

An Interesting Story of One of His Legal Battles as Told by Himself.

Senator Morgan, of Alabama, besides being one of the veterans of the Upper House, is a very able lawyer. Many good stories are told of his legal acumen, and one of the best is narrated by himself.

Twenty years or more ago Morgan was retained by three sisters. Their mother had died, and no will could be found, although it was believed that she had made one. In fact, the three sisters claimed to have seen their mother draw up her last testament. The women were placed on the stand, but their testimony was conflicting, and they did not agree on some of the main points. The opposing counsel, Judge Boyles, was quick to take advantage of this important fact. In summing up, he said dramatically: "We fortunately put these ladies on the stand, and no two of them agreed as to how that will was written. They had it on all sorts of paper, and written with all kinds of ink and pencils."

When it came Morgan's turn to reply, he stepped to the front with a Bible in his hand, and said: "I hold in my hand a book that I was taught to believe and reverence at my mother's knee. Gentlemen of the jury, I know that every one of you learned to look upon this sacred volume with respect when a mother's holy love guided your youthful footsteps. In this book I studied the life of the Master, and let me tell you why I believe that the four gospels have recorded the truth. It is because they differ in some of their minor details. If Matthew, Mark, Luke and John got together to frame a fictitious history, they would have been careful to fix the details so as to exclude all discrepancies."

"Now, in Matthew, we read that Christ when on trial was clothed with a scarlet robe. In Mark, Luke and John it is recorded that he wore a purple robe. In Matthew, Mark and Luke we read that one Simon of Cyrene bore the cross to the place of crucifixion. In John it is written that Jesus bore the cross himself. All differ as to the words written above the cross. Matthew has it, 'This is Jesus'; Mark, 'The King of the Jews'; Luke, 'This is the King of the Jews'; John, 'Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews.'"

"I say to you that these very discrepancies stamp the gospels with divine truth. Now, if these young ladies had gotten together in collusion to tell a story of the writing of a will that never existed, they would have agreed on all the details. This would have been their first thought. Their recollections differ because the act of when they have testified occurred when their souls were troubled at the death bed of their beloved mother. As with the gospels, the discrepancies of their evidence are a testimony to the truth of what they utter."

Senator Morgan won his case.

Marriage in Burma. Marriage is not a religious ceremony among the Burmese, says a writer in Blackwood. There is a ceremony, of course, but the only necessary and binding part of it is that the couple should, in the presence of witnesses called together for the purpose, eat out of the same bowl. A girl does not change her name. Family names are unknown; there is no Miss or Mrs. Every woman, married or single, has the prefix Ma or Ml, which are the same word. Even as babies they carry this prefix, and marriage does not alter it—marriage does not alter her status in any way. She keeps her own property, and any property she may acquire subsequently is also her own. Property acquired jointly with her husband is held jointly. If you ask who is the owner of a garden, you may be told it belongs to Maung Had Ma Ni, the former being the man's name and the second that of his wife, and both names are used frequently in business and legal proceedings. But a man and his wife are not always in the same business. They may have totally different pursuits. One may be a cultivator, the other a silk dealer; the man may be a pleader in court, the wife may own brick-kilns outside the town.

Decline of the Folding Bed. The folding bed, once an immense popular institution, is losing its grip. Not one is called for now where two or three years ago a dozen were ordered. Two big factories we know of which a very few years ago had difficulty in keeping up with orders for folding beds even by working night and day are now making other lines of furniture, and the folding bed production in all factories is steadily declining.

The accidents which frequently occurred with the folding bed doubtless had some bad influence on its popularity, but this was not the only disadvantage the multum in parvo furniture had to contend against. The beds were heavy, clumsy affairs, even under the most favorable conditions. Many are hard to handle without a derrick or a yoke of oxen, and they are also hard to keep clean. Then also there is an increased call for beds of brass and iron. Such beds are practically the only kind sold in England, and they have steadily increased in popularity in this country during the last five years.

An Audience of One. First the pianist—At our last stand the theater took fire in the middle of the third act.

Second the pianist—Was there a panic in the audience? First the pianist—Oh, no. The usher woke him up and told him it was time to go home.—Yale Record.

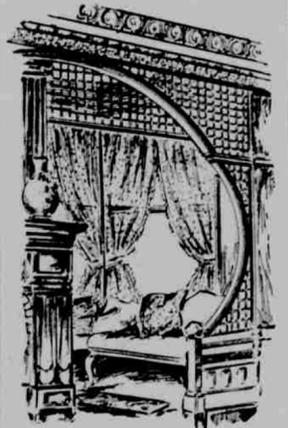
Boy's Contrivances. Er boy has such contrivances, Hit's ole' beyond control; He wants de bigger' dumb-bell as 'De smaller' bod' o' coal.—Washington Star.



WOMEN UNDERSTOOD BUSINESS BETTER

THROUGH the business women other women are coming to understand more about the value of money. It has always been one of the most cherished masculine theories that women are entirely incapable of understanding anything about finance. A father, who had hundreds of thousands of dollars to leave to his daughters, would let them grow up in such absolute ignorance of such matters that when they came into possession of their fortunes they did not know whereabouts on a check to sign their names. A man harassed with business losses will let his wife go on ignorantly spending money and making bills he cannot pay. The result has been that women have been the victims of all sorts of dishonest men, who have robbed them of their money because they had not been taught to take care of it. The business woman knows better, and it is largely through her influence that it has come to be looked upon as silly, not interesting, for a woman not to understand the rudiments at least of financial transactions. In New York one of the fads of the winter among fashionable women is to belong to bookkeeping classes.—New Orleans Picayune.

Decorations of Tissue Paper. In a certain elegant bank that caters to women there is a cozy corner that, while intended for work as well as play, is very effectively furnished in brilliant green. There is a broad lattice over the doorway and a curving arch—all of tissue paper. And there are rugs, pillows and vases entirely of the fra-



COZY CORNER.

gile yet firm material. The lattice is made over strips of thin pasteboard. The strips are cut an inch wide and the crinkled paper glued on. Brass nail heads clamp the slats in place. When hung it is firm and lasting, and looks precisely like the green arbor of childhood recollections. The rug is made the same, with the paper doubled twice over the pasteboard. The vases are of wood covered with paper, and the pillows are of two thicknesses of tough Chinese rice paper, which is untearable. The corner is mightily admired, and has the great merit of not being too expensive to throw away after one is tired of it.—Chicago Chronicle.

Latest in Dress Sleeves. The first of these three new sleeves has a very high cuff, slashed with chiffon plaiting let in the slashes. Above this there is a small, plaited puff of silk, and over this an epaulet of cloth of the same material as the dress, whatever it may be. The second is what is called a coat sleeve, perfectly plain, the only trimming being a broad binding on each seam; the binding broadens out and is cut into epaulets slashed to form a sort of rever at the shoulder. This is very popular upon tailor-made dresses. The third is a soft silk sleeve; this is suitable for India or any other light summer silk. The sleeve is in small gathers all the way up to the shoulders, where it has one big puff, below which a lace ruffle falls. A pretty appearance is given by pulling a strip of silk out through the sleeve in



SUMMER SLEEVES.

such a way as to form little puffs. A ruff of double chiffon completes the wrist.

Engagement Etiquette. When a man has received the answer which is conventionally supposed to have made him the happiest creature in the world his first step must be to

"I dare say Mr. Carewe will relent in time." "But I want to know what has happened to all the people? To Madalena, Sanzio and Remy Damien?" "Calhoun thinks they will hang Sanzio. Madalena will be left off easy—we shall manage that. I don't know what to do about Remy; I think I should leave him to take his chance if it were not for two facts: Firstly, he bears your name; secondly, you would have to give evidence against him."

CHAPTER XXIV.

We had just finished dinner when the butler gave notice that Calhoun wished to see Mr. Burnside. "Show him in here," said my grandfather, and in a few minutes the man, with his quaint, impassive face, entered the room. I felt full of sympathy for him. His manner was so quiet and respectful as ever, but he had deep lines under his eyes, and his mouth had acquired a dejected droop. Any one who knew him well could tell in an instant how keenly he felt his master's death. "Good evening, miss. Glad to see you so much better," he said, deferentially. "I ought to offer you my best wishes, miss—I suppose you know—"

"No," interrupted Mr. Carewe, "Miss Damien does not know." "What is it?" I asked. "Lord Egerton's will," said my grandfather. "I suppose you ought to know, Olga. You are a great heiress. Lord Egerton's will left two hundred a year to Calhoun, who well deserves it. He willed that Valleyford should be pulled down, and the estate, together with the materials the house was built with, to be sold. The proceeds, and a thousand pounds besides, to go to an asylum for the blind. After that, with the exception of legacies to your Aunt Rosalie, Rayvenham and myself, the whole of his money is left to you, including the treasure, should it be found."

"And as Miss Damien found it, she well deserves it," put in Calhoun. "There is a proviso," went on my grandfather, "that, should you ever meet Madalena Carleton, and should she be in want, that you should provide for her." "That brings me, sir," said Calhoun, "to what I came here to tell you, only seeing Miss Damien put it out of my mind. I've had a blow to-day, sir."

"A blow?" "Yes, sir; Sanzio is dead!" "Dead?" "Yes, sir; and Mrs. Remy Damien, she hasn't spoke one word yet, since she recovered consciousness. Seems as if she might go off any day, now, and no justice done at all."

"Well, he's gone to a surer justice than ours," said my grandfather, after a lengthy pause. "What did he die of?" "Apoplexy. He looked like that. They found him dead on his bed, with his hands clutched." "Victor," I whispered, "is that money of Paul's really mine?" "I'm afraid so."

"Then pay Remy's debt, stop the prosecution, and send him out of the country." It seemed as if nine years were bridged over, and I sat once more, a small, shy girl, beside a big young man, full of deep thoughts and unmet to children. The same feeling of a gush of rapturous life came over me as I stepped for the second time on Devonshire ground, this time with the knowledge that it was to be my home for always.

We had spent a very brief honeymoon in the lake district; we meant to have a long holiday later in the year, and revisit Florence and Rome—the places where we first began to know each other. Just now, nothing seemed to suit us so well as this idea of coming home to Burnside with the springtime in our hearts and all around us. Remy Damien had gone to New Zealand, with the promise of a yearly allowance so long as he stayed there; as for his poor wife, she was falling day by day. I had visited her and done all I could for her, and now she was at Ventnor, in the Isle of Wight, though we knew that nothing could arrest the rapid decline of her whole system. Her lungs had always been delicate, and a residence in Valleyford during the winter, when the damp river mists had often hung round the old house thick and clammy and vaporous, had developed the seeds of consumption to an extent which must soon prove fatal.

Rayvenham had returned to Oxford at once on my engagement to Victor, but he came back for my wedding. Easter fell early that year, and we were married in Easter week. (The end.)

Just Strong Enough. The man for the occasion is not always so promptly at hand as he seems to have been in this story, given by the St. Louis Republic: Not long since Sandow was going from Kansas City to Omaha, and had occasion to go into the day coach. There he was accosted by a tall gentleman with long side-whiskers. "Excuse me, sir," he said, "but are you not Mr. Sandow?" "Yes," said the strong man. "You can lift three tons in harness?" "Yes, sir, that is my record," the Hercules returned. "You can hold two hundredweight at arms' length?" "Yes."

"And put up three hundred pounds with one arm?" "Yes."

"And six hundred with two?" "Yes."

"Well, then, would you kindly raise this car window for me?"



LOVE THE AVENGER

BY G. M. ROBINSON

CHAPTER XXI. It was more than a week later. A heavy fall of snow, such as we rarely get so late in February, made all the world white. I stood at the window of my own little sitting room, leaning against the heavy, deep-red curtains, and looking out at those whirling, noiseless flakes. But at the library door my strength returned. I walked in. Rayvenham stood before the fire, my grandfather near the window. Mother lay on the sofa, Aunt Rose being seated by her.

"I am glad to see you so much better, my precious," said my grandfather, in a voice that shook slightly. "Terrible times—terrible times, Olga, my child." "Yes," I answered quietly, not returning his kiss. "They are terrible times, and first I have to ask your pardon, my dearest grandpapa, for all the trouble I have brought on you without meaning it."

"I think you have suffered more than I, my poor little girl," he said, sadly. "I want to give you an account of everything just as it happened," I said, clearly and evenly. I then told everything that the reader already knows. When I reached the point to reveal my secret, I rose and stood before my fiancé.

"Rayvenham," I said, "Mr. Burnside two days ago released me from my promise, and I am free to tell you. But at the same time, I confess that I—I would rather not. Will it not content you to know that, long ago, I acted in a way I have never ceased to repent of? Will you not respect Mr. Burnside's wish—a very strong one—that it should never be known? Could you trust me as far as that?"

He crimsoned. "Olga," he said, "you ask too much. It would imbrute a fellow's life to have a wife who—I should always be imagining—"

"There," I said, "you are free to marry some one with an unstained name and a clear conscience. When I was a little girl I tried to murder Mr. Burnside. I did it deliberately, for the sake of Remy Damien, whom I loved. I hated Mr. Burnside, because I thought him unjust to my uncle. I would have done anything for Remy, so I took a dagger, went into Mr. Burnside's room in the dead of night, and stabbed him. For three days his life hung in the balance. He fully and freely forgave me, and showed me how strangely perverted were my ideas of right and wrong. He thought, and I thought, too, that I could put my past behind me, and build up a new future for myself, without any haunting regrets. It never once occurred to me that the uncle for whom I had so grievously transgressed could be base enough to use that very fact as a hold over me." I paused a moment. Having said all this in measured tones, I felt that my self-control was slipping from me, and that I must soon give way. My grandfather had covered his eyes with his hands—I could not tell what his thoughts were. Rayvenham sat staring down at the carpet as if dazed. A startling noise from the sofa started Aunt Rosalie. Mother had fainted away.

"Now," I said steadily, "I see how mistaken I was. Grandpapa, you may be loath to hurt me now, but the time will come when you will be thankful that your heir did not ally himself with a Damien. You see what my uncle is—a forger—a convicted scoundrel; you hear what I myself have done—attempted a human life. It is far better, is it not, that there should be no alliance between a Carewe and a member of such a house? Is it not so, Rayvenham?"

Had Rayvenham turned impetuously round—had he held out his arms to me, and cried: "I love you! What are all these obstacles to love like mine?"—I believe I should have clung to him, my whole heart would have gone out to him, and I might have lived and died the wife of Rayvenham Carewe, with only very occasional misgivings as to whether I gave my husband the highest love which it was in my power to give. But such was not to be my fate.

CHAPTER XXII. I went upstairs. My little world all lay in ruins round me. I could not realize anything beyond the fact that I was desolate, desolate! I could not go to my room. I knew that Marianne was there with her sewing, keeping up a good fire. I could not bear the thought of seeing any one, and, turning aside, I ran along the gallery, and entered a corridor which was hardly ever used.

So intense was my despair that I did not hear the quiet opening and shutting of a door near me. My paroxysm of grief was arrested by a hand on my shoulder, and a voice—that voice which had power to send electrical thrills through every nerve in my body—said: "Oh, Miss Damien, what is the trouble?" It was dreadful to be found by Mr. Burnside of all men, in this state of collapse. How he would despise me! I buried my face lower and lower, and held out my hands to motion him away. I had not even known that he was in the house, and had felt so secure from interruption in that corridor. "Oh, leave me! Leave me!" I said. "I will not leave you," he returned, firmly, "till I know what is the cause of all this trouble."

"Go away; oh, for pity's sake, go! I can't bear that you should see me like this!"

With those blue eyes compelling me, there was no help for it. "My engagement is broken off," I faltered, closing my eyes; and my sob burst out afresh.

"What?" His voice started me. "Your engagement broken? Why? Why? Who broke it?"

"I," I sobbed, "when I saw that Rayvenham distrusted me! I told them—oh, I told them everything, and he never said one word!"

He bounded from my side, and took two turns up and down the gallery. "The name was broken off, was it not?" he asked, "he said, faintly, 'Do you mean that you are—'"

"Yes," I said, "I said, 'Rayvenham must have Gray Ashted! What should you and I do with it? We don't want it.'"

He laughed—such a glad, bright laugh—that it was infectious. "Well," he said,