

GOOD SHORT STORIES

Plea of Insanity.

The youthful attorney secured a verdict in favor of the Irishman charged with murder, on the ground of temporary insanity, says the Philadelphia Telegraph. He did not meet his client again for several months, when the following remarks were exchanged between them:

"Well, Pat, isn't it about time you gave me that extra \$200?"

"Faith, an' what two hoondred is that?"

"The \$200 you promised if I saved that worthless neck of yours."

"Chure, an' did Oi promise that? Oi don't ramimber."

"Why, Pat, you promised it me."

Pat scratched his head for a minute, and then with a smile outlawed the claim with the remark:

"Oh, well, but ye know Oi was crazy thin."

Lacked One Brick.

The late distinguished architect, Richard M. Hunt, says the New York Times, used to relate that in his younger days, while supervising the erection of a brick building, a recent arrival from Cork applied for a job and was employed as a hodcarrier after being instructed that he must always carry up fourteen bricks in his hod. One morning the supply of brick ran out, and do his best the new man could find but thirteen to put in his hod. In answer to a loud yell from the street one of the masons on the sixth story staging shrieked down:

"What do you want?"

"Trow me down wan brick," said Pat, pointing to his hod, "to make me number good."

What It Taught.

A gentleman visiting a minister was asked to attend a Sunday school at his host's church, and address a few remarks to the children, relates the Scottish American. He took the familiar theme of the children who mocked Elijah on his journey to Bethel—how the youngsters taunted the poor old prophet, and how they were punished when two she bears came out of the woods and ate forty and two of them.

"And now, children," said the speaker, wishing to learn if his talk had produced any moral effect, "what does this story show?"

"Please, sir," came from a little girl well down in front, "it shows how many children two she bears can hold."

What He Came For.

Of course it happened in Chicago, says the Youth's Companion, where the general breeziness of the west is shared by the waiters in the restaurants. A gentleman, prominent in social circles, had entered an eating house, and was immediately approached by one of the knights of the white napkin, who remarked, cheerfully:

"I have pig's feet, calf's brains and deviled kidneys."

"Have you?" replied the Chicago man. "Well, what do I care about your ailments! I came to eat."

Power of Whisky.

"Whisky," shouted the lecturer, "will take the coat off a man's stomach."

"Worse than that," grumbled the man with the pawn ticket; "it will take the coat off his back."—Philadelphia Record.

Unanswerable Argument.

While the late Judge Thurman of Ohio was in congress, says the New York Times, his wife, leaving for a visit to friends, exacted from the judge a promise that he would be a "teetotaler", during her absence. On the day of Mrs. Thurman's return the

judge stopped in the dining room before going to welcome her to take a drop of that from which he had abstained during her absence. While in the act of pouring whisky into his glass he heard Mrs. Thurman pattering down the stairs. Quickly putting his left hand, in which he held the glass, behind him, with his right hand extended, he said:

"I am glad to see you home, my dear."

"Allen, what have you behind you?"

"Whisky, my dear."

"Oh, Allen! Don't you remember last year, when you were stumping the state, you didn't taste a drop, and you were never so well in your life?"

"Yes, my dear, I remember; but we lost the state."

What Worried Him.

In his later years, although his intellect was unimpaired, Thaddeus Stevens was physically so infirm that in journeying back and forth between his hotel and the house of representatives he used two sturdy young negro men to carry him in a chair built on the Sedan pattern, says the Philadelphia Times.

Snow, sleet and frost had made the trip rougher than usual one morning, and the old statesman was jostled rather uncomfortably. He bore it all without complaint until the bearers set him down inside the corridor. As he was assisted from the chair he said:

"Thank you, boys—thank you! I often wonder how I'll make out when you two die."

A Child's Gratitude.

Speaking of hospital children, a New York physician, in an account of his work among them, says:

One little fellow, whom I knew very well, had to have some dead bones removed from his arm. He got well and perhaps thought I had taken a good deal of interest in him, although I was not conscious of showing him extra attention. The morning he was to leave he sent for me. When I reached his bed I bent over him.

"Well Willie," I said, "we will miss you when you are gone," and afterward, "Did you want to see me specially?"

"The little fellow reached his hand up and laid it on my shoulders as I bent over him and whispered:

"My mamma will never hear the last about you."

"Could any one express gratitude more beautifully?"—Utica Observer.

Wasted Her Life.

A story is told of how Mrs. Caroline Corbin of Chicago became an active anti-woman suffragist, says the New York Tribune. She was a school friend of Miss Susan B. Anthony. In later years the two women met in Washington.

"What have you been doing all this while?" asked Miss Anthony.

"Bringing up four boys," was the answer.

"Boys!" exclaimed the outspoken Susan. "What under the sun is a woman like you doing with four boys?"

"I don't know. Would you expect me to strangle them?"

"Bosh!" was the reply. "You should never have had them. They will be nothing but men."

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The Great God, Success.

John W. Gates gave a waiter at Saratoga a \$500 bill for a tip. Gustav at once took off his apron, turned in his resignation, opened a bottle of wine and off to the races. By this time he is a petty capitalist or bankrupt, one good waiter spoiled in either case.

Gates is spoken of reverently as a man who made \$25,000,000 in a few years.

Fact is, he never made a cent. He won it by gambling, much of it by gambling with loaded dice. If he has earned any money at all in the last five years it is much less than his board in the same time.

Gates is held up as a man to imitate by our common ideals. Public opinion holds that it is a man's business to succeed and Gates has succeeded. A whiff of his money goes to a waiter who at once sets out to imitate his success on his trivial scale.

And yet moralists conduct campaigns against nickle-in-the-slot machines.—Red Wing (Minn.) Argus.

GOOD TIMES.

The times are good by comparison with the past eight years. A recent republican paper boasts that the money circulation now amounts to \$28 per capita, being larger than ever before. This condition is the continuing proof of the fact that the republicans were wrong when they cried there is plenty of money in '96. For three years they tried it and in spite of the golden flood from the Klondike matters grew worse instead of better. They then took democratic medicine, put a republican wrapper around it, affixed the Mark Hanna label and took some stiff alopathic doses of more money, gold, silver and paper.

Under the new currency act 509 new banks were established in six months and the bank note issue increased from 245 millions to 632 millions. This had so good an effect that they tried more democratic remedies and in the year 1899 and 1900 they actually coined 111,000,000 in silver putting new blood into our commercial circulation and—thank you, we're feeling better. We are glad our doctor changed medicine, even if prejudice did keep us from changing doctors.—Havana (Ill.) Democrat.

A Coming Business Man.

"There is a lad who will be rich some day," a business man said the other morning on his way down Chestnut street. He nodded as he spoke toward a youth who stood at a little newspaper counter and had already selected and folded two papers, which he handed to the business man with a polite and pleasant greeting. "This boy," resumed the capitalist, as he continued on his way, "will remember you if you only buy once from him, and on your next appearance he will have your paper folded for you before you have your money out. I buy two papers in the morning, one in the afternoon and three on Sunday; the boy always remembers my wants, and I am saved the trouble of stating them. I am flattered, too; his attentions and his politeness have made me the young salesman's friend."—Philadelphia Record.

In Good Company.

The Casabianca of journalism is the Columbus Press. It proposes to stay "on the burning deck, whence all but it has fled."—Dayton Herald.
If you will just look around, you will see that the Press does not stand alone. Besides a number of democratic daily and weekly papers in Ohio there are such good sound democratic papers in the east as the Buffalo Times, Johnstown Democrat, New Haven (Conn.) Union, Concord (N. H.) Patriot, besides many loyal papers in the south and west, and all preaching the same kind of democracy that is to be

found in The Commoner. Yes, thank you, the press is in good company.—Columbus (O.) Press.

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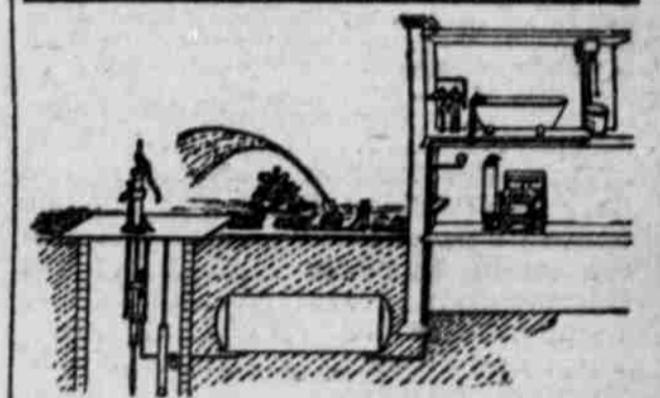
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