

HE FOUGHT AT WINCHESTER.

An Old Rebel Soldier Found Warm Friends When Arraigned as a Prisoner. In the case of the State vs. John Stuart, indicted for larceny, the prisoner appeared in the court room, shuffling along, scarcely able to walk. He wore a soiled check shirt, a very much worn suit, and a battered hat. Appearing as State witnesses were two well-dressed, sleek-looking men who were determined to send the old man to the penitentiary.

"Has the prisoner any counsel?" asked Judge Phillips. "I have none," answered Stuart. "I am a poor man and unable to pay an attorney."

The judge saw by the man's looks that this was an unusual case, and said: "Well, go on and tell your story."

"Well, sir, I was in the Confederate army, and at the battle of Winchester. I was shot through both hips. Since then I have been exceedingly hard for me to support myself. I went to work for this man last year upon his word to board and clothe me and to pay me what my services were worth. During that time he paid me 10c, with which I bought tobacco. At the end of eight months he refused to pay me any more, and refused to give any clothes, saying my services were worthless. Then I went into his wardrobe, took a suit of clothes to hide my nakedness and left. He had me indicted for larceny, and I have been in jail ever since."

As the old man finished a murmur of indignation was heard throughout the court room. "You say you were shot at Winchester?" asked Judge Phillips, who was himself an officer in the splendid and memorable charge.

"Yes, sir." "Were you in the second charge to the left, on the other side of the town?" "The prisoner's face brightened. "Yes," he said, "I was there—Rhodes' division—and was shot while crossing the ravine just below the hill."

The judge was certain then that the old veteran was telling the truth, but to be certain he called the State's witness.

"Your story is finished M—," said the editor. "Pardon me," said the undant novelist, "it is not finished. I have here the continuation, and there is more to come. Indeed, the best part of it is here."

"Tchut," exclaimed the chief. "Why insist I say it is finished. M— had to do it in your absence."

"I am aware that he wrote several chapters," said the unblushing romancer; "but if you will kindly read this manuscript, I am sure you will agree with me that I am right."

The manuscript was passed over, and to the chief's surprise it was a remarkably dramatic sequel to the story. The heroine, instead of being a girl, was rescued by some fishermen on the river below Paris; the hero was saved by a medical friend who applied the stomach-pump in time, and the abbe recovered from his wounds and was on hand to bless the nuptials of the happy pair.

My friend," said the composite novelist, "is not finished. I have here the continuation, and there is more to come. Indeed, the best part of it is here."

COMPOSITE NOVEL WRITING.

One Author's Story Wound Up Suddenly by Another. Major Calhoun, one of the most prolific of modern story writers, and Louis Newman, who is the author of three composite novels, adapted from the German, Spanish and Italian, were comparing experiences a few days ago. "I once had a rather exciting passage with Ned Buntline," said the Major. "He was writing a story for a weekly paper, on which we were both frequently engaged, when he took a sudden vacation, as they had but a singular installment ahead. I was sent for and told to read the chapters already printed, and then to set to work and finish up the story in one or two installments."

"The multiplicity of characters puzzled me. Finally I resolved to get rid of some of them, and I adopted a very original method. I put a number of them on board an excursion steamer and then exploded her boilers, sending them to kingdom come. With the rest I worked out a plot to a climax and wound up the story."

"That reminds me," said Newman, "of a somewhat similar incident that occurred in Paris. A highly sensational story was running in one of the daily papers, and the chief had a few installments on hand when the brilliant young author took it into his head to go off and get married. Then he set out on a wedding tour, which was to last a week. The installments were soon used up, and another member of the staff was directed to wind up the story. He sent the heroine a watery grave in the River Seine; he poisoned the hero; slew the abbe who was the sole witness of the marriage, and closed the tale in a most tragic and harrowing manner. It was a dark and weird success, you may believe. At the end of the week the author showed up. He had with him several installments which he tendered to the chief."

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LETTERS FROM THE CORNERS.

IRON BURDEN: Clara—What a terrible noise that wagon makes. George—Yes; it's dreadful, isn't it? "What makes it groan so, George?" "Why, it is filled with green apples."

DOCTOR SQUILLS—There is nothing serious, sir; your wife has merely bit a little skin off the end of her tongue. Mr. Henpeck—End of her tongue! Great Scott! I didn't know there was any end to it.

DAMRINGER, what's become of the friend I've seen you with for a week? "I cut him. His name is Havardrink, and every time I called him he said 'I don't care if I do.' He was too expensive."

JUDGE (to police officer)—Are you sure, sir, that the prisoner was drunk? Officer—Is it drunk, your honor? Shure as he ud spoke through the telephone the brith uv 'im ud av made the police shtagger.

DREG CLERK (briskly)—Insect powder? Yes, ma'am. Here's some Swedish insect powder that's highly recommended. Customer—I don't know whether that will answer. Mine are plain American insects.

CHIEF (to industrial clerk in government office)—Why didn't you dot the 'i' in the last word of your report last night. Industrial clerk—I beg your pardon; but the clock struck 4 just at that point, and I didn't care to work overtime.

FIRST DRUMMER—Last week I took the biggest order of the season. Second Drummer—I don't believe a word of it. First Drummer—You don't believe it? Well, perhaps you'll believe this (triumphantly producing a paper). Here is a letter I just got canceling it.

"YOUNG MAN," said a minister to a member of his congregation, "do you know what relations you sustain in this world?" "Well, just at present the only relation I am sustaining in this world is my father-in-law, but you can just gamble on it I am not going to sustain him very long."

Last Sunday evening an East Side widow, who was known to the entire congregation to be greatly in want of a husband, was praying with great fervency. "Oh, thou knowest the desire of my heart!" she exclaimed. "A MAN!" responded a brother, with broad accent. "They will be done!" exclaimed the widow, amid a snicker from the congregation.

BEAUTY AND HER BEAST. "O, Jack, dear Nell's engaged, I hear; they say to such a bear." "It seems an awful sacrifice, and she's so young and fair." "It's her first season, but perhaps, mamma might let her say 'yes.'" "How rich, but such a bear." "What's that? You say guess I've got some rather strange ideas?" "He's not a bear, but tall."

"A Wall street 'bear,' that's all." A STOCKHOLDER.

STUFF AND NONSENSE.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT—Brain nourisher. A SHADOWED life—followed by a delective. IRON bars are the most reliable sort of appearance bonds.

THE puglist ascends the ladder of fame round by round. A PHILADELPHIA bootblack meets the sunset whose fad half way with the sign, "Boots blacked yellow."

"NEWSPAPER men have a right to be proud." Well—yes. Handling a paste pot is apt to make 'em a little stuck up. TRAVELER (in Ireland)—I don't see how it is you people keep in such good humor. Irishman—Sure we do niver have enough to ate to get bilious.

"YES," admitted the visitor, when the proud mother exhibited her baby. "He has his father's nose, but don't worry. It may not be always that red." MAMMA QUEER (to her little son)—There, now, don't bother me; I'm busy going and playing with the old cat. Tommy Queer—Why, mamma, that's what the nurse said to papa yesterday.

JACK—Charley, you don't you propose to the Widow Green's daughter? She's rich and is regarded as the pearl of her sex. Charley—I know it, my boy, but I dislike the mother of pearl. A TERRIBLE burden: Clara—What a terrible noise that wagon makes. George—Yes; it's dreadful, isn't it? "What makes it groan so, George?" "Why, it is filled with green apples."

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Chinese Sayings.

Some of the ordinary expressions of the Chinese are very sarcastic and characteristic: A blustering, harmless fellow, they call a "paper tiger." When a man values himself on his strength, they compare him to "a rat falling into a snare and weighing himself."

Your Pullett Must Lay. Two or three weeks of judicious management now to assist the pullet in forming her first crop of eggs, so to speak, will make a vast difference in the product of eggs during the next four months. A few dollars properly spent on the pullet, will return to you many fold increase in eggs.

Charitable people in London have raised \$300 with which to pay the first cost and maintain for a year a free ambulance system modeled after that of New York.

Why rub and fall, and wear out yourself and your clothes, in wash-day, when ever since 1864 D. B. W. Electric Soap has been offered for sale in large quantities. Wash your clothes. Wash 'em right.

A pocket match safe free to smokers of "Fossil's Punch" 5c Cigar.

The King of Siam is supposed to own all the people in that country, and each man in the Kingdom has to serve him for nine months as a servant of the Government.

Oregon, the Paradise of Warmers. A mild, equable climate, certain abundant crops. Best fruit, grain, grass and stock country. The Oregonian, Portland, Ore.

The newest feature of personal adornment is made up of hairs from the tail of the African elephant, made into watch-guards and bracelets.

Card of Thanks. If the proprietor of Kemp's Balsam should publish a card, containing expressions of gratitude which have come to him from those who have been cured of severe throat and lung troubles by the use of Kemp's Balsam, it would fill a fair-sized copy book much better to invite all to call on any druggist and get a free sample bottle than they can for yourself its power. Large 6 times 6.

Already a great deal of diplomacy and intrigue is said to be on foot in order to get the post of Post Laureate when Tennyson dies. The salary is \$72 a year.

Did You Read the large advertisement of THE YOUTH'S COMPANION which we published last week? This remarkable paper has the phenomenal circulation of 250,000 copies daily. To other journals it is more welcomed by old and young in the families throughout the land. The publication is a special offer to our readers. To all who subscribe now will send the paper free 3 months, 1 year, and for a full year from that date. The subscription price is \$1.00. Address: THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.

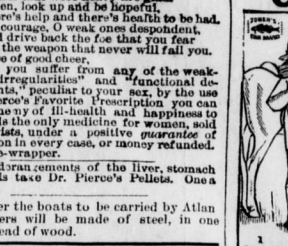
The French army is making trial of a small electric lamp which is to be employed in searching the field of battle for the wounded.

How's This? We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

Walding, Kinnard & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio. E. H. Van Hosen, Cashier, Toledo National Bank, Toledo, Ohio. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Anger is like rain; it breaks itself upon that on which it falls.

CAMP LIFE.



HERE'S THE SLICKER. The one thing you'll always find in every cowboy's outfit when he goes on the spring roundup is a "Fish Brand" Pomme Slicker. They make the only perfect, saddle coat, and come either black or yellow. Made by the same maker who makes the rider's body, being made to fit round the outside of the saddle. When used as a riding coat, the extension pieces neatly overlap each other, making a regular overcoat with a double-breasted front. When riding, the saddle is securely protected in every part of his body. These slickers are made of the finest quality of blankets for camp. Beware of worthless imitations, every garment stamped with the "Fish Brand" Trade Mark. Don't accept any inferior coat when you can have the "Fish Brand Slicker" delivered without extra cost. Particulars and illustrated catalogue free.

A. J. TOWER, Boston, Mass.

FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

At very considerable expense we have placed our new series of the UNIQUE POSITION of being able to furnish a series of 8-JUVENILE VOLUMES-8 each consisting of thirty-two well printed pages, each with a handsome lithograph cover. Printed in Twelve Colors, at the extraordinary low price, mailed in any ad. 15 CENTS PER COPY.

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WANT IS SATISFIED.

It is a solid handsome cake of scouring soap which has no equal for all cleaning purposes except in the laundry. To use it is to value it.

What will SAPOLIO do? Why, it will clean paint, make oil-cloths bright, and give the floors, tables and shelves a new appearance. It will take the grease off the dishes and off the pots and pans. You can scour the knives and forks with it and make the tin things shine brightly.

The testimony was positive that Andy Bolling did the killing. "Yes," replied the foreman, "and the testimony was equally positive and unequivocal that the deceased was of sound mind and in full possession of all his faculties just previous to his death, and that while in this condition he called Andy Bolling a liar."

The jury went out to deliberate, and after a short time returned the following verdict: "We find that the deceased, Henry Jones, committed suicide."

The coroner was amazed. "I shall not receive the verdict," he said, "the testimony was positive that Andy Bolling did the killing."

"Yes," replied the foreman, "and the testimony was equally positive and unequivocal that the deceased was of sound mind and in full possession of all his faculties just previous to his death, and that while in this condition he called Andy Bolling a liar."

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