

CHANCE.

MARY G. BARRINGTON.
The birds sang it, all the bells rang it,
The liveliest summer's day;
For some could say it in tune,
For some could say it in rhyme,
Oh, life is sweet, and the earth is glad;
Many are happy, if some are sad.
Up the mountain side, in the Autumn-tide,
Gorse and purple heather
Murmur the same together,
Oh, hope is bright and trust is true;
Through the world wide and in years are long.
Snow could not chill it, rain could not kill it,
Through the long winter's night,
For the pine-wood's roar, and a voice from the shore
Said it with all their might,
Oh, earth is changing, but the truth is sure,
And weak the heart that cannot endure!
Again the bells ring, again the birds sing,
The chime and the song are changed;
And the wind and snow of the long ago
Come like old friends estranged.
Oh, youth is fleeting and life has its summer;
Summer is sunny, but winter chills.
At night the rain beats a sad refrain,
The dawn cometh all too soon;
Like folk in a dream the neighbors seem,
And the world is cold in June.
Alas! for the time when all the bloom
Is brushed away from the purple plum.

SUMMER IDLERS.

Sample Characters who Make up Society at the Seaside.
Long Branch Letter.

The woman with the diamonds, who is "written up" by that awful scourge of modern society, the gossip newspaper correspondent. The "write up" includes what she looks like, what she says, what she does, what her husband looks like and why she married him; also, her culture or lack of culture, an estimate of the jewels, when she wears them and where she bought them; speculation in regard to her age and domestic happiness, and reminiscences of people who knew her when she was poor and don't like her and never did.

The young lady with the perfect figure and original bathing suit, who also enjoys the dubious felicity of figuring in the newspaper letters as to what other women say of her.

The fat woman who rolls about in the surf without shape or grace, and when out of the water and arrayed in her best entertains her woman friends by telling them how thin she was when she was a girl.

The conspicuous actress whose yacht and independent manners are enviously commented upon by those who can't afford either luxury.

The young lady with twenty-trunks and no pedigree to speak of.

The old dude who flirts with one foot in the grave and the other on a hassock.

The youth with fifty hats and enviable prospects.

The managing mother and the rich man's son who is engaged to the blonde heiress.

The man who thinks he looks like the first Napoleon.

The banker's wife with one hundred and fifty dresses and a limited supply of brains.

The five-hundred-thousand dollar widower.

The dude who wears three suits of clothes a day.

The woman who is "talked about."

The woman President Arthur is engaged to.

The woman who wears a \$20,000 bracelet and is silly reputed to be the wife of a gambler.

The man who drives the highest priced horses.

A young lady who swims divinely and stays in the water two hours.

The woman whose dog always wears a ribbon to match her dress.

The woman who is daily arrayed in fine old lace.

The "belle" of the place and the men who are engaged to her.

The stylish widow and her methods of compelling masculine attention.

The old man afraid of his wife, who is trying to get at her command, but who is miserable and wishes he was in his shirt sleeves in the little old "tavern" he used to keep at Sleepy Gulch before he got rich.

The sarcastic girl who hasn't learned that incivility of speech isn't wit.

The worried man who is heroically trying to put in the time with the appearance of enjoyment and is really counting the hours until he can get back to his beloved sleep.

The extremely disagreeable man who thinks he is fascinating, and continually lurs around the parlors and verandas complimenting the ladies.

The reputed lord and his belongings.

The flirtatious married woman who wears youthful hats and affects great vivacity of spirits, very joyous apparently, very wretched in reality.

The woman who wears discontent wrapped about her like a garment, and tells how well off she was before she was married, and then pauses indefinitely with an eloquent sigh.

The man who wants to argue on religious topics all the time.

The fool who takes the vote of the ouse on the presidential question.

The old lady with any amount of society experience behind her who eagerly enjoys the gossip of the town.

The girl without beauty who dances divinely.

The dreaded old man who talks about his disease.

The raw young journalist who takes copious notes of all proceedings, with a self-important air.

The broken-down beau who quotes poetry and does the sentimental un- interruptedly.

The woman who can't sing and continually tries.

The girl who mercilessly tortures the piano.

The popular girl who makes all the

other girls jealous and calls down severe criticism on herself from the mothers of daughters who are less courted.

The infirm old bachelor who brings his medicine to the table and takes it in the presence of the other boarders to the inevitable impairment of their appetites.

The bald-headed man who avoids draughts.

The hopeful old maid and the old maid who has lost hope.

The kittenish old lady who has never discovered that she is out of her teens.

The gay old man who speaks of women twenty years younger than himself as old, and affects extreme youth in his manners and apparel.

The business-woman man who is vainly trying to find recreation.

The man who wears a sandy bathing suit and cuts pigeon-wings in the water while he carries an umbrella with one hand.

The male victim of corpulency who can neither sink or swim.

The woman who wears a towering mass of false hair on the apex of her head and is happy in the hallucination that she is stylish.

The man who wants to talk about books and his chum who has written a pamphlet.

The forward boy who receives great consideration at the hands of the ladies because of the death of men, and forever after puts on airs in consequence.

The man who is there a week or so ahead of his family and establishes a reputation for gallantry which is completely overthrown as soon as his wife arrives and he sinks into abject moroseness.

The enthusiastic young lady who constantly asserts that she is having such a good time, and is straining every nerve to keep up the delusion.

The impecunious bachelor who is looking for a rich wife.

"COOK'S FOLLY."

An Old English Legend.

On the summit of the hill beyond Sneyd Park, Bristol, just where the hill begins to drop away toward the Severn valley, stands a round, ivy-clad tower, the central point in an exquisite circle of landscapes. The legend runs that the wife of Sir Maurice Cook, owner of the extensive estate in the neighborhood, while walking in the domain, she being then enroute, was pestered for alms by a strange-looking man. She gave him a coin, saying, "That will buy you food for the present." He impudently her for more, professing to be an astrologer. His impudency and her curiosity prevailed, she gave him money, and asked him to predict the fate of her first but unborn child. "Note the precise moment when it enters the world, and soon after you shall see me again."

Within a week the babe was born. The stranger duly appeared, learned the required facts, and next day presented the father with a scroll containing the following lines:

Twenty times shall Avon's tide
In chains of golden ring be tied—
Before a silent secret foe
Shall weave their branches merly,
In Spring burst forth in mantle gay
And dance in Summer's scorching ray;
Twenty times shall Autumn's frown
Wither all their green to brown—
And still the child of yesterday
Shall laugh the happy hours away.
That period past, another sun
Shall not his annual journey run,
Before a silent secret foe
Shall strike that boy a deadly blow.
Such and sure his fate shall be—
Seek not to change his destiny.

The father read it with a shudder. He, however, concealed the drift of the prophecy from his wife, and quieted her by assuring the fellow to be a daisy impostor. As the child grew in years and beauty, the father's anxiety increased, this being his only son. Before the lad had reached his twentieth year Sir Maurice had constructed this strange tower. When the fatal year was about to begin the father showed his son the scroll, and entreated him to occupy the retreat until the year expired. The young man laughed at the prediction, but seeing his father's anxiety, took up his residence in the prison. His meals were drawn up by him in a basket, and every luxury was supplied. His mother was long dead, but there were few moments when either sister or father were not within sight or call. And so the months rolled on until the eve of the last day of the fatal year. Father and sisters joined him in a chorus of delighted anticipations of the morrow, and, ere they left, asked if there was anything more they could do for him.

"Nothing," he said, "yet as the night feels chilly, and I have little fuel, send me up one more fagot."

Sir Maurice retired to his home. Sleep he could not. The morning dawned, fat and daughters hastened to welcome their loved one.

"Walter, Walter!" the sisters cried. "Answer. This is a cruel jest."

Sir Maurice stood silent, after the command to the servants, "Fetch a ladder!" They did so, and dashing into the room he found his son dead, with a servant twisted around his arm and his throat covered with blood. The rentle had crept from the fagot last sent to him, and had fulfilled the prophecy. "Cook's Folly," as the tower is called, with the estate, is now announced for sale.

Sample Business Overdone.

Philadelphia Call.

Soap Man—"Good mornin', madam. Sorry to trouble you to come to the door, but I wanted to leave you a sample bar of our new patent soap. Please try it. No charge, of course."

Madam—"Certainly. I will try it with pleasure. I was afraid you would not come."

"Afraid I would not come? Why you surely could not have been expecting me, for I only got this job this morning."

"No, I was not expecting you particularly, but I was afraid no soap agent would get here in time."

"In time?"

"Yes, the soap sample men have been dropping off a little during the past few years, and as my stock of samples was running low, I was really frightened."

"Why, what about?"

"At the thought that I might actually have to begin buying soap again."

THE STORY OF "OLD FORTY."

The Peculiarities of an Old Captain—Old Incidents.
Boston Globe.

His name was Capt. Ralph Devereux, but everybody called him "Old Forty." The reason for this was that he was always using this numeral in describing any event that occurred. It was as cold as "forty," and as hot as "forty," there were "forty" boys came out of the school house and fired snowballs at his old horse, the wind blew like "forty," his cowhide boots pinched like "forty," and he had "forty" pains in his old rheumatic back when he got up in the morning. Nobody around Prospect called him anything else, and at last all his animals, from a stubtailed yellow dog to his ugly old horse with a watch-eye received the same title. One day a few young lads hired this horse to go to an evening party. The sum charged was \$2, and the boys went around to the country stores and bought up all the old-fashioned coppers they could find. They succeeded in getting 200 at last and sewed them up in bags of forty each and gave them to the old man in payment. He took the money, but said he wouldn't let his horse again for "forty" years. His friends tried to break him of his habit and resorted to all sorts of devices, but they had no effect. One night he attended the distribution of presents from a Christmas tree. The only token he received was an illustrated copy of "All Baba and the Forty Thieves."

"I don't see what they wanted to give me that for," mused he, "I've got as many as forty books at home now."

He went to town meeting one rainy day and caught a cold which terminated in pneumonia. For several days he lay delirious, tossing and moaning and calling for water all the time. When his right lung had filled up solid, and but a small space was left in the other one, his fever abated a little and he recognized those around the bed.

"Here, father, take this medicine," said his daughter, "the doctor ordered it and I know it will do you good."

Throwing his hand out on the bed with an impatient gesture, he looked up and said:

"Go away, child, and don't bother me. Forty doctors couldn't help me now."

He died that night and forty carriages followed him to the grave.

A TRAMP TYPO.

The Man he Met on the March and What they Were Doing There.
Boston Globe.

"How do you do, Mr.—? I'm glad to see you. I didn't know you were in Boston."

The Daily Globe reporter looked at the speaker, a hard-looking citizen, who was evidently down on his luck, and replied:

"I cannot say that I recognize you. Who are you?"

"Well, you ought to know me. I've set a deal of your copy in old times. Don't you remember Billy Buckingham, who used to stick type in the Chambersburg Sentinel office?"

The reporter did remember him. He had known Billy years ago when Billy was a bright-eyed, active type, earning wages a great deal higher than the reporter's pen commanded. He was a different kind of a Billy now, as he stood in seedy clothes, and with a face bearing all the traces of dissipation.

"What has happened to you, Billy? You don't look as well as you did in old times."

"The same old story. I tried to wrestle with lead poisoning by drinking gin, and gin wrestled with me, and threw me. I was down in New Orleans last winter, but I came North in the summer season to avoid the hot weather. When the frosts come I shall go South again."

"How do you travel?"

"Tramping. Queer business, isn't it? I get a good many free rides on the cars, but when I can't manage that way I take the foot train. When I strike a town I sometimes work for a few days but I get uneasy and off I go again. By keeping ahead of the cold weather I manage to have a pretty good time. I don't need many clothes, you see. When I first started out I carried a printer's trunk—a collar box with a couple of shirts in it—but I found it was a cumbersome and threw it away. Now I have nothing to trouble me, not a soul in the world to worry about me, and I have the choice of any part of America for free board and lodging. So long as I earn enough to keep me supplied with cool, refreshing gin, I am all right."

"Do I have much company? Well, I should say so. I am rather ashamed of it, but sometimes I find very decent fellows on the tramp. You see, there are a good many kinds of us. Some have got used up through hard times and sickness, and are on the honest look-out for work. Then there is the fellow who never did work, and never intends to work as long as he can live without it. Next comes the crooked tramp, who steals whenever he can, and then comes the tramp who works sometimes, and sometimes doesn't. That's the kind of a tramp I am. I've got a good character but I'm lazy, and I make a business of it. I wouldn't work at all if it wasn't that I needed a little cash for incidentals. I can always find a place to sleep, and I never go hungry very long whether I work or not."

"There is always plenty of grub to be got for the asking, and in the country places a tramp who knows how to work the racket always gets the best that is going. It's a bad time to strike the country, not out what they will use you well enough, but they want you to help the start, and the glass pearl bead business got its first boom. It requires the scales of four thousand bleak fish to make half a pint of the pearl liquid. They are simply removed from the fish, which are as cheap as mouskebushes, and soaked in tepid water. Nowadays a very small quantity of sal ammonia and isinglass is added to the liquid. It is introduced inside the bead by a small tube, and when it is dry, a coating of wax is run over it. Fortunately for the fish, the trade in these beads, pearls and cheap as they are, is not alarmingly large."

HUMAN VOWS.

Some Pledges, Wise and Foolish, Which Have Become Historic.
Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Catherine de Medicis was quite given to taking vows of altogether needless stringency on others. For instance, after succeeding in some enterprise in which she was greatly interested, she would send a pilgrim on foot to the Holy Land, who should, for every three steps forward on his journey, take one step backward.

More personal and less agreeable to the chief person concerned was the vow taken by Queen Isabella, daughter of Philip II., in the twelfth century, not to exchange her linen till the city of Ostend had been taken by her soldiers. The siege lasted three years, and so singularly truthful was her Majesty's character that she kept her oath to the last. To

testify their regard for her persistency, the ladies of the court adopted a dingy yellow color for their ruffs and stockings which they christened "Isabeau." This was the origin of the tint known as ecru, which comes up to the top wave in fashions occasionally.

In medieval times religious vows of a character similar to the above were so very common that the sanctity of the friars was gauged by their dirtiness. In like manner vows never to cut the hair, beads or nails until a greatly desired but more or less impossible scheme was carried through have always had a fascination for certain minds. During the time of Cromwell in England certain devoted followers of the crown vowed never to trim their beards till the King had come to his own again. These were freed from their self-imposed penance by the Restoration, but two noblemen who made a similar vow in behalf of the younger pretender were less fortunate, but had to carry their patriarchal beards to their graves.

In 1862, when Belgrade was bombarded by the turks, certain Serbian patriots vowed not to allow a razor to touch their faces until they could shave within the fortress itself. For five years they had to forego the services of all friendly barbers, but at last the triumphant hour came. One day in 1867 they all marched through the streets of Belgrade, preceded by barbers, razors in hand, their long flowing beards exciting the amazement and delight of the populace. They went into the fortress, and some time afterward all came marching out again with clean-shaven faces, looking vastly younger for the operation. Only a few weeks ago Chicago was honored by a visit from a long-haired gentleman, who vowed forty years or so to follow the custom of Samson, or to let no razor come nigh his head until Henry Clay should be elected. Obviously this man was set free from his vow by the death of his candidate; but such is the respect accorded to vows that many regard them as binding, although the conditions on which they were built have vanished.

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They were going off on a journey.
"Which shall I carry?" he asked, "the baby or the dog?"
"You had better carry the baby," she replied, "and I will take charge of Beauty, dear little fellow, I wouldn't have anything happen to him for the world!"

BEER DRINKING IN BAVARIA.

Startling Figures Showing the Capacity of an Able-Bodied Bavarian.
In a report on the history and present condition of the beer business in Bavaria Consul Horstmann says: "There are in Bavaria about 5,480 breweries, using in the aggregate 14,802,500 bushels of malt, which are converted into about 8,970,000 barrels of beer. Of these breweries 5,653 are owned by private persons, 19 are joint stock companies, 257 belong to communities, and 51 sell all their beer to the consumer on the premises; 411 breweries are worked by steam power, 254 by animal power, and the rest partly by water power and by hand."

"The largest breweries are in the capital; the principal one of these (Brauerei zum Spaten) used, in 1881, 372,400 bushels of malt; next in rank are four establishments using from 140,000 to 252,000 bushels each. Of the remaining 5,475 breweries in Bavaria only 130 use more than 14,000 bushels annually, and of these last eleven are in Munich. There are, further, 1,106 breweries consuming from 2,800 to 14,000 bushels of malt, and 4,299 breweries using less than 2,800 bushels each."

"Most of the beer produced in Bavaria is consumed in the country itself, only about 7 per cent. of the whole production being exported. The principal cities taking part in this export—which is chiefly to North Germany, France, and the United States—are Munich, Kulmbach, Nuremberg, and Erlangen."

The Consul supplies a tabular statement of the quantities of beer consumed annually per capita in various countries, and says:

"It will thus be seen that Bavaria takes the lead of all nations in its consumption of beer. It is quite natural that the chief characteristics of a nation should culminate at its capital, and Munich out-beers Bavaria, the annual consumption there reaching the enormous figure of 470 quarts to each person, or about 1 1/3 quarts daily, whereas in the United States only about one-tenth of a quart is the daily requirement per person, thus showing that the Munich man drinks thirteen times as much beer as one of our citizens."

"In order to understand this great consumption of beer in Bavaria, it must be explained that the people begin drinking it from the cradle up. It is looked upon not as a stimulant or a mere delicacy, but as a necessary article of nourishment for the body."

"It is often styled the 'liquid bread' of the laborer, who generally takes beer for breakfast. Beer is drunk all the year round and at every hour of the day and night."

It would involuntarily lead me into a long article, but little suited for the staid pages of a consular report, were I to give illustrations of the capacity of the Bavarians for the stowing away of their natural beverage. A few figures will here suffice. Although, as I have said, the very babes begin drinking beer almost as soon as they are born, yet the quantities consumed by them are comparatively small; then, again, if we count the whole population as females, who, of course, are moderate (according to their ideas) in the use of beer, I suppose it would leave a showing of about two and a half or three quarts to each male over the age of sixteen years. Now three quarts in the course of twenty-four hours is a small amount to a true Bavarian. If I gave the figures of the capacity of an ordinary drinker, and of an accomplished drinker on festive occasions they would appear startling. I venture to say there are thousands of men who drink their eight quarts regularly every day of their lives, and many who drink even more. One man told me he had been drinking 17 quarts daily for many years. Another man was known to drink 6 quarts (6 1/2 quarts) every evening, besides what he had taken through the day. I almost afraid to write how many quarts a full-fledged student, when put upon his mettle, can pack away, but it is nevertheless an established fact that a student can drink and does drink at times 10 to 12 quarts at a sitting. In order to get some idea of this quantity, suppose it were put into our ordinary five-cent glasses, filled as they usually are (for we must be remembered our glasses are one-half full), we would have a row of about 60 glasses waiting to be emptied."

"Recently at an evening festival at one of the Munich breweries, which was attended by about 800 persons, twenty-nine hectolitres of beer passed their lips in five or six hours. This averages about 2 1/2 quarts to each participant. But the percentage of alcohol in Bavarian beer is less than in any other beer."

Water melon picnics were in style. Buckskin pants were fashionable. The woods were full of wild game. There was no bottom to the roads. Grist mills were but corncrackers. Beefsteak was three cents per pound. Every settler had a rifle and a coon dog.

The old oaken bucket hung on a pole. Salt pork greased the human machinery. Pumps and puffers were not in demand. The bon tons were married in calico dresses.

TELEGRAPHING THE EXACT TIME.
Washington Post.

The determination and transmission of exact time forms, in a utilitarian sense, is an important part of the national observatory work. It is interesting to observe the routine followed every day by the time officer. At 11 o'clock he enters the chronometer room and spends half an hour or more in comparing and winding the chronometers. Some of these are ready to go on sea voyages, while others must undergo a long period of correction. In the room are also two clocks, a mean time and a transmitting clock. The former is never corrected, and when the Post reporter visited the observatory it was nine and some hundredths seconds fast. It is never over thirty seconds out of the way. Once a year it is taken down and cleaned, but is never tinkered with or "regulated." Every day its error is closely calculated by the lieutenant in charge.

At 11:40 the error of the transmitting clock is obtained. This is done by recording on a chronograph both its beats and the beats of the mean time clock. If they do not register simultaneously the difference can be determined to the hundredth part of a second. The point of a lead pencil held just near enough to the pendulum of the transmitting clock to retard it, if it is fast, or accelerate it, if it is slow, enables the officer to make the difference between the clocks just equal to the error of the mean time clock, which will be shown on the tell-tale chronograph.

At 11:50 the officer signals to the watchman on the roof and he hoists the time ball.

At 11:56 the chronograph is connected with the mean time clock, and the clicking—each click represents a second—begins.

Half a minute later the officer turns a switch and the transmitting clock is ready to be connected with the outgoing wires.

At 11:56.44 the repeater switch connecting these wires is closed, and the beat of the next second, the forty-fifth, goes out, the first signal that the hour of noon is approaching.

At 11:58:55 an automatic break arrangement causes the clock to cease transmitting the electric current, and for five seconds there are no beats. The next click begins the last minute before noon. This click is the signal for the watchman on the roof to slip the bolt through a ring, thus fastening the ball.

The seconds before twelve a final adjustment is made. There is a moment's silence—then a click as the second hand reaches sixty, and the ball on the dome has dropped and the hour of noon has been flashed across the land in every direction.

It used to be the custom for the time officer to listen for the click and then press a key. This has been abandoned, and now the signal flashes direct from the clock itself.

Wilkins's Proverbs.
Whitehall Times.

Many are comfortable when others are not.

The political dance is not always a square dance.

The argument of ignorance is often based on the force of bigotry.

Clothes don't always make the man—unless he sells them at a good profit.

The world is a great barber shop and every man waits his turn to be shaved.

No tombstones mark the graves in the cemetery where lost hopes are interred.

The bee that is loudly proclaiming that the world owes it a living, goes homeless to bed.

Every man desires his own deeds emblazoned in loud primer—his neighbors in diamond type.

"Schooners" of beer sail the sea of trouble, and many a mariner is wrecked when "half seas over."

Men and horses differ. The latter is worthless unless he is broke, and the former is worthless if he is ditto.

More money can be made in one day's strict attention to one's own business than by ten days minding the affairs of one's neighbor.

Wasn't Popular.
Arkansas Traveler.

As a justice of the peace, old Nicolas was undoubtedly prejudiced. Several days ago he was summoned before the grand jury, an indictment, charging him with malfeasance in office, having been found against him.

"We have proof here," said the foreman, "showing that one Andy Tobman was arraigned before you, and, that regardless of the fact of his innocence, which was clearly shown, you sent him to jail. Now explain why you did this, since the evidence showed that he was innocent."

"Yes, sah; couldn't fine no fault wid