AMONG THE WITS AND WAGS.

Stray Gags and Giggles Gathered Here and

THE YESNESS OF THE NO.

An Ingenious Domestic Fire Escape Demolisher of Wifely Wrath-Caustic Paragraphs and Raw Jokes.

> Love and Philosophy. W. J. Henderson in Puck.

'Twas at the Concord sages' school,

We met one summer's day;
I guessed—and used no logic rule—
I guessed what she would say,
"Tis very warm"—this with a sigh—
"The sun that shines from thence,"
She said, and pointed to the sky,
"Is rolling towardthe Whence,"

1 told her that it must be so,
At least it seemed so there;
For there was much I did not know
Of the Whatness of the Where.

About the only thing I knew, When she was standing near, Was that the sky was much more blue In the Nowness of the Here.

The smiled, and said perhaps 'twas well Those pretty themes to touch;
And asked me if the rule I'd tell
Of the Smallness of the Much.
I told her that I did not know
That rule, but then I knew.
A rule that just as well would do-A rule that just as well would do-The Oneness of the Two.

She blushed and looked down on the ground, And said: "It can't be so;" And then the whole earth turned around, For my heart was full of woe. "Unto the Ceaseness of My End,"

I said, "I now shall go." She murmured: "Don't you comprehend The Yesness of my No."

His Ingenious Explanation.

St. Paul Globs: "This looks suspic-ious!" exclaimed Mrs. Suspicion, direct-ing attention to a long, golden hair which she had discovered on the shoulder of her husband's coat. She took it up carefully and, twining it about her fin-ger, examined it carefully. "Sure it ain't yours, my dear?" he said.

"Sure it ain't yours, my dear?" he said.
"You know your hair has a golden tinge
in the sunlight."
"My hair is black," responded the wife
in a manner that indicated too plainly
that flattery would not quiet her. "This
is yellew-red I may say. Now, how did
it get on your coat? That's what I'd
like to know." like to know.

"Oh," responded he. "I forgot to tell you of a little episode that occurred to-day. As I was coming along the street I heard the cry of fire, and, looking up, discovered several females looking out the window of the fifth story and appeal-ing for assistance. I went up the fire escape, and soon had all the girls safely down on the sidewalk. One of them must have been red-headed."

"The evening paper did not have a line about a fire," she said. "Of course not," continued he. "The fire did not amount to anything, I went around to the office and asked that my name be left out, in fact demanded that no mention of the affair be made, and actually threatened to stop my subscription if any publicity was given to my con-duct. The reporter had me written up as a hero, and I knew you would not like to see me in print as saving anyone but you, so I kept it out of print. By the way, I saw a very pretty sealskin saeque down town to day that I half way ordered for you. I wish you would go down to morrow and see how you like

The Waterworks of a Kentucky Town. Washington Critic: Joe Blackburn, of Kentucky, lives in the pleasant country town of Versailles, and on one occasion a member of the Lexington city council came over to inspect some improvement or other and the senator showed him

"Have you gas in town?" asked the

'Not yet; but we are going to have." "No street cars?"

"Waterworks?" "No, but we've got one of the finest distilleries in the country handy, and that's good enough for us.

Better Than a Stove. Kentucky State Journal: "And

do you like your coal oil stove, Mrs. "Why, bless your soul, Miss Hale, couldn't get along without it. I could get along without my husband better

than without it.' 'Oh, dear! I couldn't. I'd rather have a husband than all the coal oil stoves in the world," responded the rather elderly Miss Hale. Equal to Him.

Waiter girl to commercial traveler— There's roast beef and roast duck. Commercial traveler—Canvas-back Waiter-girl-Yes.

Commercial traveler (facetiously)-Is it shirred down the front with lace cuffs turned back over the sleeves, Mary? Waiter-girl—The same.

Commercial traveler-I will try some Waiter-girl-Very well, sir. Will you have it with or without? Commercial traveler-With or without

Waiter-girl-Buttons. A Thespian Ditty. He went out to star On a gay Pullman car, But when he came back He walked on the track.

Buried Under Able Management. San Francisco Post: J. M. Hill, the manager, while building up the fame of Margaret Mather, has never forgetten to announce that she was under the management of J. M. Hill. This self-advertisement has been carried to such an ex-tent that it has become a standing joke in the profession, and last week a pert soutrette of Palmer's company green-room in a roar by remarking: "Mather was sick yesterday and "Mather was going to die, 'Papa,'

thought she was going to die. 'Papa, she said -you know she calls Hill papa-'when I die what will you put on my menument?' Hill studied a minute, and answered, softly: 'Margaret Mather, the greatest queen of tragedy, lies buried here, UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF J.M. HILL.'"

What Experience Teaches.

'The Judge: "Can any of you tell me," said the teacher, "what sysetm of book-"Double entry, sir," said the bright

boy of the class.
"Correct; and now can you give me a
definition of double entry?" "Yes, sir; the one entry is for the bank and the other for the cashier."

Charlestown Enterprise: They were engaged digging up the pavement on Chelsea street when one, wiping the perspiration from his brow, observed:
"Begorra, an' it's hot, then. Wouldn't t be a foine thing. Jemmie, if we had the warrum weather in the winter when we need it so much, and the cowld weather in the summer whin we're reastin'?"

"Ay, it was that," replied Jemmie, sol-emniy, "but mabbe, Mike, it's all fur the best as it is."

occupation of your beau?" one Boston girl asked of another. "He was employed in a bank until recently, but he is doing nothing at pres

Resigned?"
No. he was conflagrated."
"Conflagrated?" "Yes; or, as it is vulgarly termed,

It Didn't Come Off.

San Francisco Chronicle: "W'y how yer do, Nancy?" said old Hester, addressing old Sandersonts daughter. Didn't yer get married last Saddy

No; the weddin' dat come off didn't take place."
"Whatfo' didn't it, gal?"
"Whatfo' didn't it, gal?" "Well, 'case der warn't but thirteen

"All foolishness. You oughtenter b'lebe in no sich foolish 'spicion ez dat. I 'clar ter goodness, yer makes me er-shamed o' yer, puttin' offer weddin' jes' bekase der want but thirteen dar. W'y n't yer sen' out an' inguce de fo'teenf pusson ter come?"
"Well, daddy did go out an' beg him

ter come."
"Well, w'y n't yer go ahead au' let him "Couldn't."
"Why?"

"Case de fo'teenf man was de pusson what had promised ter marry me. I tells yer, Aunt Carisy, thirteen is bad luck."

On, Honor, Honest. Columbus Dispatch.
Equipped and adept, he started in life,
And, flinging himself amid the mad
strife And cutting his way as with a keen knife, He tried to get on.

Luck having been kind, he made a bold dash For political power, and in a wild clash Of parties and methods and other men's

He tried to get honor.

This glory attained, he ventured no less Another sharp stringgle and dared to confess, A final ambition to crown his success, And tried to get honest.

Two Good Workers.

"Two thousand dollars.

Estelline (D. T.) Bell: "Oh, there's no use of talking to me," said a Dakota man to a political friend from another place, "I know we had an abler man in the last legislature than you did." "Don't know about that, now. How much did your man get out of the rail-road companies for his vote?"

"That's it-just as I told you. Our man struck them for \$3,000 and got it."
"Oh, that may all be, but besides the \$2,000 ours also made over \$1,500 on poker, and sneaked around in the hotel and overheard a little private caucus some other members were holding and blackmailed \$500 out of them. I tell you, when it comes right down to hard and efficient work in the territorial legisla-ture Colonel McBribe of this district is hard to beat. We are going to elect him again this fall."

Badly Hurt, but Still Had His Senses. Texas Siftings: During an affray in a Texas town a man was shot and very badly wounded. Sympathizing friends

raised up the fainting man.
"Take him to the drug store," suggested somebody. Slowly the wounded man opened his eyes and whispered "What's-the-matter-with-the-sa-

A Quiet Game.

New York Sun: Gentleman (outside the polo grounds)—Sonny, is there a game going on inside?
Small Boy—Yes, sir.
Gentleman—Are you certain? I don't hear any howls, or hoots, or hisses.
Small Boy—Dat's 'cause Sullivan's empire.

An Octave Higher. Texas Siftings: She was a crank on the subject of music. A gentleman knocked at her door and asked: "Does Mr. Smith live here?" "No, sir; his room is an octave higher-in the next flat," she replied, in a pianissimo andante tone of

A Love for Truth. New York Times: "Just throw me half a dozen of the biggest of those trout," said a citizen to the fish dealer. "Throw them?" queried the dealer. "Yes, and then I'll go home and tell my wife that I caught 'em. I may be a poor fisherman, but I'm no liar.'

A Confederate Clergyman's Dilemma. San Francisco Chronicle: While General Sherman was chatting with our reporter the other day the conversation turned upon the religious element of the south during the war. The old general smiled grimly and said: "That reminds me of an interesting interview I had with a clergyman when I entered Memphis. I found business entirely suspended. The stores were closed, the public schools were shut up, and no churches were opened on Sunday. I stood it a few days, and then I issued a general order re-quiring all stores to be opened, the publie schools to be resumed, and the usual religious exercises to be held in the churches on Sunday.

The day after the order was promulgated I was waited upon at my headquarters by a clergyman, who announced himself as the Rev. Mr. —, of the Episcopal church of that city. He was got up in the highest style of clerical garb, and his face wore the expression of a predetermined martyr. I said: "Sit down; I am very glad to see you. What do you want? What can I do for you?' He answered: "General, I have seen your order about opening the churches on Sunday, and I am a good deal embar-rassed to know how to obey it, or how to state my objections.' I replied: 'There is no embarrassment in obeying an order, and as for objections. I don't care to hear them, You obey the order, and never mind your objections.' He replied: 'But, general, you are aware that since our unhappy civil war commenced the ritual of the Episcopalian Church south has undergone a material change.' 'Has it?' said 1; 'have not noted it.' He said; 'We are directed by our church to pray for the Hon. Jefferson Davis, president of the confederates states, and of course I am ecclesiastically compelled to obey the directions of the church,' and he looked at me with the expression of a martyr about to be taken to the stake and buried alive. I regarded him a moment and then said: Oh, never mind: pray for Davis—pray for him just as hard as you can. He needs every prayer you can get oif. But, my friend, I am dreadfully afraid praying won't do him any good; he has gone up.' He looked curiously at me and then said: 'Will you require me to pray for Abraham Lincoln as president of the United States?' 'By no means, by dear fellow,' said I. 'Let him alone. He don't need any prayers, Abraham Lancoln as just as sure of call. Abraham Lincoln is just as sure of sal-vation as any man who has ever died or

wation as any man who has ever died or ever will die.'

"Next Sunday morning it occurred to me I would go to this church of his and see how he got on. Services had just begun when I went in, but I took my seat where I could have a good view of him and he me. He saw me before I got half way down the aisle. He went on with the services, and when he arrived at the point of conflict between the Forsco. the point of conflict between the Episco-pal church south and the order of Sher-man, with one eye on the prayer-book and the other eye on me, he prayed for 'all in authority over us,' left out Davis, and let Lincoln alone."

Sick headace is the bane of many lives; to cure and prevent this annoying complaint use Dr. J. H. McLean's Liver and Kidney Pillets, they are agreeable to take and gentle in their action.

STRANGE DISAPPEARANCES.

The Remarkable Case of Edward Myers, of

HIS SEVEN YEARS' WANDERINGS

Mrs. Morgan's Insane Freak-Queer Things Done While Laboring Under Temporary Insanity.

New York Sun. The case of Mr. Conant, editor of Harper's Weekly, who left home, friends and business long months ago and has not yet been found by those searching, is paralleled every week in the year. One of the many strange cases was that of a citizen of Wisconsin named Edward Myers. He resided in a village of about 3,000 inhabitants, and owned a store, a flour mill, a tannery and other interests. He was, in fact, the leading man of the town, and at the time of his disappearance was looked upon as a shrewd, keen-witted and level-headed man. One October evening just at dusk he took a pitcher and started to cross the street to the house of a neighbor who had that day brought home a barrel of new cider, and when he passed through the door his wife and children had seen him for the last time in seven years. After a couple of hours had passed one of the family crossed the street to look for him, and found that he had not been at the house. Next day search was made, and for the first month probably 2,000 people were on the lookout for some trace of the missing man. It was a case to puzzle everybody.

Here was a man doing a good business, forty-five years old, and in good health, having a happy home and owing no man a dollar, with no enemies, who disappeared as completely as if a cyclone had blown him out to sea. It was nat-ural to conclude that he had been mur-dered, but his wife could figure that he did not have more than \$10 on his per-son. Besides, how could the murderers have spirited the body away so that no trace of it could be found? Late in the day a detective advanced the theory that Myers had been killed in the street and his body placed in a vehicle and driven off to be shipped to some medical coilege. Some people were satisfied with this explanation, and others made themselves believe that he had committed some se-cret crime and had fled for fear of explanation. In a few months the mysterious disappearance had become an old story

to all except the family.

There was one son twenty-one years of age, another past eighteen. The older took up the management of the business, and the younger, accompanied by a de-tective, set out to search the whole world, if need be, to find the father, living or dead. By the advice of a physician they abandoned all other theories and began to search for a demented person. The first clue was struck at Baraboo, forty miles from home. The pitcher that Myers had taken had been made to order and bore the family initial. It was found in a beer saloon, where he had sold it for thirty cents. The buyer did not remember thirty cents. The buyer did not remember muck about the man, ten months now having elapsed. An oldish man, who had evidently travelled a good distance by highway, had entered the place one evening and offered the picture for sale, and it had been purchased at his offer. Come to think of it he did act rather queerly, stating that his family had driven him from home, and seeming greatly affected, but the saloon keeper was busy and did not give him much attention. and did not give him much attention.

It was six months later before another

trace of Myers was discovered. It was then found that a man answering his de-scription and looked upon as light headed had worked in a sawmill at Galena, Illafor a couple of months and then departed without a word to anybody. This was the last heard of him until he had been missing three years. He was then heard of at Nashville, Tenn., where he had worked in a livery stable for every worked in a livery stable for several months. He called himself John Thomas, the same as at Galena, and threw out hints that his wife had driven him from home by threats to poison him. He had been gone a month when the son reached Nashville, and although five or six men were enlisted in the search not another trace of him could be discovered for two years. Then he turned up in Sedalia, Mo. as a farm hand. The owner of the farm believed the John Thomas to be none other than the missing Myers, and wrote o the family, but before the son arrived the father had walked away again. There was something unfathomable in his gomgs. Search as they would and did for fifty miles around, no one could be found who had seen him on railroads, steam-boats, or highways. It is likely that he feared pursuit, and therefore traveled only at night, and by unfrequented routes.

Two years more passed away without ue, but this was accounted for later Thomas had gone up into Iowa fallen in with some tramps who burned a barn and all were sentenced to prison Thomas got two years, and about two weeks before his sentence expired he told the warden some points in his his tory which led the officer to suspect his identity. The son arrived and fully recognized the father, but the latter had no remembrance of him. When taken home he called his wife by name, recognized the father had no remembrance of him. nized all the old friends but persisted i being a stranger in his own house. was sent to an asylum and in a year re turned perfectly restored to reason. He picked all things from the point where he had left them seven years before, and could not be induced to believe that more than a few weeks had elapsed. He died at the age of 58, perfectly sane and in the full tide of business success. His sanity was a matter of controversy with the doctors and no one was ever quite satisfied as to the cause. From the time his reason was restored to the time of his death he dated all his letters eight years back, refusing to believe as has been re-lated that such a term of years had dropped out of his life.

MRS. MORGAN'S INSANE FREAK. A still more curious case perhaps was that of a Canadian woman named Mrs. Henry Morgan, living in or near Toronto, ten or twelve years ago. Her husband was a well-to-do mechanic, and they had lived a happy married life for nearly twenty years, though having no living children. She was noted for her quiet, reserved disposition, and seldom paid visits or received calls. One afternoon a couple of female acquaintances dropped in on her, and found her cheerful and busy about her household duties, it was remembered that she scale in It was remembered that she spoke in praise of her husband and home, and was planning matters for weeks ahead The women left at 5 o'clock, at which time Mrs. Morgan was ready to begin preparations for tea. Her husband came ome at half-past 6 and she was not at home. After midnight search was made, and not the slightest trace could be found. It was found that she had put on her Sunday gown and bonnet, but she had not taken a shilling in money, and in leaving the house she had not locked any of the doors or disturbed any article of furniture. When the search had been extended

for a week, the general verdict was that the woman had drowned herself. The argument against this was that nobody had seen her after she left home. It seemed utterly impossible that a person so well known could have walked a mile or more to the water without being noticed, or, in fact, that she could have gone in any direction. The financial circumstances of the husband prevented him from going into an extended search but the police sent descriptions of the woman all over the country, and stood ready to follow up any clue which might

be found. To call it suicide was the easiest way out of the difficulty, but this did not satisfy the husband. They had lived so so happily and in such perfect peace that he could not entertain any such idea, though his poverty pre-vented him from taking up other

Thirty-five months from the day she disappeared the husband received a letter from his wife dated at Lawrence, Kan., asking him if he had yet disposed of the cow and household furniture, and how long before she could expect his arrival. He took the train at once for the west. and upon reaching Lawrence found her safe and in good health, though considerably "off" in her talk. She upbraided him for sending her on ahead among strangers, and could not be made to believe that they had been separated over three weeks. The story she told was a singular one. After the ladies left the house the idea suddenly seized her that their home had been sold and they were going to remove to Kansas She was to go on ahead and find a loca ion, and her husband was to remain long enough to dispose of their goods and chattels and then follow after. Sh donned her things and set out for the depot, and there boarded a train for the west. Why she was not put off, having neither noney nor ticket, she could not remember, but was certain that she rode nearly all night. In the morning she was in a strange city, and the idea struck her that she must work and carn money to go on. She remembered going to work in a family which owned a white dog, and that dog bit her on the wrist. She had a scar to verify this. The next thing she remembered was being in a big building with a lot of queer acting people. She was doubtless sent to an insane asylum, and was there for a year or more. She could remember escaping from this place by night and walking a long way, and working in another house, where the people called her Sally.

From the hour of leaving home Mrs.

Morgan forgot the name of the city it

was in and the name of her husband. She could not even remember her given name, but the idea was ever present in her mind that she mus. go to Kansas, and that her husband was to join her there. She must have been a servant in Chicago, for she remembered the names of grocers and butchers and streets in that city. At some time, too, she must have been ill, for she remembered the name of the doctor and how often his medicines were to be administered. How she ever managed to reach Lawrence was a mystery, but perhaps the traveling public became interested in her case, and guided her aright. No doubt she gave that place as her destination, and if she acted at all queer it was nothing more than one sees every day on the great lines of travel When she reached Lawrence she went to a hotel, and there she must have received a nervous shock which partially restored her to reason. She would give no name to be registered, and the landlord soon saw that he had an undesirable guest in his house. The authorities were called in, and it was decided to send her to an asylum. She overheard them planning this and the idea came to her that she must remember her name and all about herself or she would again be shut up. All of a sudden she remembered that her name was Morgan and that she had come from Toronto, and she told such a straight story of being sent on in advance that it was accepted by the authorities. The woman said it was the happiest day of her life when she recalled who she was. Although the name returned to memory she still be-heved that she had been sent ahead, and therefore wrote and upbraided her husband for his delay. She was joined by her husband on Sept. 17. She believed she left Toronto on the 3d. Nearly three years and a half had dropped out of her life, never to be restored. Upon returning home she went about the house as usual, glad that nothing had been sold, and in an hour knew where every article was kept. She greeted the neighbors as though only a fortnight had passed, and by the advice of physicians she was indulged in her belief. During the next three or four years nothing like a suspicion of insanity was observed in her conduct, and she then died of typhoid

Are the United States Becoming an

Earthquake Centre? New York Mercury: The Sunday Mer cury was not wrong when it predicted that seismic disturbance would follow the te rific convulsions of the earth in New Zealand. It is curious to see how the predicted effects on human beings were also fulfilled. Yet there are required only a little sharp reasoning from cause to effect to perceive that the great and de-structive upheaving in the far off island indicated a widespread alteration of structure within the interior of the globe, and, of course, a new direction of the in ternal forces, and that such conditions would continue for some time. Inci and it is not wonderful to find that in sanity increased. The appaling calamity at Charleston and the shocks of Tues-day and Friday night may not be the when equilibration is found. Nor need any one marvel that those widespread vibrations, and in some cases hard shocks. which seemed to come from Charleston as a focal point will help further to fill the lunatic asylums and increase vastly the number of nervous disorders. United States may become an important earthquake center. It is best to look upon the matter philosophically and re-solve to make the best of it. The vibrations and shocks which extended from the valley of the Mississippi to Massachusetts and from the Gulf to the lakes, and even into Canada, evince a vast seismic area within the earth and are liable to be come at any time more violent. The hid den forces are the agents of progress. and, strange as it may seem, are the beautifiers of the face of nature. Out of the convulsive anguish below us come external grandeur of proportions and that sylvan beauty in which man delights. The scientists have a new field before them. A recent writer who dwells in New Zealand tells us that the great earthquake in that island commenced on a clear moonlight night with shocks and the thud of falling rocks, followed by flashes of sheet lightning and lurid streaks after each flash, and then came a great and frightful crackling and roaring of forked lightmag. But what is most astonishing, that exhibition was succeeded by a gigantic column of white fire, which gave birth to balls of white and blue fire, which shot from the center of it, and these in turn were followed by a flaming mass of forked lightning, deafening crashes of thunder and the odor of ignited sulphur and dense darkness. These displays of electricity show that earthquakes are electri-cal in their nature instead of being due only, as formerly thought and as many scientists still contend, to calorical combustions and wave surgings of molten seas. The fact seems to be that the whole earth is a heavily charged battery and that man is but a little electrical machine on its surface, with the power of machine on its surrace, with the power of thought and volition. The little battery is very brave until the big battery begins its operations, and then a great scare comes on him. Storms, hurricanes, tornadoes and cyclones are increasing in number and in frequency, and it is reasonable to infer that carthquakes will follow the same course. Since the Java follow the same course. Since the Java earthquake it should have been evident to scientists that the internal forces were changing and seeking new fields, and that owing to the tremendous influence. of so many planets in conjunction dur-ing the past few years, these forces would be moved to more general and destructive action. The indications certainly point to this country as a probable new earth-

THE LOCK OUT

Of the clothing cutters by the Eastern Clothiers Protective Associa. tion, has advanced prices in clothing on account of its scarcity, but the NEBRASKA CLOTHING COMPANY, who were fortunate in having their clothing all shipped before the lockout, will continue disposing of their immense stock of clothing and furnishing goods at their LOWEST ES-TABLISHED PRICES. We would suggest to those desiring winter clothing, that it is to their interest to call at once before the present large stock is disposed of as it will be impossible to duplicate the prices on these goods. All goods at strictly ONE PRICE and marked in plain figures at

THE NEBRASKA CLOTHING COMPANY

Cor. Douglas and 14th sts., Omaha.

A TRAGEDY OF EVIDENCE.

A Story Told by Wilkie Collins in the Youth's

Companion. At that memorable period in the early history of the United States when American citizens resented the tyranny of George the third and his parliament by destroying a cargo of taxed tea, a Bristol trader arrived in the harbor of Boston, having one passenger on board. This person was a young English woman, named Esther Calvert, daughter of a shopkeeper at Cheltenham and niece of the captain of the ship.

Some years before her departure from England Esther had suffered from the affliction-associated with a deplorable public event-which had shaken her attachment to her native land. Free, at a later period, to choose for herself, she resolved on leaving England as soon as employment could be found for her in another country. After a weary interval of expectation, the sea-captain had obtained a situation for his mece as housekeeper in the family of Mrs. Anderkin-a

widow lady living in Boston. Esther had been well practised in domestic duties during the long illness of her mother. Intelligent, modest and weet-tempered, she soon became as favorite with Mrs. Anderkin and the members of her young family. The chil-dren found but one fault with the new housekeeper; she dressed invariably in dismal black; and it was impossible to prevail upon her to give the cause. It was known that she was an orphan, she had acknowledged that no relations of hers had recently died-and yet she persisted in wearing mourning. Some great grief had evidently overshadowed the life of the gentle English house

On the day before he sailed on his homeward voyage the sea-captain called to take leave of his niece—and then asked if he could also pay his respects to Anderkin. He was informed that the lady of the house had gone out, but that the governess would be happy to receive him. At the interview which followed they talked of Esther, and agreed so well in their good opinion of her that the cap-tain paid a long visit. The governess had persuaded him to tell the story of his niece's wasted life.

But he insisted on one condition. "If we had been in England," he said, "I should have kept the matter secret for the sake of the family. Here, in America, Esther is a stranger-here she will stay-and no slur will be cast on the family name at home. But mind one thing! trust to your nonor to take no one into your confidence-excepting only the mis-

tress of the house,"
More than one hundred years have passed since these words were spoken. Esther's sad story may be harmlessly told

In the year 1762 a young man named John Jennings, employed as a waiter at a Yorkshire inn, astonished his master by announcing that he was engaged to be married, and that he purposed retiring from service on next quarterday. Further inquiry showed that the young woman's name was Esther Calvert, and that Jennings was greatly her inferior in social rank. Her father's consent to the marriage depended on her level. the marriage depended on her lover's success in rising in the world. Friends with money were inclined to trust Jennings and to help him to start a business of his own, if Miss Calvert's father would do something for the young people on his side. He made no objection and the marriage engagement was sanctioned ac-

One evening, when the last days of Jennings' service were drawing to an end, a gentleman on horseback stopped at the inn. In a state of great agitation he informed the landlady that he was on his way to Hull, but that he had been so frightened as to make it impossible for him to continue his journey. A highwayman had robbed him of a purse contain-ing twenty guineas. The thief's face (as usual in those days) was concealed by a mask, and there was but one chance of bringing him to justice. It was the traveller's custom to place a private mark on every gold piece that he carried with him on a journey; and the stolen guineas might possibly be traced

The landlord (one Mr. Brunel) attended on his guest at supper. His wife had only that moment told him of the rob-bery; and he had a circumstance to mention which might lead to the discovery of the thief. In the first place, however, he wished to ask at what time the crime had been committed. The traveller an-swered that he had been robbed late in the evening, just as it was beginning to get dark. On hearing this Mr. Brunell looked very much distressed.

"I have got a waiter here named Jen-nings," he said, "a man superior to his station of life—good manners and a fair

education-in fact, a general favorite. But for some little time past I have observed that he has been rather free with his money in betting, and that habits of drinking have grown on bun. I am afraid he is not worthy of the good opinion entertained of him by myself and by other persons. This evening I sent hm out to get some small silver for me, giving him a guinea to change. He came back intoxicated, telling me that change was not to be had. I ordered him to bed —and then happened to look at the guinea which he had brought back. Unfortunately I had not paid the guinea away with some other money in settlement of a tradesman's account. But this am sure of-there was a mark on the guinea which Jennings gave back to me. It is, of course, possible that there might have been a mark (which escaped my notice) on the guinea which I took out of my purse when I sent for change."

"Or," the traveller suggested, "it may have been one of my stolen guineas given back by mistake by this drunken waiter of yours, instead of the guinea handed to him by yourself. Do you think he is asleep?" "Sure to be asleep, sir-in his con-

Do you object, Mr. Brunell, after what you have told me, to setting this matter at rest by searching the man's clothes?"
The landlord hesitated, "It seems hard on Jennings," he said, "if we prove to have been suspicious of him without a cause. Can you speak positively, sir, to the mark which you put on your money?" The traveller declared that he could swear to his mark. Mr. Brunell yielded. The two went up together to the waiter's

Jennings was fast asleep. At the very outset of the search they found the stolen bag of money in his pocket. The guineas —nineteen in number—had a mark on each one of them, and that mark the traveller identified. After this discovery there was but one course to take. The waiter's protestations of innocence when they woke him and accused him of the robbery were words flatly contradicted by facts. He was charged before a magistrate with the theft of the money and, as a matter of course, was committed for trial.

The circumstances were so strongly against him that his own friends recommended Jennings to plead guilty and ap-peal to the mercy of the court. He refused to follow their advice and he was bravely encourged to persist in that decision by the poor girl, who believed in his innocence with her whole heart. At that dreadful crisis in her life the that dreadful crisis in her life she secured the best legal assistance, and took from her little dowry the money that paid the expenses.

At the next assizes the case was tried. The proceedings before the judge were a repetition (at great length and with more soleunity) of the proceedings be-fore the magistrate. No skill in cross-examination could shake the direct statements of the witnesses. The evidence was made absolutely complete by the appearance of the tradesman to whom Mr. Brunell had paid the marked guinea. The coin (so marked) was a curiosity; the man had kept it, and he now produced it in court. The judge summed up, find-ing literally nothing that he could say, as an honest man, in favor of the prisoner. The jury returned a verdict of guilt, after consultation which was a mere matter of form. Clearer circumstantial evidence of guilt had never been produced in the opinion of every person—but one who was present at the trial. The sen-tence on Jennings for highway robbery was, by the law of those days, death on the scaffold.

Friends were found to help Esther in the last effort that the faithful creature could now make—the attempt to obtain a commutation of the sentence. dmitted to an interview with the Home Secretary, and her petition was presented to the king. Here, again, the indisput-able evidence forbade the exercise of mercy. Esther's betrothed husband was hanged at Hull. His last words declared his innocence -with the rope around his

Before a year had passed the one poor Before a year had passed the one poor consolation that she could hope for in this world found Esther in her misery. The proof that Jennings had died a martyr to the fallibility of human justice was made public by the confession of the guilty man. Another criminal trial took place at the assizes. The landlord of an inn was found guilty of having stolen the property of a person staying stolen the property of a person staying in his house. It was stated in evidence that this was not his first offence. He had been habitually a robber on the

highway, and his name was Brunell.
The wretch confessed that he was the masked highwayman who had stolen the bag of guineas. Riding by a nearer way than was known to the traveler, he had reached the inn first. There he found a person in trade waiting by appointment for the settlement of a bill. Not having enough money of his own about him to pay the whole amount, Brunell had made pay the whole amount, Brunell had made change and a cheek to the passenger who use of one of the stolen guineas, and had had "nary a red."

only heard the traveler declare that his money was marked after the tradesman had left the house. To ask for the return of the fatal guinea was more than he dared to attempt. But one other alter-native presented itself. The merciless villian insured his own safety by the sacrifice of an innocent man. After the time when the sea-captain had paid his visit at Mrs Anderkin's house, Esther's position became subject

to certain changes. One little domestic privilege followed another, so gradually and so modestly that the housekeeper found herself a loved and honored member of the family, without being able to trace by what succession of events she had risen to the new place that she occupied. The secret confided to the two ladies had been strictly preserved; Esther never even suspected that they knew the deplorable story of her lover's death. Her life, after what she had sufdeath. Her life, after what she had sur-fered, was not prolonged to a great age. She died—peacefully unconscious of the terrors of death. Her last words were spoken with a smile. She looked at the loving friends assembled round her bed, and said to them, "My dear one is wait-ing for me. Good-by."

DEATH ON A BRIDAL TOUR The Excited Groom Leaps From a Moving Train.

A Reading, Pa., dispatch of Sep. 4 to the New York Herald says: "This train's going straight into the river! See the lights dancing out yonder," exclaimed a young man named Levi M. Brobst, aged 30, on the midnight express last night, which was fast speeding toward Reading at the rate of thirty-five miles per hour. He had suddenly jumped from his seat, and his terrified young bride hastily seized him by the coat and piteously pleaded with him to be seated, "that all was going on well, and that he was near his old home once more."

"No: let me go! I'm tired of riding.

'No; let me go! I'm tired of riding.

The young wife maintained her hold on her now desperate husband, and begged lady of the wedding party, seated behind them. Mrs. High also took hold of Mr. Brobst and tried to soothe and restrain im, unavailingly, however. The powerfully built young man made a mad plunge from the women, but only the pale, frightened wife's hold was loosened. Mrs. High held on to his coartightly, but Brobst literally dragged her along until his garments tore, and Mrs. High fell vi-olently to the car floor.

Realizing that he was free, and before any of the now startled and amazed passengers, many of whom had been aroused from slumber, could interfere, young Brobst shricked at the top of his voice, "Good-by, Gussie!" jerked open the door, gained the platform, and in the next see ond leaped into the darkness as the trai thundered ahead.

Down a steep bank of rocks near An-nanville young Brobst rolled, while his wife swooned and fainted on the car seat The train was quickly stopped and backed. Brakemen with lamps found the mangled and bleeding body down among the boulders. He was frightfully hurt and when brought to Reading died without having muttered a word. After Coroner Denhart had held an inquest the body was sent home to Slantington, where his parents had been joyfully ex-

where his parents had been joylding expecting the wedding party.

The widow, who is a stately blonde,
was utterly overcome. Her maiden name
was Gussie Leffler. Last Wednesday
they were married in good style in West
Point, Neb., and their wedding trip east
was to visit Mr. Brobst's parents at Slatington. The young widow said: "I noticed nothing strange about my husband until we reached Chicago. The excitement of our wedding and his coming home after ten years' absence made him nervous. He acted strangely and lost his appetite.
Coming east on the Chicago limited he
became worse. I tried to have him eat,
but he said his appetite was gone. He
became pale and then his mind wandered. After we left Harrisburg for Reading he became worse so suddenty that I was alarmed, but I never dreamed he would end his young life in so frightful a man-ner. He was out of his mind, poor boy,"

and the widow could say no more Brobst's wallet, containing \$300, was lost in his territic lean, and has not yet been recovered. The tragic affair created most intense excitement and sympathy

He Had Him.

Drake's Travelers' Magazine: Of course was in Texas. "Ticket, please!" Drake's Traveler's Magazine: Of course it was in Texas. "Tieket, please!"
"Aint gut enny," "Then your fare, please." "Nary a red." "Then what did you get on this train for?" "To ride, you bet," "Tilbet you don't," "Take yer." "For how much?" "Even ten." "Show up" "Here you are. Who'll hold the stakes?" "I will!" "Say," Kernel, it's what I calls playin' it blauked low down to hell a non on'r gentleman in a square. to pull a pop on'r gentleman'n a square game." 'Only the brave collect the fare!" And the conductor handed \$8.40