

TRAMP OR GENTLEMAN?

An Unfortunate Circumstance That Prevented A Satisfactory Answer.

Atlanta Constitution.

Undoubtedly he was a tramp. The solitary marshal, whose business it was to represent the majesty of the law in the little village of Blue Rock, spotted the stranger as soon as he entered the place.

The visitor was shabbily dressed. His coat was ragged, and his trousers were patched. His hat was without a brim, and his shoes let his feet touch the ground.

"I'll shadow him," said the marshal to himself. The tramp slouched along down the shady side of the street until he reached the depot. Here he paused and took a seat on the platform.

"Hello, there!" said the marshal as he came up. "You must move on." The man thus rudely spoken to turned a weary face towards the officer.

It was not a very clean face and it bore traces of care. But it was not a bad face nor a very old face. On the contrary, it was rather frank and youthful.

All this the marshal took in, but he had his orders and he had to carry them out. Blue Rock had passed an ordinance subjecting all tramps to 30 days' imprisonment at hard labor.

"What are you doing here?" asked the officer roughly. "I am looking for work," was the reply.

"Who are you and where are you from?"

"I am a gentleman," said the tramp wearily.

"A gentleman!" shouted the marshal. "You look like one. What is your name and where are you from?"

The wayfarer put his hand to his head and a puzzled look came over his face.

"I would give anything to be able to answer your questions," he said, "but I can't answer for I do not know."

At this astounding reply, the marshal raised his baton. "None of your chaff!" he growled. "Now, I'll give you one chance. You must march out of town or I'll run you in."

The stranger evidently understood the meaning of the threat. He leaped from his seat with a frightened look, and without a word walked off down the railroad track.

"He's been arrested before," said the officer thoughtfully. "No doubt he's been in a dozen jails. Well, so he leaves here it is all right."

Two hours later the guardian of the peace found his tramp occupying his former seat on the depot platform.

"Now, you must come with me," said the marshal, angrily. He seized the lounge by one hand and jerked him up.

The prisoner made no resistance. He looked reproachfully at his captor, and started off with him without a word.

At Blue Rock justice was always swift, although perhaps it was a little crude.

In less than an hour the tramp was convicted and locked up in the stockade, where he was set to work breaking rock.

The prisoner's obstinacy in asserting that he had forgotten his name and former place of abode made the petty village officials very mad, and the poor fellow was put to work at harder tasks than usual.

As the weeks rolled on it was noticed that the prisoner displayed no resentment or impatience. He went about his work cheerfully and without a complaint.

When the prisoner's term was out the first man he met after his release was the marshal.

"Get out of the town right away," was the officer's advice.

"But I want to stay here," said the tramp. "I want work, and I like the place."

"You are a blank fool to want to stay in this town," replied the other, "and it will be my duty to arrest you again if you don't leave. So march!"

The unfortunate wretch made no further appeal. He limped off slowly, and was soon out of sight.

Later in the day the marshal passed by the depot and saw a spectacle that made him open his eyes.

The tramp was on the platform, and the superintendent was talking to him.

"Come here," said the superintendent to the marshal, "and take this vagabond off!"

There was nothing to do but to make the arrest. A speedy conviction followed, and the luckless victim was again sent to the stockade for thirty days.

At last the month came to an end and the prisoner was turned out. This time the marshal marched him beyond the town limits and left him.

"He has too much sense to come back," reported the marshal to the Mayor.

"We may have been too hard on him," responded the Mayor. "I sometimes think he is wrong in the head."

"Well, it is too late to talk about it," said the other, and the conversation ended.

superintendent of the depot and even the marshal joined the party.

The return trip was made after dark, and the train sped along at a fearful rate of speed. The excursionists were all in a jolly humor and were at the height of their festivities when the frightful shrieking of the locomotive whistle startled everybody. The train came to a full stop, and among those who rushed out were the Mayor and Marshal of Blue Rock.

At the head of the train they found the engineer and conductor talking with a man who held one hand on his side, from which the blood was streaming.

"Great God! It is our tramp!" exclaimed the Marshal.

"You are right," said the Mayor. "My poor fellow, what is the matter?"

The tramp fell in a fainting fit before he could answer the question.

"You see," said the engineer, "this man was tramping through the woods when he came to the track and found two train wreckers tampering with the rails. Well, this tramp, or what ever he is, jumped on the two scoundrels like a tiger. He disabled one of them, but the other stabbed him in the side and ran away. So he built a fire on the track, and as soon as I saw it I stopped the train."

Just then several passengers came up with the wounded wrecker, who had been seriously injured by the tramp.

The villain evidently thought that he was mortally wounded, for he made a full confession.

"I think," said the Blue Rock Mayor, "that we owe a debt of gratitude to our preserver. Many men in this fix would not have turned over a hand to save us."

The tramp opened his eyes and smiled faintly.

"Did you know we were on the train?" asked the marshal.

"Oh, yes; I saw you when you went up the road this morning, and I hung about here because I saw those two chaps acting suspiciously on the track."

"Come, now, who are you and where is your home?" asked the marshal.

"I am a gentleman. I have forgotten my name and all about things that happen years ago. I can tell you nothing more."

"By George!" said the Mayor, "I believe he tells the truth."

"We must take him to Blue Rock and care for him," said one of the party.

"He shall have the freedom of the town and the best there is in it."

"Thank you," said the tramp, with a smile. "I am satisfied now."

A spasm of pain contracted his features.

A gasp, a fluttering of the breath and the unknown was dead!

Tramp or gentleman? Who was he and what lay back of his misfortunes?

These were the questions the Blue Rock excursionists asked each other on their way home.

A Village Girl's Success.

At one of the large Delmonico balls in New York, the other night, a very pretty little woman, whose gorgeous costume of white velvet and pearls was much talked of, was a continual source of interest to the philosophical visitor.

She represented the idea of evolution. Six years ago she lived in a small village wherein is an old-fashioned college. She was then sixteen years old, extremely pretty in a doll-baby fashion and quite a belle among the college boys. One of them was the son of one of the richest men in this country.

One warm spring day there was a foot race in which this boy ran. He was sunstruck and the wise mother of the pretty girl had him carried to their house. Within three hours' time his father was wired that he was dying, and before the father got there things had been so worked that the boy had pressed for what he thought a death-bed marriage. Mademoiselle was made a madame. On the arrival of the father with two of the best known doctors from New York, the sunstroke pronounced so fatal by the village physician was not only said to be curable by the New York doctors, but also one that would see him all right in ten days or two weeks.

The father positively refused to acknowledge the marriage, believing that his son had been entrapped.

Here they were husband and wife, sixteen and nineteen. The boy had a small sum of money that had been left him by an uncle, so later in the season they came down to New York and went to a boarding house. The sixteen-year-old wife had the shrewdness of a woman of fifty. The boy's name was the same as his father's.

We will say that it was William Horace Black, but that he had always been called Harry. Now, madam had her cards engraved Mrs. William H. G. Black, Jr., and never called her husband by anything but his first name. The boy went on Wall street and as the trouble in the family had been kept quiet, men supposed that he was being backed by his father, and in a year's time he made enough money to set up an establishment of his own.

The social world heard everywhere of his charming wife, called on her, and in time her mother-in-law was saluted wherever she went with congratulations as to the charm of the girl her son had married, and people talked about what a pleasure she must be to her, until the situation grew to be a very trying one, and in his heart of hearts, chuckling over the wit of the girl, the old gentleman recognized the prodigal son, after he made a fortune, and now everything goes on swimmingly. There is a beautiful country place, a lovely town-house, a magnificent turn-out, the finest gowns from Worth, and entries to the most exclusive sets, and with it all an air of having always been in them belonging to this pretty little heiress of a New England village.

Who is she? And why will people persist in saying that all worldly knowledge is confined to the cities?

St. Patrick was duly celebrated by the Irish of St. Paul, Minneapolis and other large cities.

The Yankee Girl's Choice.

From the Portland Sunday Welcome.

Residing on the Clackamas River, in Clackamas county, Oregon, is a good old quaker couple, whose pretty daughter, with her "thees" and "thous" and chaste style of dressing, has been more thoroughly admired than any one for miles around. The fame of her beauty was not confined to the immediate neighborhood of her father's farm, but had reached the ears of a stalwart young stonecutter of this city, named Stafford, and also the articulars of a gay young railroad engineer, named Morgan.

Both fell in love with the modest girl at first sight, the parents objecting to Stafford, who is a Catholic, while the daughter manifested a slight preference for him. To make a long story short, Stafford was so devoted to the parents, he succeeded in engaging himself to the object of his adoration, and gave her \$100 with which to purchase a few necessary articles of wearing apparel. This reaching the father's ears, he sent for Stafford and Morgan—the latter appearing upon the scene accompanied by two friends—and with his pretty daughter met them all in his little parlor.

The feelings of the rivals can well be imagined when the blunt old Quaker announced to his daughter that her two admirers were before her, and that although he preferred the engineer, he would leave the choice of her future husband entirely to her. The poor girl burst into tears, and it could be plainly seen by the tumultuous heaving of her bosom that a great struggle was going on between filial devotion on one side and love for the choice of her young heart on the other. Pending the decision Stafford and Morgan hardly dared raise their eyes from the carpet. At last, with a mighty effort and a voice full of tears, the young Quakeress sobbed the name of Stafford, and gently put her hand in his. Morgan accepted the situation like a sensible fellow, and, with his friends, left the house sans ceremony.

A Feature of the National Capital that Surprises European Visitors.

"There is one thing that surprises me about America and especially about Washington," said an English gentleman, "and that is the feeling of absolute safety which seems to pervade the atmosphere in all directions. I refer more particularly to the condition of your treasury. By the courtesy of the officials I was shown through the vaults, where almost countless millions of silver are stored, and I was allowed the privilege even of entering the innermost recesses of the strong rooms where your public funds are stored, and there were no guards but the clerks employed there."

"Then, too, I noticed in passing the treasury building one night that all was as quiet as a grave. A few glimmering lights in some of the windows showed me that there was an occasional watchman inside of the building, but there was no sign on the outside to show that any precaution had been taken to prevent a wholesale robbery. The Bank of England, which is the great depository of the city of London, and is, perhaps, the financial institution of the world, is conducted on far different principles. Every night a visitor who happens to be in the neighborhood of Threadneedle street will find a squad of soldiers from the barracks in the West End filling down to take their position as the night watch. These men are kept on duty from the time the bank closes until it reopens on the following day. They are posted at all sections, and pace the streets surrounding the bank with a regularity of sentries around a camp. I do not know but that your system is far more attractive to a foreigner, although the absence of everything military here is extremely strange to one familiar with what your politicians term the effete monarchies of Europe."

—Washington Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

A Canine Conscience.

"Tell you another dog story? Let me see!" and the invalid doctor lifted his lame leg into a chair and scratched his head. "I never told you about old Pedro. He was the special friend of all the children in the neighborhood and had a most remarkable memory. He was a water spaniel, with a big head, long ears, and a kind face; was fat, lazy, and perfectly harmless. The children used him for a foot stool, sat on him, dressed him in gay calico, pinned his shaggy ears back with bulldog burs, and he seemed to like their frolics immensely. One summer an ordinance was passed by the village trustees requiring all dogs to be muzzled. Pedro was instead, fastened with a peculiarly made chain, which had once done service in a suction pump. It was not heavy, but one would never forget the odd shape of its links. A hole was cut through the side of a workshop, and the chain was fastened with a strong staple to a joist, which was exposed when the hole was cut. Pedro was a very unwilling prisoner for a week, when one morning he was found lying on the doorstep—collar, chain and staple gone. He had gnawed the staple out and had pulled the collar over his head. None of his fastenings could be found high or low. Two years afterward the chain and collar were dug out of a pile of ashes in the far back end of the lot. The diggers knew that Pedro had buried them. They whistled and he soon came bounding to the spot, expecting to be of some kind. The diggers pointed to the chain. Pedro looked down at it, sniffed of it, dropped his tail between his legs, covered and whined piteously for mercy, knowing his guilt was found out at last, and expecting no mercy. But he got whipped! Not much. He got a big shaggy bone to gnaw, and the children wanted to give him a medal."

Stingy to His Wife.

Small-minded and stingy as men too often are, they are never more so than when dealing with their own wives. Some of them, who pass abroad for very respectable and well-to-do citizens, seeming never to lack money to spend upon themselves, are so poverty stricken and niggardly at home that their wives, who certainly work hard enough to earn something more than their "board and clothes," are almost afraid to speak of needing an occasional dollar or two. Even if they get what they ask for, it is handed forth so reluctantly, and with so many words, that it might almost as well have been refused altogether.

A man of this kind was lately seen in a store with his wife. She was doing some "shopping," although she carried no purse, and had not so much as a nickel tied up in the corner of her coarse cotton handkerchief.

Her husband, with a sad and serious look, opened his pocket-book and grudgingly paid for the things he was allowing her the privilege of selecting. She had picked out a cheap serge dress pattern for herself.

"I'll take ten yards," she said to the salesman.

"Shouldn't think you'd need so much," said her husband; "it's pretty wide goods."

"Why, no, it's rather narrow," said his wife.

"It's double width," he insisted; "and eight yards ought to be enough. There's no use getting more to cut up and waste."

"It wouldn't be wasted if there was a little left."

"Well, there's no use in buying more'n you need. It's going to cost a lot anyhow. Cut off nine yards, mister."

She "gave in" with the meek, resigned look of a woman who had "given in" to her husband's larger wisdom some thousands of times before. Then she said she wanted a dozen and a half of buttons.

"But how in the world are you going to use that many buttons on one dress? There's no sense in it. A dozen's plenty."

"Well, maybe I can get along with a dozen," she said. Then she bought a yard of cheap ribbon, whereupon she gave a contemptuous sniff, and when she suggested getting five cents' worth of candy to take to the children, he shut his purse with a snap, returned it to his pocket, and said decisively: "No; there's no sense in wasting money that way. It's a good thing I carry the purse, or we'd all be in the poorhouse within a year!"

The Truthful Georgia Landlord.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

Not far from the City of Montgomery, in the State of Alabama, on one of the roads running from the city, lives a jolly landlord by the name of Ford. In fair weather or in foul, in hard times or in soft, Ford would have his joke whenever possible. One bitter, stormy night, or rather morning, about two hours before day break, he was aroused from his slumber by loud shouting and knocks at his door. He turned out, but sorely against his will, and demanded what was the matter. It was dark as tar, and as he could see no one he cried out:

"Who are you, there?"

"Three lawyers from Montgomery," was the answer. "We are benighted and want to stay all night."

"Very sorry I cannot accommodate you so far, gentlemen. Do anything to oblige you, but that's impossible."

The lawyers, for they were three of the smartest lawyers in the State, and ready to drop with fatigue, held a consultation, and then, as they could do no better and were too tired to go another step, they asked:

"Well, can't you stable our horses and give us chairs and a fire till morning?"

"Oh yes; I can do that, gentlemen."

Our learned and legal friends were soon drying their wet clothes by a bright fire as they composed themselves to pass the few remaining hours in their chairs, dozing and nodding, and now and then swearing a word or two of impatience as they waited for daylight.

The longest night has a morning, and at last the sun came along, and then in due time a breakfast made its appearance; but to the surprise of the lawyers, who thought the house was crowded with guests, none but themselves sat down to partake.

"Why, Ford, I thought your house was so full you couldn't give us a bed last night," said one of the travellers.

"I didn't say so," Ford replied.

"You didn't? What in the name of thunder then, did you say?"

"You asked me to let you stay here all night and I said it would be impossible, for the night was two-thirds gone when you came. If you only wanted beds why didn't you say so?"

The lawyers had to give it up. Three of them on one side, and the landlord alone had beat them all.

The Deacon Outwitted.

New London Telegraph.

Deacon Isaac Denison of Mystic had a bill of \$4.50 about four months ago against a colored man for groceries which he could not collect, so he seized the man's house as security, with a limit of four months in which the colored neighbor could pay up or have the annual auctioneer to pay the debt. The limit expired and the house was trotted out to be sold to the highest bidder. There was an immense crowd assembled when the bids were opened. The sympathy of the people seemed to be with the colored delinquent, and the bidding was lively, raising one cent at a time. It kept right on until it reached \$2.11 and at this sum the horse was knocked down to Roswell Brown. Then the crowd chipped in enough to pay for the horse and to buy a bag of meal, and they turned the horse and meal over to the colored man as a gift, and he now wears a smile clear around to the back of his neck.

BEECHER'S OWN STORY.

An article has been made public which was written by the late Rev. Henry Ward Beecher and compiled by his son, to be published by Webster & Co. of New York. Mr. Beecher, in his own inimitable way, tells the story of the great scandal in which himself and Mr. Tilton and wife were the principal actors. Mr. Beecher and the mutual friend, Moulton, have crossed the border into the unknown; Mr. Tilton is a wanderer in a foreign land, while his wife is living a quiet life in Brooklyn. Bessie Turner is a wife and a mother, and Victoria Woodhull and Tennie C. Clafflin are married to wealthy Englishmen. Mr. Beecher speaks of Tilton as one who, by his infatuation with Victoria Woodhull, had fallen from a high position to become almost a dependent on the charity of his friends. Not until this time, according to Mr. Beecher, did he brooch the scandal which had been in his knowledge for six months, and it was made known simply that he might extract from Mr. Bowen, of the Independent, \$7,000, the amount of a claim in dispute. As soon as the check for the above amount was in his hand, his suppositious griefs were forgotten and he signed the famous treaty of peace. This, Mr. Beecher says, was represented to him as necessary to relieve him from the imputation of having originated and circulated certain old slanders about Mr. Beecher. In speaking of Mr. Moulton, Mr. Beecher says: "My confidence in him was the only thing that seemed secure in that confusion of tormenting perplexities. To him I wrote freely in that troublesome time, when I felt that secret machinations were going on around and echoes of the vilest slander concerning me were heard of in unexpected quarters. Mr. Tilton was first known to me as a reporter of my sermons. When I became editor of the Independent one of the inducements held out to me was that Mr. Tilton should be my assistant and relieve me wholly from routine office work. In this relation I became very much attached to him. He frequently urged me to make his house my home. He used to often speak in extravagant terms of his wife's esteem and affection for me. After I began to visit his house he sought to make it attractive. He urged me to bring my papers down there and use his study to do my writing in, as it was not pleasant to write in the office of the Independent."

Mr. Beecher then goes on at length to show how he was beguiled by Tilton after the latter had left his position upon the Independent and the Brooklyn Union. Mr. Beecher says:

"After Mr. Tilton's return from the west in December, 1870, a young girl whom Mrs. Tilton had taken into the family, educated and treated like an own child, was sent to me with an urgent request that I would visit Mrs. Tilton at her mother's. She said that Mrs. Tilton had left her home and gone to her mother's in consequence of ill-treatment of her husband. She then gave an account of what she had seen of cruelty and abuse on the part of the husband that shocked me. I immediately visited Mrs. Tilton at her mother's and received an account of her home life and of the despotism of her husband and of the management of a woman whom he had made housekeeper, which seemed like a nightmare dream. The question was whether she should go back or separate forever from her husband. I asked permission to bring my wife to see them, whose judgment in all domestic relations I thought better than my own, and accordingly a second visit was made. The result of the interview was that my wife was extremely indignant toward Mr. Tilton, and declared that no consideration on earth would induce her to remain an hour with a man who had treated her with a hundredth part of such insult and cruelty. I felt as strongly as she did, but hesitated, as I always do, at giving advice in favor of a separation. It was agreed that my wife should give her final advice at another visit. The next day, when ready to go, she wished a final word, but there was company and the children were present, and so I wrote on a scrap of paper: 'I decline to think that your view is right and that a separation and a settlement of support will be wisest, and that in his present desperate state her presence near him is far more likely to produce hatred than her absence.'

THE WOODHULL CLIQUE.

During the whole of 1871 Mr. Beecher was kept in a state of suspense and doubt. The officers of Plymouth church sought to investigate Tilton's religion views, but the pastor assured them he had hopes of his repentance, and restoration to the church.

"Meanwhile one wing of the female suffrage party," continues Mr. Beecher, "had got hold of his story in a distorted and exaggerated form, such as had never been intimated to me by Mr. Tilton or his friends. I did not then suspect what I now know that those atrociously false rumors originated with Mr. Tilton himself."

When Mr. Tilton returned from his lecturing tour in 1872 Mr. Beecher made an intellectual effort to have him cut loose from Woodhull and her associates, in order that he might resume his proper place in society.

THE TRIPARTITE AGREEMENT.

In speaking of the famous tripartite agreement, Mr. Beecher calls attention to the fact that at this time the Golden Age, a paper started by Tilton and his friends, was on the verge of bankruptcy, and the pecuniary obligations were very pressing. "About this time," says Mr. Beecher, "Mr. Moulton, who was sick, sent for me and showed me a galley proof of an article prepared by Mr. Tilton for the Golden Age, in which he embodied a copy of a letter written by him to Mr. Bowen, dated Jan. 1, 1871, in which he charged Mr. Bowen with making scandalous accusations against my character. This was the first time that I had ever seen these charges, and I had never heard of them except by mere rumor. Mr. Bowen never having at any time said a word to me on the subject. I was amazed at the proposed publication. I did not then understand the real object of giving circulation to such slanders. My first impression was that Mr. Tilton designed, under cover of an attack upon me, in the name of another, to open the way for the publication of his own personal grievances. I protested against the publication in the strongest terms, but was informed that it was not intended as an act hostile to myself, but to Mr. Bowen. I did not any the less insist upon my protest against this publication. On its being shown to Mr. Bowen he was thoroughly alarmed, and speedily consented to appointment of arbitrators to bring about an amicable settlement. The result of this proceeding was that Mr. Bowen paid Mr. Tilton over \$7,000, and that a written agreement was entered into by Bowen, Tilton and myself of amnesty, concord and future peace."

NOT A PENNY FOR BLACKMAIL.

"The full truth of this history requires that one more fact should be told, especially as Mr. Tilton has invited it. Money has been obtained from me in the course of these affairs in considerable sums, but I did not at first look upon the suggestions that I should contribute to Mr. Tilton's pecuniary wants as savoring of blackmail. Afterward I contributed at one time \$15,000. ** After the money had been paid over in \$1,000 bills, to raise which I mortgaged the house I live in, I felt very much dissatisfied with myself about it. Finally a square demand and a threat was made to one of my confidential friends that if \$5,000 more were not paid Tilton's charges would be laid before the public. This I saw at once was black mail in its boldest form, and I never paid a cent of it, but challenged and requested the fullest exposure."

DEMANDING BEECHER'S WITHDRAWAL.

Modern Light and Heat.

It seems that there is a scheme again on foot to utilize over an area of 1,000 miles radius, by electric distribution, the power of Niagara Falls. That this idea is very old, we need not remind any one; that it is at present looked upon by competent electrical engineers as unfeasible, is equally well known. Even the wealth of the Rothschilds has been unequal to the task of transmitting large amounts of electrical energy to any great distance, for the experience of Marcel Deprez, recently carried on in France under their financial patronage, have resulted in entire failure. It is easy to rave about electricity and its slavery to man, and the giant forces of nature ready to do his bidding; but it must not be forgotten that to transmit large amounts of energy over an electrical conductor with any regard to commercial figures means to work at an electro-motive, with which we are as yet familiar, in dynamo circuits only on paper, and to harness an army muse to a baby carriage would be a harmless proceeding compared with connecting a motor in a man's factory with a circuit of the thousands of volts we hear talked about. Even if direct current transformers are used before the current is brought into the factory the danger is not entirely done away with. This is only one of the difficulties. Their name is legion.

THEODORE TILTON.

"I read it over twice and turned to Mr. Bowen and said: 'This man is crazy; this is sheer insanity,' and other like words. Mr. Bowen professed to be ignorant of the contents, and I handed him the letter to read. We at once fell into a conversation about Mr. Tilton. He gave me some account of the reasons why he had reduced him from the editorship of the Independent to the subordinate position of contributor—namely, that Mr. Tilton's religious and social views were running the paper."

MRS. TILTON'S INCRIMINATING STATEMENT.

"It now appears that on the 29th of December, 1870, Mr. Tilton, having learned that I had replied to his threatening letter by expressing such