

A PORTIA OF THE BACKWOODS. The Judge Who Made a Reputation Without Dreaming That He Had Done So.

A good many years ago I was holding the Omega Oyer and Terminer in the heart of the great agricultural district of the State. The court was then composed of a Supreme Court Justice, presiding, and two Justices of the Sessions, that is, two justices of the peace of the county designated for such purpose.

This formidable bench was a survival of the old English procedure, which had long since lost the practical advantages it may have once had. The object of the sessions were mere superannuated, and consulted formally, perhaps, on the extent of a sentence, but never even attempting to advise on questions of law, all of which were decided by the presiding Judge as if sitting alone.

These associates of mine were burly men with broad faces, square jaws, tiny eyes and expansive whiskers, enough alike in lack of expression to be twins. Indeed, they were cousins. Horton by name, Squire Jim from the north and Squire Joe from the south part of the county, thinking alike and acting alike, when they thought and acted of all, and presiding, in the judgment of the presiding electorate, into a legal tower of strength.

The first part of the term was taken up by a general jail delivery, the disposition of minor criminals who had been unable to procure bail. Throughout this inquest it was quiet, for, almost every one pleaded guilty—the two Hortons, on either end of the desk played a dual rôle of rural dignity, to the gratification of the gaping onlookers. They seldom moved, they never spoke; now solemnly munching tobacco, and now, even more solemnly, dozing from their labors.

One Friday afternoon this somewhat perfunctory work was concluded, and District Attorney Sprole suggested adjournment until Monday morning next when he would move the Little case.

There was a stir and a whisper in the room, and I noticed that the Hortons roused sufficiently to exchange glances from the corners of their dull eyes. A sharp-faced attorney named Brazo nodded assent for the defence, the clerk entered the order, the erior adjourned court. Evidently there was to be no application for postponement in the case, whatever it might be.

As I sat for a moment, completing my perfunctory work, I concluded that District Attorney Sprole suggested adjournment until Monday morning next when he would move the Little case.

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"No, no," said the major, thankfully. "Excuse me, but do dogs chase?"

"Do they chase? They chase you till you're nearly crazy, you know. They'll give you a shake, and it's all up with you. I saw my father get it in the neck that way, and he didn't have time to kick."

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"The wee brown rabbit looked him over quickly."

"Oh, you're a domestic," he said. "I thought you didn't run very fast. Did you think I'd kick Charlie's Uncle Will?"

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To Those Interested in Pianos.

A piano investment is not an investment of a day, month or year. The money paid for a piano should represent the enjoyment of more than one century of ownership. THE KNABE costs more in the first instance than most pianos, but IN THE LONG RUN it proves to be not alone the most satisfactory instrument, but the least expensive compared with any piano.

We will be glad to tell you why.

WILLIAM KNABE & CO.

New York Warerooms, 154 5th Ave., Cor. 20th St.

TEACH HOW TO WRITE "ADS."

work. For example, the student is asked to select two advertisements printed in a newspaper, one for its worth and the other for its poor quality, and tell his reasons for thinking the one good and the other bad.

Most of the schools, too, are conducted in connection with an advertising concern of some sort and this makes it possible for the instructors to teach a practical way with advertisements that have been or will be printed, with real type and pictures, and real materials of all sorts.

The people who patronize the schools that teach advertising methods are of all sorts, but a large number of them are merchants and business men who want to know how to advertise their wares or services. Some of the pupils are women, and according to one advertising teacher the women who have come to him have done work which is fully as good as that of the men.

It often happens that a man's own town or city is the best place in which to get a job. If a man has a good education and a few returns after he has graduated, the statements made by the school people are very glowing. This is what one man says:

"I have taught some of the ablest advertising men much of what they know of the art and have secured many their present employment. The lowest salaried man in the number earns \$3,000 a year and another earns \$5,000 a year."

"One question that the would-be student asks me is: 'But where shall I get a place?' I answer him by saying that he can get a job right in his own town, even if it is a small place."

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APPAIRS IN HUNGARY.

Fierce Struggle Against the Nationalities. BUDAPEST, Nov. 4.—There is a fierce and ardent struggle going on here against the nationalities, which occupy almost one-third of Hungary, and by speaking five different languages are under the protection and special aid of the emperor and the monarch.

The Slovaks, who spread all over the northern part of the country, with their Pan-Slav leaders, are—It is said—aided by Russia; the Germans in the south, with many a Pan-German agitator among them, stand always in contradiction with the Hungarians; the Roumanians, the Serbs and the Croats, the Roumanians in the east, who are backed by Roumania itself, continue an unceasing fight, cultural and political, in favor of their language, nationality and imagined national rights, excluding everything from their territories that would be in accordance with the Hungarian language and the official language of the kingdom.

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