

# THE BARTON COUNTY DEMOCRAT.

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GREAT BEND, - - - KANSAS.

## TO THE BOBOLINK.

Sweet bird, I greet thee! O, that merry lay  
I've longed these many months to hear again!  
And since the bluet opened I've come each day  
Out to these meads and listened for thy strain.

Who taught thee how, in poetry divine,  
To utter forth thy soul? What boundless joy  
Impels that ringing, thrilling note of thine?  
What pleasures findst thou that never cloy?

What airy spirit in the apple tree  
Among the tinted blossoms incites thy lay,  
And makes thee, singing, soar in tremulous  
glee  
As thou wert trilling thy dear heart away?

O could I sing, sweet bird, O could I sing  
In words as true, in music rich as thine,  
So would I make the listening planet ring,  
And force Dull Care to cease his needless  
whine!

Thy toll to thee is happiness supreme.  
Thy sweetest songs amid thy labors sound;  
I listen to thee singing and I seem  
To stand with angels upon holy ground.

But day leaves day, and soon thy friends, the  
flowers,  
Will lie in the moist grave; then wilt thou  
wing  
Thy hurrying flight away to warmer bowers,  
And I shall come in vain to hear thee sing.

But wilt thou carry to the distant clime,  
To soothe man's soul, thy missionary strain?  
Or wilt thou, alas! unto an evil time,  
And sink to vulgar revelry and pain?

Sing on, O sing! that note should never die,  
Within my brain the living sound shall dwell;  
Horn to the beautiful of earth and sky,  
Still to the ruler world of all beauty tell.

—D. J. Donahoe, in Good Housekeeping.

## LED INTO TEMPTATION.

Story of a Remarkable Personal Experience.

I. In 1856 I was the one-half owner of a daily newspaper in Davenport, Iowa. I had just left college; I was hopeful, enthusiastic, and the prospects were rose-hued and enchanting. A year later a great financial crisis swept over the country and wrecked my journalistic venture, leaving me a bankrupt without any available resources. All the coasts of the country were covered with shattered craft. Everywhere there was ruin which seemed final. I do not know why I did not go to the devil at this period, as there appeared for a time no route leading in any other direction. In fact I began to gravitate thitherward, and probably should have made the journey with due rapidity, and with at least average brilliancy, had there not occurred an incident, which, for a time at least, diverted my steps in another direction.

There was a man living in Davenport at that date named McGuire. He was connected with a family of some wealth, had been a steamboatman for many years and had closed his career in that line through the loss of his eyesight. Although totally blind, he preserved his energy and somewhat of his ambition, and determined to earn his own living. Many schemes were devised and discussed, and finally one was adopted. It consisted in a panoramic exhibition. The Mormon matter was at that time one of considerable prominence, and it was believed that the public interest in the history of the saints might be depended on as a source of profit. Accordingly McGuire ordered the painting of a panorama, in which, in a score of pictures, there were presented the principal events in the career of the Mormons.

Commencing with the finding of the golden plates by Joseph Smith, the series pictured the Mormons at Nauvoo, the killing of Smith, the immigration to Missouri, the crossing of the plains by the fugitives to Salt Lake, views of the new home, and one gorgeous panel which claimed to be the portrait of Brigham Young and his wives. The artist who developed some artistic tendencies, who subsequently applied pigments to canvas in New York City with some success, and who is now engaged as a vender of caoutchouc products in this city.

McGuire needed some one to oversee his movements and to act as the lecturer. I was offered the position at the then munificent salary of twenty dollars a week, to be paid in gold, with the promise of a lavish share in the prospective inevitable profits of the enterprise. The black field of vision of the blind man became irradiated as by a noonday sun, as his imagination contemplated the successes of his venture. He would make the tour of all the principal cities of the States. And, then, the old world! To the nations of Europe the novelties of the Mormon faith and people would make the panoramic exhibition one of irresistible attraction.

Albeit somewhat given to pessimistic views of life and inclined to despondent conclusions, I became enthused over his brilliant colorings of the future, and saw myself the possessor of unlimited wealth.

The opening night of the panoramic venture was in June, 1858. There was a fair audience, who listened patiently as I waded for three hours through a paper which I had prepared for the occasion, and which was in the main a young man's savage denunciation of the persecutions of the unfortunate saints.

The next night we gave an exhibition at Rock Island, across the river. The attendance was light, and as I had cut my lecture to one-half its original dimensions I had reason to think that the audience was at least better pleased with this feature of the exhibition. A

blind musician named Parker was the orchestra for the evening.

The initiation of the new enterprise was thus not specially promising, although I tried to console myself with the hope that a bad beginning would make a good ending. A couple of days later we were en route eastward, and made our first halt at Geneseo. The audience did not number more than a score. At La Salle it rained as if the foundations of the great deep had again broken up, and the attendance in the cramped and foul-smelling room in the court house, which we had secured for the exhibition, could have been tallied by one's fingers. I had not a cent of money and when the La Salle engagement closed I found that my employer was in the same condition.

I need not prolong this portion of the narrative, as it is but preliminary to the main incident to be related. Suffice it that the assistant and myself remained in pawn, so to express it, at the Hardy House, while McGuire went back to Davenport to secure from his relatives a fresh supply of funds. We and the panorama were relieved when he returned. It rained incessantly. The only point on the trip where there was an audience large enough to pay expenses was at Dowagiac, Mich. At Kalamazoo we had Fireman's Hall and but ten people present, three of them were deadheads, with the result that McGuire was unable to pay the hall rent, and the proprietor held his pictures as security.

There is a little town a few miles beyond Kalamazoo on the Michigan Central railroad. Immediately after the close of my lecture at Kalamazoo McGuire gave me thirty-five cents to pay my fare to this town so that I might distribute the handbills of the panoramic exhibition. He did not then know that his appliances would be held. I left toward midnight, and that was the last I ever saw of the panorama and its proprietor.

I secured the little hall contained in the town, and distributed printed advertisements. The trains came, but no panorama. Two days thus passed, when a letter from McGuire informed me that he was about to return to Davenport to obtain some more money, and that he would come back in a few days.

When, after some time had elapsed, and the promised panorama did not come, I began to feel my situation embarrassing. The hotel proprietor had accepted my explanation of a lack of funds, and readily agreed to await the arrival of McGuire. At the end of a week matters began to change. There was no McGuire, and I was not the possessor of a single nickel. I was ashamed to write for assistance to any of my friends; in fact, I could think of none of them that would probably respond to a request for money, under the circumstances. I became despondent; my bright promises of a year before had all faded, and I felt myself an absolute failure. I was a wretched castaway in a strange region without a friend, or resource, or hope.

One day, when sitting in a bowling-alley, and watching a game between a couple of local experts, a stranger entered, and after looking around in an indifferent manner, finally, as if by accident, dropped into the seat adjoining mine. Some peculiar stroke by one of the players elicited a remark from me, to which he responded. This grew into a conversation, and later into an intimacy. He was a tall man, about thirty years of age, with a smooth, open face, keen brown eyes, dark hair, and a physique indicating great strength. He was very sociable in his methods, treating freely at the bar, and had at his command a large supply of money, especially in the shape of gold coin, a handful of which he was in the habit of pulling from his pocket when he had to pay for some purchase.

He seemed to take a liking for me. He cultivated my acquaintance. He had been about the world a good deal, and knew many curious people and wonderful things. In my loneliness he was a welcome distraction, and I became attached to him and we were inseparable.

One bright Sabbath he invited me to take a walk into the country. We strolled along the wagon road for a mile or so, and then turned into a meadow, near the center of which was a large tree. To this he led the way, and when we reached it we sat down within the grateful shade. My companion seemed unusually happy. His ideas ran on the splendors of wealth, the glory of travel, the favors of beautiful women and other matters kindred in their roscate suggestions. At length his thoughts drifted insensibly, as it were, into the far East. He seemed familiar with ancient history and with the legends of the fabulous wealth of the Oriental rulers and princes, of their excesses, their amours and their luxurious dissipations.

He related many curious legends, among which Solomon was a principal figure. Finally he told me the following:

"Some fifty years ago there was a traveler engaged in examining the ruins of the temple in Jerusalem. He was a man of great learning, especially in antiquarian history and in chemistry. For many weeks he searched through the foundations of the temple, carefully examining every foot of its accessible surface. He consulted constantly during his search a small diagram made up of puzzling lines.

"One day, in a remote recess which he discovered, and whose entrance had apparently been concealed for ages, he closely examined the walls, and on one of them found some mysterious characters. The moment he saw these he

commenced a minute inspection of the floor, in one corner of which, after a long examination, he found imbedded in the stone an iron ring."

To make the story brief, he said that the old man discovered a narrow stone stairway beneath the stone in which the iron ring was fixed, and at the bottom a small apartment in which was a chest from which he took a metal plate engraved with hieroglyphics. This he concealed about his person, and after carefully replacing the stone and filling up the entrance to the recess with rubbish, he disappeared.

"Well, whatever became of him?" I asked, "and what was the mysterious plate?"

He looked all around as if there might be a listener, and then whispered: "It was a recipe of a formula for the making of gold."

"And the old man, what of him?"

"See here, let me tell you something," and here his voice sank so low as to be almost indistinguishable. "Up in the peninsula of Michigan, in a place surrounded for miles with rocks and timber, there lives a man so old that nobody can guess his age. He has surely lived more than a hundred years. He is entirely alone, and no one, so far as the world knows, has ever visited him. Once a year he appears at some point, purchases some supplies, and then disappears. What he buys he pays for in gold pieces—always twenty-dollar pieces, bright and new, just like one of these," and he pulled a handful of double-eagles from the pocket of his trousers.

"Are these made by him?" I asked.

"Every one of them," he replied, as he tossed a handful of them into the sunshine, letting them fall in a shimmering cascade, whose golden waters mingled with the green grass.

"Why, that is counterfeiting! isn't it?"

"No, sir! There is no difference between these and those coined by the Government. If they are exactly the same, who is defrauded by their circulation? No one."

I still expressed some doubts as to their being so like the Government coinage that the difference, if any, could not be detected.

"Wait till to-morrow, and I will convince you," was the answer.

The next day he purchased tickets to Battle Creek and we went to the place on the first train. We first went into a shoe store where he purchased a pair of shoes, and in payment threw down a double eagle. The proprietor took it and gave him the proper change without any hesitation. "He may not be a judge of coin," I said after we left the store.

"Well, let us try some one that is an expert." We entered a bank and he threw several of the pieces on the counter and said:

"Please give me change for one of these, and be good enough to examine them closely, as I have reason to suspect they may be bogus."

The banker weighed them and then applied an acid test. "They are all right," he said, "and if you are afraid of them I will take all you have off your hands and give you currency in their place."

"No, thank you. I only wished to be satisfied they are good."

I was astounded and convinced that the money was as good as the genuine. And now a new phase in the conduct of my associate was developed. At first he began to enlarge on the splendors of a career with illimitable wealth at one's command. And then he advanced a step, and suggested that we should obtain some of this gold, and then go our way through the world rejoicing. He was in a position to obtain all that we required at a mere song. I had told him about the panorama venture, and he proposed that we should redeem it, purchase a wagon and horses and go through the country, ostensibly giving panoramic exhibitions but in reality distributing the coin.

"I tell you," he said, "I know how we can carry all the gold we want. We will bore full of holes the bar that crosses under the box and fill the holes with twenty-dollar pieces. Nobody would ever think of looking for it in any such place."

This did he ply me for several days. I listened to him with a lively curiosity. His plan seemed safe, feasible and certain to be productive of unlimited wealth. Often in looking back at this period of my life I wonder that I did not yield to his glittering promises. I was entirely alone. I had failed disastrously in business, and saw no hope in the gloomy future. I was in that condition when I cared for nobody and nobody seemed to care for me. For some reason, however, I never reached the consenting point. I was interested and delighted, and without any conscientious scruples heard him discuss measures for placing his gold on the public which I knew, whatever the evidence, to be counterfeit.

One morning he was missing, and I learned that he had left on an Eastern train.

How I extricated myself from the difficult position in which I was placed, through lack of funds, need not be related further than to state that I raised money enough to leave the place by pawning a valuable society pin, the badge of a college fraternity.

One day, during the war, while riding along the lines between Shiloh and Hamburg, I came across a sutler's tent and dismounted to get some thing to quench my thirst. There was a man inside whom I at once recognized as my old Michigan associate. At first he

denied knowing me, but at length admitted that he was the man.

"How is the gold business, and the old man up in the depths of the wilderness in the peninsula; and are you still pushing the double eagles?"

"Oh, all that be blamed?" was his answer.

"What do you mean?"

"Are you a fool? Haven't you tumbled to my racket up in Michigan?"

"I can't say that I have even yet. What was it, anyhow?"

"You must be the biggest fool in creation!" he answered, with a look of contempt. "Honest, now, don't you know what I was up to?"

"Honest, now, I don't. What was it?"

"Well, by Jupiter, that beats me! I'll tell you, although it doesn't seem possible that any man with a pinch of sense would have failed to have got onto my work. At that time Michigan was flooded with counterfeit money, especially along the line of the Michigan Central railway. You came to town an entire stranger, and were looked on with suspicion. I was in the secret service and was sent down to look you over."

"And the bogus money?"

"All genuine Government coin. Of course the bank found no fault with it."

"And the venerable antiquarian up in the woods?"

"Only a blind. I'll be plain with you. I intended to get you to go into the business of shoving the queer. If you had agreed to it I should have seen that you got a supply, and as soon as you had started in this business I should have pinched you. And then the consequences would have been that you now would be serving about your fourth year in the penitentiary."

I was enlightened. When I think of my position at that time, the inducements offered by the conscienceless scoundrel, and all the surroundings of the case, I sometimes wonder that I am not in the penitentiary.

I gave my old Michigan friend a piece of my mind in the most vehement and blasphemous English at my command and then rode away. I will add that all stated in this sketch are facts in my own personal experience and took place exactly as stated.—*Poliuto, in Chicago Times.*

## A VETERAN FINANCIER.

Sketch of the Remarkably Successful Career of Sidney Dillon.

The fact that Sidney Dillon was one of the purchasers of the Wheeling & Erie railroad some weeks ago recalls attention to a financier who has had an interesting career. He is one of the most popular of the moneyed powers of this country. He traces his genealogy back to the Huguenots, and some of his ancestors were Irish. Sidney Dillon is tall, well built, with snow-white hair and whiskers, being now well advanced in years. He used to be a water-boy on the Mohawk & Hudson railroad, and worked for one dollar a week. In after years he rolled up a fortune of \$15,000,000, but he lost heavily by the depreciation in the value of Union Pacific railroad stock.

After working industriously as a boy for a number of years and carefully saving his money he was able to buy a horse and cart, and then he carried water and sand for the railroad. He was all energy and enterprise, never letting a chance slip. In a few years he found himself able to hire or buy a number of horses and carts, and then he struck out in larger enterprises. He gradually secured railroad contracts, which proved very remunerative, and in his thirtieth year, when he married a very estimable lady of Amherst, Mass., he was in prosperous circumstances. This lady greatly aided him by the influence of a very superior nature.

He was at one time president of the Union Pacific, and was succeeded by Charles Francis Adams. He has been a director in the Union Pacific, Pacific Mail, Western Union, Missouri, Kansas & Texas, Delaware, Lackawanna & Western, Texas Pacific, Manhattan Elevated and the Mercantile Trust Company. At one time he had registered in his own name 45,000 shares of Union Pacific, 15,000 of Western Union and 10,000 of Lackawanna, not to mention his holdings of other stocks. He has done valuable service for Jay Gould, especially in connection with the Union Pacific years ago, and the "Little Magician" stands by him to-day. Mr. Dillon's career illustrates the amazing possibilities open to the poorest in this country.—*Oscar Willoughby Riggs, in Philadelphia Press.*

## Defining a Sleeper.

The fashion we have of saying "steamer" and "cutter," and of using many similar words in a variety of senses, results not so much from the poverty of our language as from our laziness. It is well ridiculed in the following:

A sleeper is one who sleeps. A sleeper is that in which the sleeper sleeps. A sleeper is that on which the sleeper carries the sleeper while the sleeper sleeps in the sleeper, the sleeper carries the sleeper over the sleeper under the sleeper, until the sleeper which carries the sleeper jumps off the sleeper, and wakes the sleeper in the sleeper by striking the sleeper under the sleeper, and there is no longer any sleeper sleeping in the sleeper on the sleeper.—*Youth's Companion.*

—A lady writes: Our eldest (not yet three, and a very small talker generally), on returning from a long drive, was undressed and put to bed. Stretching his chubby form, he slowly remarked: "Dere's no place yike home."—*Golden Days.*

## NEW YORK STYLES.

Description of a Number of Beautiful Summer Toilettes.

As an illustration of the varied ways in which black is used, a French toilette for afternoon receptions is of black gros grain with double stripes, one of which is leaf green and the other pale rose color; this is made up in one of the new French coats with the basques long behind, sewed on with seams across the hips, and turned back to show revers of black moire; the fronts slope away to disclose a vest of leaf green camel-hair fastened by small black moire straps. The high standing collar is of the green wool at the top, with the striped silk bias on the lower half. A point of the green wool is inserted like a cuff in the sleeves, and strapped with moire. The full skirt is in long plaits varied in front and back, with revers of the black moire and in-laid spaces of the green wool. Another Paris dress for Newport is of summer Bengaline of a creamy ground barred with vines of small flowers in pink, brown and dark red hues. This has a gathered skirt of six straight breadths, with a deep gathered flounce of Malines lace around the foot, and festooned up the left side with bows and ends of black watered ribbon (two inches wide) set in the corners of the festoons. The quaint over-dress is a Marie Antoinette polonaise with a short curved panier on the left, quite far back, and a much deeper one on the right side. The shorter basque front is half-high, gathered on the shoulders and has elbow sleeves. The lace is arranged on the neck as a plaited turned-down collar in the back, with ample full down the front, and the black watered ribbon reappears in a bow back of the neck, in another back of the waist line, and in others on each sleeve. Square pockets on the corsage are puffs of Malines net and lace over black ribbon, and the sleeves are similarly finished. Black India silks striped with white are made with a loose vest of white embroidery plaited at the top, and the plaits gradually widening to the waist, where they are finished with scalloped edges, and hang loose.

Worth's new scarf mantles are imported in black grenadine on which jet pendants are sewed, and there are no trimmings across the end in the back, the material being simply hemmed along its selvage. The scarfs are nearly straight, being fitted by seams down the shoulders, with some fulness gathered across at the end of the seams. Wide lace is then draped down the fronts to fill in the space at the throat, and is disposed like a hood behind over pale yellow or light green velvet, which is also used under the front scarfs; bows of black and watered ribbon tie these scarfs at the waist line, and the ends droop to form long mantilla fronts. Shoulder capes for completing black toilettes for the street are made of wide black lace in accordion plaits, on which are laid V-shaped jet pieces in back and front, with a high collar. Simple small mantles for various dresses are made of plain Bengaline for the basque back and mantilla fronts, while the sides are of French lace, with many ends and loops of black watered ribbon.

The sailor styles are repeated in many garments for both boys and girls. Girls' sailor jackets for general wear are of navy blue cloth, cut double-breasted, with gilt, silver, blue, or white buttons. Sometimes the square navy collar is made entirely of wide blue or of white Hercules braid, and the buttons must then correspond. The genuine pea-jacket of blue cloth is worn by small boys with their kilt skirts, or with trousers. Red sailor collars of Turkey cotton braided with white are worn with sailor blouses in the house, and are turned over outside jackets for the street.

Dressy short jackets worn by girls from three to twelve years of age are of green, gray-blue, tan or navy blue camel's hair cloth, trimmed with rows of silver braid on the high velvet collar, the cuffs, and the single three-cornered revers of velvet which is turned over at the top of the double-breasted front. Long coats are also worn, made of barred or striped woolsens, double-breasted or with vest fronts, the backs cut off below the waist line, and the fullness plaited there under broad bands or girdles of braid.—*Harper's Bazar.*

## How to Tan Small Skins.

Soon after they are taken from the animals spread them out smoothly, flesh side up. For a sheep-skin use one pound of salt, half a pound of alum, two tablespoonfuls of saltpeter, or about this proportion. Rub some of the mixture well in, and sprinkle the remainder evenly over the surface; turn the head to the tail, having the woolly side out, roll smoothly and closely and wrap with a cord. Let it remain so five days; then spread and tack it against the side of an outhouse; scrape all the flesh and grease off with a dull knife or other instrument, when thoroughly cleaned, wash with warm water and soap; wipe off as dry as possible and grease with lard—brains might be better—rub with a crooked stick having a bend in the middle; when it is nearly dry the rubbing may cease. When thoroughly dry, wash in a tub of warm soap-suds and rinse. While drying rub the fleshy side sufficiently to keep it soft; comb the wool after it is dry, and you will have a floor mat, which, trimmed and lined with red flannel, will be entirely satisfactory as a piece of domestic work.—*Cor. Rural New Yorker.*

—No one can keep fowls profitably covered with vermin, or surrounded by filth. The first consideration is health, the next, cleanliness, warmth, ventilation, variety of food

## GIVE THEM A HITCH.

How Sailors Keep Their Trousers From Bagging at the Knees.

"How do I keep my trousers from bagging at the knees?" echoed an old man who had served many years in the British navy. "Why, that's one of the simplest things in the world if a man only knows how and will put himself to a little trouble at first. Jack Tar's trousers, as you know, are very close reefed and built snug and taut all the way down until near the bottom, where they are given full sail and spread themselves well over the boots. They are the very kind that are apt to bag at the knees, so one of the first things the young landlubber is taught when he enters the navy is how to wear them. No doubt you have often heard of the sailor taking a hitch in his trousers every time he sits down, and no doubt you thought he did it merely as a sort of introduction to the yarn he was about to spin. Yes, few people would imagine that the hitch is what keeps the trousers straight; but just think a moment and you will recollect that they fit very tight around the knee, and that whenever you sit down and poke out your knees you stretch the cloth. That's what makes 'the bagging.' By taking a few hitches in your trousers when you sit down you leave plenty of slack for the knees to play in, and your clothes will wear out before they will bag. After taking the hitch a few times it will become almost second nature to you; and you will do it unconsciously every time you sit down. The hitch may be simple, but it is worth more to a man than one of those patent five dollar trousers stretchers. As for the coat, not one in a dozen knows how to button it so that it will set well. The proper way is to begin at the bottom button and go up. Not a day passes but I have to laugh at people who say they are going to button their coats up and then calmly proceed to button them down."—*Philadelphia Telegraph.*

## GREAT PROFESSION.

How a Legal Luminary Astonished One of His Ex-Clients.

An old fellow entered a lawyer's office and excitedly exclaimed: "Look here, Colonel, I understand you have been employed by Wilkins to bring suit against me?"

"Yes, sir."

"But, Colonel, Wilkins accuses me of dishonesty."

"What of that?"

"What of it! Why, last year you defended me against just such a charge."

"Yes, I remember."

"Of course you do. You said during the trial that you had never met a more honest man than I am, and swore that I could not be guilty of a dishonest action."

"Yes, I believe I did."

"I know you did, and, sir, do you know what I'm going to do?"

"What?"

"I've got witnesses, and I'm going to prove in court that you said it. Then what will you do?"

"Acknowledge that I said it, of course."

"Then the jury will decide in my favor."

"I think not."

"Can't help it."

"Oh, yes, for I will tell the court how much faith I had in you last year, that I would indeed have staked my all on you, and that I was never more painfully shocked in my life than I was when, a few days ago, I received convincing proof of your rascality. My dear sir," the lawyer continued, "I am every day impressed more and more with the broadness and extensive comprehension of the legal profession. Don't be in a hurry. Always glad to see you, and will cheerfully serve you at any time."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

## IMPORTANT DECISION.

The Assignment of Wages by Workmen Declared Illegal.

A recent decision of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania is of the utmost interest to the wage-workers. It declares void all assignments of wages in advance to speculators and usurers. Hundreds of workmen were being systematically robbed by the system. It has been the custom for workmen to anticipate the wages and obtain credit by issuing to a merchant power of attorney to collect wages due at a future time, leaving a blank for the name of the employer, the blank to be filled by the merchant at a future date. In a test case between one James Woodring and the Lehigh Valley Railroad Company the court below decided that to hold such an assignment valid would be to open the door to improvidence and confusion on the part of the assignor, and in the end to utter and hopeless poverty. The court thought it equivalent to a man's selling himself into slavery, and that the danger to society from such a condition of things would be grave and alarming. In that case an assignment was declared illegal, and it was held that the company must pay Woodring his wages, although they had already been paid to the storekeeper to whom he had given an assignment. In affirming the judgment of the Common Pleas Court, of Northampton County the Supreme Court says: "The attempt was to assign that which had no existence, either substantial or incipient. There was no foundation of contract on which an indebtedness might arise. It was the mere possibility of a subsequent acquisition of property. This is too vague and uncertain. It can not be sustained as a valid assignment and transfer of property."—*Irish World.*

—Lady—"John, how dare you whistle when you are out with me?" Footman—"Oh, well, ma'am, I only thought we could march better with a little music."—*Flagstaff Blatter.*