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CLERK OF DISTRICT COURT.

E. J. Mack; Justices, E. H. S. M. Wagers, Constables, Ed. Perkins Brooks.

CLERK OF DISTRICT COURT.

D. H. Cronin. For one year—Alexander Marlow. For one year—Charles Davis. For one year—Merriman.

CITY OFFICERS.

F. Biglin; Clerk, N. Martin; John McHugh; City Engineer, Sky; Police Judge, H. Kautzman; Police, Charlie Hall; Attorney, W. Weighmaster, Joe Miller.

TOWNSHIP.

J. J. Hayes; Treasurer, Barney Clerk, J. Sullivan; Assessor, Ben Justices, M. Castello and Chas. Justices, John Horriky and Ed. Bond; Overseer, dist. 36, Allen Brown John Enright.

RELIEF COMMISSION.

meeting first Monday in February, and at such other times as necessary. Robt. Gallagher, Page, Wm. Bowen, O'Neill, secretary; J. Atkinson.

CATHOLIC CHURCH.

every Sabbath at 10:30 o'clock. Sunday, 8 o'clock. Sabbath school following services.

CHURCH.

Sunday services—Preaching 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. 1:30 A. M. Class No. 2 (Children) 6:30 P. M. Class No. 3 (Children) 7:30 P. M. All welcome, especially strangers. E. E. HOSMAN, Pastor.

POST NO. 86.

The Gen. John All Post, No. 86, Department of Nebraska, will meet the first and third evening of each month in Masonic hall. S. J. SMITH, Com.

VALLEY LODGE, I. O. O.

meets every Wednesday evening in their hall. Visiting brothers cordially invited. C. L. BRIGHT, Sec.

CHAPTER, R. A. M.

on first and third Thursday of each month in Masonic hall. J. C. HARRISH, H. P.

HELMET LODGE, U. D.

meets every Monday at 8 o'clock in Odd Fellows' hall. Visiting brethren invited. T. V. GOLDEN, C. C. McCarty, K. of R. and S.

ENCAMPMENT NO. 30, I. O. O.

meets every second and fourth of each month in Odd Fellows' Hall. Scribe, CHAS. BRIGHT.

LODGE NO. 41, DAUGHTERS OF THE EMPIRE.

meets every second and fourth of each month in Odd Fellows' Hall. ANNA DAVIDSON, N. G. MRS. ADAMS, Secretary.

LODGE NO. 95, F. & A. M.

communications Thursday nights from 7:30 to 9:30 p. m. in Masonic hall. J. H. BENEDETT, W. M.

CAMP NO. 1710, M. W. O. F. A. M.

on the first and third Tuesday in each month in Masonic hall. D. H. CRONIN, Clerk.

U. W. NO. 153.

Meets second and fourth Tuesday of each month in Masonic Hall. T. V. GOLDEN, M. W.

DEPENDENT WORKMEN OF AMERICA.

meet every first and third of each month. GEO. MCCUTCHAN, G. M. WAGERS, Sec.

POSTOFFICE DIRECTORY.

Arrival of Mails. E. M. V. R. R.—FROM THE EAST. Sunday included at 5:15 p. m. FROM THE WEST. Sunday included at 9:38 a. m. PACIFIC SHORT LINE. Leaves 9:35 A. M. Arrives 9:37 P. M. Accepts Sunday. O'NEILL and CHELSEA. Monday, Wed. and Friday at 7:00 a. m. Tuesday, Thurs. and Sat. at 1:30 p. m. O'NEILL and PADDOCK. Monday, Wed. and Friday at 7:00 a. m. Tuesday, Thurs. and Sat. at 1:30 p. m. O'NEILL and SIERRA. Monday, Wed. and Friday at 7:00 a. m. Tuesday, Thurs. and Sat. at 1:30 p. m. O'NEILL and COMMUNISTLE. Monday, Wed. and Friday at 7:00 a. m. Tuesday, Thurs. and Friday at 1:30 p. m.

AN EASTER EPISODE.



IT WAS SABBATH morning in a little eastern village in the year 1864. A flicker April sky, cloudless then, arched above a little red-brick chapel wherein two lovers stood side by side, singing a sweet Easter anthem.

He wore a soldier's uniform, and on the morrow he was to march south with his regiment, under the command of his betrothed's father, Col. Morton.

The services usually impressive at Eastertide were deeply affecting, for Esther Morton was not the only sweetheart who on the next day would have to part with her soldier lover.

The village had offered up its chivalry at the altar of patriotism, and every heart in the small congregation was awed by the thought that for some of the brave men there assembled this was the last day of worship in the little church at home.

They had known each other from childhood, Edward Allen and Esther Morton. Their homes adjoined. Until the war broke out it never occurred to either of them that they would ever separate. Their joys and sorrows, even their ambitions, had been one from the beginning of their schooldays.

As Esther grew to womanhood she developed a beautiful voice. Edward was gifted likewise, and they hoped great things for themselves in the future.

When Edward was fourteen years old he lost his mother, and ever since his death Esther Morton's mother had been glad to counsel and befriend neighbor Allen's boy.

Monday came. Bravely the women of the village sped their heroes on their way, nor even when the last blue coat faded from sight did they quite give themselves to their grief.

Edward and Esther parted. Both went to the fulfillment of their nearest duties, fearful, yet full of courage and hope.

The battle of — saw Esther's father and lover in the very heart of carnage. Col. Morton fell at the close of the engagement. He was killed instantly. Edward Allen was beside him, but before he fairly realized his friend's fate he was wounded himself and lost consciousness. When he regained his senses he found himself in a confederate prison. Many weary months he suffered inconceivably in mind and body. He was not sure that Col. Morton was dead. Did they know his fate at home?

He felt the awful certainty of Col. Morton's death would be better for Esther and her mother than months of horrible silence and suspense such as he was passing through, and he thanked God that his own father had died before the horrors of the war.

He wrote to Esther. No answer ever reached him. Anxiety told upon his health, and when he was at last exchanged he lay for weeks in a union hospital with a lingering fever.

On his recovery he received an honorable discharge and, with an anxious heart, he made all possible haste homeward to Esther.

The war had brought desolation to the little village. Few families but had lost father, husband brother or son. Stranger's were in Esther's home. They knew nothing of her whereabouts. All that he could ascertain after diligent inquiry was that her father's death, and the foreclosure of a mortgage on the home had driven Esther and her mother away from it, and made them dependent on themselves for support.

Many thought they had sought the advantages of a large city, where Esther's musical ability might be useful in earning a living for mother and herself.

Wherever music had a mission he



HE WAS KILLED INSTANTLY. looked for her sweet face, listened for her dear voice—in vain.

The choir at St. Chrysostom's, a fashionable church in an eastern metropolis, had ended the rehearsal of an elaborate service to be rendered the following Sunday—Easter.

As usual Mr. Andrews, the basso, escorted the two ladies. There was a chorus of "Good-nights," and then the party separated.

"Going my way, Allen?" asked Fred McDonald.

Edward Allen threw his light overcoat over his arm and started home, in company with the speaker.

McDonald was the organist. As a member of the choir, Allen had been associated with him for several years. Their musical tastes were congenial, and a warm friendship had sprung up between them.

When they reached the park, the place where their paths diverged, McDonald suggested that they sit down there and finish their cigars.

Edward soon threw his away, and, absorbed in reverie, hummed snatches of the duet he had been practicing with the soprano. McDonald recalled him to a sense of his surroundings. "What's the matter, Allen? You seem sentimental to-night."

"The fact is, McDonald, that song recalled the saddest and yet the sweetest memories of my life. The last time I sung it was with the girl who had promised to be my wife, the Sunday before I marched away to join the forces of the union army at —"

"So you have had a romance. What became of your fiancée?"

"That is what I would give everything in life, except her love, to know. I lost all trace of her after the war. She is still my ideal of all that is best in woman, and, though I may never meet her, I shall never cease to love her."

"You deserve to find her, my boy. A man who can be true to the memory of a woman he has not seen for five years deserves more than he gets, even when he gets the woman, in most cases."

"Don't be cynical," said Allen. Then he smiled, for McDonald had spoken half jestingly.

"No offense intended, Allen; I may have had my romance. Some day I may return your confidence."

Easter dawned, a perfect day. Allen reached church in good season, but the other members of the choir were already in their places.

As he was making his way to his accustomed seat Andrews tapped him on the shoulder.

"Read this," he said, handing him a note.

Edward opened it and read hastily: "My Dear Mr. McDonald: My physician has forbidden my leaving my room. Fortunately I am able to send you a substitute in the person—"

The first notes of the organ announced the prelude to the anthem and Allen was forced to leave the rest of the message unread and hurry to his seat.

He did not look at Miss Edmansson's substitute until a slender figure in mourning rose to sing with him and then a glance revealed to him the face of Esther Morton.

By a mighty effort of the will he mastered his emotion and began to sing.

The joy of recognition was greater than the shock to her, dead though she had believed him.

No song was ever sung more feelingly than theirs, for their voices bore a welcome to each other, a welcome and a thanksgiving for the blessedness of this Easter reunion, the resurrection and fulfillment of their dead hopes.

A BEAUTY'S ANGER.

One of the Parisian Queens Creates a Great Sensation.

The scene is Mentone, a resort for consumptive people, but which becomes fashionable, since a few members of the light squadron of the army of beauty have decided that Cannes was stuck up, Nice, dusty and vulgar, Monte Carlo good en passant only, and that Mentone would do better than any other place as the headquarters on the blue coast. Liane de Pougy was the first to start the movement when she fitted up at Mentone the daintiest of the villas, which is always en fete, and looks every evening like an enchanted bower. She felt like the queen of the place, and behaved as such till the day of the battle of the flowers came, when she expected to be crowned by her admiring subjects. She arrived last on the scene, so as not to mar the effect; she appeared standing, driving tandem, her carriage completely hidden under a thick bower of carnations, roses and hyacinths, she herself being got up as a bunch of lilacs of different shades, from the deep reddish of Charles X. to the palest Persian, and then pure white. A murmur of delight received her and her vanity was almost satisfied; but how it happened nobody knows, at the distribution of banners she received the smallest and most insignificant one. The superb beauty took it with a grin; then, pulling from her hair a long diamond pin, which held two bunches of lilac, she pricked the satin and tore a big hole in it, then handed the rag to her groom with a whisper. The man broke the golden handle in two and threw the whole on the ground. After this the tandem was turned around and the offended beauty drove home. Till now the story is not extraordinary, but the point comes with the worthy mayor of Mentone, at the same time president of the committee of the battle, who a few minutes later drove to the enchanted bower, insisted on seeing the fairy of the place and actually asked to be forgiven for an involuntary and much-deplored error, but the bunches of lilac nodded mercilessly and said "No," and the fair Liane, after having shown the door to the inconsolable dignitary, declared that she was leaving Mentone on the morrow. After that the banquet of the committee turned out to be a failure and almost a battlefield, the members putting the fault on one another's back, and Mentone seriously thinks of rebuking the authorities who have stupidly offended and driven away such a superb signboard from their sleepy hole.

ELIZA'S WOODEN LEG.

Belle Price Takes It Off During a Fight and is Fined With Her Friends.

The comic song, "All on Account of Eliza," would have to be elongated to "All on Account of Eliza's Wooden Leg" were it to detail the interesting story of Eliza Mansfield and her little wooden "limb." In a peppery war of words several colored people poured this tale into Justice Foster's ears at the Harrison Street police station to-day, says Chicago Post. Last Sunday morning Eliza Mansfield, whose temper is as violent as her skin is black, quarreled with Belle Price in the yard back of the tenement at 5201 Armour avenue.

"You black hussy, you better hadn't tell me keep my engagement wid de clouds," shouted Eliza in dulcet tones. "You jes' shet yer mouf or you'll want a doctor," was Miss Price's retort discourteous.

This was a challenge to battle, and neither was loath to fight, so the battle began. Miss Price brought some strategy into play and executed an African coup at the first move. She went at Eliza hard and low; she tackled her and threw her to the ground as easily as a Yale halfback would down a runner. Then she grappled with Eliza and commenced to unfasten her wooden leg. Finally she got it off and threw it into a neighbor's yard. Eliza called for help and then the colored colony in the vicinity engaged in a general fight, which resulted in battered heads, bruised faces and wholesale arrests. Eliza, however, managed to hobble away from the gory scene and escaped without serious injury. Her wooden leg was restored to her and she had the satisfaction of witnessing the discomfiture of her enemies, who were fined \$25 each.

NOTHING BUT FEET.

Allowed on the Sidewalks Down in Atlanta, Ga.

They have a new ordinance in Atlanta, Ga., absolutely forbidding overhanging signs. The shopkeepers don't like it a bit. The grocers are inclined to sarcasm. They have, in a quiet way, had their little revenge and have, incidentally, amused the public in doing so. As every one knows, the ordinance is a sweeping one, providing that no sign shall hang over the street. This word over has been interpreted to refer not alone to signs that hang across the street, but over it. This means a wholesale taking down of signs. The ordinance also prohibits the placing of goods on the street beyond a certain distance for display. I notice, says a writer in the Atlanta Constitution, that some of the merchants have complied with the law, and one or two grocers have put up in conspicuous places about their places of business sarcastic signs concerning the new law. One of these, printed on a yellow piece of board in lamplblack characters, read: "This sidewalk for carriages."

INFLUENCE OF PATERNALISM.

General Simon B. Buckner, the confederate veteran, is one of the most enthusiastic advocates of good roads in Kentucky. On his big farm in Hart county he has constructed ten miles of macadamized highways, but his example seems to be thrown away on his neighbors, for he says: "Though I talk to them about building such roads, they won't do it. It's the insidious influence of the paternal system. They all want the government to do things for them."

HEW A CURRENT SUPERSTITION HAD ITS ORIGIN.

Almost everybody has heard of the wonderful walking leaves of Australia. For a long time after the discovery of that island many people believed that the leaves of a certain tree which flourishes there could and did walk about on the ground. The story arose in this way. Some English sailors landed upon the coast one day, and, after roaming until they were tired, they sat down under a tree to rest themselves. A gust of wind came along and blew a shower of leaves from the tree, which, after turning over and over in the air, as leaves generally do, rested on the ground. As it was midsummer and everything appeared quite green, the circumstances puzzled the sailors considerably; but their surprise was much greater, as you may well suppose, when, after a short time, they saw the leaves crawling along the ground toward the trunk of the tree. They at once ran to their vessel, without stopping to examine into the case at all, and set sail from the land where everything seemed to be bewitched. One of the men said he "expected every moment to see the trees set to and dance a jig." Subsequent explorations disclosed the fact that these walking leaves are small animals that live upon the trees. Their bodies are very thin and flat, their wings forming large and leaf-like organs. When disturbed, their legs are folded away under their bodies, leaving their shape exactly like a leaf, with its stem and all complete. They are of a bright green color in summer, but gradually change in the fall, with the leaves, to the brown of a frost vegetation. When shaken from the tree they lie for a few minutes upon the ground as though dead, but soon begin to crawl along toward the tree, which they ascend again. They rarely use their wings, although pretty well supplied in this respect.

SOILING THE SEEDS OF ENVY.

Mrs. Meekton was standing on the front doorstep when her husband came home.

"Henry," she said, in a loud tone, "here's your income tax blank. You'd better fill it out right away."

"Great Scott, Maria!" he exclaimed, "what do I want with an income tax blank?"

"Don't talk so loud," was the admonition, in a subdued but stern key; "it's a summons to serve on the jury. The next door neighbors on both sides of us have been sitting behind closed window blinds waiting for you to come home, so they could find out what the officer was here for, and I'm just givin' their imaginations a treat."—Washington Star.

HIS PORTRAIT IN HER ARMS.

Widow Schnitzer Ended Her Life to Be with Her Dead Husband.

Mary Schnitzer, a lonely widow, took her life in New York city the other night, "to go to her husband" she wrote to her mother and friends. She was 36 years old. She died hugging her husband's portrait and smiling as happily as on the day they were married, fourteen years ago. There never was a couple more truly one than they. Perhaps the fact that the woman was childless contributes to it. One baby came to them, but it died very young. After that they lived for each other only. He was a tin roofer, doing a good business. She made her home attractive to him. It is as cheery as any one would wish to see any home, but the woman was not cheery. A year ago her husband sickened and after months of suffering he died at Christmas. She could hardly be dragged away from his corpse. She has spoken of nothing but death since. Her one desire was to join her husband. Once or twice she attempted suicide, but her courage failed or she thought of her mother and sister. A week ago she made up her mind. She spent the afternoon writing letters to her mother and friends bidding them good-bye and telling them she was going to her husband. She mailed them in the evening and locked herself in. The neighbors did not see or hear her after that. The delivery of the first mail brought all her friends to her house out of breath with excitement. They mounted the stairs and knocked at her door. It was locked, but they smelled leaking gas and summoned help. Officer 15-11-d went up and burst in the door. On the bed, dressed in clean clothing, lay Mrs. Schnitzer, hugging her husband's picture to her heart. She was dead. She had stretched herself on what was to be her bed and turned on the gas. There was a smile on her lips as if she had found in death her husband she could not live without.

BLACK RIFTONS.

Worn by Polanders as a Sign of Patriotic Mourning.

Within the last few weeks it has been noticed that hundreds of men and women in Chicago are wearing black badges with the numbers 1795-1895 printed on them in figures of glistening white metal. They are becoming so numerous as to attract a good deal of attention and call for inquiry as to their significance. Only the wearers know until the matter is explained what they mean. Other people scratch their heads and wonder.

It has furthermore been observed that these sable emblems are to be seen only on the breasts of the Polanders, therefore, the question that comes up is, why should the citizens of that particular nationality thus distinguish themselves at this time from every other class? Being black the badges are evidently signs of mourning. But why do the Polanders mourn? Who are they mourning for? No greatly distinguished son of the race has died recently. There is nothing new in the shape of a national calamity to call for expressions of grief.

Max Drezmel cleared the mystery recently by saying that this year is one of universal sorrow among all good Polanders throughout the entire world for their native land. It is the centennial anniversary of Poland's complete obliteration as a distinct and self-governed kingdom. In order to make the sad event somewhat memorable native Poles, wherever they may be found, have agreed to live the twelve months of 1895 as a period of lament. This means that they intend to deny themselves all the frivolous and gay pleasures they have pledged themselves, says Mr. Drezmel, to abstain from festivals, dancing, picnics, theaters; in fact, amusements and pleasurable entertainments of every kind.

PHILOSOPHY FROM A DEBTOR.

Showing How He Was Valuable to the Perseverent Bill Collector.

A collector of unpaid bills has a hard time of it, but one met a philosophical debtor recently who convinced him of some astonishing facts, says the Amusement Journal. The collector said that he had been chasing the philosophical debtor for about six months and was getting tired of it. It was always "Come around tomorrow," or "Haven't got it now."

"Say," he said, when he had made his last trip, "are you ever going to pay this bill?"

"Why, yes, some day," the philosopher replied. "But look here, young man, I want to show you a thing or two. How many bills have you in that pack?"

"About forty," said the collector. "How long does it take you to visit all these people?" the philosopher inquired.

"About a day."

"What if all paid up promptly?"

"Why, that would be great."

"Would it? What would you do for a living if all these debtors paid up in a day?"

The collector looked blank for a moment.

"Great Jerusalem! I'd be out of a job."

"Well, then, don't be so anxious to collect every penny that is due to your people. One bill a day is enough. As for me, come around some time next week and I may do something for you," and the philosopher faded away.

STOOD ALL TESTS.

The Truly Good Man Has Been at Last Discovered.

Manifold essays, treatises and poems have been written, with more or less success, to describe the qualities which make up a "just" man, a "religious" man and a "sympathetic" man. Moralists and philosophers have managed to give a pretty fair definition of these terms, but fell short of the reality when they came to limn a "good" man. Where Plato and Seneca and Boetius failed, a vestryman of Battersea named Turnor has triumphantly succeeded, as the following dialogue proves:

An officer, about whose conduct some question arose, was asked: "Did you not swear at the child who opened the door to you?"

"No," was the reply, "I never swear at any time."

"Not when you knock your head against a door?" asked Mr. Turnor.

"No," answered the officer.

"Then you must be a good man," said Mr. Turnor; and the guardians, feeling that it would be waste of time to improve upon this philosophy, shortly afterward adjourned.

Small Marriage Fee.

Probably the smallest marriage fee ever offered in Bourbon county, Kentucky, was recently tendered by an impetuous bridegroom when he offered a magistrate ten cents for performing the ceremony. It was all he had left after paying for the license. This same magistrate was offered twenty-five cents after performing another wedding ceremony recently.

The Law of Compensation.

The muscles of the hand reach their highest perfection in man; no other animal has a true hand; the muscles of the eyes, ears, and nose show that several groups, which in the lower animals are very highly developed, in man are in an almost rudimentary condition.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder

Awarded Gold Medal Midwinter Fair, San Francisco.

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