TRIBUTE TO JOHN BROWN

HERO OF HARPER'S FERRY AS REMEMBERED BY A PRISON GUARD.

His Enemy at First, the Southerner Came to Revere the Old Man—Nobility of His Character.

Henry G. Tinsley, in San Francisco Chronicle.

"Yes, I was at the side of John Brown when he was hanged."

The speaker was Col. William Fellows, an orange grower of Covina, in Los Angeles county, in southern California. He is sixty-three years of age, and came from Pennsylvania to California nine years ago. He has been in Covina for some time. He was a young man in Charlestown, Va., (now West Virginia) in the later fifties, and was a nephew of Sheriff Campbell, to whose duty it fell to execute John Brown—John Brown, the chivalric hero of the Abolitionists at the North; the "Old John Brown," of whom the boys in blue sang all the way from the first Bull's Run to Appomattox, through Virginia and down across the Carolinas and Georgia, with Sherman to the sea; the John Brown of the Osawatomie warfare in "Bleeding" Kansas and of the Harper's Ferry raid in October, 1859; the John Brown of scores of biographies and all manner of poetry, and the John Brown, after whom thousands of babies, now grown to be men of families, were named thirty-five and thirty-six years ago. Young Fellows was chosen as a guard in the little county jail in Charlestown, while John Brown was a prisoner there, convicted of insurrection at Harper's Ferry, and condemned to death on the gallows. He is probably the only person now living who knew "Old" John Brown intimately during the last weeks of the famous Abolitionist's life.

"I seldom speak now of those days," said Colonel Fellows recently, when the conversation turned upon the stirring scenes he witnessed in 1859, and at the breaking out of the war in 1860 and 1861, in which he participated as a Confederate captain, "but I don't mind telling about poor old John Brown and his last days. You see I am a Southerner, and I believe no one ever had such a resentment for another like that I bore toward Brown, after he and his men in the engine house at Harper's Ferry had shot and killed a dear cousin of mine in the vain, wild effort to cause an uprising of the slaves and a general stampede to the 'free' States. When, however, I came to know the wounded prisoner and to learn his strict integrity, to witness daily his simplicity of faith and character, to see his earnestness of purpose and, above all, to realize his intrepid bravery when he believed his cause right, my almost hatred changed to sympathy. He was at once the tenderest and the sternest of men. While I never altered my opinion that he was all wrong in his raid, I came to have a positive affection for the man, and it was months before I got over the anguish of that poor, devout old man hanging limp and dead from the rope at the gallows. He, more than any one I ever knew, was the most serene character in the midst of awful adversity and overwhelming troubles. As I look back now on the character of John Brown, he seems to me to be more like those brave, bluff, grizzled old heroes of Scott's 'Ivanhoe' and the 'Crusades' than any one I have ever known or heard about in my generation.

GREAT EXCITEMENT.

"I was twenty-five years old in 1859, and I was made one of the three hundred guards about the Charlestown jail immediately after John Brown and the seven of his men captured in the engine house at Harper's Ferry, which they held as a sort of a temporary garrison, were brought to Charlestown. The whole country was wildly excited. I doubt if any event in the war that later raged through that region for four years roused people like that incident at Harper's Ferry. Governor Wise, of Virginia, and thousands of people in the South believed that John Brown and his men were encouraged and secretly hired by Abolitionists, as Wendell Phillips, Garrett Smith and Charles Sumner in the North, and that the Blue Ridge mountains were teeming with anti-slavery Northerners, who were but watching an opportunity to come down in force upon the jail and to liberate Brown and his associates. So a guard of three hundred armed men was called out. But it was seen later that there was no need for such a guarding force, and I was chosen by my uncle, Sheriff Campbell, as one of the half dozen day guards inside the jail corridor. I am the only one now living who was employed in the jail at that time. One of Brown's lawyers lives in Brooklyn, N. Y., I believe.

"I became an inside guard after the famous trial at Charlestown, when Brown's execution was set for one month later—Dec. 2. Brown occupied a cell with one of his captured followers, a young man named Stevens, who was executed with the other six prisoners a month or six weeks after their captain. When I went on duty in the jail John Brown was recovering from a severe scalp wound that he got from a sabre in the hands of his captor at Harper's Ferry. I saw the constant pain the old man was in and the clumsy way that he had to dress the wound himself, so I helped him, brought fresh clothes daily and got him ointment and warm water. For all of this he was extremely grateful in his reserved Spartan-like way. He was a proud, reserved man and liked to show his stoicism. One day, when he was refused a letter from his wife by an ignorant young guard, who, with a curse, said something about having no time to deliver letters to murderers, I thought John Brown would lose control of himself and burst into passion, but he put his teeth together, and, shoving his hands deep into his pockets, walked into his cell. It was hours before he could compose himself.

"He never displayed the least temper, although he certainly had occasion to get mad every day, for he was hated and disliked everywhere in that locality. He never showed sorrow, except by an occasional twitching of the face when he had a letter from his wife and children in the old home. As all his letters were, of course, read by Sheriff Campbell, I, as one of the family, saw some of them. Some were heart breaking. All were so full of expressions of love and tenderness that I have seen the sheriff wipe his eyes many a time while reading them; but John Brown never betrayed weakness, except by reading them over and over and then gazing into blank vacancy for hours after he had finished.

NEVER REPENTED.

"Brown was allowed two visitors a day, and I was always near when he chatted with his lawyer or friend, but I never observed a bit of regret for his course in his words, except that his son Oliver had been so unnecessarily exposed in the battle at the engine house to have been shot down. He seldom smiled and for hours was buried in thought or serious reading. He was exact to a penny about his little money matters and declined to take food outside of the regular jail fare without paying for it fully. Sums of money were sent him by mail by sympathizers in Boston and Philadelphia, but he never touched a dime of them.

"He read for hours every day, and I remember he was hurt because the sheriff, as a matter of precaution, cut away the heavy pasteboard covers from Brown's books, fearing that fine steel saws might be hidden therein. 'Ah, Mr. Sheriff,' said Captain Brown, quietly and sincerely, 'you little know me or my men. We would never escape the vindication of the law.'

"He was a daily reader of the Bible, and morning and night he knelt in secret prayer in his cell. He never talked on religious topics, but he asked the guards, whom he liked, to refrain from profanity—at least until he was gone. His reading was Carlyle's 'French Revolution,' Gibbons's 'Rome,' and a biography of Toussant L'Ouverture. One day he told me the story of the life of that San Domingo chief, and he said he put that poor black man alongside Socrates, Luther and John Hampden as the world's heroes. He said he had read and reread all the literature he could find about L'Ouverture for a dozen years, and I know that he patterned his life after the San Domingan and that he viewed his own death on the scaffold in the same light as the execution of L'Ouverture.

"The morning of the execution dawned clear and sunshiny. It was Dec. 2, and a mild, pleasant day for that climate. Captain Brown asked me the evening before to come on guard at 6 o'clock instead of 7, because he had to be liberated from his narrow cell as early as convenient before his execution to attend to his last correspondence. The cell door always opened for the day when the day watch came on duty. Brown was dressed and standing in the grated door as I came into the corridor with several other day guards that morning. I remember how particularly benignant he looked as he stood there. His heavy gray hair and his long full beard of streaked gray, with his tall and commanding stature gave him a patriarchal appearance.

"'I thank you for your early coming,' said he as he seated himself at a writing table near the wall of the corridor just below the grated window. Several of us guards, who had become attached to the old man, were too excited and much moved by the preparations about the jail and outside for the hanging of our prisoner to do more than act automatically, for we feared we might burst into tears if we dared do any talking.

THE FATHER'S TEARS.

"I can see the old man now as he sat there that last morning, the sunbeams pouring through the window and resting on his whitened and bandaged head while he wrote. I watched him from the rear with a fascinated interest as he read over the last letters from his wife, daughters and sons at the old home in the Adirondacks of New York so as to make sure that he noted all that had been written to him, and then as he wrote a farewell letter to each member of his family. The only tears I ever saw come from the eyes of that man of iron were when he read the tender good-bye letters from his two little girls. Once he glanced nervously about, and, seeing that his tear-dimmed eyes were observed, he pulled off his glasses, wiped his eyes in a trice and resumed his correspondence as coolly as one indites an everyday message.

"He ate a simple breakfast, and then noting that he had much correspondence to do, he asked one of the guards to see if a local lawyer named Hunter would not come and draw up a will according to the laws of Virginia. Meanwhile he went on with his letter writing, stopping now and then as the thoughts occurred to him to ask the guards to perform some office for him in their treatment of the remaining prisoners after he was gone. At 9 o'clock Lawyer Hunter came. Brown told him how he wished his property disposed—that is, the weapons, money, camp utensils, baggage and cavalry equipment found in Brown's possession when he and his men were captured at Harper's Ferry. His extraordinary characteristic of justice and equality was shown in the careful minuteness with which he weighed the claims of each of his children and friends upon him so as to distribute with exact fairness each article according to its value in money. He had evidently thought upon this for weeks, for he produced a memorandum from between the leaves of his Bible and gave it to the lawyer. A half hour later, when the will was finished, Lawyer Hunter read it to the prisoner, who signed it.

"By that time the noise of the preparations for the public execution grew so loud that Brown brought his last farewell letter to a hasty close. He asked a guard how soon the sheriff would want him for the 'execution of the law,' as he always put any reference to his death. He was told he had forty minutes more. At that he went into his cell, brought out several library books and gave each guard in the corridor a good-bye present. He took off his silver watch, and, producing the key to it, insisted upon Deputy Sheriff Avis taking it.

"'Gentlemen, may I be alone a little while?' he said to us. We, too full of sadness to speak, nodded; he drew his grated cell door in and knelt down at his cot to pray. In ten minutes or so, although it seemed like an age to us, he arose, took off his old prison clothes and put on a new suit of black that had been brought to him from Boston.

BRAVE TO THE LAST.

"At 10:30 o'clock Sheriff Campbell came into the corridor.

"'Captain,' said he, 'twenty minutes more remain.'

"'Do your duty, Sheriff Campbell; don't let anyone ever complain that you were not a faithful sheriff after I am gone,' was the reply.

"At a little before 11 o'clock the sheriff and two military lieutenants in full uniform came into the corridor again. John Brown was seated on his cot waiting for them.

"'Do you wish to pinion my arms here or at the scaffold?' he asked, seeing an officer holding the arm straps in his hand.

"'At the scaffold,' replied the sheriff.

"In a second the prisoner turned, and, walking past the grated door of each of the other cells, where his faithful men were confined awaiting their subsequent execution for complicity in the Harper's Ferry affair, he shook hands through the grating. 'God bless you, my dear man,' and 'May we meet in heaven,' is all he said to each, for it was evident he was full of emotion, and the sobs of his imprisoned associates moved him so that he could hardly control his voice. When he came to us guards, he never spoke, but the pressure of his two hands about ours, and the tear-suffused eyes told of the passion that was moving him.

"So John Brown started for the gallows with the sheriff, the lieutenants and two of us guards following. When Brown reached the front door of the jail and saw columns of uniformed Virginia militiamen drawn up on both sides of the long street leading to the jail he looked surprised.

"'I had no idea Governor Wise considered my execution so important,' he remarked.

"He went down the steps and was given a seat in a platform wagon at the side of the sheriff, with Guard Avis and myself on the back seat. The story about John Brown's having stopped to kiss a poor negro boy at the jail door is untrue, notwithstanding the touching poems that tell it. There was no negro boy about the jail, and the old man was too intent on watching the militia all about him.

"A ride of three minutes brought us to the gallows. It was erected in the middle of a great field near town, and the platform was seven feet above the ground. I saw Brown looking it all over carefully as the wagon drew slowly up at the gallows steps. The coffin had been laid at one side, and I can see now how pathetically the old man glanced at that, while he was going up the gallows steps, between Sheriff Campbell and Guard Avis.

THE FINAL ACT.

"The prisoner was given a seat, and while the soldiers were performing evolutions under command of General Talliaferro, in order to form a hollow square about the gallows, Sheriff Campbell read the death warrant. Then the arms and legs of John Brown were strapped together, and he was shown where to stand on the drop. The black cap was put on his head, but not drawn over his face. He looked taller and more powerful than ever as he stood there strapped, and with the noose about his neck, towering head and shoulders above the sheriff and the two lieutenants. The sheriff stood waiting a minute longer until fussy old General Talliaferro had drawn his men up in military order. Amid the sound of drum beats and the tramping of the soldiers on the frozen earth, I heard Sheriff Campbell say, 'Captain, this is unexpected delay. Are you tired?' 'No, not tired, but please don't let there be unnecessary waiting,' were the last words of John Brown.

"The militia was still maneuvering in the field, but the sheriff quickly drew the cap over the face of the doomed man, and, stepping aside, the drop fell. John Brown's body darted through the opening in the platform, and his soul went marching on through all eternity. The only evidence there was of life as he hung there at the end of the rope were a few clinchings of his hands. I believe his neck was broken by the fall. After hanging five minutes a physician went and felt the dying man's pulse. Then the cap was raised a few inches, and an artist for an Eastern publication sketched the face as the body swayed slightly to and fro in the morning breeze. Sheriff Campbell would not once look upon the hanging, and kept his eyes turned away to remote parts of the landscape.

"At exactly noon the body was lowered and put in the coffin. Lawyer Hunter fixed the collar and cravat of the deceased to conceal the blue marks of the noose and arranged the hands and arms. The body was taken to Harper's Ferry that same day, where Mrs. Brown had been for a week with friends. The next day it was put on the cars and taken to North Elba, in the Adirondack region of northern New York. Sheriff Campbell wanted me to remain as a guard in the jail until the other six prisoners were executed in February, but I never went in the jail corridor after John Brown was hanged.

"A fact in connection with the hanging of old John Brown and one that I have never seen in print, is that John Wilkes Booth, who assassinated President Lincoln in 1865, was a sergeant in one of the militia companies at the execution. Sheriff Campbell told me later that the day before the execution Booth, a handsome, fresh, black-eyed youth of twenty years, came and asked his permission to go and see the Brown raid prisoners in their cells. Lewis Washington, a grand nephew of the great George, took part as a captain in the military display that memorable day."

To a Dandelion.

Didst thou, my dandelion,
But hold thy wealth less free,
Thy lovers would pass by the rose
In eager search for thee.

Like drops of crystal dew,
Like heaven's exhaustless air,
Thou hast no praise from thankless hearts
Because thou art not rare.

The fashion of the world
Is far-off wealth to prize,
And overlook the precious gift
That at its threshold lies.

JAY GOULD'S BEGINNING

OPERATIONS AT SIXTEEN OF A FINANCIERING GENIUS.

Map Making at a Possible Profit of $140 a Year—Sentiment and Philosophy of Young Gould.

New York Sun.

Light was thrown on the early life, ingenuity and mental tendencies of Jay Gould by the filing yesterday in the Supreme Court of evidence and letters in behalf of the defense in the action brought by Sarah Ann Angell to recover dower in the houses 1 East Forty-seventh street, which had belonged to the Gould estate, and 579 Fifth avenue, owned by Edwin and Helen M. Gould. The evidence filed was taken by the defense for use at the trial because the witness, John W. Champlin, formerly chief justice of the Supreme Court of Michigan, is residing here only temporarily, and at the time of the trial may be at his home at Grand Rapids.

It was sought to prove by Judge Champlin the improbability of the story of Sarah Ann Angell that on April 16, 1853, when she was fifteen years old and Gould was about a month under seventeen, she had married him "in the State of New York." She was Sarah Ann Brown and lived at the time with her parents at Rouse's Point, on the Canadian side of Lake Champlain. She contends that her father tore up the certificate of marriage and that afterward she married Angell, believing that Gould was dead. She was a domestic at the time she married Angell.

Judge Champlin was a close friend of young Gould from 1852 to 1854 and he had known Gould from 1850. He is sixty-six years old. From 1831 to 1854 he resided at Harpersfield, Dalaware county, this State. It was twelve miles away by road from Roxbury, nine miles over the mountains, where the father of Jay Gould conducted a tinware and hardware store as John B. Gould & Co. Jay, whose right name was Jason, but who, the witness said, was called Jay even while a boy, worked at first with his father, but branched off as a surveyor. In part of 1852 and 1853 the witness taught school at Roxbury, where a brother or half brother of Jay, Abram Gould, attended. The witness also knew three sisters of Gould—Polly, Anna and Betty. One married a Mr. Palen and another a Mr. Northrup, and the witness saw them both five or six years ago. The other sister married a Mr. Hough, and up to three or four years ago was living at Los Angeles.

While not teaching school or working on his father's farm young Champlin was taking a hand at surveying, and did work in this line for Jay Gould, after refusing a partnership scheme.

Young Gould hit on a scheme in the latter part of 1852, when he was sixteen years old, to map the different counties of the State and work a bill through the Legislature to get the State to put the maps in libraries and in the county seats. Gould first mapped out Albany county, leaving Roxbury about February, 1853. It does not appear whether any of the mapping had been done previously, but in April, 1853, he wrote to Champlin from Albany about trying to get the bill through and proposing the mapping of other counties. He wrote on letter paper, at the top of which was printed "Map of Albany county from actual surveys by Jay Gould and J. B. Moore." None of these letters, all of which were written to Champlin at Roxbury, from Albany, and which run along in the very month of the alleged marriage, speaks of any marriage on the part of Gould, nor do they suggest that Gould was then devoting attention to any woman or girl.

A MAP DICKER.

He seems, however, intent on making a dicker with Champlin to map their own county of Delaware after he got through with his Albany county venture. He also suggested that if Champlin did not want to go into the enterprise as a partner he would hire Champlin. He made this proposition:

"Or if you think you would rather commence as I did and hire out first until you see how you like the business, I will give you $120 for six months and allow you $60 for expenses for the six months, which is much more than it cost me for the same time last summer. The expense money I will advance as you require it, pay you half of the wages when due and the other half, with interest, when the map is made, and give you 50 cents for every subscriber that is good, provided I get the copyright."

This proposition of the sixteen-year-old Gould was not accepted by School Teacher Champlin, but Champlin agreed to work for Gould finally on the Delaware county map for $20 a month and found. They started to work in August, 1853, and finished up toward the close of November or the beginning of December. But before beginning the work there was a hustling for tools. Gould wrote:

"I have three compasses; two of them we will use here and the other you could take. I have an odometer in view."

The witness explained that an odometer was like a miniature wheelbarrow with a staff for a compass to sit upon. It would take distances not straight as by a compass, but according to the roll of the land. Gould succeeded in borrowing the odometer he had in view, which he let the witness have, but the compass he gave the witness had no needle, and they were in a quandary. They were far from where compasses could be had, so:

"Gould undertook to improvise a needle out of tin and polarize it with the tongs that stood in the jamb of the fireplace for a long time. When I started the survey with that needle it would settle. It had some polarity to it, but if I jogged the instrument it would immediately vibrate and settle in another place. He told me he would get another compass by going to Kingston, a distance of fifty or sixty miles, if I would wake him up about midnight, and he would start out and get back as soon as he could. I awoke him about 12:30 and he started away, but got back before night. He had changed his mind after starting and went to Andes to a surveyor there by the name of Douglass and hired his compass. He was a land surveyor. That was too heavy for an odometer, and we were liable to tip it over, but I used it until he supplanted it with an excellent compass."

The witness said he was with Gould all through the fall of 1853 in the survey, and would walk with him on Sundays, and he never heard anything from Gould or anyone else about a marriage of Gould. Champlin went to live in Michigan in 1854, and it was while living there that he heard, in the sixties, of the marriage of Gould to Miss Miller, mother of the present children.

To make sure that this was the Jay Gould who subsequently became the great financier Judge Champlin was asked to describe the Jay Gould he knew in 1853, and he said:

"He was a young man, beardless, apparently about from fifteen to seventeen years of age, about five feet in height, with dark hair and dark eyes and always wearing a pleasant smile. I know of no particular marks, I mean distinguishing marks."

When asked about the nose of the young man he said:

"It was a Roman nose. It was nearly straight, and not what would be called in those days a Roman nose. I think I observed when I saw him in Rochester (in 1880) that his nose had developed some. It certainly was not an inferior nose."

In one of the letters to Champlin Gould figured up the cost and profit of surveying a county as follows:

Twelve months, surveying, for board at $12 per month	$144
Twelve months, surveying, for labor at $20 per month	240
Expenses of lithographing	220
Two hundred maps, mounted complete, at $1 each	200
Traveling expenses, $40; stationery, $5; mapping papers, $2	47
Total	$851
Receipts from 200 maps, at $5 each	$1,000
Leaving a profit of	$149

Gould said also that there would probably be the further inroad into the surplus from cost of distributing. The letter was to give Champlin an insight into the finances of county map making, and gives the impression he did not want to lure the schoolmaster into a partnership and would prefer to hire him.

GOULD'S OTHER SIDE.

Judge Champlin, who said he had hunted out the letters from a mass of old papers when he was informed that such evidence might be useful in the present case, said he believed from the correspondence that Gould must have been in or about Albany in April, 1853. But in a letter of April 4, 1853, written two days after one previously sent, he speaks of having made a trip to Saugerties, New Brunswick, N. J., New Haven, New York city and elsewhere, and says that he saw four colleges and the Crystal Palace. This trip was, however, made before the time of the alleged marriage. In other places the letter shows a very different side of young Gould. One part says:

"But what comes next in your letter? Rice Bouton is very sick! very sick! and this then accounts for the nonfulfillment of his promised visit at Albany. In vain I watched his coming, searched and inquired of him among the students, and gave way to a hundred conjectures, but would not for a moment allow the suggestion of disease to creep into the category of the imagination; his eye shone too bright, his voice too noble, too sweet. But frail mortal suffer not yourself to plan air castles of future realization, for perhaps the next gale comes over the hill and bright hopes and fond expectations are crushed and destroyed, is a moral deduced from an ancient Scottish legend, and perhaps it is but too true. I hope, however, it is not his deathbed, for his future prospects of usefulness come from too true a bosom to be blasted by death.

"There is plenty of news stirring here. I am writing in the state library rooms over the Assembly, the transactions of which body are always more or less construed with interest."

Another letter shows that the youthful Gould was imaginative. It is dated April 2, 1853, and reads in part:

"I don't like your contemplated emigration to Michigan much. I would much sooner go to Oregon and lay myself out a few thousand acres of land in the fertile valley of the Columbia, which is yet to become the garden of the world. It is there that enterprise and luxury will revel when the eastern half of North America will only be remembered as it was connected with the history of the past, and the song of the pilgrims of Plymouth will be sung and be related as are the ancient legends of Rome and Greece. There is some irresistible power that regulates the destiny of nations. It is to omnipotence that all must bow, and that kingdom or nation that may seem invincible for a while will at last decay and ignorance creep in and find a home; dissipation and idleness are welcome guests; the mind and body become diseased, and they fail to notice their downward tendency until the black pall, the seal of destruction, is spread over every field and valley and written upon every feature of nature. * * *

"Man seems to be so constituted that he cannot comprehend his own situation. Today he lends a willing ear to the charming words of the deceiver, and is led to believe himself a god; to-morrow he is hissed and laughed at for some fancied fault, and, dejected and broken hearted, he retires to his chamber to spend a night in tears. These are certainly unwarranted positions: The first, to obtain a favor or ingratiate your notice; and, therefore, his delusion of greatness was unwarranted; while the latter is the voice of the envious, those who look with a warlike spirit upon the tide of your prosperity, since they deem themselves equally meritorious; and then this last assumption, over which you have shed your tears, is the true voice of your praise."

Easter Flowers.

The roses were the first to hear—
The roses trellised to the tomb;
Bring roses—hide the marks of spear
And cruel nails that sealed His doom.
The lilies were the first to see—
The lilies on that Easter morn;
Bring lilies—crowned with blossoms be
The head so lately crowned with thorn.

The roses were the first to hear;
Ere yet the dark had dreamed of dawn,
The faintest rustle reached their ear;
They heard the napkin downward drawn;
They listened to His breathing low;
His feet upon the threshold fall.
Bring roses—sweetest buds that blow,
His love the perfume of them all.

The lilies were the first to see;
They, watching in the morning gray,
Saw angels come so silently
And roll the mighty stone away;
They saw Him pass the portal's gloom;
He brushed their leaves—oh, happy dower.
Bring lilies—purest buds that bloom,
His face reflected in each flower.

The roses were the first to hear,
The lilies were the first to see;
Bring fragrant flowers from far and near
To match the Easter melody!
"Rabboni!" be on every tongue,
And every heart the rapture share
Of Mary as she kneels among
The roses and the lilies fair!

—Clarence Urmy, in the April Century.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Not a Bird.

Philadelphia North American.

Kell—Donny isn't much of a singer, is he?
Naegle—Singer! He couldn't carry a tune across the street.

A Poser.

New York Times.

She—What is the subject, Mr. Painter?
He—A sunrise on the Pacific.
She—Why, I didn't know the sun ever rose in the West.

At Vassar.

Puck.

Literary Instructor—Don't you know what a romance is?
Student (with freezing dignity)—I see no occasion for personalities.

There Are Others.

Jester.

Mr. Pegg Long—A basket of patent medicines? What on earth you got 'em for?
Mrs. Doser's Boy—Mar's goin' to take 'em. She wants to get her pictur' in the papers.

Fanatics.

Puck.

"I stopped in at the revival meetin'. They wanted me to give up drinkin', swearin', gamblin' an' shootin'."
"Yes; I heerd they wuz down on all sorts of amusements."

In Chicago.

Truth.

First Preacher—Doing much in the wedding trade now?
Second Preacher—Yes; business is good. People getting married this year who never got married before.

Good Guesser.

L'Illustre de Poche.

"Calinaux is become a father."
"A boy?" asks a friend.
"No."
"A daughter, then?"
"You have guessed it."

The Pound of Flesh.

Cleveland Leader.

Willie—Say, pa.
Pa—Well, what is it?
Willie—Why do they always weigh the babies as soon as they're born? Do people pay for them by the pound, the same as for raw meat?

Didn't Want to Control the World.

Cleveland Leader.

"I hear that they have read Smithers out of the Populist party."
"Indeed? What was the trouble?"
"He said that he was not prepared to believe that all men who had more money than he possessed were hopelessly and forever damned."

She Had Thought of Them.

Puck.

She—I wish we were rich enough to have a magnificent country residence.
He—Well, I don't know. There are a number of people who would expect invitations to spend the summer with us.
She—Yes; and there are so many of them I wouldn't invite.

Dead Easy.

Puck.

Mrs. Littlethot—How do you write your beautiful Scotch dialect stories, Mr. Scribbler? Is it very hard?
Mr. Scribbler—Not hard, but trying; all you've got to do is to stuff a hot potato in your mouth and dictate to a five-dollar-a-week stenographer.

The True Test.

Chicago Journal.

Bess—You could hardly call her a social success.
Jess—Why, she seems to have plenty of admirers.
Bess—Oh, yes, if you look at it that way; but I don't believe she's on friendly terms with a single man she ever rejected.

A Fish Story.

Jester.

"By the way," said Jonah, as he made himself comfortable, "haven't I seen you before?"
"Where?" snorted the overfed cetacean.
"I have an impression that you are the fish that broke a line and got away from me one day when I was fishing off a dock in Nineveh."

As It Is in America.

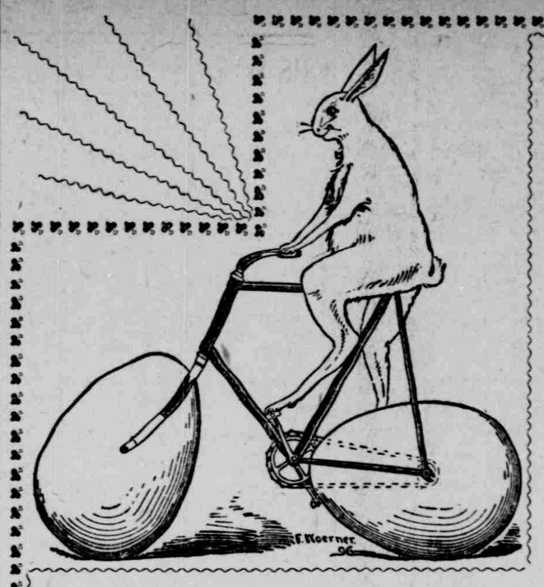
Etude.

Young Lady—You are a wonderful master of the piano, I hear.
Professor Von Spieler (hired for the occasion)—I blay aggompaniments zometimes.
Young Lady—Accompaniments to singing?
Professor Von S.—Aggompaniments to gonverzations.

Seasonable.

Philadelphia Record.

The recent tilt between "Tom" Reed and "Jerry" Simpson was all right. Easter time is the Tom and Jerry season.



Happy . .

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ROAD BUILDING.

An Old Editor Notes that Continued Agitation Is Proving Effective.

Otto Dorner.

"At last," said the old editor, who has been in the harness for nearly forty years, "I see signs which indicate the certain approach of an era of good road building; and I look upon it as one of the best signs of the times."

"I infer that you think it high time for such an era," remarked a farmer subscriber who had dropped in for a little financial transaction.

"I surely do. In fact, I can't find even the shadow of an excuse for any more delay in its journey our way. I only wonder why, when advances are being made in so many other respects, some of which are of little importance compared with the roads over which many millions must pass each year, that the day of practical planning for better roads did not begin several decades ago."

"May I ask what it is that gives you encouragement that there is approaching a revolution in the matter of roads," asked the farmer, adding that he was "aware that good roads mean more to me and my brother farmers than to any other class," and that he was anxious to see the work go on.

"Agitation, sir, agitation—the practical agitation that is going on in every direction. Why, the ministers are preaching about it, educators are lecturing on the subject, the farmers, at least all who are organized, and they are organized in nearly all of the States, are awakening to its importance to them, personally—to their purses and comfort. Few, if any of the farmers' institutes have passed without more time being given to good roads agitation than to almost any other one question. The question has been taken up, in one way or another, in twenty different legislatures, and the discussion of the various measures touching better roads has been far-reaching, the papers quoting more or less from the bills and the speeches. Debating societies in thousands of schools have discussed the good roads question. Hundreds of thousands of men and women who ride wheels have talked more or less on the same question, and the great national organization of wheelmen, known as the L. A. W.—League of American Wheelmen—whose membership, I understand, is fast climbing to the 100,000 mark, have done a vast amount of work in making right public sentiment. We must not forget that among these wheelmen are thousands of farmers and their sons; statesmen, diplomats, merchants, lawyers, doctors, manufacturers, capitalists, mechanics, workmen—men from all walks of life—as good people as we have, patriotic, public-spirited, pushing citizens, whose power is being felt more and more in many laudable directions. I used to look with suspicion upon their efforts. I do so no longer, for I have never known them to take up any work that did not mean more for others than it did for themselves.

"I must not forget my own profession. Why, I can hardly pick up an exchange in which there is not a reference to the good roads subject. Look at this, just clipped from a widely-circulated publication. The editor was talking about a proposed piece of good road between two Western cities. His closing paragraph is worthy of close study, and is as follows:

"'But these roads cannot all be built in one year. The county board should lay out a plan for road improvement covering a number of years. A given number of miles might be allotted to be completed each year. All parts of the county might be included, and in time a system of roads would be built that would be a credit to the county and a saving to the farmers. Perhaps if the sessions of the county board were to be held in the early spring months, instead of in the fall when we nearly always have good roads, we might see something substantial accomplished.'

"Here is a paragraph from a Minnesota paper that attributes the failure of four merchants, in March, to bad roads. The roads were so bad that collections could not be made. Oh, yes, my profession is doing its part in hastening the good roads era."

The conversation was encouraging, very, and, indeed, rather inspiring, for what the editor said is true. The agitation is, indeed, widespread. It must result in the upbuilding of the required good roads sentiment.

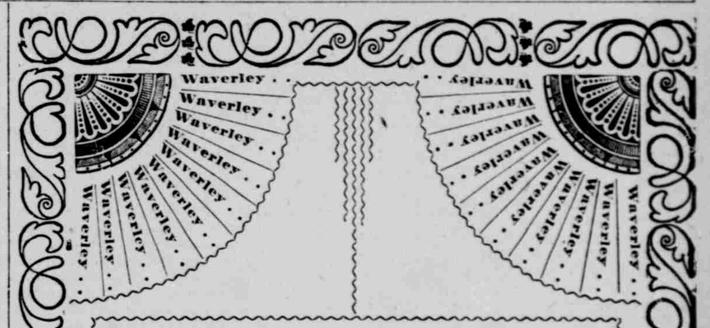
SOME FEATHERED JOKERS.

Ruse Practiced by a Crow on His Companion Bathers.

Meehan's Monthly.

Whether or not animals have a sense of humor is a difficult question to answer, considering that no one can interpret the actions or expressions of these creatures; yet there are occasionally incidents which seem to indicate that they are capable of having humorous sensations. The writer of this paragraph once lived in the vicinity of a person who was fond of taking and bringing up young crows. It was the custom to place a basin of water every morning in the yard for the young creatures to bathe in. There was usually trouble between them as to who should have the first chance at the bath. On one occasion one succeeded in obtaining the coveted privilege. As soon, however, as he had finished his ablutions, he quietly jumped out of the basin, took the edge of the basin in his beak and then tilted it over, throwing out all the water. Then he walked away with an air of triumph. It was certainly his object to play a joke on his less fortunate fellow crows.

More recently a pair of fowls were noticed in the highway. As is well known the cock birds often call the hens for a choice piece of food—it may be a worm or something else. On this occasion the hen was a long distance away. The cock took a small pebble in his mouth, and then gave a cluck to the hen to come and get it. The hen rushed vigorously toward her lord and master, who then quietly dropped the pebble and strutted away. The hen came to look for what she supposed was a delicious morsel, but could find nothing among the pebbles, where she supposed something good was in reserve for her. The glittering eyes of the male bird surely indicated that he thought he was practicing a huge joke on his little partner. It was evident, however, that she could not see the joke; and there is no doubt but that a curtain lecture was awaiting him when his lordship returned.



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