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SIXTEEN PAGES

When Senator Voorhees comes to talk of taxing luxuries, next fall, some one will ask why he put diamonds on the free list in his bill.

If Senator Voorhees's tariff bill becomes a law he will be able to take up the smashing of trusts in October at the old stand in Indiana. He is an adept at trust smashing with his jaw.

There will be a goodly sum of money needed before the unemployed can find the means of self-support. Indianapolis has done so well in this matter that its people cannot afford to falter at this stage in the work.

Representative W. C. Pecknick's Breckinridge may continue in the silver-tongued business in the political field, but he will not be again called to rebuke the sinful tendencies of the time with Plymouth Rock for a pulpit.

The more one thinks of it the more fully he is convinced that if the human race could be so educated as to feel it a duty and pleasure to do eight hours of labor six days in the week the most of the economic ills of life could be avoided.

The Journal has received a scurrilous communication on the A. P. A. question from some person who is afraid to sign his name. The writer of an anonymous communication is always a coward, and in this case he is also an ass.

After his agents have tried to bribe primary officers with fifty-dollar bills the defeat of statesman Jason Brevort Brown for renomination in the Third district will be a sad reminder that the fellows who did not get postoffices are more numerous than those who did.

Mr. Bynum, having placed his own son in the United States Naval School, may not expect as much as Chairman Wilson from the President, who gets the first installment of his reward for slaughtering the prosperity of the country by having his son made an army paymaster.

J. S. Willis, of Missouri, announces that the trumpet will sound on Thursday, March 6, 1894, at 3 p. m., Jerusalem time, and that the millennium will begin in the afternoon of April 11, 1894. Willis has made a mistake in his dates. March 4, 1897, is when the Cleveland administration goes out and the millennium begins in this country.

The Journal has heard of an ex-soldier in this city whose pension has been recently dropped who is so feeble that he cannot go out of doors, who has no means, but is being supported by the efforts of a sister until she became broken in health. And yet we are told that no one deserving a pension under the laws is dropped from the rolls.

While the Bland people are trying to fix silver monetallism upon the country, General Walker, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has delivered a lecture before Yale College on bimetalism, proving that the commercial world needs the restoration of silver to full money power. The man in the land of the "money power" seems to be the better friend of silver.

One often sees or hears the statement that "the wrong facts were given." In the treatment of economic and other topics statements and assumptions have so far taken the place of facts that they are often cited in their place; still, there can be no such thing as a "wrong" or "unreliable" fact. A fact is an occurrence. The occurrence may be tainted with wrong or injustice, but the thing which actually took place, that is, the occurrence, cannot be incorrect or unreliable. Something else may be asserted as a fact, but if it is not a correct statement of what occurred it is not a fact. The clear recognition of this definition is important because, in the practical investigation of economic conditions, facts are the only things from which correct conclusions can be derived.

The Detroit Tribune gives some figures from the forthcoming annual report of the Commissioner of Labor in Michigan which show how great an extent the iron-mining industry of that State was affected by the panic of 1893. It appears that during the four years preceding the inauguration of Mr. Cleveland the Michigan iron mines produced and shipped the following number of tons of ore: In 1889, 6,654,249; 1890, 7,678,677; 1891, 6,963,814; 1892, 7,828,588; total, 27,125,388; annual average for four years, 6,856,347 tons. In the year 1893 the production fell to 4,360,000 tons. The number of men employed on mining and shipping ore in Michigan on Nov. 1, 1892, was 17,372; employed on Nov. 1, 1893, 3,673. The men who worked in the mines in 1892 were earning \$2.35 per day; during October, 1893, those who were

able to get work at all earned only \$1.54 per day. In addition to this direct loss must be taken into account the indirect loss in the matter of transportation of the ore to the furnaces where it is smelted and converted into steel. The prostration of this industry is directly due to the threatened repeal of the duty on iron ore. The Senate has restored the duty, but the mischief has been done.

THE EVANGELICAL TRENDS—THE CURSE OF SECTARIANISM.

Side by side in the current number of the Forum are two articles devoted to religious topics. The first is by H. K. Carroll, who has been connected with several religious papers in editorial capacity and was the special agent of the Census Bureau for the compilation of church statistics. His topic is, "Stability of the Great Religious Sects." From the census reports Mr. Carroll finds a basis for the conclusion that the great sects are in fact stronger at the present time than at any previous period in their history. The census which shows their membership, the number of their churches, their donations to religious work and their charities prove this. He says that a decay of controversy over minor differences and the modification of theological views and expressions have been taken for a decay of faith. The so-called evangelical churches have ceased to discuss their minor differences, and there is, in fact, no controversy between them. Theology, he says, and especially Calvinistic theology, has undergone many changes, but these have not affected faith in the great fundamentals of Christianity. He further declares that "the time has never been when the divine mission and nature of Jesus Christ were so fully recognized as now." He dwells upon the fact that Unitarianism is not expanding, but on the contrary, scarcely holds its own in churches and communicants as showing the stability of the great creeds, yet he admits that "old definitions of the trinity are not regarded as satisfactory"—a fact which may be attributable to the silent influence of Unitarianism. How far has that church been potential in effecting radical changes, not so much in the theological confession as in evangelical preaching?

The second article, "A Religious Analysis of a New England Town," is by Rev. William B. Hale, an Episcopal clergyman. Born in Richmond, Ind., in 1839, he graduated from Harvard and from the Episcopal Theological School at Cambridge. He was assigned to a mission church in the Massachusetts town of which he writes, by Bishop Brooks. He tells that seventy years ago the entire population of the town went, every Sunday, to worship in the one Congregational meeting-house. It was practically the whole community in the one church, which was indeed a Christian society. About 1830 the Methodists and the Baptists organized, largely out of the one church, and destroyed its unity. Other sects followed, until, in 1884, there are eight religious denominations in the town, with six places of worship in the principal village. These churches own \$100,000 worth of property in the aggregate, and \$22,000 a year is expended in their maintenance, yet none of them, except the Catholic, has a fair congregation, and each of them offers special attractions to secure audiences and to raise money. One church has a dramatic club which gives questionable comedies; the Methodists raise money to pay their preacher by an annual clam-bake; one Sunday evening a month is given up to the drill of the boys' brigade of the Congregational society. In short, sensations, amusements and suppers are depended on to keep up the societies. This is the result, says the writer, of "the curse of sectarianism all over New England." Here are a multitude of bare, mean, unwinning, debt-laden churches; a confusion of dreary services varied by sensational exhibitions; half the women of New England and four men out of five paragoned; the loss of all that makes the worship of our Father meaningful and inspiring; the loss of the sense of community; the loss of the strength which union of intelligence and common sense gives; the destruction of comradeship among citizens; the ruin of dignified social life; the pauperization and humiliation of Christ's religion—that is what the spirit of sectarianism is responsible for.

The remedy for this deplorable condition is for sects to lay aside the denials which have made them sectarian and get back to simple affirmations. The catechisms and the covenants are made long by what they deny and the things which make sects. More optimistic than Mr. Hale, Mr. Carroll finds the evangelical denominations nearing each other, and "one thing certain to come is consolidation of branches of the same denominational name. Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists and Lutherans will reduce their divisions and greatly increase their power and influence by unification." Thus does the Methodist writer see going on the silent work which he declares is necessary to rescue the people in New England towns from the paganism which the rivalry of sects has produced.

MODERN DWELLING HOUSES.

Building contractors in this city are said to be much encouraged over the prospects for the coming season in their line of business. They report that it is the intention of many persons with capital now lying idle to engage in building more or less extensively. The plans, so far, relate mostly to dwellings for rental purposes, to be erected in various parts of the city. Such investments will undoubtedly prove profitable, and to make them now shows good financial judgment. There is always a demand in Indianapolis for residences renting at from \$5 to \$40 a month which the supply is far from meeting. In fact, one great complaint made by newcomers is the difficulty of finding good accommodations for their families. Rents have been high, but the houses to be had are, for the most part, of inferior quality and by no means equal to what is furnished for the same money in even larger cities. One cause for this condition of affairs is that a large proportion of the residents of the place are owners of homes, and the modern and better class of houses are built for their own use, while the old ones which they abandon are transformed into renting property without the addition of desirable improvements. The number of persons who for various reasons prefer to rent rather than to own property has largely increased within a few years; they are also more ex-

acting in the matter of accommodations, and are no longer willing to pay high rents for dwellings which lack modern conveniences and are not fitted up in the best style. But while this is a good field for investment, there is also room for other classes of buildings. The greater number of downtown office blocks deserve the same criticism which applies to rental residence property. They are behind the times, being ill kept and without elevators, proper heating and sanitary arrangements, and other improvements now considered essential. Every one of the few blocks which are completely equipped has every room occupied, and applications of would-be tenants far outnumber the vacancies. Half a dozen new blocks, well fitted up, would probably be easily well filled.

Another variety of building of which Indianapolis has none is a first-class apartment house. People who "board" and who do not care to live in hotels find very poor accommodations in the way of rooms. Numbers of young men who wish to live in respectable style and object to the quarters in downtown blocks which are likely to bring them next door to disreputable neighbors would welcome the chance to secure a suite of rooms in a well-kept and well-regulated building in a good neighborhood. Such blocks should be arranged in suites of two and three rooms, with bath and closets, and, with dining-room facilities and good janitor service, would undoubtedly fill a long-felt want.

From the investor's standpoint there was never a better time for building than now, labor and material being cheap. From the standpoint of the citizen who wishes, while benefiting himself, to help the business situation by giving work to the unemployed, and to improve the city, the opportunity was never better. Capital cannot be put to better use.

CONCERNING LOVE LETTERS.

A learned judge in New York city, in deciding a case in which a young woman sought to prove a common law marriage, recently, wrote an opinion in which he said: "Words of endearment in love letters are never to be taken literally. The extravagant use of such words, therefore, cannot be held to conclude the defendant to their literal meaning, even if he did write them." Now, this does not seem to be good reasoning. It savors of begging the question. When the learned judge declared that words of endearment in love letters are "never to be taken literally" he implied that they are exaggerated, overdrawn and untrue. But are they? Very often they are not, either to the party of the first part or the party of the second part. In fact, it may be safely said of many if not of most love letters that nothing in the universe is so profoundly true and full of meaning as the expressions of endearment in their pages. "Doubt thou the stars are fire; doubt that the sun doth move; doubt truth to be a liar; but never doubt my love," has been the cornerstone of all love-making from the time of Adam to the present. It is essential to the happiness of mankind and the progress of civilization that lovers should have absolute confidence in each other, and that each should believe implicitly all that the other says. This being the case, the public welfare demands that the utmost faith and credence should be put in love letters by the outside world as well as by the parties immediately concerned. Instead of declaring that words of endearment in love letters are never to be taken literally, the courts ought to hold that no other writing is as solemn, as weighty and as worthy of implicit belief. Lovers and love making should be encouraged as a means of adding to the aggregate of human happiness, and to this end the courts should give the fullest weight and effect to love letters. Every exclamation, every apostrophe, every noun, every adjective, especially the superlatives, every poetic expression, every thought that breathes and every word that burns—all should be accepted in a literal sense and in the fullest significance. The New York judge who wrote the opinion quoted from above is probably a crusty old bachelor who never wrote or received a love letter in his life, and very likely never experienced the great passion. Let no such man be trusted. He is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils.

Swarthmore is the name of a college in Pennsylvania where both sexes are educated. Not long since a graduate went to the town to visit his sister, who is a student. For some fancied grievance relating to sporting matters when in college he was waylaid by a score of masked students on his way to the train and most barbarously treated. Soon after he caused the arrest of five of the ruffians, whom he recognized. The president of the college had all the male students before him and urged them to make an apology, but all refused. Failing in this, he went to the outraged man and urged him not to push the case in court, as "any number of students would testify that the five named in the warrant were innocent." This is a startling confession. Toughest from the slums who have had no moral education are expected to commit perjury, but this is the first instance where a college president confesses that young men brought up in the atmosphere of the good home, the best public schools, the Sunday school, the church and schooled in ethics in a higher institution of learning conspire to commit the crime of perjury.

Representative Bailey, of Texas, declares that he will not only introduce but will earnestly push a bill to prohibit Representatives and Senators from recommending appointments to office. He justifies his purpose, first, on the ground that the executive and legislative branches of the government ought to be absolutely separate; secondly, on the necessity of making congressional action independent of executive purchase with spoils; and, thirdly, on his desire to relieve Senators and Representatives of the wear and tear and worry to which they are now subjected by constituents clamorous for office. These are all good reasons for urging the passage of such a bill, and there is reason to believe that if it once gets before the House it will develop an unexpected degree of strength. Every self-respecting Congressman soon becomes disgusted with a system that requires him to neglect his legislative duties and give up his time running about

in the departments looking for vacant places and dancing attendance on those who have the appointing power.

The wife of John Y. McKane, formerly of Gravesend, N. Y., and now of Sing Sing, is reported to be at the point of death. She broke down at the time of his arrest, three months ago, and has since suffered from nervous prostration. She knows nothing of his trial or conviction, the facts having been carefully kept from her, but she incessantly asks why he does not come home, and if this is impossible, why he does not write. One of the most distressing features of crime and evil-doing is the misery brought upon innocent people. The criminal himself rarely suffers for his acts as do members of his family. Mrs. McKane no doubt felt the disgrace of her husband's arrest more keenly than he did; at all events, its effect upon her was more marked. Great pity must be felt for the victims in such cases, but these results of crime are inevitable, and if the offender against moral and civil laws does not take thought for his own public, which must protect itself, cannot step in to shield them.

BUBBLES IN THE AIR.

No Case. First Western Citizen—What did the boys do wit Redneck Bill fer holdin' up the stage? Second Western Citizen—Didn't do nothin'. The tenderfoot that Bill went through admitted to the jury that he was on his way to buy land in the next county instead of our'n.

Introducing the Subject.

Hungry Higgins—I jist called to ask, num, what makes all the trees around here lean in the same direction?

Farmer's Wife—I guess it's the steady wind does it.

Wise Wolf.

The portly, well-to-do gentleman, whose specialty was chattel mortgages, arose to address the meeting of the unemployed.

Said he: "The chief cause of distress in this prosperous land is a lack of frugality and thrift. You talk of the wolf at the door. He never comes to get skinned."

"I guess he's afraid of my dinner," shouted some irreverent person in the audience, and the portly gentleman sat down.

Woman's Wiles.

A sailor landed on a cannibal isle, and he said to himself, with a snicker and a smile,

"I'm glad that the Boweree

Was where I was born and where I was raised,

For these niggers are up to snuff,

And they won't eat me, either boiled or braised,

For they know that I'm too tough."

So up the shore, with a confident air,

He went, those folks to meet,

And they sized him up, right then and there,

As much too tough to eat.

Then the old king's daughter, up spake she,

In the tongue of her native land,

And said, "Dear pa, you'd better let me

Take this tough young man in hand."

So around Jack's neck her arms she flung,

And she said, in a springing dove,

And the sailorman, who, though tough, was young,

Soon found himself much in love.

Oh, alack and alas, for woman's wiles,

For he saw not her aim,

And under the influence of her smiles,

Quite tender he became.

So they cooked him up, in the highest art,

Down there on the sea-washed shore,

And the maiden, of course, received the

heart.

Which the same he had given her before.

It has been said that virtue is its own reward, and some people claim to be able to testify to the truth of the saying from their personal knowledge. It has also been said that it pays to be polite, and of this the Rev. William R. MacNeill, pastor of the Baptist Church at Emporium, Pa., can testify, as can his daughter also. Through boldness he has fallen heir to a farm worth \$10,000 and his daughter to \$25,000 of property under the following circumstances: While in Jersey City last fall Mr. MacNeill noticed an old lady standing in the street apparently in trouble. She had dropped her spectacles in the mud and several packages in her arms prevented her picking them up. Boys stood on the sidewalk making sport of her, and she was greatly exercised. Mr. MacNeill picked up the spectacles, wiped them off and presented them to her. She asked for his name and address. The old lady died recently and bequeathed to Mr. MacNeill a farm near Bridgeton, N. J., and to his daughter several houses in New Jersey. Moral: It pays to be polite. Even if you do not make \$10,000 by it you can get several dollars' worth of satisfaction out of the reflection that you have done your best to earn it.

ABOUT PEOPLE AND THINGS.

Manuel Garcia, who taught Jenny Lind, in teaching although he will be ninety years of age on the 17th.

Justice Brewer, of the United States Supreme Court, teaches a Bible class in the First Congregational Church of Washington.

The will of the late Joseph Keppler of Puck disposes of an estate estimated at about \$50,000. His son Udo has changed his name to Joseph.

In Kentucky there is only one woman who has authority to officiate at a wedding in a clerical capacity. Her name is Minna, and she is a licensed Baptist preacher.

Amelia E. Barr is about fifty and lives in seclusion on the top of the Storm King Mountain, in the Catskills. There she lives with her daughters, happy in her work and contented with the society of the dwellers on the mountain.

At a recent dinner given by Consul-general and Mrs. Dorn, in Paris, to United States Minister Ewing and Mrs. Ewing, there were present Dr. P. H. Ballbaeh, Stephen Smith and Dr. E. O. Shaker, American delegates to the international sanitary congress.

When "progressing" through the streets to perform some ceremony the Prince of Wales takes off his hat twelve times on an average a minute; that is, the almost incredible number of seven hundred times an hour. The Prince requires a new brim to his hat every fortnight.

Miss Alice Rothschild is one of the most enthusiastic women horticulturists in the world, and her collection of roses alone is valued at \$50,000. It is a remarkable fact by the way, that every member of the Rothschild family dislikes scented flowers, with the exception of roses.

Madame Carnot strives to be the best dressed woman in France, and with Felix, her favorite customer, she has frequent consultations. Her desire to be well dressed is not a passion for dress, but a habit of finishing in keeping with her position. She might be peevish for her book-learning is marvelous, but she is very unafraid.

Turkish women, having obtained permission to practice as physicians in their own country, they are now beginning to study medicine at various European and American universities. Three young Turkish ladies, one a daughter of a Pasha, have recently arrived in France in order to go through a regular course of medical training at French universities.

The late William Frederick Poole, the Newberry librarian, although a man of remarkable literary attainments, lost his self-possession and fluency when he tried to speak in public. At one of the "tale dinners" in Chicago, not long ago, he was down for a speech, which he began but failed to finish like the small boy on declamation day in school, "who has forgotten his piece."

Conan Doyle will be followed in his lecture tour in this country by Rider Haggard, who just sent over here some beautiful pictures of himself leading his family at prayers in the morning. The family is grouped around Mr. Haggard, with the servants standing reverently and conscious of the fact that the man, says the New York Sun, who tells the whoppers that Mr. Haggard does in his tales, should have as much difficulty in balancing the budget by the aid of the family prayers every day in the week.

One notable among French women has just passed away. Mme. Maria Detrouart, although herself rich and cultured, was, for thirty years, the life of the working women of Paris, being an energetic advocate of their rights in general. In the course of her life she charged M. Dumas and M. Sully with having in-

fluenced her in her comedies in order to amuse the public. She was also bitterly hostile to the naturalist school of fiction.

SHREDS AND PATCHES.

Too much rest itself becomes a pain.—Homer.

The theatrical manager is known by the company he keeps.—Life.

Home interpreters heaven. Home is heaven for beginners.—Dr. Parkhurst.

Our greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.—Confucius.

Everybody hates the man who always thinks he is being robbed.—Atchison Globe.

Many a man who is a good shot in this world hopes to miss fire in the next.—Texas Siftings.

One naturally wonders what the next sensational scandal will be.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

A whole ain't like a Congressman, because it don't have to open its mouth to blow.—Jeddie Waxson.

Brother Talmage seems to have been playing a regular Patti game on his congregation.—Washington Post.

It would be a relief to hear somebody say: "I remember your name, but can't recall your face.—Truth.

This is a Republican year where Republicans make good nominations; not elsewhere.—Buffalo Express.

The was not the least intimation of the present legislative situation in the Chicago platform.—Washington Post.

When a boy is lost policemen know at once that he can never be found from his mother's description of him.—Atchison Globe.

The season of the year has come when stylish girls in the suburbs habitually walk across street crossings on their heels.—Boston Herald.

The evidence thus far produced would seem to show that Madeline Pollard is almost as high as Breckinridge.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

It is worthy of comment that the father who can't pronounce "trousseau" is the one who can afford to buy the nicest one for his daughter.—Atchison Globe.

Perhaps there is something in the notion that under the circumstances a particularly bright girl can do without a light in the parlor.—Philadelphia Times.

The second year of the Cleveland administration has begun, and it seems proper to say that there's room for improvement, as usual in Boston items.—Boston Herald.

It is said that Mr. Lease has to stay at home and tend the baby. The question is how can he do it in a State where bottles are prohibited.—Detroit Tribune.

If the same conditions continue through the whole four years the administration of Grover Cleveland will cost the country more than the war.—Louisville Courier.

When Blodwin at the age of seventy can carry his 150-pound son on a tight rope there can be no doubt that he is still able to support his family.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

THE MARION COUNTY BAR IN 1857.

Jonathan W. Gordon was a genius in the sense that he was endowed with remarkable gifts. He was also a genius in the lower sense given to the word by those who say it is little if anything more than the indomitable will which fights against all obstacles and never tires in pursuit of its aims. His life was full of romance. Poverty did not dip his wings; it rather aided him in his flight. He was the son of his father's life in fragments from his own lips. Born in Pennsylvania he drifted West with the emigrants from the Keystone State; carrying a short time in Ohio, he found a home at last in Ripley county, Indiana, in the midst of the "bamboo thickets" which never had any existence outside of Sims Colley's imagination. In the early forties he found him deeply immersed in the study of medicine. He performed the journey from Versailles to Chicago to attend the medical college on foot, being too poor to travel otherwise. Desiring afterwards to pursue his studies in anatomy, he undertook with some equally venturesome students to procure a subject for dissection from the village cemetery at Versailles. The cemetery is bounded on the east by the precipitous bank of Laughery creek, which rises sheer from the bed of the stream to a height of fifty feet, more or less. Surprised and surrounded at their work the amateur reanatomists had no way of escape except by the creek side. Gordon made for the cliff, leaped out into the darkness and reached the bottom after being pretty well scraped and bruised by the tree branches. Pulling himself together he managed to flank the pursuing party and got back to his bed without being caught. The small village community was in a buzz about the affair, and Gordon was not long in discovering that he was a "suspect." Just then the "army broke out," and Gordon condoned the matter by marching with the Indiana volunteers to the Mexican war, and the escapade was forgotten, though it will never be forgotten. Jerry Skeen took me to the cliff one day to show me where the great leap was made, and to-day the children of Versailles tell the story to visitors with such frills and trimmings as traditions usually carry. During an epidemic there Gordon had an active practice for a young physician. He had bad luck and he finally concluded that there were several graves in the cemetery that would not have been there but for his mistaken diagnoses. Let brother physicians who are without sin cast the first stone at the grave of the erring young doctor. The responsibility of a doctor's life weighed upon him to such an extent that he turned his attention to the law. He might have chosen in his new vocation, but he would have nobody's life to answer for. His medical studies were of great use to him as a lawyer in cases involving questions of medical jurisprudence. A quack witness who set himself up as a medical expert was always made to appear ridiculous under Gordon's cross-examination. Occasionally, however, he met his match. There are some physicians who know how to testify upon a scientific question in language which a jury of plain citizens can understand, and there are others who imagine that they are making a fine impression when they exhibit a wonderful facility in the use of technical terms which are all Greek to the non-professional man. Once Gordon tackled Dr. P. H. Jameson, who had given a very positive opinion upon a vital question. Gordon tried to break him down, but failed. He was in a desperate plight. In his address to the jury he tried to show that the doctor was wrong, but said that when he heard Dr. Jameson make such a statement he felt "as if one of the fixed stars had left its sphere." In another case a professor in a Cincinnati medical college was here as a witness for a brother doctor who squared himself for a tussle, and he had it for several hours. The witness, who was an old student, knew the doctor's case, and when compelled to give a categorical yes or no answer he would have leave to explain. So he would say, "Yes, Colonel Gordon, but with this explanation." He would then turn to the jury and deliver them an address of five or ten minutes, until he appeared to be a popular speaker who was entitled to the floor, while the Colonel seemed to be some ignorant patient interrupting him. At last his patience worn out, Gordon said: "Stand aside, I'd just as leave try to cross-examine who I will, but these were exceptional cases, for, as it is a rule, he came out of these encounters with flying colors.

Once embarked in the law he buckled down to his studies with the energy and persistence which always characterized him. His powerful constitution, though weakened somewhat by disease contracted in the army in Mexico, enabled him to accomplish a range of study, reading and miscellaneous practice that few men could bear. His energy was tireless and sleepless in the literal sense of the words. I never knew a man capable of working so long and so continuously without rest or recreation. His recreation consisted in mere change of work by easy transitions. He was a student of the "political hermenautics" or Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason" and he would he could drop into poetry or fiction, though of the latter he made sparing use. His researches were so vast that he was unable to elaborate that he was sometimes embarrassed and tedious in presenting his case. As he once expressed himself, he was like the farmer who puts such a big load in his wagon that it breaks down before he can reach the market. He would, however, appear in any case without full preparation, though he possessed to a remarkable degree an off-hand ability which always enabled him to acquit himself with credit. I think that when he was in the law he met him at the bar will agree with me in saying that some of his greatest