An Old Rebel Soldier Found Warm Friend

An Old Rebei Soldier Found Warm Friends
When Arraigned as a Prisoner.
In the case of The State vs. John
Stnart, 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."

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The Judge saw by the man's looks that his 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 it has 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 money, 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 head throughout the

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.

"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.

to be certain he called the State's witness.

While this witness was giving in his testimony, which was that the old man's story was about right, but that he refused to pay him anything because his services were worthless. Stuart leaned over to Solicitor Settle. "Mr. Settle," he said, "your father and I were friends. I lived in Rockingham county, and your father persuaded me to enlist in his company. I received my wound while following him. Since then it has been hard for me to keep out of the poorhouse."

By this time Judge Phillips and Solicitor Settle and everybody else in the court room were satisfied that the old soldier had been pitilessly persecuted, and the faces of the onlockers showed the deepest pity and sympathy for the

and the faces of the onlookers showed the deepest pity and sympathy for the unfortunate man and the blackest indignation for his employer.

"Mr. Solicitor." said the Judge, "change your bill of indictment from lareeny to trespass." This was willingly done by Mr. Settle, Now." he continued, "judgment is suspended and the prisoner is discharged."

suspended and the prisoner is discharged."
Scarcely had the last word been spoken when every man in the room applauded, and great tears were rolling down the cheeks of strong men. As the old man, who half an hour before had been friendless, hobbled out of the court room, hundreds of men drew round him to shake his hand. Our townsman, W. B. Glen, volunteered to secure him a pension. Mr. Hollyfield offered him a position as miller, and in less than five minutes a purse was made up to buy the old soldier a suit of clothes.—Leesburg Mirror.

man with his left arm in a sling s telling a passenger on a Fort street what ailed him and how it happen

was telling a passenger on a Fort street car what alled him and how it happen ed. Said he:
"My boy Henry likes to go hunting, and so last Sconday I takes my gun nud goes oudt by der Norris road mit him to kill some squirtels. Pooty soon we whas separated, und I goes along by a thicket, und Henry shoots me mit his shotgun."

"Accidentally, of course?"
"Of course. He sees me creeping along, und takes me for a wolf."

"A wolf! Why, there isn't a wolf within 500 miles of Detroit."

"Dot whas so, but Henry doan' know it until we comes back home. He feels werry bad aboudt it. Henry whas a good boy, und next time he doan 'make sooch a mistake—he shoots me for a woodchuck."—Detroit Free Press.

Seeking Knowledge. Not Heautlality.

woodchuck."—Detroit Free Press.

Seeking Knowledge, Net Hospitality.
Payson Tucker was in his younger
days a companion of Artemus Ward,
and tells many a good story about
him, says the Lewiston (Me. Journal.
Here is one that the railroid manager
related to ex-Governor Plaisted at the
Twin Mountain House the other day:
Artemus was out very late one night,
and came home in a driving snowstorm. The family had retired. Artemus went around the house and
threw snow-balls at his brother Cyrus'
window, shouting for him to come
down quickly. Cyrus appeared in
haste, and stood shivering in his nightclothes.

"Why don't you come in, Charles?
The door is open."

"Why don't you come in, Charles? The door is open."
"Oh," replied Artemus, "I could have gotten in all right. I called you down because I wanted to ask you if you really thought it wrong to keep slaves."

What Mine Host Says.

It is a mistake to suppose that our register books are open to the public as a right. It is simply as a matter of courtesy that we permit any one to look at them, as we are not obliged to show them. If a person calls at the house in order to see a friend or find out if he is stopping there, it is his place to inquire at the office; that is the orly proper way. Our books are always destroyed now as soon as they are full. Hotel-keepers have been subjected to much annoyance by being frequently ordered to produce them in court as evidence in complicated law-suits. In order to avoid so doing we, always destroy our books, and can say to the court that we have ne record of any such parties as the ones in question having been at our house at any time. What Mine Host Says.

Major Cathonn, one of the most prolife of modern story writes, and Louis
Composite norths, adapted from the
German, Spanish and Italian, were
Tonce had arther ectility passes,
with Ned Buntine, "said the Major."
He was writing a story for a weakly
yengaged, when he took a sudden vestation. The puthishers were in distallment about. I was sent for and
told to read the chapters already printel, and then to set to work and finite
with the state of the set of set of set of the set of the

Cries of "Good!" "Give us s' more!" etc., etc.

"Room One," the man went on, "is down for a call at 4 o'clock; wherefore ('Oh! Oh!') I rise (manifestations) to remark that my honorable friend, the distinguished gentleman who last addressed you ('Rats!'), is an orator of force, and the Man in Room One yields to him. The voice of the honorable gentleman, as it is heard on this floor, may be soft and peruasive; but as heard in Room One, it is a trumpet attuned to waken the landbord's most honored guest. (Derisive laughter.) Room One, fellow citizens, is at the head of this imposing stairway, ascending from this magnificent office, to which the adjacent dining hall, the palatial barroom and the reverberant billiard saloon act as sounding boards. which the adjacent dining-hall, the palatial barroom and the reverberant billiard saloon act as sounding boards. [A voice: He's in the soup' and laughter.] Some of you may place faith in the superstition about the number thirteen. Such might regard an assignment to room thirteen as a presage of bad luck. [Acquiescence.] As a choice between them avoid Room One as the unluckiest of the two. [Sensation.] I might say more, gentlemen, but you perceive the situation, and the hour is, ah—late. ['Go on, go on.'] Permit me to retire to the repose of private life, and yield a measure of your sympathy to the Man in Room One." [Loud applause, followed by the adoption of a resolution of condolence, and immediate adjournment.]—Devices of the Immovident to Kan

Devices of the Improvident to Keep

tion having been at our house at any time.

There may not be any such thing as the clixir of life, but the youth thinks he has found something very near it when he kisses the girl he loves for the first time.

"Why is it that when some men are depressed, the first thing they do is to take a drink?" "Because," replied a real estate man, "no doubt they want to fill up the depression.

Two young crooks were arrested some time ago on suspicion of committing his pockets. Two young renoks were arrested some time ago on suspicion of committing his pockets.

Two young crooks were arrested some time ago on suspicion of committing highway robbery by knocking down a drunken man and rifling his pockets.

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Two young crooks were arrested some time ago on suspicion of committing highway robbery by knocking down a drunken man and rifling his pockets. from Getting Broke.

gang neard of the arrest and hunted up one of the detectives. He learned about the finding of the bills. "Were they like these?" he asked, taking the other portions of the same bills from his pocket.

"Yes," said the detective, "and I guess I want you, too."

"Hold on," said the crook. "Come with me into this saloon and I'll prove to you that this is dead straight."

The detective accommodated him and reaching the bar the young man said to the cashier: "What did I say this afternoon when I tore them bills in half and gave half to Eddie?"

"You said, as near as I can recollect, "Take them and keep them until you meet me in the morning. There will be one Sunday that we won't be broke." "That's what I said," said the crook, "and there's lots of fellows to prove it."

There was no reason to doubt the story, and the cashier said he had seen it done before by fellows who were afraid to trust themselves with money for fear of spending it too quickly. He said there was one customer of the place who tore bills in half in this manner and left a portion of them in his care occasionally.—New York Sun.

The Verdict of Suicide Stood.

Andy Bolling was a bad citizen of Jackson County, and had killed half a dozen of his fellow-citizens. One evening Bolling killed his seventh man in Clover Bottom. The next day a jury was impaneled to inquire into the affair. The testimony was that the deceased had called Bolling 'a liar,' and that Bolling immediately drew his pistol and fired, killing the man who had insulted him at the first shot.

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.' It stands to reason that if he had not meditated self-destruction he would not have been so rash. He knew what the consequences would be and he evidently wanted to die."

So the verdict of suicide stood.—

Louisville Courier-Journal.

He Will Burn His Feet.

Brown (to Jones, whom he has observed to shiver)—Don't you know. Jones, there is an old saying that if you shiver it is a sign that some one is walking over your future grave. Jones—Is that so? Well, he is liable to burn his feet if he keeps at it, for I have arranged to be cremated—Texas Siftings.

WHEN a man falls to drinking it is not long before he drinks to falling.

tective.

Inox bars are the most reliable sort of appearance bonds.

The puglist ascends the ladder of fame round by round.

A PHILADELPHIA bootblack meets the russet shoe 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 set how it is you people keep in such good humor. Irishman—Sure we do niver have enough to ate to get bilious.

humor. Irishman—Sure we do nivel have enough to at 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 Go and play with the old eat. Tommy Queer—Why, mamma, that's what the nurse said to pap yesterday.

JACK—Charley, why 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!

"Why, it is filled with green apples."

DOCTOR SQUILLS—There is nothing

"What makes it groan so, George?"
"Why, it is filled with green applea?"
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. Mr. Henpeck—End of her tongue. Mr. Henpeck—End of her tongue! Great Scott! I didn't know there was any end to it.

"Dahringer, what's become of the friend I've seen you with for a week?"
"I cut him. His name is Havadrink, and every time I called him that 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?
Judge (to police officer)—Are you sure, sir, that the prisoner was drunk?
Officer—Is it dhrunk, your honor? Shure af he ud sphoke through the tiliphone the brith uv 'im ud av made the poles shtagger.

Drug Cleek (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 industrious clerk in government office)—Why didn't you dot the "i" in the last word of your report last night. Industrious 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

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, eh? Well, perhaps you'll believe this (triumphant) 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," was the reply.

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 M-A-N!" responded a brother, with broad accent. "Thy will be done!" exclaimed the widow, amid a snicker from the congregation.

BEAUTY AND HER BEAST.

n the congregation.

Braury And Her Brast,

"O. Jack, dear Nell's engaged. I hear;
They say to such a bear,
It seems an awful sacrifice,
And she so young and forings,
It's her first season, but porings,
It's her first season, but porings,
It's her first season, but porings,
It's hard the sacrification of the sacrification

A STOCKHOLDER.







2. (A year after)—Carlo brings hom-Charlie.

A Traveler's Tale.

A Traveier's take.

"On the Island of Java you need not be a very distinguished personage to have 100 servants at your back. I kept sixty myself, and quite few enough, for it took four of them to mix

enough, for it to my grog."

"What! four servants for one glass."

"What four servants for one glass of grog?"

"Certainly. One made the water hot, a second put in the sugar, a third added the rum, and the fourth drank it, for I don't take grog myself."—
Wiener Bilderbogen.

Aspiring Youth—I understand there is a vacancy on your local staff.
City Editor—Yes, there is; in fact we are very short-handed, and I can give you a job at once. I want some one to go around and interview Slugg Bulldozer, the eminent politician. This paper charges that he beats his wife and starves his children, and we want to know what he thinks about it.
"Um—er—haven't you a regular interviewer for that kind of work?"
"Oh, yes, several of them, but they

Chinese Sayings.

Some of the ordinary expressions of the Chinese are very sarcastic and char-

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