

QUICK WITTED PATSY

HOW HE SAVED THE DAY FOR HIMSELF AND HIS LAWYER.

Thoughtlessly Signed an Affidavit With a Name He Never Was Not His Own—But He Won the Judge and His Point by His Explanation.

My first case came at Florence, Ala., a few months after I was licensed, writes Attorney B. M. Jackson. The sheriff there, Captain W. T. White, now dead, a gallant Confederate soldier and one of nature's noblemen, met me on the street and told me there was a man confined in the county jail who wished to see me.

I was then 21 years old, but would readily have passed for 17. The client's name was Patrick Donevan, but he was commonly called Patsy Donevan. Going to the jail, I found a man from 30 to 35 years old, an intelligent, nice looking, devil may care Irishman. When I entered, he greeted me with "Good evening, miss." Pretending not to have heard him address me as "miss" and assuming much dignity, I told him I was the lawyer whom the sheriff had promised to send him. For answer he exclaimed, "Well, I'll be d—d," and burst out laughing—laughing uproariously. I was irritated to a degree by this reception. "I beg pardon, judge, it's a go. You do look pretty young, but Tom (the sheriff) says you are a daisy. Get me out of here, and my folks, who've got plenty, will pay you well for your trouble."

He told me his story. He was a skilled mechanic from Kookuk, Ia., and had been employed by the government in constructing a lock on the Muesel Shoals canal, near Florence. He had shot the physician in charge of those works. This physician was a brother of the United States engineer in control of the canal construction, and it was evident that the prosecution would be bitter, sparing no pains or expense to secure a conviction, entailing a long penitentiary sentence. The doctor and my client were both men of reckless courage and overbearing temper, both sometimes looked on the wine when it was red, and both, I inferred, were striving for the favor of the same woman. A clash between them soon came. They had a savage quarrel at their boarding house at dinner. The doctor being armed and my client unarmed, the latter had to submit to unlimited abuse and would have been shot but for the interference of several men who were present. Soon after nightfall of the same day my client went to the doctor's office and sleeping room, about a mile distant and in a secluded place, and, knocking on the door, was bidden by the doctor to come in. Entering, he found the doctor putting on a shirt, and thus for the moment disabled, and, remarking, "You had the drop on me this morning, but I've got it on you now," fired, striking the doctor in the neck and inflicting a dangerous but not fatal wound.

The case soon came on for trial. While the defendant's version of the occurrence as he had given it to me was very different from the one in the foregoing, yet it was so improbable in itself and so inconsistent with the attendant circumstances that it looked as if a sentence of ten years was inevitable if the case was then tried. To gain a postponement an objection was interposed to the competency of the court on the ground that he was related by affinity to the prosecutor. This failed. Next an earnest effort was made for a continuance. The state fought this aggressively, thus giving warning of what was to come, and it, too, failed.

In sheer desperation I then whispered to my client, "Your real name is Patrick, not Patsy, isn't it?" The indictment named him Patsy Donevan. Then, moving to quash the indictment for the misnomer, I wrote out the defendant's affidavit in support. The affidavit stated that the defendant's name was Patrick and that he was commonly known and called by this name and not by the name of Patsy Donevan. He took the affidavit and read, or seemed to read, it carefully and, going to the clerk's desk, swore to it and signed it "Patsy Donevan." This, of course, was the way he usually signed his name, but he never reflected that to sign it Patsy this time was to afford the strongest evidence of the falsity of the affidavit.

Arguing the case without looking at the affidavit, I didn't see how he had signed it, but the state attorney had noticed the signature and in his reply called the court's attention to it. This disclosure raised a storm of laughter and jeering in the courtroom. I was confounded and at the end of my resources. Not so was Patsy. Realizing his peril, that the slip was his own and that he alone could retrieve it, he spoke out, not a whit abashed: "I signed it Patsy out of pure respect for your honor. It's not for me to give the lie to your honor's court papers. Your honor's court paper says I'm Patsy, and I'll sign it Patsy until your honor gives me leave to write my own true name."

The court sustained the motion from pure admiration for Patsy. We now had time to look about us. A few months later the case was tried, the jury failing to agree. The bail bond, which had been fixed at a high figure, was then reduced to a reasonable sum. He gave the bond, saying he had "lost by a nose," but he never returned to stand another trial, although his bondsman were promptly reimbursed, and the writer was generously remembered, receiving, as I now remember, \$300. I have often been curious to know what became of the game, rollicking, imperturbable Patsy.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

The Essentials.
"Do you want a shirt that opens in the front or one that opens in the back?" asked the count's jumper.
"Don't hear where it opens," answered Farmer Hayseed, "so long as it's got an opening at the top and another at the bottom."—Exchange.

An Incautious Epitaph.
"I suppose," said the young woman, "that when a miner makes a big discovery it is his interest to avoid spreading the news, so as to keep as much as possible for himself."
"Some of them try it," answered the returned gold seeker. "But as a rule it doesn't work. When a man has suddenly reached enormous wealth, he is almost certain to betray the fact in some way."
"Have you known of such case on the Klondike?"
"Only one. Ordinarily the men don't try to deceive anybody. One chap made a big discovery and tried to keep it quiet, but it wasn't more than a day or two before everybody knew he had struck it rich."
"Something in his manner betrayed it?"
"No."
"He was seen spending more money than usual?"
"No. He never spent any money in public. He was a great one for keeping it to himself."
"Perhaps he talked in his sleep?"
"Wouldn't have been anybody to hear him if he had."
"You surely were not mean enough to shadow him?"
"Didn't have to. He practically announced that he had suddenly become a millionaire himself. There wasn't any possibility of mistake."
"How did he do it?"
"Came around one day with the smell of onions on his breath."—Washington Star.

The Antarctic Region.
It is a curious fact that while enormous sums of money and property of great value have been appropriated and used in exploring the more northerly portions of this globe little or no attention has been given to the extreme southern part. Of late, however, the eyes of explorers have been turned antarcward, and expeditions are being sent out to determine various debatable questions that have arisen concerning this country. No human foot, as far as known, has ever approached nearer to the south pole than 720 miles. The ice is said to far exceed that found at the north pole, and greater difficulties are apprehended than arctic explorers have ever encountered. Vegetation ceases at about 58 degrees, no man has yet been met with south of 56 degrees, and the country is destitute of land animals south of 48 degrees. Mountains with towering peaks have been discovered, and volcanoes are thought to be numerous. Whether the intense heat of the latter may exert any influence upon the climate in their vicinity is a question of interest to the scientific world.—New York Ledger.

Handwriting of Dumas.
Both the Dumas' hands were those of busy men, but the elder Dumas could go on forever; he never stopped to punctuate. One of his literary canons was that a clear style punctuates itself. There is a good deal in this. The son never missed a comma, semicolon, colon or full stop. He had not the father's facility, which resembled a tropical vegetation at the end of the rainy season.
The younger Dumas beat his brains terribly and forced them to bring forth plays. Nothing can be more refined than his handwriting. The original manuscripts of his plays are scarcely legible, the corrections and erasures being so numerous. But he did not let the copyist or indeed any stranger see them, but rewrote and added pungent and pregnant sentences as he did so. The first thoughts of some authors are the best; they were the worst of Dumas if unless when he was answering a letter—answering, mind! It was then a case of steel responding to flint. Sparks flew. If there was an explosive about, it went off.—London Truth.

Queer Signature to a Check.
"That man forgot to sign his name," remarked a well known insurance agent as he reached the end of a letter from one of his correspondents.
"I presume you run across many cases of forgetfulness and abstraction while reading your correspondence?" I suggested as he resumed looking over his mail.
"Well, yes, they are more frequent than I wish they were. One of the most singular instances was a case where a man in affixing his signature to a check used a portion of my name and a part of his own. And he was the president of one of our leading colleges too."—Portland (Me.) Argus.

For Sleeplessness.
The following is recommended as a cure for sleeplessness: "Wet a half towel, apply it to the back of the neck, pressing it upward toward the base of the brain, and fasten the dry half of the towel over so as to prevent the too rapid exhalation. The effect is prompt and charming, cooling the brain and inducing calmer, sweeter sleep than any narcotic. Warm water may be used, though most persons prefer cold. To those who suffer from overexcitement of the brain, whether the result of brain work or pressing anxiety, this simple remedy has proved an especial boon."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Power In Portrayal.
"Why, man, I've had whole audiences fall to their knees in terror at my description of the day of judgment."
The other exhorter smiled pityingly.
"Ah, yes!" he replied. "But the other night I portrayed the destruction of the world with such power that a man came up after the services and asked me whom he should see about the kinetoscope rights."—Detroit Journal.

Economical.
"A good many people," said the philosopher, "are economical after the manner of a man I once knew, who smoked 30 cent cigars and saved the half burned matches to kindle the fire."—Indianapolis Journal.

UNCLE SAM 10 CENTS AHEAD.

Five Envelopes Out of a Bunch That He Wouldn't Redeem.

A reporter went into the New York postoffice the other day with a bundle of misdirected stamped envelopes in his pocket to see if Uncle Sam would not redeem them for cash. He found a window in a room on the second floor, where this is the special business attended to. Uncle Sam's representative looked over the lot of envelopes, handed back five, with the cash for the others, and said:

"You will have to take a trip to Falls City, Neb.; Columbus, Ga.; Newark, N. J., and Brooklyn to get those four redeemed, and here is one we won't redeem at all. You see, it is this way: It does not matter where an envelope is addressed to; the point is where it comes from—what postoffice issued it. A postoffice can only redeem envelopes which it has issued itself. If an envelope shows on the face of it that some other office issued it, I can't give you cash for it."

"Now look at this one. Here in the corner is a note. After ten days return to Mr. Blank, Falls City, Neb." Evidently the Falls City postoffice issued that, and you will have to go there to get it redeemed if you are fond of long distance economy of that sort. These envelopes here with no 'Return to' note may have been issued by some other office, but we have no means of knowing it and take them on faith. Here is one marked, 'Return to P. O. box 2,856, New York city.' We will take that, for we evidently issued it. The principle is simple, even if its workings look complicated."

The reporter reminded the clerk that he had refused one envelope altogether. The clerk took it up and looked at it. It had no "Return to" note in the corner, but the name and address were printed on it.

"Well, you see, that comes under a different rule," he continued. "The idea is to redeem envelopes which have been misdirected by accident. This man has spoiled this envelope to help on his business, sending it to some correspondent inclosed with a letter asking for a business order likely. He expected the other man to use this envelope only in writing to him and to keep him in mind of it he printed his address on it. He did not intend to furnish free stamps for his business acquaintances unless he got them back on letters to himself. His correspondent—you in this case—either did not send him an order or sent it in a new envelope. Now you want to get back 2 cents. The business man spent that 2 cents simply to boom his business. Uncle Sam is not booning any one's business, even to the extent of 2 cents, except where all share alike through general prosperity. You cannot get that envelope redeemed anywhere."

The reporter thanked the clerk. After calculating the cost of a trip to Nebraska, Georgia, Newark and Brooklyn and comparing it with the value of the four stamped envelopes which might be redeemed by it he concluded it was cheaper on the whole to drop the envelopes in the waste paper basket.—New York Sun.

African and Work.
All hard labor, all rough and unskilled labor, is, and owing to the heat of the climate must be, done by blacks, and in a new country like Matabeland the blacks, though they can sometimes be induced to till the land, are most averse to working underground. They are only beginning to use money, and they do not want the things which money buys. The wants of a native living with his tribe and cultivating meadows or Kaffir corn are confined to a barasa (skin cloak) or some pieces of cotton. The prospect of leaving his tribe to go and work in a mine in order that he may earn wages wherewith he can buy things that he has no use for does not at once appeal to him.
The white men, anxious to get to work on the gold reefs, are annoyed at what they call the stupidity and laziness of the native and usually clamor for legislation to compel the natives to come and work, adding, of course, that regular labor would be the best thing for the natives.—"Impressions of South Africa" by James Bryce.

Thomas Hood.
Hood's position in literature has been affected by the circumstance that he did two things excellently which in the general view are incompatible, in which case popular opinion generally fixes on the inferior gift as representing the writer's real capacity. He was a "funny man" as well as a lyric poet of real quality and earnest aims and was so admirable and original in the former and more abundant character that probably caused many to regard the serious verse as merely an ambitious bid for a reputation it was not in the writer's power to achieve. Hood doubtless helped to strengthen this impression by practically ceasing to produce serious poetry for some 15 years of his short life. But that this was due to necessity for finding a ready market for his wares is, I think, beyond a doubt.—Ainger's "Poems of Thomas Hood."

To Be Washed With Care.
"Yes," said the man whose narratives are almost invariably interesting, "I had some curious experiences in that mining country. One day I met two children with the dirtiest faces I ever beheld."
"Poor things!"
"That's what I thought. I said to them, 'Children, why don't you wash your faces?' and one of them answered: 'We doesn't. We've been playin on pap's best claim, and he's liable to lose money if anybody touches us but him.'"—Washington Star.

A Good Imitation.
The other day an amateur artist was producing some rapid sketches to amuse his children. He drew a sketch of a bun so naturally that when it was afterward thrown in the waste paper basket it laid there.—London Fun.

How often we hear middle-aged people say regarding that reliable old cough remedy, N. H. Stone's Ellixir: "Why my mother gave it to me when I was a child, and I use it in my family; it always cures." It is always guaranteed to cure or money refunded. For sale by H. A. Stoke.

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In the Court of Common Pleas of Jefferson County.

NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be made to the said Court on the 31st day of March, A. D. 1888, at 2:00 o'clock, P. M. under the Corporation Act of 1874 and its supplements thereto, by Stephen Yonckeb, Peter Kish, Paul Miller, John Hosenfeld and Emory Emery, for the charter of an intended incorporation to be called the First Sick Benefit and Patriotic Brotherhood of Eleonora, Pa., the character and object of which is for the purpose of maintaining a beneficial or protective society by paying benefits to and relieving its members from funds collected therein who, through sickness or disability arising from an injury are unable to follow their usual business or occupation, or some other business or occupation whereby such members may earn a livelihood and upon the death of a member, pay a stipulated sum to his legal representatives, and for the purpose of disseminating sentiments of loyalty and patriotism and feelings of devotion to the United States of America among its members, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges conferred by the said Act and its supplements. G. M. McDONALD, Solicitor.



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