

DODGING THE LAW

By M. QUAD

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Josephus Henderson was a man of forty when a startling event took place in his life. He was also a widower. He was exactly five feet high and weighed 110 pounds.

The widow had passed forty. She was large and bony and strong. She was not handsome. The only thing on which she feared was the law.

Things would have gone no further but for the little man's keeness. He never made a sale to the widow without cheating her, and one day when he heard that she had come into possession of \$5,000 in cash through the death of a brother Josephus saw his way clear for the future.

"Can the law trouble a wife who lacks her husband?" "And his answer had been: 'Not if you do not lick him too hard. There is neither assault nor battery in what may be called a moderate licking. Don't break any bones and don't seriously injure his eyes.'

"I have been thinking," said the widow to Josephus; "I have been thinking and wondering if you loved me?" "Hm-m-m. can you doubt it?" he exclaimed.

"And you will always love me?" "Forever and forever."

"Then we'll say two months hence, 'One month - a week a day?'" Josephus knew of a store to rent in the village, and he wanted that \$5,000. The widow insisted that she must have two weeks at the very shortest, and a date was settled on. The marriage was to be private and he celebrated in his home.

"What's up?" asked the wondrous Josephus. "Take off your coat and stand out." "For what, love? I want to talk with you about opening a store in town."

"Plenty of time for that, Josephus. The first sale you made to me was five yards of roller toweling. You beat me on the price and on the measure. I'm going to tan your jacket for it!" "But, love?"

"She took him by the collar and laid on the whip till he howled. A woman who could twist a plow around in clay soil could handle the little Josephus.

"The second sale," continued the wife as she rested, "was five tin pans. Four of them leaked, and you beat me on 10 cents beside. Here is lick No 2."

"But I am your dear husband!" he protested as he squirmed about. "And that's why I can lick you and dodge the law. Here goes!"

Josephus hid and was tickled again. He attempted to fight, but was taken by the hair and his head banged against the wall till he grew quiet. When the performance was over and the wife had got her breath she said: "You sold me ten yards of calico for a dress and warranted it to wash. It was three-quarters of a yard short on the measure and the colors ran into each other. Josephus, some more horsewhip!"

HONORED THE MONKEY.

Origin of the Coat of Arms of the Earl of Leinster.

Most of the wild animals have a place in heraldry, and many strange and impossible creatures, such as griffins, dragons and unicorns, have been invented as emblems of daring and valor. But the monkey and the monkey have not been so used, except in one instance, where the monkey has been admitted to the ranks of titled nobility.

On the Leinster coat of arms are three monkeys standing with plain collar and chained motto, "Cromach, 'To Victory." This is the only coat of arms, I am told, that has ever borne a monkey in the design. It was adopted by John Fitzthomas Fitzgerald in 1316 for romantic reasons.

When the earl had grown to manhood he descended the family coat of arms and adopted the monkeys for his crest, and they have been retained to this day. Whenever you find the coat of a Fitzgerald you will see the monkeys at the feet of the effigy or under the inscription.

SPENDTHRIFT ISABELLA.

A Sight That Checked Her Royal Extravagance For Awhile.

We are accustomed to think that the day is long past when a sovereign could oppress and offend a whole kingdom by personal extravagance. But the late Isabella of Spain belonged in spirit to the sixteenth century. An incident of her reckless career which ended in the loss of the throne is not ed in Munsey's Magazine.

She spent money pouring it out like water, at a time when the treasury was nearly bankrupt and when the proverb, "Poor as a Spaniard" was far too true. All her best advisers urged her to practice economy. Very few of them succeeded, and these only for a short time.

A certain chamberlain of hers conceived upon a plan to make her realize how enormous were the sums that she was spending. Passing through the hall of the palace, she was surprised to see a vast heap of silver pieces, resembling the contents of a great bin of wheat, but piled up in the middle of the floor. The queen summoned her chamberlain.

"What is the meaning of all this money?" she demanded of him. "Oh," he replied, with a low bow, "this is merely the amount which I have brought out to pay the bill on your majesty's gold maker."

The queen looked at them longed and for several days she was less extravagant in her expenditures for clothes.

Just where Sir John got the idea is not certain, but it is a fact that the motto was in use on the cover of the Gentleman's Magazine, first published in 1730, and it may have struck his fancy by its applicability to the situation then obtaining in America.

The New Zealand's glaciers. Mount Cook in New Zealand, has been often remarked. The Tasman is eighteen miles long, the Mur-hison, ten miles, the Godley eight miles, the Mueller eight miles and the Hooker seven miles. Most of these glaciers have margins of exceeding roughness, but the approaches to them are not steep, as is usually the case with European glaciers.

A Natural Mistake. "I was just telling our friend here, Molly, that it was storming on the day of our marriage." "Surely not, Hiram! The weather was perfectly lovely!" "Well, well! I don't know how I got so mixed up about it; probably because it's been storming ever since!" -Atlanta Constitution.

A Fish Story. "There are as good fish in the sea as were ever taken out of it," remarked Small to Young, who had been refused by Moneybag's daughter. "Yes, I know. But they are not goldfish."

Circumstances are the rulers of the weak. They are but the instruments of the wise.—Samuel Johnson.

BURNING OF WIDOWS.

The Horrible Rite India Maintained For Over Twenty Centuries.

The abolition of the horrid rite of widow burning in India was decreed by the British authorities in 1829. The dreadful practice was found there by the Macdonalds under Alexander (Christ, and for more than twenty-one long, weary centuries did it repeat its almost unceasing and agonizing upon the women of India. The sacrifice, while not actually forbidden, was so strongly insisted on by public opinion that it amounted to a law, and its victims were legion.

The millions of widowed women were completely at the mercy of the remorseless superstition of the times. The ministers of Brahmanism told the widow that her sacrifice was necessary as a means of her own happiness and that of her husband in the future state and often than other ways she consented to be burned along with the dead body of her husband. Unless she did this she was covered with the maledictions and curses of the people, was virtually outlawed and unceremoniously cast aside the pale of human sympathy and consideration and had to spend the rest of her days in degradation and wretchedness. It was death on the funeral pile of her husband and a living death of misery and shame of loneliness and misery.

ON THE TRAIL. But He Didn't Know the Kind of Game He Was Tracking. In the old days a man, known as Judge Douglas lived in Helena, Mont. The judge had met with an accident in his youth and had lost both of his legs above the knees. He never would get artificial legs, but had some big leather pads made to fit on the ends of the stumps and walked on them.

One day an Englishman came to Helena to hunt. He had some letters and put up at the Helena club. He stayed around for several days. Finally after a light fall of snow, he decided to go out into the mountains and get a sheep or a deer or something.

He left early in the morning. When it came night he had not returned. His boots around the club waited until 8 o'clock and then decided to go out and look him up, thinking he might have been hit in one of the gulches or traps in the hills.

They found a fresh sheep party and went out to the edge of the forest. The trail led to the foot of a mountain. The Englishman was there, but he was not seen.

Just in the Old Days. I read in the old days of the Englishman who had lost both of his legs above the knees. He never would get artificial legs, but had some big leather pads made to fit on the ends of the stumps and walked on them.

A Moving Sermon. "I once had a parishioner who was a miser," said an English clergyman. "For this man's benefit I preached one Sunday a strong sermon on the necessity of charity, of philanthropy—a sermon on the duty and the joy of giving. The miser, at whom I gazed often, seemed impressed."

"Next day I met him on the street." "Well, John," I said, "what do you think of yesterday's sermon?" "It moved me deeply, sir," he answered. "It brought home to me so strongly the necessity of giving alms that honestly, sir, I've a great mind to turn beggar."

A Boomerang. "What's the matter with your head?" asked the first burko man. "A farmer I met today just banged me there with his carpetbag," replied the other. "It must have been a pretty hard carpetbag."

Anyhow, They're Gone. Mr. Jawback. That boy gets his brains from me. Mrs. Jawback. Somebody's got 'em from you, if you s'er any more, that's a cinch.—New York American.

The Old, Old Story. "Daughter, has the duke told you the old, old story as yet?" "Yes, he says he owes about 200,000 plunks."—Pittsburg Post.

For himself doth a man work evil in working evil for another.—Haeled.

LEGALLY HANGED

By CHARLES LEWIS PHIPPS

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"Which one of all your cases," I asked Wilcox, the celebrated criminal lawyer, "has most excited your interest?" "That of Mathews, who was accused of murder."

"Was he innocent or guilty?" "Innocent." "And you secure his acquittal?" "No."

"Hanged?" "Yes, legally hanged." "What do you mean by that?" "I'll tell you. Mathews was in the employ of Henderson, the man who was murdered. I don't care to go into the details of the case. I will only say that there was so much circumstantial evidence against him that from the first I despaired of saving his neck."

"By both experience and intuition, I defy any of my clients to deceive me in this regard. I simply look them in the eye, and that tells me the story."

"There was everything about Mathews' case to interest me. He was a younger son of a British country gentleman and in love with the daughter of another British gentleman. His mother had no knowledge of his law, having been accused of crime, much was nothing to prove him innocent. He showed me his mother's letters, and it was distressing to read them. His betrothed was also writing him with out any knowledge that he was under sentence of death. A week before he was to be hanged a letter from some horse in England was headed, 'Tom, to forming him that a beautiful uncle had died and left him a large fortune.'"

"Upon my word," it was an interesting case, wasn't it?" "I should say so. If ever there was a man who had everything to live for Mathews had. And to be judicially executed without ever having wronged any one in his life was simply awful. You have no idea how simply a life on your hands wears on a man, and this case nearly drove me insane."

"But I braced myself for a gigantic effort. After conferring with Mathews I decided to cable the solicitors in England, giving them the situation and asking how much funds they could cable me within a few days. They placed £20,000 to my credit, and with this sum I went to work. There was no use in trying to secure delay or a new trial. What I most do was to interest the sheriff. I had a long secret conference with him, but could not move him to act for money. Although I so far secured my indictment, the matter was not settled with a quiet mind. I had to go on with a very heavy heart, but I knew that I was doing my duty."

"I got a friend of mine who was a professional gambler, and he had a very large amount of money, and he was very kind to me. He had a very large amount of money, and he was very kind to me. He had a very large amount of money, and he was very kind to me."

"I don't know I never asked. There were half a dozen men paid by the state to see that Mathews was hanged, and I paid every one of them—in all \$100,000—to go through the process without hanging him. All I know is that I paid the money and found Mathews alive in the doctor's room. Some burnt cork, a woolly wig and a suit of clothes procured from a Jew tailor fixed him so that no one would know him. I had a steamer ticket for him in an outgoing steamer, and early the next morning he was on his way to England."

"He must have been very grateful to you."

"Grateful! I should say so. Before parting with me he made me promise that I would come over as soon as possible and see him. I couldn't go for a year, and then I found him in possession of £50,000 a year income and married to the woman he loved. He met me on the steamer, and the first thing he did was to impress it upon me that neither his mother nor his wife nor any one living except his solicitors knew that he was judicially dead in America. He had often tried to bring himself to unburden his secret to his wife, but had always failed. "Mathews entertained me royally and begged me to succeed some way for him to pay the debt he owed me, even if it required every cent of his fortune. I assured him that I took more comfort in his case than in all the cases I had ever won, though I had lost it."

"After spending a month with him I left him to return. He could hardly bear to part with me and regretted that it wouldn't be safe for him to come to America or he would cross the ocean with me. He shed tears when I came away."

Mention has been made of a person who, even in heaven, would complain that his cloud was damp and his halo a mist.—William Winter.

Who sows his country well has no need of ancestors.—Voltaire.

SURGEONS' FEES.

Pretty Big Sometimes, but Then There Is Another Point of View.

I have a warm spot in my heart for the big American surgeons, says a writer in the New York Telegraph and because of regular attendance for years at some of the most famous clinics in this and other cities I have been a witness of their unadvised charity—acts of mercy and kindness which were never heard of outside the walls of the hospitals they honor by their services.

"I knew a wealthy man whose daughter was suddenly stricken and whose life was saved by the attending surgeon. His fee was \$25,000. Straightway the father emitted a wail. "It's robbery," he said. The surgeon stood firm. "Your daughter's life is worth \$25,000 to you," he countered. There was no denial.

"Well, this fee means that I can operate on fifty persons without any charge, and if you don't like it you can force me to sue, but I will get it without a suit or you will stand all of publicity."

And he got the money without recourse to a court of law. It is safe to mark it down when you see a story of some great surgeon who has charged a high fee that there are many of his patients enjoying good health and relief from pain because he charged them nothing at all."

THE CLANRICARDE PLAQUE.

A Famous Specimen of the Sixteenth Century Goldsmith's Art.

One of the greatest cinquecento jewels in the world is the Clanricarde plaque, owned by Lord Clanricarde, whose name is the "hormit peer" and who claims direct descent from the kings of Connaught. He guards with jealous care this precious example of the goldsmith's art, keeping it safe from possible thieves and the common gaze in a bank vault, to which he goes occasionally with great secrecy to feast his eyes upon its magnificence. Some years ago, by royal request, he lent it to an art exhibition in London, where it was admired and coveted by some of the greatest connoisseurs of Europe.

The huge disk is as delicately wrought as a spider's web and represents the figure of Hercules wrestling a diamond sword. The sword blade is composed of a mass of perfectly matched steel white stones, and a superb blue diamond stimulates from the hilt. The present owner inherited it from his mother, who was a Miss Corning before her marriage to the Irish lord, and the plaque is practically priceless. Aside from its value to collectors and its worth as a specimen of rare and exquisite art, it is hircuated with a fortune in jewels. New York Press.

"Clipping Sunday." A Parisian in Gloucestershire the Sunday following Sept. 8 is called by the name of "Clipping Sunday" and is celebrated with a special religious observance. It is the day when the people of the county are supposed to have clipped their hair and their beards. The custom is supposed to have originated in the reign of King Henry VIII. At that time the king ordered that all his subjects should have their hair and beards clipped on the first Sunday after the first of September. The king's order was obeyed, and the custom has since been observed in many parts of the county. The king's order was obeyed, and the custom has since been observed in many parts of the county.

City of Three Kings. Do you know what city has been given the name of the city of "Three Kings"? It is Cologne in Germany, and the reason is that it is in Cologne that the three kings, or "magi" or "wise men," who went to Bethlehem to offer gifts to the infant Jesus are supposed to be buried. According to an ancient legend, their bones were brought from Milan to Cologne by the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa in 1162 and presented to the archbishop of Cologne. Visitors to the cathedral are shown the supposed souls of the magi, studded with diamonds and inlaid with the wise men's names in rubies. St. James' Gazette.

Her Correction. Two young women were talking over their restaurant luncheon the other day about the quality of a certain prima donna's voice. "Oh, she can sing," cried one of them enthusiastically. "She certainly can sing. Music like that would coax Apollo from his lyre."

The other girl flushed and looked troubled. After a slight pause she spoke in gentle reproof. "I don't want to correct you, dear," she said. "But don't you think that word is usually pronounced 'air'?" It is spelled 'a-i-r,' you know."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Disinterested Affection. "I'm afraid, Edward, you're marrying me only because I've inherited from my uncle 100,000 crowns." "Why, Blanche, how can you think that of me? Your uncle is nothing to me. I would marry you no matter from whom you inherited the money."—Der Floh.

The Faultfinders. Mention has been made of a person who, even in heaven, would complain that his cloud was damp and his halo a mist.—William Winter.

Who sows his country well has no need of ancestors.—Voltaire.

TOWER HILL.

A Noted London Spot, the Scene of Many Famous Occurrences.

Tower Hill is perhaps both the most important eminence and the most notable spot in all London. Few of us think what great persons have quietly lived there and what others, equally great, have wept and died upon it. To it, or rather to Great Tower street, came Rochester to pursue his trade as an Italian fortune teller, while the bedizened Buckingham often walked thither to consult a conjurer, a shrewd, farsighted rogue, who when Felton bought at the cutler's shop on the summit of the hill for a shilling the knife with which he had killed the duke's father, may have known for what purpose it was required.

William Penn was born on this hill in a house close to London wall. Forty-four years later—that is, in A. D. 1685—a poet lay dead, choked by a crust which starvation had urged him to devour too greedily, in an upper room of the Bull tavern. This was the ill-fated Otway. At the time when the son of the muses lay dead at the stage after the restoration, he was wringing tears from the eyes of the public, not for the famished dead, but at his own fictitious sorrows in "Vilic Preserved."

It was in Great Tower street that Peter the Great used to pass his evenings drinking hot pepper and brandy with his boon companion Lord Otmarten. London Standard.

ATHLETIC DEVOTIONS.

Gymnastic Exercises That Impress the Kurdish Villagers.

Everything is liable to be misunderstood, even gymnastic exercises. This truth was brought home to George H. Hepworth, and he tells his experience in "Through Armenia on Horseback." The author was stopping in a Kurdish village, and the inn possessed but one general living room.

In the morning I began my regular gymnastics, stooping until my fingers touched the floor, throwing my arms about the spokes of a wheel, springing through all the exercises, some of which I never omitted. I would gladly have taken a sponge bath, but it would have been impossible to get enough water. A pint is enough to suffice a Turk.

Well, I got under way with my exercises when I saw that my spectators were excited, conversation dropping from one to another, and one by one the occupants of the room quietly left. I feared that they were offended and wanted to call them back and apologize. Just then my dragoman entered, laughing.

"What has happened?" I asked. He laughed the harder as he replied: "The Kurds think you are practicing devotional religious exercises, and they retired under the impression that you would regard their presence as an intrusion."

Invisible Indians. All Indians seem to have learned a wonderful way of walking unseen, making themselves invisible like certain snakes, which in case of alarm, crawl, for example by a bird's night vision, but their webbed feet spread upon immediately become themselves up and down on their feet or through so rapidly that only a few words describe the way. Indian power of escaping observation is shown where there is little or no light to hide in, but probably slowly acquired by hard hunting and fighting lessons, while trying to approach game, take enemies by surprise or get safely away when compelled to retreat. And this experience transmitted through many generations seems at length to have become what is vaguely called instinct. John Muir in Atlantic.

An Elusive Water Lily. The water lily of the Amazon has very elusive habits. The buds open twice, the first time just a chink at the tip in the early sunrise hours, a sort of premonitory symptom. On the following evening it spreads its four sepals with such alacrity that you can see them move. But the big white bud among them remains unopened until 4 o'clock in the morning, when it hurriedly spreads its blossom wide open, remaining in this condition only half an hour. Within the hour it has nearly closed, and by another hour and a half the entire flower has been drawn under water by the ebbing of the stalk.

Diamonds. Diamonds were first brought to Europe from the east, where the mine of Sumbulpoor was the first known. Goroonda, now in ruins, was once a celebrated diamond mart. The mines of Brazil were discovered in 1725 and for a long time furnished most of the diamonds of commerce. In 1827 diamonds were discovered in Cape Colony, and in 1870 the wonderful finds in the Transvaal were made which resulted in the immense fortunes of the late Cecil Rhodes and others. Most of the diamonds of the world are now furnished by the South African fields.—New York American.

A Crusher. "Yes, sir," said the trust magnate proudly. "I am the architect of my own fortune." "Well," rejoined the friendly critic, "all I've got to say is that it's a lucky thing for you there were no building inspectors around when you was constructing it."—Chicago News.

The Honeymoon. "Mamma, is a honeymoon a vacation?" "It may be my dear, and it may be the beginning of a long period of servitude."—Youngstown Telegraph.