

A LEGAL INCIDENT.

A TRAGIC ENDING OF AN UNJUST CRIMINAL CONVICTION.

What Strong Circumstantial Evidence Did in the Case of a Trusted Clerk. He Died When He Learned That He Was Innocent Before the Law.

The following thrilling story comes from the lips of a well known member of the Pennsylvania bar:

A very bad and dishonest failure had occurred, in which a certain trusted clerk seemed to have been guilty of the larger share of the crime. He, with his employer, was arrested and charged with the crime. The clerk stoutly protested his innocence and denied all knowledge of the fraud or any connection with his employer.

However, there was a chain of circumstantial evidence woven around him which was exceptionally strong and which his counsel could not break down, although he was firmly convinced himself of his innocence. The clerk was convicted and sent to jail for a term of years.

After being confined in prison for about a year the poor fellow's mind began to weaken, and finally he broke down completely. He was taken from prison and transferred to a hospital for the insane. All the time the clerk continued to protest his innocence. After he had been confined in the hospital three or four years, certain facts in the failure were elicited which clearly proved that the unfortunate clerk was entirely innocent of having committed any crime.

Of course steps were immediately taken to secure the pardon of the man; the facts were laid before the pardon board at their next meeting and an order was given for his immediate release.

It now became the delicate duty of the counsel in the case to break the happy intelligence to the pardoned clerk. But the question that confronted them was what could be done to restore his reason, and would he believe the news? If his mind could not be restored he could not be taken away. What could be done? After a consultation between the counsel on both sides of the case it was agreed to call upon the poor clerk and make an attempt to rouse him from the apathy and lethargy into which he had fallen. This they decided to do by accusing him again of the theft of the funds. Whenever this subject was broached he always roused himself and became greatly animated, always vigorously denying it.

While his mind was aroused by this stimulus it had been decided that one of the counsel was to announce that the matter had been fully investigated and his innocence fully established. The parties to this strange drama assembled in the room of the stricken man. He sat silent and immovable, with his head in his hands.

As the old and ever rankling charge of dishonesty fell upon his ears the effect was exactly that which had been foreseen and expected. He slowly raised his head. Looking his pseudo accuser straight in the eye he repeated, in a loud tone of voice, with a rising inflection and with great energy, "It is a lie."

The critical moment had come. The lawyer who had prosecuted him and secured his incarceration then stepped up to him and said: "You are right. It is a lie, and you stand before the community a vindicated man. I have the order for your release in my pocket."

Then the lawyers stood off to watch the effect, hoping that the joy at the prospect of release and vindication would have the effect of putting the clerk again in his right mind. But no sign of joy overspread the man's features. His face bore its usual stolid expression. It seemed to have no apparent effect upon him.

The clerk turned his face toward the speaker, as if he did not understand him. Then his head fell forward, and the man was precipitated upon the floor at the feet of the lawyers. A single glance sufficed. He was dead.—Green Bag.

Saving a Stamp.

Mamma—Why did you put two stamps on this letter? One would have been plenty.

Little Tommy—One of the stamps was torn, and I didn't want to waste it.—Good News.

A Scared Animal.

Swift footed animals that have been tamed, with abundant facilities for making a living of their own, are apt to take French leave in spite of kind treatment, although in moments of danger such renegades will sometimes remember an old protector and volunteer to renounce their habits of truancy. The post trader of the Forbin de San Pablo, near Mazatlan, raised a young ocelot, which hung about the house, or rather the ranch, for a couple of years, but at last ceased to recognize the authority of its landlord. Juanita would absent herself for weeks together and visit the post only as a guest, or a privileged member of an inspecting committee, for she rummages the premises, appears and disappears without asking anybody's leave, and resents every attempt at familiarity on the part of her former owner. But one evening she had just entered the store when a troop of horsemen alighted at the gate, and a minute later a government scout with a big wolf dog stepped up to the counter, while his companions deposited their saddlebags near the open door.

Juanita cast an uneasy glance at the blockaded door and in the next instant caught sight of the dog and he of her, when the attitude of both parties became so disagreeably suggestive of an impending set-to that the scout reached for a stick to chase the dog out. But Juanita either misconstrued his motive or had already made up her mind to secure a vantage ground, for just when he faced about she leaped upon the counter and with the next jump upon the shoulder of her old master, and there proceeded to "get her back up," growling viciously and bristling up to twice her natural size, like a cat.—San Francisco Chronicle.

About a National Flower.

There is very little use in talking about an American national flower. We are not a nation, no matter how many big N's we may put to the word, in the sense that Englishmen and Frenchmen constitute a nation. What is typical in one section of our continental republic is not typical in another, and an emblem which might mean a great deal in New England or New York would have but an artificial significance in Louisiana or California. State flowers we might have, and to some extent we do have them. California has formally adopted the Eschscholtzia, or California poppy, as its emblem. Maine men wear a pine branch when they want to indicate what state they have come from.

Our Massachusetts flower is naturally the trailing arbutus, and that ought to be formally adopted as our emblem. At the Grand Army encampment nearly every state delegation wore something which was characteristic of the state. We comprehend ourselves better if we divide ourselves up by forty-four, and there are enough plants and flowers to go around.—Boston Transcript.

Illustrated Signs.

The pictorial sign is but little seen in this country. Among the few that we find are the District Telegraph company's pictures, showing deceptive representations of fast speeding messenger boys, and the colored signboards used by nearly all costumers, some East Broadway modistes and a few Bowery tailors. One clothing establishment had the rather original idea of placing portraits of all the members of the firm between the windows of the building, and the same plan was later on followed by an "electrical belt" doctor on Broadway.

The back view of a gentleman with a very high collar is a familiar sign on one of the city's laundries, and Steve Brodie has had the scene of his first exploit reproduced in color. At Eighth avenue and One Hundred and Thirty-fifth street a shoemaker has for many years hung out a signboard showing a cobbler with a kit on his back mounting a horse and the inscription, "Won't you help me up?"—New York Times.

Without Bone.

A funny mistake occurred lately in printing labels for a meat preserving company. The printer had been in the habit of labeling tins of beef or mutton, as the case might be, with the words "without bone" prominently displayed. The company having added kidney soup to its list, the new article was duly ticketed as "Kidney soup—without bone."—London Tit-Bits.

HE FOUND FATHER'S BODY.

Though He Had Laid in a Nameless Grave for Many Years.

"Now this is a true story," said a gentleman whose office is a door or two off upper Broadway, "and the question is, was it fate, psychic attraction, an overruling Providence or—but I'll tell you the incident."

"When the war broke out my brother and a classmate of his, to whom he was much attached, both enlisted at the same time and departed for the south, leaving behind in the little town in western New York their young wives, to whom they had been married but a short time. My brother's chum, whom we may call Ned Brown for convenience, had, I think, been a husband but six weeks when he left for the front. Brother Jack was soon after transferred to the adjutant general's department, so saw little of active service, and Ned was in the division of the army which remained in the vicinity of Washington for about a year. Then came the Battle of the Wilderness and with it the startling intelligence to Jack that Ned had been mortally wounded and had sent for him. He made all haste to the side of his friend, who soon after his arrival died in his arms."

"As was usual after great battles, the dead were buried, many together, in large trenches, and my brother was much troubled over the probability of there being no means of locating or identifying the body, when, as he felt sure, the family would wish to send for it. There had been a little son born to the young soldier in that far away village by the lake, and he felt that the child, who had never looked upon his father's face, would one day want to know at least where his body lay."

"The men in charge assured Jack that the body should be placed at the head of the trench, and if any mark could be left upon it it would be easily found. For some time my brother wondered what he could do. Then an idea struck him. He found a bottle, and placing inside of it a paper upon which was written the name and regiment of his friend, he tied it about the neck of the corpse."

"Some time afterward when friends of the dead soldier came for the body other trenches had been dug near the first, and it was impossible to identify the spot, though the grief stricken widow could scarcely be prevailed upon to give up the search."

"Well, just the other day a young commercial drummer from a Rochester house found himself in the quiet town of Petersburg, Va., and to pass away a dull Sunday went out to the soldiers' burying ground. After he had wandered around for a time among the green mounds he suddenly saw painted upon a wooden slab a name that made his heart leap."

"It was his father's name. And this was Jack's boy, the boy the brave young soldier had so longed to see. Years ago, when the bodies were removed from the old trenches and reburied, the bottle with its bit of paper had been the means of identifying one at least."

"That night there flashed over the wires this message to the soldier's widow, 'I shall bring home father's body with me next week.'—New York World.

Too Much of a Good Thing.

A French paper relates that Baron de Lutz, late prime minister of the king of Bavaria, was much addicted to shrouding all his actions in mystery. Having seriously hurt both his legs on one occasion, he consulted a separate doctor for each of his injured limbs. The one who treated the right leg was totally unaware that a fellow practitioner had been called in for the left one, and vice versa.

Just fancy that, instead of his two legs, each of his ten toes had been diseased! Why, it would have taken a fortune to pay the bills of ten doctors.—La Settimana.

One Year's Sale of Stamps.

The number of postage stamps used in a year is something enormous. For instance, the ordinary postal revenue for the year ending June 30, 1891, exclusive of the money order business, was \$65,065,293.87. Of this \$41,432,129.50 came from letter postage. The bulk of this is of course in two cent stamps, and it is safe to put the whole number of this denomination used at more than two billions per annum.—Kate Field's Wash-

An Old Circus Rider's Mania.

Old Eaton Stone, the circus rider, lives on an eighteen acre farm near this village. He is almost as active as he was years ago, when his daring feats on horseback made him famous all over the world. He is seventy-four years old, but keeps constantly busy. When he has nothing else to do he gets out his oil colors and adds to the unique decoration of the ancient farmhouse in which he resides. Nothing exactly like Mr. Stone's painting is to be found elsewhere, and what he has done in a score of years must have kept him well employed. Almost everything in the house is decorated. Red of the brightest vermillion hue, green which rivals the grass in June, yellow which would do credit to the daffodil and blue of the most lively shade, go into all his scrolls, stars, flowers, stripes and nondescript figures.

The ceiling of the dining room is hidden in wonderful designs traced in vivid colors. There is no attempt at blending or compounding colors. They are laid on as they come from the pots and tubes, and the patterns are original creations. Even the stove has come in for a base line of vivid decoration, and one of the two clocks in the room is completely covered with paint. The picture frames are decorated; the mantel has a generous share of decoration; the oilcloth table covers have added designs the maker never contemplated, and even the chairs have been treated to a display of the old man's handiwork. On the walls, and even on the doors, he has oil paintings and compositions from his brush. They are not high art, but they are very effective and show considerable genius.—Franklin (N. J.) Cor. Boston Herald.

No Title for Whittier.

I notice that you refer to the poet Whittier as "Mr. Whittier." This, I take it, is in bad taste. Call him Whittier, John G., John Greenleaf or Friend Whittier, but never "Mr." Whittier. He belongs to that pure democracy of Quakerism that permits no prefixes or titles to proper names—no "Mr.," no "Rev.," no "Hon.," no "Esq.," but plain John, James, Charles, Dora, Rebecca, etc. It does not accord with the generally accepted feeling toward him. The good Quaker poet is nearer to the hearts of our American readers than any other living poet, and those readers are sensitively exacting in the particular of the treatment accorded him by others.—Cor. Chicago News-Record.

An Accomplished Parrot.

On Sacramento street, near Kearny, on any sunshiny afternoon one can see hanging in front of a Chinese store a large cage containing a green parrot, which bird is a most distinguished linguist. He possesses the faculty, so rare among foreigners, of speaking Chinese. He also speaks Spanish and English. To a singsong question addressed to him in Chinese by his owner the parrot gravely replied, "Pretty Polly, goodbye," while in answer to the stereotyped query, "Polly want a cracker?" he burst into a flood of Chinese. He evidently scorned to reply to the time honored query, there being no cracker in sight.—San Francisco Examiner.

An Exception.

Professor—To contract is to make smaller; to expand is to enlarge. Cold contracts, heat expands. The operations cannot go on at the same time in the same thing. If—

Pupil—Beg pardon, professor, there are some things the more you contract the more they enlarge.

"Ah, indeed. Name some of them."

"Debts, sir."—Exchange.

Bound to Keep Up.

Commuter—Any time tables out? Ticket Agent—I gave you one this morning.

Commuter—But that was six hours ago.—New York Weekly.

The Cook Was All Right.

"Do you like the dinner, John?" anxiously inquired his wife. "I cooked it all by myself."

"Ye-es," said John, trying to be kind and truthful at once, "but I'm afraid, dear, that there must be some misprints in the cookbook you use."—Free Baptist.

Cyrus Thompson claims to have discovered the key which will unlock the mystery of the Maya codices and probably of the Central American inscriptions.