The Southern Sentinel.

J. T. WALLACE, Editor and Business Manager.

WINNFIELD, WINN PARISH LA.

WHAT SHE IS NOW.

Her hair is a lovely brown that turns
To gold when the sunshine on it lies,
And, fringed with lashes of darker hue,
A golden brown are her radiant eyes,
And the milk-white teeth that her smiles disclose
Are like pearls enshrined in the heart of a rose.

As fair as the snow are her helpful hands,
And her low broad brow, and her slender throat,
And she flits about with a fairy grace,
And her voice is sweet as a wild bird's note—
Aye, sweeter you'd say if you heard her speak
In the cheeriest way to the weary and weak.

To the weary and weak, for her life is passed
In scenes the saddest that one could find,
And the many prayers that are prayed for her
Are breathed by the maimed and the halt and blind.
Some day, up in Heaven, a saint she will be;
Now only a hospital nurse is she.
—*Margaret Eytinge, in Harper's Weekly.*

THE TORNADO.

Its Nature and Freaks Explained by "One Who Knows."

I have been making the Western tornado a subject of special study during the past ten years, and have been led to the following conclusions as to the nature of the meteor, leaving out of the present discussion the manner of its generation. I present these convictions: They are not creations of accident, springing up haphazard, no one knows how or where, but they are governed by law. The grand cause of their inception, course and motion, is the law of gravity. And the trifling dust whirl we see on our prairies and in our roads during a summer afternoon is governed by exactly the same law as impels the frightful tornado. Since my attention has been turned to the subject I have noticed hundreds of those toy tornadoes, and have enlisted my friends in the observation; during this time I have never seen or heard of one revolving with the hands of a clock or in this fashion:

On the contrary, their motion has invariably been the other way, or contrary to the motion of the hands of a clock, as in this manner:

There is a very simple reason for this motion; in fact, the whole mechanism of the tornado is of the simplest character when the law of gravity is applied as the key to its solution.

All its actions conform to this law. Leaving aside the discussion of its initial formation at this time I say: The tornado springs out of a circumscribed area of high barometric pressure and moves forward in the line of least resistance or toward areas of low pressure. It never takes form and motion until past midday. It is never generated in the night time. It is never brought into action during a cloudy day or soon after a succession of cloudy days. Now, why the whirling motion contrary to the movements of the hands of a watch?

Prof. W. M. Davis, of Harvard, College in his monograph on "Whirlwinds, Cyclones and Tornadoes," says:

"It is found, however, that all storms yet studied turn from right to left in the Northern hemisphere, and from left to right in the Southern. Such constancy points to something more regular than the accidental strength of the winds, to some cause that shall always turn the indrafts to the right of the center as they run in toward it in the Northern Hemisphere, and to the left in the Southern Hemisphere; and this cause is found in the rotation of the earth on its axis. There is a force arising from the earth's rotation that tends to reflect all motions in the Northern Hemisphere to the right, and this reflecting force varies with the latitude, being nothing at the equator and greatest at the poles."

There is a simpler reason and more tropical in its character. It is this:

Bear in mind, the tornado comes into being only after midday, and, further, only after a succession of still, clear days; these conditions indicate the following atmospheric states in the Northern Hemisphere:

The air to the south and east of the point of cyclonic disturbance has been more influenced by the sun's heat than any point to the north and west of it; rarefaction has ensued, vast columns of air have been thus lifted, and, correspondingly, areas of low barometric pressure, as compared with those north and west, have been established. But the sun's influence to the south has been of several days' duration, so much so as to warrant the conclusion that this area of low pressure in this direction is a constant factor, the [illegible] [illegible] is the area of low pressure [illegible] [illegible] by the sun's heat during the morning. Now, then, the first impulse of the air which goes to form the tornado will be toward the south, in the direction of the largest [illegible] area of low pressure, and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], giving the [illegible] [illegible], as shown in this figure:

When the whirl is once established the tornado moves toward the point of least resistance.

In this section, during the cyclonic period from the 1st of June to the middle of July, all our tornadoes come from the southwest; they come into the great basin that supplies the vast columns of heated air which rise from the bosom of the Great Lakes. This afflux to the Lakes produces a very large area of low barometric pressure.

The tornadoes which arise at other seasons move off to the Atlantic seaboard in the southeast for a like reason.

I have spoken of the air which goes from the tornado. I say that the tornado is nothing more or less than a solid column of compressed air, with three powerful motions—namely: A terrible whirl, or revolution on its own axis; which, in the main, is perpendicular to the plane of its flight; an upward, screw-like motion and the motion of flight or translation. These motions are named in the order of their velocities. It is hard to estimate the velocity of this whirl; it can only be a matter of conjecture. It must be many thousands a minute. The upward, spiral motion is not near so rapid, but vastly greater than the translatory motion, which varies with the contour of the country over which it passes. The configuration of the land governs this motion entirely; retards or accelerates it, while the tornado hugs the ground; and oftentimes switches it off completely into the upper air. In this manner the rate of progression can vary from ten to one hundred miles an hour. This motion is thus erratic in its character. I know of one instance where the tornado retraced its course for a mile or more and then shot off at a right-angle to its original direction.

Now, a few words as to the character of the funnel-shaped cloud: This is only the manifestation of the crater of the solid destructive agent below. I have said that the tornado is a solid column of compressed air whirling with frightful velocity. Some idea may be obtained of its solidity when it is remembered or understood that several cubic miles of air under ordinary pressure are forced into a cylinder the size of Washington's monument. It is as solid as stone. Air, by compression, gives off its acquired and latent heat. The heat, situated in the column of the tornado, produces two distinct effects. It converts the moisture wrung from the atmospheric column into steam, and throws off vast quantities of heat; this, in conjunction with the electrical phenomena developed by friction, has led many to suppose that the tornado was caused by electricity; whereas electricity is only the effect. When the pressure is removed, and the air in the column is allowed to expand, what happens? Each molecule of air is hungry for its normal quantity of latent heat, and on being released from pressure at once attacks its uncompressed neighbor, steals away and locks within itself part of its neighbor's heat. Refrigeration and condensation at once take place, and the funnel-shaped cloud is developed as the core in the crater of the tornado, and violent rain and hail-storms are bred. In one sense the funnel-shaped cloud does not presage the storm. The tornado is in active operation before the funnel-shaped cloud is manifest. This cloud is harmless, and is only the evidence of the unseen, wonder-working, destructive meteor below it.

The path of the tornado proper is very narrow, and no work of man above ground has been found able to withstand the force of that whirling meteoric club within its narrow limits.

The great bulk of the damage along its track is caused by the inrush of air to the terrible vortex; and, strange as it may appear, most of this damage is caused by explosion. It is Nature's effort to restore and preserve the atmospheric equilibrium. With this rushing column there goes a vaccum, moving with commensurate velocity; toward this vacuum all the air in the neighborhood moves. If it be confined in a house the house explodes. The safety of buildings near the track of the tornado is to have all the windows and doors—away from the approaching storm—open.

There are many phenomena that can only be explained by this rush of air to the moving vacuum, and which are otherwise inexplicable. There is no fact better attested than the one of chickens and other fowls being plucked clean of feathers during the passage of a tornado. The reason is perfectly simple and obvious. The quill of each feather contains air. This air in its movement to the vacuum carries the feather with it. While some of the freaks and works of tornadoes are of the most fantastic nature, I have seen and heard of none that can not be explained on the theory of the solidity of the moving column and the action of the law of gravity, with the added element of electricity caused by friction.—*Daniel Berry, in St. Louis Republican.*

A CONSIDERATE DAUGHTER.

Why Miss Birdie Didn't Want Her Lover to See Much of Her Mother.

Sam Hollory, a wealthy young man, has been paying marked attention to Miss Birdie McGinnis. Mrs. McGinnis, the mother of Birdie, is an immensely stout woman. A few evenings ago Mr. Hollory was expected to call. Just before the hour appointed for the arrival Birdie said to her mother:

"Mother, dear, will you do me one favor?"

"What is it, dear?"

"You know that daughters always grow up to resemble their mothers."

"Well, my dear?"

"Well, now, just look at yourself in the glass. You look as big as one of those water-tanks. You know you weigh one hundred and sixty-nine pounds."

"Well, what is it, my daughter?"

"Please, stay in your room. Don't let Mr. Hollory see you. I don't want him to see much of you."

"Why so, my daughter?"

"Because, ma, I've nearly got him landed. He is a little skittish, but I'll have him hooked in pretty soon; but if he should see you he will think that I'll be as big as you some of these days, and he'll break [illegible] [illegible]. I tell you, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]."—[illegible] [illegible].

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"Crises in Life" the Subject of An Eloquent Discourse,

Delivered at the First Congregational Church of Columbus, Ohio — The Young Man of the Present, Like Absalom of Old, Not Safe.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage visited Columbus, O., recently and delivered a sermon in the First Congregational Church of that city before an audience that completely filled every available portion of the edifice, and many hundreds were unable to gain admittance. The subject of the discourse was "Crises in Life," Mr. Talmage taking for his text:

Is the young man Absalom safe?—II. Samuel, xviii., 32.

Dr. Talmage said two great characteristics of Absalom were worldly ambition and splendid hair. By the one he was debased, by the other hung. He was a bad boy and broke his father's heart. He wanted to get his father's throne before the decease of the father. He wanted to get it immediately. He got an army. He started out in a great insurrection. David, the father, sits at the palace waiting for the news of the battle to come, not so anxious about whether Absalom's hosts won the day, or whether his own hosts won the day, as he is anxious about the safety of his boy. The father in him mightier than the King.

While he sits there waiting for the coming of the messenger from the battlefield, he sees the dust rising in the highway, and long before the messenger comes up, bringing the swift dispatch, David cries out to him: "Is Absalom alive? Is Absalom dead? Is the boy wounded? Tell me quickly—is the young man Absalom safe?" But as the messenger had no very decisive intelligence to give he stood aside. There David sat waiting for another messenger, and after a while he saw the dust rising on the highway, and long before the messenger had come up, David shouted to him again—shouts to this one as he had to the others: "Have you heard anything from my boy? Is he wounded! Is he alive? Is he dead? Is the young man Absalom safe?"

Alas! He was not safe. Absalom, riding on a mule—the meanest animal in all the world on which to ride, the hardest at the bit and the stiffest at the neck—Absalom riding on a mule, had gone under a tree branch, and his hair had caught on the tree branch, and the mule, true to his characteristics, had gone on, he not able to stop it, and Absalom was suspended, and so he died. With an awful negative the words of my text were answered: "Is the young man Absalom safe?" No, he was not safe. Destroyed for this life; destroyed for the life to come.

I want to utter a few words this morning in regard to the safety of young men; indeed, of all men. While men may get along tolerably well without the religion of Christ in some circumstances of life, there are three or four turning points where a man must have God or perish, or if he does not come to such a crisis as that, to such an extreme as that, he must have God or make a mistake that will last forever. I propose this morning to speak to you of three or four of these turning points in life.

The first turning point is the choice of an occupation or profession. It is a very serious time when a young man comes from the school or the college, and has completed his education, or has received all the education from the schools he will receive, and says: "But what shall it be? For what occupation, for what profession am I prepared?" Mechanism will spread before him a hundred different occupations. Professional life will spread before him seven or eight different callings. Indeed, perhaps, in all there may be 500 different callings and occupations. For only one of those 500 is he fitted and prepared. If he does not have divine direction, 499 chances to one he will get in the wrong business. In other words, the most tremendous crisis in a man's life, or one of the most tremendous, is the time when he chooses his occupation or profession, and he needs God to tell him how to choose.

I knew a man who started in commercial life with bright prospects. He crossed over from commercial life into the medical profession. He went from the general medical profession into specific surgery. He went from surgery into the ministry. Then he passed from the ministry into surgery, and so his life has been a complete vacillation. How much better it would have been if that man could have got the right profession or occupation at the start. He was particularly qualified for surgery, and I believe if he had gone before God and asked for his direction he would have received it, and instead of going from one occupation to another, making his life a mistake, he would have gone on to great usefulness and success.

I meet many young men in this house this morning who have not perhaps thoroughly decided upon the work or occupation for which the Lord fitted him. Before you leave the house to-day ask God's direction, that you may make no mistake. Blunder here and blunder forever. You know a great many men who have been ruined for two worlds because they got in the wrong business.

Another important pass in one's life, a turning point in one's history, is the time when he establishes his own home. When a man builds his home he builds for eternity. Is it not amazing that affiancing in life is so often a matter of merriment and of joke, when it decides so much for this world and the world to come? I do not put the case too strongly when I say that when a man marries he marries for Heaven or for hell. Oh, build not your home on earth upon the sparkle of a bright eye or the color of a fair cheek. The time will come in your history when you will want in your home not a pet or a toy, but a heroine, and you will find that life is not a gay romance, but a tremendous reality; and coming home from your store, or office, or shop, or factory, or studio, most of all you will need some one in your house with a face cheerful, but sympathetic.

There is an aged man who looks back to a crisis in life when his fortune went away and reason almost left the throne. He knew not what to do. He remembers a particular evening when he came home from the store. He hardly dared break the news to the wife. He could not bear to tell her he had suspended in business, that he had stopped payment, that his fortune had gone. He went into the house, he closed the door upon the world, and in domestic peace found a foretaste of that Heaven where panics never come. Ah! if it had not been for that help that you had, what would have been the result when you told her of your financial embarrassment and misfortune? She was cheerful, she was sympathetic, she was helpful, she helped you all through those dark days of trial; and after the piano went, she could sing without the accompaniment just as well as ever she sang with the accompaniment. There have been Christian women who have so had their domestic troubles sanctified that they could get more music out of a Wheeler & Wilson sewing-machine than ever in the days of their prosperity they got out of a Chickering Grand or a Steinway.

Walter Scott wrote something, half of which I do not like, for it is sarcastic, but the other half I do like, for it is so true:

Oh, woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy and hard to please;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou.

Blessed that home in which the newly married couple dedicate their souls to Christ. Blessed the family Bible in which their names have just been written. Blessed the hour of morning and evening prayer. Blessed the angels of God who join wing-tip to wing-tip over that home, making a canopy of light and love and blessedness. It may be only yesterday that they clasped hands forever. The orange blossoms may fall and the fragrance may die on the air, but they who marry in Christ shall walk together on that day when the Church, which is the Lamb's wife, shall take the hand of her Lord and king amid the swinging of the golden censers.

Again, I remark: It is a tremendous pass in life when a man comes to his first great success. You get in the cars some evening. Everybody that looks at you knows there has something glad happened. You sit down in the car, your face illuminated, and a lady comes in. There is no place for her to sit, and you get up in great cheer and insist on her taking your place, and with great courtesy she says, "Thank you," and sits down. You say nothing to anybody, but it is evident from your manner and appearance that great good fortune has happened unto you. Now, that is a crisis in your life. At such a time the questions will arise: "In what enterprise shall I invest? What shall be the house I will live in? What shall be the library? What shall be my wardrobe? What shall I do with my money?"

At that point hundreds of men make a final mistake. Some go into dissipation. Some take on great arrogance, try to make everybody feel how small they are; whole caravans of camels going through the needle's eye of their meanness. They walk through the street with an air, as much as to say: "Get out of the way! here comes $300,000!" That is the crisis in life where so many fail, because they have no God to direct them.

There are men who before their success are kind and amiable, and genial and useful, who after their success are arrogant and unbearable and unchristian. Here is a man who was once very useful in society, but great success comes, and he gets in his equipage and he drives on; he lashes the fiery steeds; he goes faster and faster, eight miles the hour, twenty miles the hour, 100 miles the hour, faster and faster, until in his last moments he rouses up to find that he is drawn by the fiery hoofs of eternal disaster as they come racketing down on the pavements of hell. O, young man or man in mid-life! you want God in your great success, your first great success.

Another tremendous pass in our life is when we get our first sorrow. It would be foolish for me to talk to the young men of this day as though their life was going to be smooth all the way. You might as well start a sea Captain in a vessel without a carpenter, and without any tools, and without any cordage. That would do very well while the sea was smooth, but when the ship gets caught in the teeth of a northeaster, and the waves dash clear over the hurricane deck, when the Captain cries out: "Where's the carpenter? Where are the tools? Where are the ropes?" the young men of this day would understand that I misrepresented the matter, if I told them that their life was always to be smooth. They know better. They know from what they see of the life of others that life can not always be smooth. Many men came home from the late war without a scratch or a bruise, but in the conflict of life it is not so, we all get wounded—wounded in the head, in the hands, in the feet, in the heart. Life is a conflict. The Bible over and over again states that. Paul states it, and he writes himself as in a war with the world, a war with the flesh, and a war with the devil, and war all the way through. Now, how are you going to meet the first trouble? That is the question. Show me how you are to meet your first trouble and I will show you how you meet all the other troubles. It is the first blow that sends a man to drinking to drown his troubles, that knocks the fire out of him, so he spends the rest of his life cowed down.

Who is that weigher in that large commercial establishment? He once owned the store. Who is that underling in a large manufacturing establishment, getting $1,000 or $2,000 a year. He once owned the factory; but misfortune came. The first blow brought him to the dust and he never had the courage to rise. Oh, how important is the manner in which we receive the first sorrow!

Perhaps the first trouble is bereavement. I suppose you know—I suppose you have recognized the fact, that so often the first born is taken. I have seven brothers and sisters. Each one lost the first born, and I suppose that in hundreds of cases in this house it was the first born that was taken. Some people give what is to me a very absurd reason for that. They say it is because the child is loved too much. I do not think that is possible. I do not believe any father or mother loved a child too much. You can not love your child too much. God did not take your child because you loved it too much. I think this is the reason why God so often takes the first born. It is to transfer your affections to Heaven and make that place the more grand and blessed; at the beginning of your life make Heaven blessed, so that you keep thinking of that place and so be elevated and lifted on toward it. I think that is the reason. Perhaps I am wrong. I am sure the other reason is wrong, that so many people give when they say it is because you love your child too much.

Now, suppose the first trial comes and you have no God. What then? Have you ever tried to see one go through bereavement without any God? I have witnessed that sad spectacle. But we want grace, we want divine grace, when bereavement comes into the house, which erst was full of sunny locks and greetings at the door, and kisses flung by little hands from the window as you went down the front steps, and the doves in the nest cry because the hawk swoops, and the heart stops. Oh, to put away garments that never will be worn again, to gather up from the floor toys that never again will strew the carpet, and to go with a sense of suffocation through the desolated household that once rang with childish merriment! Oh, my God! who can stand that without thy grace to help, without thy grace to smooth, without thy grace to comfort? Oh, you will want Christ in your first trouble, and so I beg of you this morning to take him as yours.

You say you are strong and well. So am I. You say that life is buoyant and beautiful. So it is to me. But sickness will come to you and it will come to me. We shall be told we can not go out, the door will be closed against the world, there will be two watches, and some will order silence on the stairs, saying, "Hush, hush!" and in your dream you will hear the dash of water, which you will take to be the beating of the wave of the Jordan against your pillow, and you will hear a sound at the gate which you will take to be the pawing of the pale horse. Oh! then you and I will want a physician; we will want Christ to come in and put his arms around us and say: "Fear not; all is well, all is well."

But there is one more pass of great importance, of which I must speak—one tremendous crisis, when we will want God. I say that not more to you than I do to myself. We will want God in that crisis. And that pass is the last hour.

I suppose we all would like to expire at home. We want our friends in the room, some to recite the promise, some to sing, one to hold the hand. We want to look up in faces that have been familiar to us a good while and we will have messages to give. If we are parents, we will want to tell our children how they ought to act when we are gone, what principles they ought to adopt, how near they ought to live to God.

And if we have aged parents living, we will want to tell our children how they ought to act toward the old people—how they ought to care for them after we are gone. I think when we leave this world we will all have a message to give to somebody. When that hour comes we will want Christ, we will want a divine friend to stand by us, and to say that all shall be well in the future. "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee." But you know very well that if we go out of this world, my brother, without Christ, we take a leap into the dark.

Who would want to go out of the world like that when he can go in triumph indescribable? like Paul, saying: "I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me." Or that other battle shout: "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be unto God who giveth me the victory through my Lord Jesus Christ."

Well, there are a good many men in this house who say: "What you have declared this morning is the truth, but I am so far gone in sin that there is no hope for me." Oh, my brothers! there you make a great mistake. I stand here this morning to declare there is hope for any man who wants to come to God. "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thought, and let him return unto the Lord, who will have mercy, and unto our God, who will abundantly pardon." Come this morning. "Oh," you say, "if you knew my history you wouldn't invite me." I do not care what your history is; come to God to-day. "Whosoever will." That word "whosoever" covers all cases of wanderings of iniquity. "Whosoever will, let him come."

"But," says some one in the house, "I have started in the line of iniquity and I am going on; I will risk the future; I haven't much faith in Christianity; I am going to have an easy time in this world, get all out of it I can, go into all kinds of sin, taking the risk for the future." Oh, will you not be diverted from that course? Will you not now realize the fact that you want God? Oh, how much you need him! It may take a great struggle to bring you back, but come back you may and you will, this morning some of you will. May God by his holy spirit move upon your heart!

I have sometimes heard people say it is as easy for them to become Christians as to turn their hands. Oh, what a misrepresentation that is! It takes the blood. It is the mightiest struggle in all the world when a man who has been doing wrong tries to do right. It is a mightier struggle than I would ask any man to go into unless he lays hold of the strong arm of God, who will help him and who will deliver him.

Some years ago there was an excursion steamer some miles above Niagara Falls. There were many on the excursion, many passengers, and the boat floated on down toward the rapids; but the Captain expected to return in time to avoid all danger, and they were laughing on the deck, when one said to the Captain: "Are you not going too far down?" He said: "No, I know what I am about." After awhile he told the engineer to turn and go up stream; but the Captain found they were farther down the rapids than he thought for. He cried to the engineer: "Put on more steam!" More steam was applied. But still the steamer, with its freights of life, kept going on toward the rapids. The Captain cried out to the engineer: "Put on more steam." More steam was applied, but still the vessel made no headway up-stream. The Captain cried out: "Put on more steam, or we are lost!" The engineer said: "We can't put on any more steam; if we do we'll blow the boat to atoms." "Put on more steam," cried the Captain. More steam was applied, and the vessel floated up and out into safety, and some fainted and all were thankful that God had rescued them from so great peril. Oh, are there not some here to-day who are floating on down toward the rapids; aye, they are in the rapids going on toward the eternal plunge? Put back! In God's name, put back. You say it takes a greater struggle. You hold the oars with both hands, and pull, pull, if need be, until the blood starts. Pull for heaven. Now or never.

"[illegible] [illegible]" is the injudicious advice suspended before certain coal offices.—*Boston Transcript.*

PITH AND POINT.

—The base-ball man's salary is henceforth to be not over $2,000. We fear only men with common-school educations can be obtained for this sum.—*Boston Post*

—"I threw my love to him and it hath gone astray," sings Lillie Drake in an exchange. Let Lillie be comforted by the reflection that a woman never could throw anything straight.—*Chicago Journal.*

—According to a correspondent "the Princess Louise of England writes very well." This is encouraging. We trust she reads, too. After a while we may expect to find Princesses almost as well educated as other people.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

—The United States has nearly three times as many doctors as England and nearly four times as many as France in proportion to the population. Does this redundancy of doctors in the United States account for the small proportion of the population?—*Boston Transcript.*

—At a social gathering on Austin avenue Hostetter McGinnis, who is a great wag, said to Miss Esmerelda Longcoffin: "You would not believe, Miss Esmerelda, what conquests I've made among the fair sex. You would not believe it." "I don't," replied Miss Esmerelda.—*Texas Siftings.*

—Humanity owes at least one little debt of gratitude to Emil Zola. When he was poor he used to catch English sparrows and eat them. Now, any man who will come to America and eat English sparrows can secure steady employment at good wages and will be hailed as a public benefactor.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

—Hostess: "Oh! Mme. Zuchetti, let me introduce my friend, Major Endersby. He is most anxious to know you." The Major—"Believe me, madame, this is an honor I have long looked forward to. I remember listening with rapture to your 'Marguerite' when I was a mere boy." His acquaintance with Mme. Zuchetti never got any further.—*Puck.*

—"My dear fellow," says an Indiana Sheriff to his prisoner, "I must apologize to you for the sanitary condition of this jail. Several of the prisoners are down with the measles, but I assure you that it is not my fault." "Oh, no excuses," replies the prisoner. "It was my intention to break out as soon as possible, any way."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Athletic Note: "There is a man on our street afflicted with a bad case of the foot-and-mouth disease," remarked Ebenezer Jones to a young physician of his acquaintance. "Impossible!" said the young doctor. "I never heard of a human being taking that disease." "But he has it, undoubtedly." "What are the symptoms?" "Why, he thinks he is a champion pedestrian, and he is always talking about it."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

—Important Information: A professor at the University of Texas was explaining some of the habits and customs of the ancient Greeks to his class. "The ancient Greeks built no roof over their theaters," said the professor. "What did the ancient Greeks do when it rained?" asked Johnny Fizzletop. The professor took off his spectacles, polished them with his handkerchief, and replied calmly: "They got wet, I suppose."—*Texas Siftings.*

THE JUDGE CAVED.

An Experience With a Colored Representative of the Law.

As we rode out from a town in Mississippi to view a plantation a commercial traveler for a New York house expressed a desire to go along. He procured a horse and joined the party, and his company was welcomed. A mile and a half from town we came to a notice, posted on a board, and everybody stopped to read it. It was a notice of Sheriff's sale, and the colored man who tacked it up was still on the ground. The notice was badly written and worse spelled, and the drummer laughed long and loud over "caf" for calf, "det" for debt, and "sheruf" for Sheriff.

"What's wrong wid dat notis?" asked the colored man in a very edgy voice.

"It's too funny for anything," was the reply. "Some one had better go to school."

"Dat's me, sah. I'm a Constable an' I writ dat off."

"Oh, you did? Well, I hope the c-a-f will be sold."

"Yes, sah. You come along wid me, sah!"

"With you?"

"Yes, sah. I 'rest you, sah!"

"What for?"

"Contempt of court, sah! Come right along."

"Where?"

"Befo' de Justiss, sah! We'll see about dat caf!"

The drummer was advised against resistance and finally permitted himself to be taken before a colored Justice nearly two miles from the spot. The Constable had picked up a colored man on the way, who made and swore to a complaint, and the drummer was duly arraigned on the charge, although his Honor seemed very uneasy about it. The Colonel acted as counsel for the prisoner. When the case was ready he said:

"Your Honor, who is this court?"

"I is, sah," was the dignified reply.

"Has this man shown any contempt for you?"

"No, sah."

"Then how can you try him for contempt of court?"

The old man scratched his head, opened a law book wrong side up, and finally replied:

"De prisoner am discharged, but will hev to pay one dollar costs."

"But if he is discharged because of his innocence, where do you get the right to put costs onto him?" asked the Colonel.

"Where do I? Why, in de law-book."

"Which one?"

"De one at home."

"I take exceptions, your Honor, and shall carry this case to the Supreme Court," said the Colonel.

"Umph! Dat alters de case. De prisoner am discharged from his fine of one dollar, an' de constable am fined two dollars for making a fool of hisself an' gettin' dis court all twisted up in a hard knot afore white folks!"—*Detroit Free Press.*