QUICK WITTED PATSY

HOW HE SAVED THE DAY FOR HIMSELF AND HIS LAWYER.

Thoughtlessly Signed an Affidavit With a Name He Swore Was Not His Own—But He Won the Judge and His Point by His Explanation.

My first case came at Florence, Ala., a few months after I was licensed, writes Attorney B. M. Jackson. The sheriff there, Captain W. T. White, now dead, a gallant Confederate soldier and one of nature's noblemen, met me on the street and told me there was a man confined in the county jail who wished to see me.

I was then 21 years old, but would readily have passed for 17. The client's name was Patrick Donevan, but he was commonly called Patsy Donevan. Going to the jail, I found a man from 30 to 35 years old, an intelligent, nice looking, devil may care Irishman. When I entered, he greeted me with "Good evening, miss." Pretending not to have heard him address me as "miss" and assuming much dignity, I told him I was the lawyer whom the sheriff had promised to send him. For answer he exclaimed, "Well, I'll be d——d," and burst out laughing—laughing uproariously. I was irritated to a degree by this reception. "I beg pardon, judge, it's a go. You do look pretty young, but Tom (the sheriff) says you are a daisy. Get me out of here, and my folks, who've got plenty, will pay you well for your trouble."

He told me his story. He was a skilled mechanic from Keokuk, Ia., and had been employed by the government in constructing a lock on the Mussel Shoals canal, near Florence. He had shot the physician in charge of those works. This physician was a brother of the United States engineer in control of the canal construction, and it was evident that the prosecution would be bitter, sparing no pains or expense to secure a conviction, entailing a long penitentiary sentence. The doctor and my client were both men of reckless courage and overbearing temper, both sometimes looked on the wine when it was red, and both, I inferred, were striving for the favor of the same woman. A clash between them soon came. They had a savage quarrel at their boarding house at dinner. The doctor being armed and my client unarmed, the latter had to submit to unlimited abuse and would have been shot but for the interference of several men who were present. Soon after nightfall of the same day my client went to the doctor's office and sleeping room, about a mile distant and in a secluded place, and, knocking on the door, was bidden by the doctor to come in. Entering, he found the doctor putting on a shirt, and thus for the moment disabled, and, remarking, "You had the drop on me this morning, but I've got it on you now," fired, striking the doctor in the neck and inflicting a dangerous but not fatal wound.

The case soon came on for trial. While the defendant's version of the occurrence as he had given it to me was very different from the one in the foregoing, yet it was so improbable in itself and so inconsistent with the attendant circumstances that it looked as if a sentence of ten years was inevitable if the case was then tried. To gain a postponement an objection was interposed to the competency of the court on the ground that he was related by affinity to the prosecutor. This failed. Next an earnest effort was made for a continuance. The state fought this aggressively, thus giving warning of what was to come, and it, too, failed.

In sheer desperation I then whispered to my client, "Your real name is Patrick, not Patsy, isn't it?" The indictment named him Patsy Donevan. Then, moving to quash the indictment for the misnomer, I wrote out the defendant's affidavit in support. The affidavit stated that the defendant's name was Patrick and that he was commonly known and called by this name and not by the name of Patsy Donevan. He took the affidavit and read, or seemed to read, it carefully and, going to the clerk's desk, swore to it and signed it "Patsy Donevan." This, of course, was the way he usually signed his name, but he never reflected that to sign it Patsy this time was to afford the strongest evidence of the falsity of the affidavit.

Arguing the case without looking at the affidavit, I didn't see how he had signed it, but the state attorney had noticed the signature and in his reply called the court's attention to it. This disclosure raised a storm of laughter and jeering in the courtroom. I was confounded and at the end of my resources. Not so was Patsy. Realizing his peril, that the slip was his own and that he alone could retrieve it, he spoke out, not a whit abashed: "I signed it Patsy out of pure respect for your honor. It's not for me to give the lie to your honor's court papers. Your honor's court paper says I'm Patsy, and I'll sign it Patsy until your honor gives me leave to write my own true name."

The court sustained the motion from pure admiration for Patsy. We now had time to look about us. A few months later the case was tried, the jury failing to agree. The bail bond, which had been fixed at a high figure, was then reduced to a reasonable sum. He gave the bond, saying he had "lost by a nose," but he never returned to stand another trial, although his bondsmen were promptly reimbursed, and the writer was generously remembered, receiving, as I now remember, $300. I have often been curious to know what became of the game, rollicking, imperturbable Patsy.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

The Essentials.

"Do you want a shirt that opens in the front or one that opens in the back?" asked the counter jumper.

"Don't keer where it opens," answered Farmer Hayseed, "so long as it's got an opening at the top and another at the bottom."—Exchange.

HE LOVED THE SEA.

Tennyson Used to Study It From the Downs of the Isle of Wight.

Tennyson said, "Somehow water is the element I love best of all four," but in the recent memoir he is also credited with saying that he "never cared greatly for the sea on the south coast. It is not a grand sea, only an angry, curt sea."

Probably that was a view expressed before he became familiar with the locality, for though the Atlantic does not plunge against the isle of Wight as against Cornwall and the west of Ireland he himself has proved how much power and enchantment the sea reveals from the downs. Let the weather be fair or foul, nature is never dull from the vantage ground of those convexities which seem like the rind of the earth and give an illusion of vastness and openness beyond their actual area. Men striding on ridges and etched against the sky indeed seem "as trees walking." The wind rustling in the ear, the sheep bleating, the sea churning among the bowlders, the occasional bellowing of a steamer for a pilot, the swallows crying in their low flights and the gulls screaming give the only sounds. When the mist closes over the scene, a strange sense of being disembodied possesses us, we are lost in the impenetrable vapor, and the gulls pass over our heads, visible but for an instant as they float from obscurity into obscurity. In times of storm one seems to be at the seat of the elements and a witness to all their processes. The clouds roll and break against the cliffs like another sea, and sunbursts flashing from them leave a silver swath over the vexed and somber billows. On sultry days a waterspout, whirling like a dervish, is no uncommon sight, and he who makes the downs his observatory becomes wise in all the phenomena of sea and air. Climbing them at night gives one the feeling of scaling the walls of heaven itself. They slope like the sides of a pyramid, and the apex of the pyramid impales the stars. On sunny days the sea below is purple, and every shade of blue and green that can be thought of, even (to use one of Tennyson's own descriptions) "like a peacock's neck."

Rarely was there a visitor at Farringford that he was not brought up to the beacon and shown all these wonders and beauties. Except in his closing years the poet was found upon them in all weathers and at all seasons, and from them and the surrounding scenery he drew many of the landscapes of his poems.—North American Review.

DOG OPENED FATHER'S EYES

Experience of a Man Who Had Several Growing Girls.

"It is quite interesting to be the father of several growing girls," said one of a group of family men in the smoker of a suburban car.

"Yes," answered another one, with a shrug of his shoulders, "especially when they all want new gowns at the same time."

"I wasn't thinking of that," said the first speaker, "but of a way they have of taking the wind out of your own sails. It never occurred to me until the other morning that it was not to see me that young fellows kept dropping in to play cards and make themselves agreeable. I tumbled at last, but it was my hunting dog Jack that opened my eyes."

"Your hunting dog?" echoed the crowd.

"Yes. I had heard of nearly every kind of a plan for the communication of lovers except a dog. In this case Jack became Cupid's messenger. Those boys borrowed the dog ostensibly to go hunting, but I have learned since that they didn't know a gun from a hoe handle. They tied Jack up overnight, and as soon as he got out in the morning he made a bee line for home. If I hadn't seen the corner of a paper sticking from under his collar I should never have suspected the eagerness with which these girls tried to head him off from me."

"He had a letter for them?"

"No, just a note asking the privilege of seeing dear Miss Kate or Miss Sue in the park for a walk and a chat. Nice idea, employing the dog of the family in a clandestine correspondence! I answered that note myself, and the two girls haven't spoken to me since. Jack is tied up, and I'm watching the cat now, for I have no doubt they'll find a way to circumvent me."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Effects of a Bee Sting.

An English physician relates an instance of a lady who was stung by a bee. At the first moment she seemed to pay very little attention to it, but very soon her face became flushed and spots appeared all over her body. Suddenly she developed a most severe attack of asthma, finding great difficulty in breathing. Another instance is that of a young lady who was stung on the back of her head by an ordinary honeybee. In less than five minutes her face began to swell, and very marked red and white spots appeared all over the surface of the body. The swelling extended over the entire person, accompanied by severe pain, burning and giddiness. The eyes were almost closed and the countenance was so distorted as to be unrecognizable. Very free bathing in soda water, with a little soda taken internally, and hot applications to the feet and thorough massage finally afforded relief, but it was some hours before the patient recovered from what was truly an alarming condition. Violent attacks of nervousness accompanied the trouble, and the sense of suffocation was almost intolerable. The young woman had been stung a number of times before without any apparent unpleasant result. The physicians were of the opinion that the bee had been feeding upon some extremely poisonous plant, which became concentrated in the venom of the sting. Be that as it may, the condition was such as to excite grave apprehension, the more so as it was several days before recovery was complete.—New York Ledger.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

Two Ways of Seeking a Position.

Two boys left home with just money enough to take them through college, after which they must depend entirely upon their own efforts. They attacked the collegiate problems successfully, passed the graduation, received their diplomas from the faculty; also commendatory letters to a large shipbuilding firm, with which they desired employment. Ushered into the waiting room of the head of the firm, the first was given an audience. He presented his letters.

"What can you do?" asked the man of millions.

"I should like some sort of clerkship."

"Well, sir, I will take your name and address, and should we have anything of the kind open will correspond with you." As he passed out he remarked to his waiting companion, "You can go in and leave your address."

The other presented himself and papers.

"What can you do?" he was asked.

"I can do anything that a green hand can do, sir," was the reply.

The magnate touched a bell, which called a superintendent.

"Have you anything to put a man to work at?"

"We want a man to sort scrap iron," replied the superintendent. And the college graduate went to work sorting scrap iron. One week passed, and the president, meeting the superintendent, asked:

"How is the new man getting on?"

"Oh," said the boss, "he did his work so well and never watched the clock that I put him over the gang."

In one year this man had reached the head of a department and an advisory position with the management at a salary represented by four figures, while his whilom companion was clerk in a livery stable, washing harnesses and carriages.—Boston Traveler.

A Young Reverend.

Talmage Witt of Jennerstown, Pa., is preparing to attend a Lutheran theological seminary at Pittsburg. The country folk about Jennerstown speak of him as Rev. Witt. Four years ago Talmage, then 9 years old, was asked to take charge of his Sunday school class in the teacher's absence. The boy displayed such remarkable knowledge of the Bible and such control over the pupils that when some one was wanted to read the Scriptures at a prayer meeting in the neighborhood the boy was called upon to do so. The little Lutheran congregation was too poor to have a regular pastor, and some of the older people, noting the boy's ability, asked that he be allowed to read regularly to them on Sundays. It was but a short step from this to preaching, and for two years he has delivered sermons, crude in their way, but interesting. He makes a strange picture as he stands in the church pulpit before the gathering of farmers and villagers, Bible in hand.

TALMAGE WITT READING THE BIBLE.

A member of the Evangelical board at Pittsburg happened to be at Jennerstown one Sunday and attended the meeting. This led to the decision to educate the boy at the expense of the authorities at Pittsburg.—American Boy.

A Spaniel's Trick.

It is said that animals do not reason, but you cannot convince the owner of a black cocker spaniel of this. The man lives in New York, and of course the dog acknowledges that city as his place of residence also. A young lady of the family to which he belongs once teased him by scuffing about the rugs of her home until she could give an electric spark of considerable snap and then discharging it upon the nose of her pet, the spaniel.

Not long after the abuse the dog was observed to roll upon the rugs, entirely of his own accord and then run to the brass bedsteads and obtain a spark. This he continues to do, and his own observation seems to have taught him that he must approach metal in order to receive the spark. In one room he runs to the bedstead, in another to the register, and as he licks his nose after the pricking of the spark he never fails to wag the remains of his tail, and his face assumes a decided expression of pleasure.

Popular Pewter.

The popularity of pewter is extraordinary. Every bride is clamoring for it when asked what she would like for a present, and secondhand shops are being ransacked for specimens. At a wedding the other day no less than 50 pewter offerings were made, some of which had been unearthed in Germany and were absolutely beautiful.—Lady's Pictorial.