitiated in the mysteries of the fruit are liable to throw up their hands in horror at the visions of dyspepsia which such a suggestion may summon up, but no harm can come even to a delicate system by the eating of ripe and juicy apples just before going to bed.

The apple is excellent brain food, because it has more phosphoric acid in easily digested shape than other fruits. It excites the action of the liver, promotes sound and healthy sleep and thoroughly disinfects the mouth. This is not all. The apple helps the kidney secretions and prevents calculus growths, while it obviates indigestion and is one of the best known preventives of disease of the throat. Everybody should be familiar with such knowledge.

A Breezy Irishman.

Penrose Fitzgerald, the member of parliament for Cambridge, is a breezy, popular Irishman, of whom many good stories are told. He is rather nearsighted, and seldom remembers names. A few days ago he met a fellow member of parliament, Viscount Kilcourse, who had just become Earl of Cavan. The new earl spoke to Mr. Fitzgerald in the lobby and, observing a puzzled look, was good enough to say pleasantly: "I see you don't know who I am. My name is Cavan." "Of course, of course, my dear fellow," was the answer, "but for the moment, I admit, I took you for that ass Kilcourse."

A Qualified Victory.

"What's the matter, Jack? You don't behave like a man who has just become engaged to a lovely girl—smoking all day and pretending to read instead of finishing your picture for the academy." "Oh, what's the use? The fellow I cut out is on the hanging committee."—Pearson's Weekly.

The average weight of women's clothing in winter is much greater than that which adorns the opposite sex. Worth once said that the weight of a man's winter clothes averaged 15 pounds; of a woman's, 18.

ENGLISHMEN AND AMERICA.

Many Who Have Been Warm Friends of This Country.

The fact is that the English public men who have understood America, or who have seemed to care to understand her, have, at least until recently, always represented a small minority. During the first century of our national life scarcely an Englishman of eminence was clear sighted enough to perceive America's real devotion to great ideals. Our British kinsmen thought us a horde of gradgrinds and nothing else, whereas, in spite of a seeming absorption in material things, the national life was grappling with mighty ethical and political ideas, which the selfishness and irresponsibility of politicians might sometimes distort, but could never stifle. Leigh Hunt, as Lowell used to remind us, could never think of America without seeing in imagination a gigantic counter stretched all along our seaboard, and we bore Hunt's ridicule with a complacency that was the more cheerful because his caliber and weight of metal were scarcely great enough to do much execution over sea. Carlyle sneered; we remembered his dyspepsia and forgave. Ruskin emptied the vials of his eloquent contempt upon our sacrifice to America's freedom and integrity; we abated no jot or tittle of our veneration for his prophet's message, while we strove to make just allowance for the vagaries of the hyperaesthetic temperament. These things it was easy to condone.

The Englishmen who have understood American life have judged it by something besides the froth of the irresponsible press and the antics of provincial "statemen." Cobden's fatal exposure of his life to do us service and John Bright's brave words in the hour of our distress can never be forgotten. The memory of Thomas Hughes—alas! that we must write "memory" now—will always remain a rich and fragrant legacy, to which, in a peculiar sense, we are coheirs with Englishmen, while the work of Mr. Bryce has not only won our respect and gratitude, but is bound to leave deep impress on our life. None of these men was blind to the evident foibles, defects and crudities of the strenuous life of an earnest and virile people. On the other hand, none invited distrust by silly attempts to flatter or cajole. But all were quick to recognize in American aspiration, achievement, and representative character something other and better than mere bigness. They even ventured now and then to speak of these things as great; but the words sit better on their lips than on ours.—From "Duty of Englishmen to America" in Century.

INVENTORS DON'T PATENT.

Discoverers of Epoch Making Devices Took No Pains to Keep Them.

If you look back on the history of human progress, you will find that none of the great epoch making inventions has ever been patented. The man who lit the first fire—whether Prometheus or the party from whom he stole the idea, did not get a patent for it. Neither did the man who made the first wheel—in every sense one of the most revolutionary inventions in the history of man. The same thing may be said of the invention of soap, candles, gunpowder, umbrellas and the mariner's compass, or, to come down to our own day, of the steam engine and the electric telegraph.

Patents are mostly concerned with small mechanical details and improvements—it may be in candles or umbrellas or it may be in the application of steam and electricity—and by means of these patents enormous profits have been secured to second rate inventors, but the great ideas and discoveries which underlie these details have been given to the world gratis.

There is a general notion that if you did not protect inventions by means of patents inventors would cease to invent, and material progress would come to a standstill. But history does not bear this out in the least. Men with great mechanical gifts do not exercise them solely with a view to commercial profit any more than astronomers search the heavens for new worlds with an eye to registering patents and floating companies on the results of their discoveries.—London Truth.

At the Wrong Nuptials.

"If any man can show just cause why these two persons may not be lawfully joined together, let him now speak or else hereafter forever hold his peace."

Slowly and impressively the officiating clergyman spoke these words. The solemn pause that followed their utterance was broken by a deep, strong voice from the rear of the church:

"May I ask you, sir, to repeat the names of those two persons who stand before you as candidates for matrimony?"

"George Washington Spoonamore and Jophenia Shaw," answered the clergyman, astonished at the interruption.

"Go ahead with the marrying," rejoined the owner of the deep voice, clapping on his hat and starting for the door. "It's all right. I had just got here, and hadn't heard the names. The wedding I'm trying to stop must be in the church a block and a half below here."—Chicago Tribune.

Got Rid of the Chaperon.

"I thought I saw you riding alone with a gentleman last evening."

"You did?" "But does your mother let you go bicycling with gentlemen without a chaperone?"

"No, indeed." "But you had none." "Oh, we had one when we started, but we punctured her tire to get rid of her."—Chicago Post.

Entitled to the Title.

"Why does Mrs. Wester always refer to her daughter as a queen?" "She married a cattle king."—Detroit Free Press.

GERMAN PAWNSHOPS.

Some Are Managed by Government and Others by Individuals.

There is a royal pawnshop in Berlin, there are state pawnshops, deual pawnshops, county pawnshops, city or municipal pawnshops and private pawnshops. The municipal and private pawnshops may both exist in the same town. The rate of interest was fixed by a law passed in 1881 at not more than 24 per cent per annum on loans under 20 marks, and not over 12 per cent on larger sums.

In Berlin the pawnshop is a royal institution, and is not allowed to make a profit. Its surplus goes to charitable purposes. At Hanau no interest is charged on loans up to 3 marks if the articles are redeemed within six days. At Hof, in Baden, people are allowed to raise money, giving as security the receipt of their wages two or three weeks ahead.

At Weimar and Hanau anonymous pawning is the rule. No names are asked and no address is given. Provision is made at Memel for merchants depositing goods in time of temporary embarrassment. At Bautzen raw wool is received in pledge. At Bromberg military accoutrements are excluded from the articles which may be pawned. The pawnshop at Detmold will not receive articles in pawn from servants without the consent of their masters. At Altenberg and one or two other places no one is allowed to pawn articles of more than 100 marks' value without the consent of the town council.

Although private pawnbrokers exist alongside the municipal institutions, in many towns the latter refuse to do business with the former. Secondhand dealers and pawnbrokers are especially prohibited from resorting to the municipal pawnshop.

A salutary regulation against dealing with pawn tickets is frequently enforced. The rate of interest fluctuates a great deal in Germany, and is highest for small sums loaned for short periods. The average is about 12 per cent and on loans issued against securities 4 or 5 per cent.—Berlin Letter.

Cowslip and Bachelor's Button.

The name of cuckoo flower is given to at least 10 different plants, cowslip to 8 or 9 and bachelor's button to more than 20. It is the same all over the world. Sir Joseph Hooker says that "throughout his travels he was struck with the undue reliance placed upon native names of plants," characterizing it as "an erroneous impression that savage and half civilized peoples have an accurate knowledge of objects of natural history and a uniform nomenclature for them." Dioscorides made the same observation, and Athenaeus before him complained that the same plant was called by different names in different parts of Greece.

It is, indeed, well known that plants have exchanged their names largely. The forgetmenot is a good instance of this. In all the old herbals the name is given to the ground pine (Ajuga chamopitys) on account of its offensive smell, and sometimes, also, to the speedwell. Mills, in his "History of Chivalry," invented the legend of the drowning knight throwing the flower to his lady and fixed the name on the pretty blue flower which had previously been called mouse ear, from its old Greek name, musotis, and both name and flower became popular, but Punch, going back to its original associations, suggested it as a delicate name for the onion, and in Mexico the same name, "no me olvide," is given to an orchid. Clote is another name that has been given to various plants. In the old glossaries and herbals it always means the great burdock, but it was gradually attached to other large leaved plants, and in Dorsetshire it is now given to the yellow water lily.—Quarterly Review.

Position and Sleep.

How many people are in the habit of troubling themselves about the exact point of the compass to which their heads happen to be pointed when they lay themselves down for their nocturnal rest? One might have gone on supposing, but for the irrepressible Sir Benjamin Richardson, that it did not in the least matter whether the head of one's bedstead were turned north, south, east or west. But Sir Benjamin is full of theories on the subject, and now that he has expounded them we are in a position to know that if we "turn our face to the west," like Daddy in the sentimental ballad, we ought to get the soundest sleep, because in that case "the earth's motion will tend to send the blood to the head."

Here is a suggested cure for insomnia which is at least worth a trial, and in future a compass should be an indispensable article of furniture in every well regulated bedroom. It may sadly disorganize not a few bedchambers to arrange the adoption of this westward position, which may in some cases cause almost as much trouble as the reverse position has occasioned from time to time in the ecclesiastical world. But Sir Benjamin Richardson has spoken, and it only remains for those who accept him as an oracle to point their bed heads due west at all costs and without delay.—London Letter.

Onions.

Onions are almost the best nerve known, says The Housekeeper. No medicine is so useful in cases of nervous prostration, and there is nothing else that will so quickly relieve and tone a worn-out system. Onions are useful in all cases of coughs, colds and influenza, in consumption, insomnia, hydrophobia, scurvy, gravel and kindred liver complaints. Eaten every other day they soon have a clearing and whitening effect on the complexion.

Let not mirth be thy profession, lest thou become a make sport. He that hath but gained the title of a jester let him assure himself the fool is not far off.—Quarles.

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