

MARK TWAIN IN IRONS

THE HUMORIST TRIED BEFORE AN ADMIRALTY COURT AT SEA.

Found Guilty of Unscientific Lying and Sentenced to Read for Three Hours Every Day from His Own Works—Sportive Proceedings on an Atlantic Liner.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, Nov. 3.—It was in the month of July last that Mark Twain was put in irons and brought before an admiralty court upon serious charges. The story of that experience in the life of the famous humorist has just been brought back to this country by some of those who witnessed the trial and who saw Mark Twain in chains, and nothing he has ever written contains more humorous suggestions than does this story.

Among Mark Twain's fellow passengers upon the steamship Lahn were ex-Judge Dittenhoefer, of New York; Sydney Webster, of Boston, an eminent lawyer; James T. Wallach, a prominent merchant of New York city, and a party of twelve Yale students, among them being the famous football champion of Yale, Mr. McClung.

Mark Twain had made merry with the passengers. He told some of his most extraordinary stories, which, while they had the appearance of having occurred to him at the moment, he insisted were veritable chronicles, and as incredulity prevailed among the passen-



MARK TWAIN IN IRONS.

gers it was at last publicly declared that Mark Twain was "in his capacity as a story teller an inordinate and unscientific liar." The humorist resented these accusations, insisting that if in any of his published narrations there appeared to be anything which justified such accusation he had written it in moments of irresponsibility or insanity, and he declared that he was willing to stand trial upon these charges.

Captain Dampfer, who has the power of an autocrat upon his ship, authorized a court of admiralty to be organized, of which Mr. Dittenhoefer was appointed judge. Mr. Wallach was chosen by the court counsel for prosecution, and Mark Twain selected the eminent lawyer, Mr. Webster, counsel for the defense. The Yale students were impaneled as jurors, and Mr. McClung was made foreman.

The court was held on the evening of July 14 in the great saloon of the steamship. Judge Dittenhoefer took his seat on the bench, and he never looked more stern when he was serving as judge in a New York city court. The jury were seated in a box to the right of the judge, and the counsel were gathered at a table, and near them were the witnesses for the prosecution and the defense. After the court was opened Judge Dittenhoefer instructed the sheriff to bring the prisoner in. The clanking of chains was heard, and a moment later Mark Twain, with disheveled hair, with shuffling step because the ship's irons hung heavy on his legs, and with his wrists inclosed in handcuffs, was brought in and placed in the prisoner's dock.

At a command from the judge the irons were removed, and the trial began with a speech from the prosecuting officer, in which he declared that he should prove that Mark Twain had been guilty of inordinate and unscientific lying. Here the prisoner bent his head to conceal his emotion apparently, and seemed to be sobbing. Miss B. R. Dittenhoefer was called as the first witness. She read extracts from Mark Twain's description of the jumping frog. The jury looked very solemn when this evidence was introduced, and Mr. Webster, the counsel for the defense, on cross-examination demanded of the witness what there was unscientific in this lie, if it was a lie, and she replied that although it caused people to laugh they smiled at the improbability of the story, and added that there was nothing funny in the suggestion of filling the stomach of a frog with shot to prevent its making a jump, and thereby causing its own, to lose a bet.

Mr. K. D. Cheney, being summoned as a witness, produced one of Mark Twain's books and read from it his assertion that he dropped a tear upon the tomb of Adam. When asked by Mr. Webster what there was unscientific about that lie, if it was a lie, Mr. Cheney replied that the world knew that Mark Twain never wept and never made any one else weep. If he had written that he searched the vicinity for the tomb of Eve or had exhumed Adam's remains, that he might discover which rib was taken for the creation of Eve, that would have been an entirely scientific and rational undertaking at Adam's tomb.

Other witnesses read extracts from "Huckleberry Finn" and quoted from the exploits of Colonel Mulberry Sellers as narrated by Mark Twain to prove that the accusation that the various humorous lies therein narrated were unscientific, and therefore improbable, and then the prosecution rested.

The defense was insanity or irresponsibility, and the two ship's physicians were put upon the stand, each of whom testified that in all their experience they had never met a man who talked so rationally as Mark Twain did. They declared that the stories he told them had not one grain of probability, and

they indicated an abnormally diseased condition of his mind.

Mark Twain himself was put upon the stand. He testified that he had no recollection of ever having written anything about a jumping frog, and that he felt like smiting the men and women who came to him and told him, as thousands of them did, that the jumping frog was the funniest story they ever had read. He testified that if he ever said that he wept at the tomb of Adam it must have been in moments of hallucination, since his emotions at the discovery of that tomb would certainly have been those of joy.

He attacked the testimony of Mr. Cheney, declaring that he was unworthy of belief as a witness. "Why," said he, "I met Cheney's father a few days before I sailed and he told me that his son was being sent to Europe to cure him of a mania for prevarication. Not long ago that young man disappeared from his home for several days. When he came back in a shamefaced manner his father said:

"Where have you been?" "I have been hunting bear." "Well, if you killed any bear I shall not punish you; but if you did not kill any, then I shall banish you to Europe for awhile. How many did you kill?" "I shot 1892 bears, father." "You are a falsifier. You have mixed up the year of our Lord with your bear shooting exploits. You will have to go to Carlsbad to be cured."

When Mark Twain finished this anecdote the prosecuting attorney declared that he had been convicted out of his own mouth, for the anecdote itself was an unscientific lie, inasmuch that Mark Twain had mentioned bear as the game, whereas he should have said fish. Everybody expects that a fisherman will exaggerate the number of fish caught, but nobody ever knew a bear hunter to do it. The jury convicted the culprit without leaving their seats, and Judge Dittenhoefer was called upon to impose sentence. He commanded Mark Twain to stand up, and he declared that for the first time a jury of his peers had formally and very properly on the evidence found him guilty of unscientific lying. He should therefore sentence him to read for three hours every day from his own works until the steamer reached port.

As sentence was pronounced Mark Twain groaned, and then, falling on his knees, implored the judge in these words: "Anything but that! Hang me if you will, but do not compel me to read my own works. That is a slow and horrible death!"

Without heeding the appeal Judge Dittenhoefer added that as Mark Twain was going to Germany to live for awhile he should also condemn him to abandon the American form of his name, which means two marks, and use instead the German word "Bismarck." "There cannot be two Bismarcks in Germany," said the judge, "and it will be a part of your punishment to carry on battle with the prince of that name for your right to use it."

Mark Twain served his sentence faithfully. He read three hours every day from his own works, but most of the passengers wished that he had not.



MARK TWAIN BEGS FOR MERCY.

Of course all these proceedings were sportive, but they netted for the Seaman's fund some \$600, and were said by the captain to have been the most interesting and delightful of all the entertainments ever arranged at sea upon any of the steamships of that line.

E. J. EDWARDS.

A Politician in Pieces.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW ORLEANS, Nov. 3.—Governor Nichols relates with much relish his peculiar experience in a hotel. During the late unpleasantness the governor, then general, had the misfortune to lose his right leg, having parted company with his right arm in an accident several years before the war.

During the last campaign he was stumping Mississippi and stopped over night at a hotel in Natchez. "Send a man to my room," said the governor, and in a few moments a typical southern negro made his appearance. The disrobing process had been continued for some time when the governor commanded, "Take off my arm."

"Sah!" said the astonished negro, his wool fairly rising. "Take off my arm," repeated the governor, and Sambo edged suspiciously toward the couch, assisting in removing the artificial member.

Laying it upon the table he gave the limb a long and careful examination, but was suddenly interrupted by the command, "Take off my leg." For a moment he gazed at the reclining soldier and then started for the door.

It required innumerable threats, explanations and promises to get the darky near the bed, but finally a large portion of the governor lay upon the table, and there was a mischievous twinkle in his eyes.

"Come here, Sambo," he shouted, leaning forward. "Come here and unscrew my head."

The darky waited no longer, but with one wild rush he dashed from the room, and bursting into the office shouted, "Oh, Massa Charles! there's a man in 'B who is coming to pieces." A crowd followed to 43, and the governor "set 'em up." G. C. R.

A MEAN TRICK.

He Wanted to Row, but It Wasn't a Success.

A wealthy member of a swell club, accompanied by a real estate broker and capitalist, was out strolling along the lake shore northward a short time ago when the gentlemen mutually agreed that nothing was more enjoyable than the exercise of rowing. The lake was as pellucid and still as a tarn at eventide, when not a zephyr is a stir, and they engaged a boat with the abandon of youth. The real estate man took first turn at the oars, and the ease and grace with which he handled the blades excited the envy of his companion of the swell club.

"You don't propose to hog it all the afternoon, do you?" said the latter. "If there's one thing I do pride myself upon it is my knowledge of rowing. You have had that place for a mortal hour, and if you don't get up at once friendship will cease here and now. That's what I'm discouraging."

Amicably the other relinquished his place and cheerily took a seat forward. "What is mischief are you doing?" presently the real estate man inquired. "Can't you see that you are whirling about in a circle?"

"Yes, I see it. I'm always stronger in one arm than in the other. That makes the whole trouble."

"Well, give two strokes with one and one with the other, then."

He did, but with the same result. Around and around the boat went in the same ceaseless round. The swell clubman used strong words, while his companion smiled.

"I'm a nice one, ain't I? Here I'd been planning to take my wife and babies out for a row, and a nice spectacle I'd have made. I'd been a consarned murderer and suicide, that's what I'd have been. But I'll overcome the blamed obstacle, whatever it is, if I die for it."

The perspiration rolled down his cheeks. Off went his coat, his vest, his collar, cravat and cuffs. He grew fairly steaming. Forward he inclined and backward he bent until the oars fairly doubled. The boat flew around like a whirlwind. Redder and redder his face became until he seemed to sweat blood.

"That's enough," finally said his friend tantalizingly. "Can't you see 'tain't in you? You're made one sided, and ain't to blame for it."

"One sided nothing. I ain't feeling well, that's it. My left arm's been in bad shape for some time. Maybe one oar's shorter than the other."

But do what he would the result was the same, and finally, when utterly worn out and exhausted, he said gaspingly: "I—I guess you may take the oars."

Just then he turned about and saw the real estate man sneakingly drawing a big stone out of the water.

The boat had been anchored all the time he was rowing.

"I'll be the death of you for that," groaned the victim.

Alas! it was near to being his own, for it was a week afterward before he got out of bed.—Chicago Mail.

Not Ready Yet.

A robust American friend of ours lives below the boundary in Lower California. There lived in the neighborhood a foreigner, as homely a man as one might light his eyes on in a year's travel. He was an undeveloped or immature Quilp. He managed to accumulate considerable money and needed a wife. An acquaintance suggested that he visit our Lower California friend, who had several very handsome marriageable daughters. He was received with bronchial hospitality. He mentally made his choice from the trio of beautiful girls, and next morning broached the subject to the father. The old gentleman eyed him with an amazed smile and remarked: "My friend, I fully appreciate and feel highly honored by your preference, but when I want to raise monkeys in my family I'll send for you. I am not yet embarked in the menagerie business."—Dr. Remondino's Review.

Only a Matter of Endurance.

"You are standing on my foot, ma'am," said a big, good natured man in the crowd yesterday, at the corner of State and Madison, to a lady in front of him.

"Sir," she replied haughtily, turning her head. "I haven't moved in my tracks for half an hour."

"I know it, ma'am," he rejoined. "But the foot you've been standing on all that time has begun to get tired. Would you mind occupying the other one awhile?"—Chicago Tribune.

He Drew the Line.

An old man entered a crowded street car, and, seeing a boy seated in the corner, asked if he would give him his seat.

"Now," said the boy. "Do you think that is showing the respect to age that is becoming in a boy? If your father were to come into this car now, wouldn't you get up and give him a seat?" "Hetcher life," said the boy. "I ain't ridin' in a street car with any ghost."—Argonaut.

Different Then.

"They tell me you work for a dollar a day. How is it you clothe your six boys on such pay?" "I know you will think it conceited and queer. But I do it because I'm a good financier."

"There's Pete, John, Jim and Joe, and William and Ned—A half dozen boys to be clothed up and fed—And I buy for them good, plain victuals to eat; But clothing—I only buy clothing for Pete."

"When Pete's clothes are too small for him to get on My wife makes 'em over and gives 'em to John."

"When for John, who is ten, they have grown out of date, She just makes 'em over for Jim, who is eight."

"When for Jim they become too ragged to fit She just makes 'em over for Joe, who is six."

"And when little Joseph can wear 'em no more She just makes 'em over for Bill, who is four."

"And when for young Bill they no longer will do She just makes 'em over for Ned, who is two."

"So you see, if I got enough clothing for Pete, The family is furnished with clothing complete."

"But when Ned has got through with the clothing, and when He has thrown it aside, what do you do with it then?"

"Why, once more we go round the circle complete And begin to use it for patches for Pete."—Mercury.

Set Him Right.

He—One has only to look at your lips and see that you are intended for kisses.

She—On the contrary, the kisses are for my intended.—New York Herald.

A Devotedness.

The man of sportive mind no more, As in the days of old, Will figure out the baseball score While his dinner growth cold.—Detroit Tribune.

WHAT IT WAS.

The Stillness of the Twilight Hour Was Broken.

It was evening. Softly came the summer zephyr from the shadows sleeping in the valleys, cooling as the breath from scented fans, yet with no touch of chill.

The lowing herds, now silent on the lea, lay resting in the fragrant fields of gently waving grass, where daisies nodded kisses to the red lipped clover.

The dusky air, low lying on the shaded hills, rose purpling to the sky about their tops, and here and there far off in the still distance twinkled one or two lone stars, the first to come, and they stood there blushing near the dark blue curtains draped above the threshold of the night, uncertain yet if they should enter now or wait until the gay and glittering throng in which they moved had come to hear them company.

The song of birds was stilled in every bush and tree, and every warbling throat was tucked away beneath a tired wing.

The hum of insects, resonant all day, had hushed itself amid the quiet leaves, and every fluttering insect wing was resting till the morn.

The lazy stream had seemed to stop and now no longer babbled to the flowers which grew upon its pretty banks.

Above, below, beyond, the soft, delicious stillness of the bedtime of day pervaded the air and touched the earth and floated to the sky.

They sat there in the gloaming, he and she, and watched the silent shadows creep slowly out from those dim hiding spots in which no man can find them in the day.

Suddenly they heard a crash as if some one had struck a heavy timber with an ax and shivered it.

"What's that man breaking?" he inquired with a start.

"The stillness of the twilight hour," she murmured softly, and the man passed them on his way to the woodshed with a stick of kindling on his shoulder.—Detroit Free Press.

A Bad Miss.



THROW!



SHOW!



BLOW!



WOR!—Truth.



Family Financiering.

"They tell me you work for a dollar a day. How is it you clothe your six boys on such pay?" "I know you will think it conceited and queer. But I do it because I'm a good financier."

"There's Pete, John, Jim and Joe, and William and Ned—A half dozen boys to be clothed up and fed—And I buy for them good, plain victuals to eat; But clothing—I only buy clothing for Pete."

"When Pete's clothes are too small for him to get on My wife makes 'em over and gives 'em to John."

"When for John, who is ten, they have grown out of date, She just makes 'em over for Jim, who is eight."

"When for Jim they become too ragged to fit She just makes 'em over for Joe, who is six."

"And when little Joseph can wear 'em no more She just makes 'em over for Bill, who is four."

"And when for young Bill they no longer will do She just makes 'em over for Ned, who is two."

"So you see, if I got enough clothing for Pete, The family is furnished with clothing complete."

\$50,000.00 TO LOAN

At six per cent. per annum and a cash commission or at eight per cent, no commission, for periods of three or five years on well located improved real estate in Lincoln or Lancaster county.

INTEREST ALLOWED ON SAVINGS DEPOSITS DEPOSITORS HAVE ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

UNION SAVINGS BANK, 111 South Tenth Street

Industrial Savings Bank

ELEVENTH AND N STREETS. Capital Stock, \$250,000. Liability of Stockholders \$500,000

INTEREST PAID N DEPOSITS, Wm. Stull, Pres. J. E. Hill, Vice-Pres. Louis Stull, Cashier.

DIRECTORS.—D E Thompson, C E Montgomery, Geo H. Hastings, H H Shaberg, W H McCreery, J C Allen, T E Sanders, J E Hill, Wm Stull, Louis Stull, Geo A Mohrenstecher

Advertisement for IRVINE'S ORCHESTRA, featuring a list of directors and details about their musical services.

Advertisement for THE NEW LINCOLN STABLES, featuring Dave Fitzgerald, Prop., and Frank Ramsey, Foreman, with details about horse care and carriage services.

Advertisement for Western Normal College, located in Lincoln, Neb., highlighting its old school in a new location and offering various educational programs.

Advertisement for the FAST MAIL ROUTE, featuring Missouri Pacific Railway and listing train schedules and agents.