

THE AVANT COURIER.

Behind the Prison Walls.
[From the New York Tribune.]

The Indians recently tried, convicted and sentenced at Indianapolis for complicity in whisky frauds were placed in the State Prison at Jeffersonville last evening. Their names are James K. Hill, Albert McGriff, William Mulford, David M. Lewis, Geo. T. Simonson, Philip C. Eberwine, Harrison Witter, John E. Phillips and Hiram S. Snyder. The prisoners previous to their present trouble occupied high positions, and were numbered among the best citizens of Evansville. The sentences are for hard labor. A Courier-Journal reporter had a talk with the prisoners after their arrival at the prison. On entering the room, the first man noticed was Albert McGriff. He was sitting on a smoking lounge with his face buried in his hands—the picture of despair. Being touched lightly on the shoulder, he started and raised his head. His face looked careworn and haggard, and his eyes were suffused with tears. He is an old man, sixty years have whitened his hair. He has an open, frank and honest countenance, and would be taken for a gentleman. Mr. McGriff spoke about his case, and said: "My God, to think that I would ever come to a place like this. It will kill me; my heart is crushed now. If it were not for my poor wife and son, I believe I could stand it, but to think of the disgrace brought upon them is more than I can bear. It will kill my wife. She is sick now, and this will kill her; but there is one consolation, she knows I am innocent of the charge. F. Bingham lied on me cruelly and maliciously. He never paid me a dollar in his life, and knows it well." He said that his wife is 58 years old, and that he had been married thirty years. McGriff was well known and highly respected at Evansville, being for seven years City Clerk of that place and a leading member in the Presbyterian Church. His trial and conviction told heavily upon him.

James K. Hill seemed cheerful, and said he had made up his mind to stand it; that he could stand as much as any other living man. He showed some emotion when told that his whiskers would be cut, and said he was sorry, as he had an ugly scar on his right cheek, which his whiskers hid. He asserted his innocence yesterday. He is 43 years old, and has a wife and eight children.

Philip C. Eberwine was sad and silent, having nothing to say to any one. He is 35 years old, has blue eyes and dark hair, slightly tinged with grey. In a note to Judge Gresham, before sentence was pronounced, he said: "I am unfortunately a pensioner upon the Government. I bear three severe and honorable wounds as a private soldier. I am married for life, and unable to do any manual labor. It was my helpless condition and poverty, coupled with a desire to save my little home from being sold from us, that caused me to listen to the oily words of the seducer."

Miller said that he would never have been in the ring at all if there had not been officers in it.

John E. Phillips thinks the sentence terrible. He was in the army four years, and was badly wounded. He said the distillers got him into it by stating that they would have to shut down or run "crooked," that he was trying to provide a home for his family, and did not want to lose his position. Phillips is about 50 years of age, and has a wife and four children in straitened circumstances. He takes his sentence hard.

Geo. T. Simonson was cool and self-possessed. He thinks that a little more mercy should have been shown him, but he was going to make the best of it. He was in the army, is 43 years old, has a wife and three children.

William Mulford is a fine looking man, probably 55 years old. He was a Colonel in the army, and received several wounds. He looked pale, but calm.

David M. Lewis had nothing to say, and appeared resigned to his fate. He is a man past the middle age of life, and has a family.

Hiram S. Snyder appeared indifferent to all around him.

After shaking hands with their friends, the prisoners were taken away, and had their hair cut and beards shaved off, and were then given convict suits, being so changed by the process as to be hardly recognizable.

The Moral Effect of Hurry.
To the thoughtful, the moral consequences of tension and hurry are very sad. To the physician their results are a matter of profound concern, for their great evils come under his daily observation. No evolution of force can take place with undue rapidity without damage to the machine in which the transformation is effected. Express railway stock has a much shorter term of use than that reserved for slower traffic. The law is universal that intensity and duration of action are inversely proportional. It is therefore no matter of surprise to find that the human nervous system is no exception to the law. The higher salubrity of rural over urban life is not entirely a matter of fresh air and exercise. Rural life involves leisure and pause in work, which are very essential to the maintenance of the nervous system in a state of due nutrition. Unremitting spasm soon causes atrophy. The high tension of life produces weakness at the very place where strength is most needed. The damage done to health of the most valuable part of the community, the best trained thinkers, most useful workers, is incalculable. Work and worry though not proportional, are closely connected, and an excess of the former soon entails an increase in the latter beyond the limits which the nervous system can bear with impunity, especially in the conditions under which work has to be done. The machinery for organizing the work of a community has to be rigid and inflexible, and in the strain involved in bringing a changing organism into harmony with a machine, the former must inevitably suffer.

A Strange Claim.
One of the strangest claims pending before Congress is that presented in the petition filed in the Senate by the children of the late Senator Wm. C. Sebastian, who was re-elected to his seat at the State of Arkansas for the term beginning March 4th, 1886, but was prevented from holding it by a resolution of ex-

pression passed by the special session of Congress which was called in July, immediately after the breaking out of the war. A resolution was passed July 11th, that recited that:

"Whereas, certain Senators, among whom Sebastian was named, had failed to appear in their seats, and it became apparent that they were engaged in the conspiracy to destroy the Union, they were declared expelled."

The petitioners aver that Sebastian was then a Union man, and remained such until his death in 1855, and they ask the revocation of the resolution of expulsion, and the declaration that his legal rights that is, the salary for the term to which he was elected, were to his heirs. With the petition are a number of affidavits from various parties testifying to the loyalty of Mr. Sebastian.

Sneaking Boots.
Whenever a man draws a prize of a squeaking pair of boots from a shoe store, he always gets them Saturday night, and by church time the next day the squeak is fully developed. He arrives at church during the long prayer, and upon his entrance the usher gives him an admonitory glare of silence. The first step is sid of the sacred precincts is followed by a sound like that of ripping a carpet from the side of a barn, while the ladies on the right side of the aisle tip their top knots on one side and squint from their left eyes; those on the other side reversing the order. Balancing painfully on his corns, he makes a more gradual effort, and is rewarded by hearing the same harmonious reverberance. "I linked saw-tooth long drawn out." Then he tries to trudge to the balls of his feet, and waddles along on his heels. He clutches convulsively at the ends of the pews to lighten his weight, knocks down an umbrella or two, and gets all the deacons to raising their bald heads, and the skin across their foreheads, and scowling as they do the rest of the week. So he determines to mince matters no more, and trots along fast, jerking out spasmodic shrieks with a regularity that is unobtainable in any other business, and reaches his pew with all his under garments turned to porous plaster.

The Dialect of the Cheyenne Indians.
[From the Wichita Beacon.]
Andreis Eisinger, a native of Switzerland, and lately of the Sixth U. S. Cavalry, is now in Wichita, under orders to report to the Department Headquarters at Leavenworth. Mr. Eisinger is a young man of about twenty-two years of age, born in Canton Thurgau, and was educated in the Grison or Canton Graubunden, which lies in the Fyrole Alps, on the Austrian frontier. The inhabitants of this canton speak a dialect termed Pomsolis by the Germans, and Romepa-va by the natives. Eisinger speaks it fluently. In the spring of 1873 he came to the United States, enlisted in the service, and was sent to Fort Dodge. In October, 1871, he was with Gen. Miles' command, which captured a part of the Cheyenne band of Indians then on the war path.

One of the parties captured consisted of three warriors and a squaw, who, supposing that none of the captors understood their language, conversed freely with one another, laying plans to escape. Mr. Eisinger was astonished to hear the aboriginals speak in a language familiar to his ears, the Romepa-va dialect. He reported his discovery to his commanding officer, who investigated the matter and found it to be as stated by the Swiss boy. He was discharged from the army and returned to his property, which position he now holds. The identity of the tongue is not perfect, but analogous to the broken talk of the G-man speaking English. It is the same with the Comanche and Arapahoe dialects.

The Pupils of Antwerp.
Surprising puzzles are the pupils of Antwerp as well as those of Ghent and Bruges. In them you find marble and oak so welded by the cunning of art that it is difficult to say whether the oak grew out of the marble, or the marble, in a liquid state, was poured over the oak and moulded it to shape. Sometimes an oak tree throws its branches about a marble shrine wherein the preacher stands surrounded by a whole menagerie. Birds and beasts perch on the balcony, and with the strutting cock at the top of all. Perhaps the little ones who sit under the drippings of these particular sentences resolve in their minds that "this is the cock" as well as the "cow with the crumpled horn that trod the dog that worried the cat that killed the rat," all of whom are immortalized on the premises. The Calvary at St. Paul's, which is cut from the street of the Back Sisters, is one of the curiosities of Antwerp, and perhaps one of the most interesting religious novelties in this part of Europe. Within the court adjoining the church, once the cloister of a Dominican monastery, a path leads to an artificial grotto in imitation of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. The whole side of the church is covered with bits of rock and slag, and white statues of saints, angels, prophets and patriarchs peer out from rustic niches with faces full of agony and dust. The dead Christ lies within the sepulchre; white angels watch over the place as they have watched for more than two centuries. Children stand up and look in upon the motionless figure of the Redeemer that is scarcely visible for the deep and profound shadows that are never lifted from the mimic tomb; birds hover about the court as they always do; birds make their vigils, they are so fond of these old churches.

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