

GIVE HONOR NOW.

O, how changed the words and feelings
Toward a brother passed away.
As we grieve and pay our honor
To the lifeless lump of clay!

But the words of tender feeling,
And the honor you bestow,
Cannot now confer the blessing
That they might have days ago.

Had the form, now cold and lifeless,
Had his honor when 'twas due,
You could have more now to tell us
Of his virtues kind and true.

O, my friends, don't hold in memory
Till you gather round my bier,
Ah the disapproving feelings
That I may have caused you here!

If there's aught in me of kindness,
If I've favored one distressed,
Give me credit while I'm living,
And there'll be another blest.

You can grieve when I've departed,
You can weep with flowers my brow,
But I think of them so fondly,
Give me half the flowers now.

If there's any kind inscription
You would rear above my head,
I'm so very fond of kindness,
Let the kindness now be said.

I do not seek for praise or honor,
I'd not court the great or small,
But speak well of me while living,
As you ever speak at all.

There would be much less of sorrow,
Faded souls be better fed,
Were we kind unto the living,
As we talk kind of the dead.

SERVING A LIFE SENTENCE.

GROOVE OF A CONVICT'S MIND.

The Events of His Last Day in the World are Fresh in His Mind.

The iron doors in the high stone wall
Which enclosed the prison yard shut with a
resonant snap behind a small party of
visitors.

Entering the premises one of the party
fell back with the turnkey, and five min-
utes later stood in a narrow cell, locked in
with a man whose body the law would re-
lease only when death should free his soul.

"You want to know something of my
life," began the convict, taking without
comment the visitor's tobacco and repeat-
ing his question, "something of my men-
tal life," as you put it, something of the
thoughts and feelings of a life convict, I
suppose. You're a newspaper man, you
say. You would put me on the rack like
Prometheus of old, and paint a pen pic-
ture of my agony that the public shall see
and gloat over while it admires your skill."

"I'll begin the convict, taking without
comment the visitor's tobacco and repeat-
ing his question, "something of my men-
tal life," as you put it, something of the
thoughts and feelings of a life convict, I
suppose. You're a newspaper man, you
say. You would put me on the rack like
Prometheus of old, and paint a pen pic-
ture of my agony that the public shall see
and gloat over while it admires your skill."

"Well," after a moment's pause, while
the visitor stared in astonishment at the
prisoner's language and fluency, "I am
willing, but I warn you that I shall not
write under the process; you will find no
quivering in these bared nerves, no shrink-
ing in these exposed and handled sensi-
bilities. Emotionally, sir, I am as dead
as I shall be when, sooner or later, I shall
leave these narrow quarters for another
cell not so very much narrower and darker
than this one, whose earthly door shuts
no closer and no more inevitably than that
iron one there.

"It is a month now," he continued,
"over twenty years since I crossed the
threshold of this prison and was entered
upon its records as a life convict. It was
a little past mid-summer in the year, and
we came a day's journey from the country
seat of the scene of my crime. I am in,
as you know, for homicide. Every incident
of that day, my last in the world, is
indelibly printed upon my memory. We
started very early. The dew was heavy
upon the grass as we drove from the jail
and over the hills to take the train. I
remember just how the sun shone through
the gray mist rising from the river, and I
hoped the fog rolling so swiftly up from
the valley would lift before we reached a
certain elevation where a fleeting and
distant view of my boyhood home could
be had. It did lift. I looked down the
vista of forest and river, and saw distinct-
ly the wooded hill against whose side and
at whose feet nestled the little village
where I was born. White stones in the
graveyard glistened in the oncoming sun-
light; on one headstone I was sure the
rays were falling like a benediction, glad
to shine on her grave that day rather than
on the living face of one whose life would
be forever unsmiled had she lived to greet
that morning's light.

"The day grew hot toward noon; the
fresh ride of the morning was followed by
a tedious railroad trip. We seemed al-
ways to be rushing through a dry and
uninviting country. The bushes and
grass by the meadows by which we sped
were dusty and gray, the streams were
dried, and the bared stones lay white and
hot in the midday glare. The men who
accompanied me were gruffly kind, I re-
member, and the people on the cars did
not bother me much with their curiosity.
I felt all day as if I were lifted away from
the mass of mankind—we had nothing in
common, and at that time I was not im-
pressed that the balance was in their favor.
At nightfall we reached—here. I had a
little sense of curiosity and excitement at
the novelty of my experience during my
official reception and initiation—even
when, duly recorded, bathed, shaved, and
clad in the prison suit, I stepped out into
the stone corridor a life convict. I ex-
amined the interior arrangements with
much the same feeling of curious inspec-
tion that you did to-day in your walk to
my cell, and I snuffed myself to be locked
in still possessed of that sense of unim-
personal interest in what was going on.

"It was not much after 8 o'clock when I
reached my cell—8 o'clock on a Thursday
evening in late summer of the year 1865."
—repeated the prisoner without a rising
inflection, "that I began my first night
in hell. For as the sound of the turnkey's
retreating footsteps died away, and the
long corridor settled into the night's still-
ness, all the shadowy drapery of my fate
fell away, and for the first time the truth
presented itself in all its awful strength.
I am a college-bred man, and I was the
achiever of my class, I was 28 years old,
and as I stood that night clinging in my
despair to the iron rods of my cell door,
every nerve and muscle of my frame
thrilled with physical power. Mentally,
too, I was not deficient. I had my hopes
and ambitions like other men, and a little
while before I had looked forward to the
years which should bring me the gifts of
fame and fortune on no meagre scale. My
guilt was not of a nature to grant me even
the solace of remorse. I scarcely knew
the man I had killed. It was a barroom
brawl, a sudden flaming of temper, a
furious onslaught in hot blood, and all was
done. The deed I could not mourn. There
was nothing to grieve, and I could not
despair. Like a vise it held me while the
hours crept on, my strong frame trembling
in its force, with only an occasional moan
breaking from my lips."

The prisoner paused. He moistened his
lips a little and passed one hand lightly
down his face.

"The first year such nights were many.
My perfect health was against me. The
regular hours and constant exercise kept
me strong of limb and clear of head. It
was hard to crush me down, and I grew to
dread the hours after dusk, when the
struggle was fierce and long.

"Once I thought I saw a chance for my-
self. I could get books from the prison
library, and at certain times pencil and
paper. I would write, I thought; pour
out something of my pent-up force in this
way, and I tried it. The second attempt
showed its futility. A bird may sing in
its cage, poor fool, but a strong man
locked forever in a stone cell, the very air
he breathes coming through grated win-
dows—he draws no inspiration for a pip-
ing note.

"After that I fell back and fed upon
myself. I watched myself callous and
sink. The outward signs came first. In
liberty I had been a man of refined habits
of life. In prison I became a varlet. One
by one the few toilet amenities within my
reach I relinquished; the coarse food no
longer repelled me; the rough voices of
the keepers ceased to gail; deeper and
deeper sank the prison yoke, cutting its
way down, down, till at last it rested its
heavy weight upon my soul, and slowly
benumbed and paralyzed the fountains of
my being.

"Now I no longer rave nor brood. The
daily routine, which at times during the
early part of my confinement was un-
supportable, has become satisfying to my
narrowed faculties. My whole range of
being has become condensed and shorten-
ed. I fill the treadmill existence fills it. Put
me down outside these walls, and I should
grope feebly and uncertainly in the wide
stretching space. Set me again in the
world of commerce, and its swift-moving
wheels would confuse me. The noise of
men would deafen my dulled ears; the
friction of life fret my rusty and corroded
brain. There is not much more to say. I
am old before my time, the coming years
will deal me double portions of age, and
some day the end. The keeper is getting
impatient. Your time is up. Don't thank
me; it has neither hurt nor helped to
talk."

FORGOT THE OLD LADY.

The Farmer's hoppluz Tour That Resulted Unpleasantly.

The Lewiston Me. Journal tells the fol-
lowing: Uncle B., from one of the towns
just out of Lewiston, is a very prosperous
farmer. He has a snug bank account, a
pleasant home, and a nice wife. He is
well along to the shady side of 60, but his
face is round and so kindly that it belies
his years while his wife's cheeks are as
rosy as Winter Baldwin's. They are a
finely preserved couple, and Lewiston
traders like to meet them across the
counter.

Uncle B. usually drives in at this season
of the year alone. Sometimes in Summer
his amiable lady comes with him, but
usually at this season she is putting down
the pork and piling up the cheeses. Tues-
day of this week, however, it was decided
that she should make the trip. They ar-
rived at 2 o'clock in the afternoon at one of
the Lisbon-street dry goods stores, and
leaving her, he drove off on a little busi-
ness. He went to the bank and talked
with the cashier. He drove up to the
blacksmith's shop to get the shoes charp-
ened on the old mare. He sold some but-
ter, bought a coal hod at the hardware
store, and put in a bag of cottonseed at
the grain store. It puzzled him whether
he better market hay now or wait till
Spring, and he was thinking of it when he
turned his mare's head over Main street
bridge and chattered a "gid-dap" to her
along the homeward road.

He unhitched, having driven right into
the barn, and having fed and bedded his
horse, went into the house. He came to
anchor in the arm-chair in front of the
kitchen fire, where the girls were getting
supper. He yanked off his boots and
pulled up the toe of his blue woolen stock-
ing. He had a vague impression of having
forgotten something. He thought he
would ask his wife.

"Where's your mother?" he said, look-
ing around as he held his left stocking
foot in his right hand.

"Where's who?" replied his oldest
daughter, as she stood, astonished, with a
tea plate in her hand.

"Why, where's your mother?"
"Out in the barn, ain't she? Didn't she
come with you? You ought to know
where she is!"

"If any one, said Uncle B. in telling this
story on Wednesday evening, "had I
sung me the heels over head into our muck
bed, I couldn't 'a' felt so mean, but I
braced up and I says I reckon I know
where your mother is. She said she would
wait for me at Oswald & Armstrong's, on
Lisbon street, and I think I'd better not
stop for any supper before I just drive
down and get her." Well, I drove down
to Lewiston and found her. She was 'a
sit' there, kind of mad, long about
6:30 o'clock. She didn't say nothin' worth
mentionin' to you. We both eat pretty
heartily when we reached home. The next
time I take her with me I guess I'll tie a
string around my finger."

An Important Crisis.

The three of us had been tramping over
the battlefield of Malvern Hill all day long,
and as night came on there was every evi-
dence of a steady, soaking rainstorm. We
had to get shelter right away, and we
found it in a small farm-house owned by a
widow. She was willing enough to fur-
nish us supper, but when it came to
lodgings she was greatly embarrassed.

"You see," she said, my "house is very
small. Indeed, I have only this room with
an bedroom."

"But can't we sleep in the barn?" asked
the Colonel.

"I have no barn."
"But you can go to bed and let us sleep
on the floor in this room, can't you?"

"Yes, but—but—"
"Oh, you needn't have any fear of us,
madame, protested the colonel."
"It isn't that, sir, but—"
She blushed like a rose, but none of us
could understand until she said:

"Well, to tell the truth, my beau will
be here to-night, and he will be right
"In this storm?"
"Oh, yes, William would come if it
rained pitchforks."
"Well, we won't hurt William."
"No, sir; but we—that is, he will ex-
pect to spark me, and—and—"
"Exactly," said the Colonel. I see the
situation. You don't want to disappoint
William?"

"No, sir; and I don't want to turn you
gentlemen out either. You see, sir, it's
probably my only chance to get married,
and it wouldn't do to offend William.
This is his sparking night, and he's got
to come five miles."
"Well, we won't stand in the way; we
will hunt some other place."
"No, sir, you shall stay; but you see
how it is. I think I can fix it. I'll take
this room, and you three can have the bed-
room."
"What! Deprive you of sleep?"
"Oh, no, sir, William and I always
spark till daylight. If you would only fix
it that way, sir."
We did. After supper we locked our-
selves into the bedroom, and taking the
pillows from the bed lay down on the
floor and slept like bricks until called to
breakfast. When we went out the Col-
onel asked:
"Well, did William show up?"
"Yes, sir," she stammered, and he asked
me to marry him. If we hadn't fixed
things maybe he'd waited a whole year
longer. B-breakfast is ready, and I'll
never forget your kindness to a poor
widow!"—[Detroit Free Press.

The \$ Mark.

"What is the origin of the sign \$ for
the American dollar?" was the question
propounded at a London dinner not long
ago. The American Consul did not know;
neither did any one else. An extensive
research resulted in this theory: The
American dollar is taken from the Spanish
dollar, and the sign is to be found, of
course, in the associations of the Spanish
dollar. On the reverse side of a Spanish
dollar is a representation of the pillars of
Hercules, and round each pillar is a scroll,
with the inscription "Plus ultra." This
device in the course of time has degener-
ated into the sign which stands at present
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sents the two serpents sent by Juno to
destroy Hercules in his cradle.

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7:00, 7:30, 8:00, 8:30, 9:00, 9:45, 10:55 p. m.
FOR LAKE HARRIET—At 7:30 a. m. and 4:00 p. m.
FOR MINNEHAHA—At 6:30, 7:00, *10:00 a. m., and 12:00, 2:00, 6:00 p. m.
FOR EXCELSIOR—At 7:30 a. m. and 4:00 p. m.

FOR MINNEAPOLIS.
LEAVE CALHOUN—*6:00, 6:30, 7:00, 7:30, 8:00, 8:30, 9:00, 9:30, 10:00, 10:30,
11:00, 11:30, 11:50 a. m., and 12:03, 12:30, 1:00, 1:30, 2:00, 2:30, 3:00, 3:30, 4:00, 4:30,
5:00, 5:30, *5:50, *6:03, 6:30, 7:00, 7:30, 8:00, 8:30, 9:12, 10:25 p. m.
LEAVE HARRIET—6:55 a. m. and 6:25 p. m.
LEAVE MINNEHAHA—*7:20, 7:50, *10:50 a. m., and 12:50, 2:50, 6:52 p. m.
LEAVE EXCELSIOR—9:10 a. m. and 5:40 p. m.

TRAINS ARRIVE.
AT EXCELSIOR—8:50 a. m. and 5:20 p. m.
AT MINNEHAHA—*7:12, 7:42, *10:42 a. m., and 12:40, 2:42, 6:40 p. m.
AT HARRIET—8:05 a. m. and 4:35 p. m.

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FROM EXCELSIOR—10:27 a. m. and 7:00 p. m.
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a. m., 11:30 a. m., 12:30 p. m., 1:30 p. m., 2:30 p. m., 2:40 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 4:30 p. m., 4:50 p. m., 5:50 p. m., 6:15
p. m., *6:30 p. m., 6:50 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 8:00 p. m., 8:30 p. m., 10:00 p. m., 11:15 p. m., 11:30 p. m.
LEAVE MINNEAPOLIS—2:30 a. m., 6:30 a. m., 7:00 a. m., 7:20 a. m., 7:30 a. m., *8:15 a. m., 8:30 a. m.,
9:30 a. m., 10:30 a. m., 11:30 a. m., 11:50 a. m., 12:30 p. m., 1:00 p. m., 1:30 p. m., 2:30 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 4:30 p. m.,
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