

M. QUAD'S HUMOR.

Mr. Bower's Spring Suit Has an Unfortunate Effect on His Temper.

The "Kicker" on Western Banking Methods—"Hamlet" With the Cowboy Omitted.

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MR. AND MRS. BOWER.

When Mr. Bower's new spring suit was sent home by the tailor the afternoon, Mrs. Bower nerved herself for the impending crisis. He came home at the usual hour, and as she sat an anxious glaze on his face she saw that he was in good humor. Indeed he was chuckling and smiling, and he was hardly inside the door when he broke out with:

"I saw the funniest thing on the car I ever witnessed! There was an old fellow with a mustache and whiskers, and he got up to give his seat to a woman. Just as he did so another—ha! ha! ha!—man—man—What in that bundle, Mrs. Bower?"

"Your new suit. What about the other man?"

"Why, you know, old mutton chops was bowing and scraping—ha! ha! ha!—and motioning the lady to take the seat when the other man—Hold on till I see the suit!"

"I like the goods very much and must compliment you on your taste," broke in Mrs. Bower as he broke the string.



"LOOK AT ME!"

"Now, by the whiskers of my father, but that mutton-chop, smiling, and that hearted fellow hasn't made up the cloth I selected," shouted Mr. Bower in great indignation.

"Are you sure, dear? What goods did you select?"

"Why, diagonal, and the villain had the audacity to—"

"But this is diagonal, and very handsome and serviceable too."

"What! Don't you suppose I could make a corkscrew from a diagonal? I know the difference! 40 rods off with my eyes shut!"

She ran up stairs and brought down several garments to prove that the new suit was what she stated it to be, and at length Mr. Bower was half inclined to agree with her.

"It's just barely possible that this is the cloth I selected," he said as he went in to dinner, "but I don't propose to be taken for a yahoo. I'll try on an after a bit and see how they fit."

Mrs. Bower would have been thankful to get out of the house for the evening, to have had company come in, even to have had a slight fire up stairs or down cellar to put off the crisis, but nothing happened.

"I'll just get into 'em and come down," observed Mr. Bower as he picked up the garments and trotted up stairs. "If that fellow imagines I've just come in off the grass, he'll discover that he's made a sad mistake."

Ten minutes later as Mrs. Bower was trying to make her jumping heart throb come a scuff! scuff! scuff! on the stairs, followed by a tramp! tramp! tramp! in the hall, and then Mr. Bower entered the sitting room. He was very pale. He stood and glared at Mrs. Bower for a moment and then said:

"Well, behold your work! I hope you are satisfied now!"

"My work, Mr. Bower! Why, what did I have to do with your suit? You didn't even tell me until after you had left your measure! What's wrong with the clothes?"

"What's wrong with them?"

"What's right with them! Great Scott, but they are 40 rods too long and high enough to hold a load of hay. Mrs. Bower, it's no wonder so many husbands murder their wives!"

"How am I to blame if my clothes don't fit?" she demanded, with considerable temper.

"And how am I?" he demanded in reply as he yanked off the coat and threw it down on a chair. "Look at that garment! Why, a tramp wouldn't be found dead in it! Look at this vest! I wouldn't be guilty of sending it to an African heathen. Look at these infernal, comfortable trousers! Were they made for a say log or for a respectable law abiding member of this community?"

"They were made for you, and coat, vest and pants are an excellent fit. I don't know when I've seen better work. As for the cloth—"

garments would fit a woven wire mattress as well as they do me! The worn turns at last! To-morrow what?" she asked as he paused.

He made motions of wiping out a family of killing three or four tailors—of holding the police at bay for a time and then taking a header into the river. Then he went tramp! tramp! tramp! through the hall and scuff! scuff! scuff! up stairs and got into his old suit, and during the rest of the evening he glared at Mrs. Bower and grinded his teeth and read the evening paper by turns. She wisely held her peace, knowing how it would be. Two days later he was wearing the suit and even bragging about the excellent goods and fine fit.

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

A WORD OF CAUTION.—We understand that parties are here from the east with a view of opening a bank with a capital of \$25,000. This is good news, but we feel it our duty to give these strangers a word of caution. Our banking business is not conducted exactly on eastern principles. For instance, if one of our sterling business men like Colonel Hard should happen to want \$100 some day, it were put to the bother of signing a note and getting two or three bankers to vouch for it. Our business men would naturally take it as a slur on their integrity and begin shooting. In the east they allow three days grace on bank paper. Out here they always allow seven, and if the man carries two guns they run it out to nine or ten and throw in a couple of Sundays. Depositors in the east take chances of the president wrecking a bank or the cashier absconding with the funds. We are not built that way. About once a week our people call around to see how the machine is running, and they expect all inquiries to be satisfactorily answered. A bank official who leaves this town never takes any baggage with him and is always at great pains to explain why he goes and when he expects to return. Our bankers bank will do well here, but it must be run on western ideas. Should a bank open here with a plan to fail after a year or two and pay depositors 50 cents on the dollar, it were better for the officials to go and die now and save trouble.

DRAMATIC.—Two weeks ago, when the advance agent of "The Standard Theatrical company" billed this town for "Hamlet," we tried to give him some pointers. We thought we knew the people of this locality better than he did, but he was a young man with a swelled head and scorned our advice. There are certain things our theatre going public demand in the play of "Hamlet," and they must be given or there will be a row. At some period of the play at least one cowboy must gallop across the stage on his knees to give things a realistic appearance. There must be at least one barroom scene, and the bottles and glasses must be real. In each act there must be a song and dance to liven up things. Our people prefer a female dancer in tight, but will accept a colored man if he can clog well. A 4-round boxing match always takes well, but a trapeze performance can be substituted in case the boxers are not there. We told the young man all these things, but he went his way. The company was greeted by a full house Tuesday evening. The audience waited patiently for the cowboy, the barroom and the song and dance, but they did not show up. A committee waited on the manager to ask what was wrong, and he said they were playing "Hamlet" as it was played in New York, Boston, Chicago and elsewhere, and he refused to put in any improvements for our benefit.

For a few minutes it looked as if the boys would proceed to extremes, but wiser counsels prevailed, and they were finally satisfied with the result of the admission. The company had to leave part of its baggage here to secure the hotel bill, and at least two of the actors departed on foot. Every town has its idioms. What life New York won't go down here at all, and what ticks Chicago or St. Louis makes us and serious. We want our "Hamlet" as we want it. We don't want anybody else's "Hamlet." The sooner this fact is thoroughly understood by theatrical companies heading this way the better for all concerned.

SHE WAS A WIDOW.

It was at a circus in a North Carolina town. The performance had begun when a little, old woman wearing a poke bonnet, white cotton gloves and a blue calico dress stepped up to the ticket wagon, laid down 25 cents and held out her hand for a ticket.

"Fifty cents, ma'am," said the man in the wagon.

"That makes no difference," she replied. "She picked up her 25 cents and took a walk around and stopped at the wagon again to hand it up and say:

"Gimme a ticket to the show."

"Fifty cents, ma'am," replied the man.

"But I'm a widder."

"Bin a widder for 13 years," she calmly replied.

"I don't care if you have been a widder from the cradle up! Don't bother me any more!"

She took her money and went off in the direction of the side show, where the fat boy was on exhibition, and I entered the circus tent. I had not been seated over five minutes when something fell beneath the seats pulled at my leg and a voice whispered:

"Stranger, hitch along to the left and give a widder a show!"

I ably only hesitated, but assisted the little old woman in the poke bonnet to climb up beside me. When she had got her breath, I asked:

"Did the man sell you a ticket for two bits?"

"Nasp. He un got no compashun on widder's money."

"Then how did you get in?"

"Same as I always do. Bin a widder for 13 years, and I've crawled under the canvas 12 seasons. Do you un feel like buyin a lone widder a glass of that air lemonade?"

A GOOD INDIAN.

The old man had a head so bald that he looked over its entire surface in vain for sight of a single hair. I wasn't going to ask him any questions, but after we had shared away on general subjects for half an hour he suddenly said:

"You don't see many heads as bald as mine?"

"That's a fact."

"Probably strikes you as a case of typhoid fever?"

"That would account for it."

"It would, but it don't, stranger. That head is proof that an Injun has gratitude in his heart. Lots of folks contend that he hasn't, but I'm a living proof that they are wrong."

"I should like to hear your story."

"It's a short one. In the year 1867 out in Kansas I found a wounded Injun in the bushes and took him home and cared for him till he was able to get out for home. He acted up to me like a grateful son, but he was a bad fellow, and everybody said he'd even hate me worse for what I'd done. About a year later I was out hunting cattle and was captured by Injuns. They were going to scalp and burn me, but the fellow I had saved turned up and prevented it. He was grateful and wanted to show it."

"And they didn't scalp you?"

"No."

"But how did you lose?"

"I'm coming to that. The fellow saved me, but as I was a long way from home and would likely meet other Injuns they pulled every last blamed hair out by the roots so as not to offer any temptation. They thought I'd better be bald than be dead, and they were right about it."

"There ain't no but about it, stranger, or it is, why?"

"And he reached down into a lank, lean satchel and got hold of the butt end of something, and I took up my book and began reading again."

"You told me that before, but we make no discount to widows."

"They never pass the contraband box to me in church 'cause I'm a widder. Bin a widder for 13 years."

"Well, you couldn't buy a ticket for 25 cents if you had been a widder for 30 years," he said as he turned away.

She picked up her two bits and traveled around the circus tent and stopped at the wagon for the third time.

"Ticket for a widder," she said as she handed up her 25 cents.

"Look here, ma'am!" shouted the man, "haven't I told you that the price was 50 cents, and that you couldn't buy a ticket for less?"

"Bin a widder for 13 years," she calmly replied.

"I don't care if you have been a widder from the cradle up! Don't bother me any more!"

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ABERDEEN FOR CANADA.

LONDON, May 13.—Press comments are favorable on to-day's official notice that the Earl of Aberdeen has been appointed Governor-General of Canada.

The Daily News praises the wide sympathies of both the Earl and the Countess. The Chronicle says: "The Earl is young and energetic and alive to the best democratic movements of the day."

The Westminster Gazette says: "The appointment is generally approved and will afford opportunities of statesmanship, of commercial union, independence and annexation are all in the air, and the future of the Dominion, even of the Empire, may depend on the course of public opinion in Canada during the next few years."

The St. James's Gazette suggests that when the Earl of Aberdeen's term of office expires the Duke of Devonshire would be more popular.

Boston, May 11.—Walter Emerson, the cornet player, was to-day granted a divorce from his wife, Mildred, by Justice Richardson.

The charges made by Emerson was that his wife, who is said to be in London, has been unfaithful. They were married in 1885. She was an accomplished singer and a cornet player. They travelled together, and in 1891 the company in which they were went to England. There Emerson was accustomed to receive at his home a Waddington Cook, a pianist. He was the cause of the arrangement. Mrs. Emerson did not return to this country to play at Nantasket the year following, but came later, remained here for some time, and then went to England, where she now is.

This young man—this red handed murderer!" shouted the prosecutor, "had asked the girl in marriage (false) and been

refused (false). Fired with jealousy and burning with a desire for revenge (false), he began planning (false) this deed. We know that White feared him (false), and that he was lured there (false), except he was lured there (false).

The great question, of course, was what had become of the body. It was supposed that I had carried it to some hiding place. Around the town were as many as 500 coal and iron shafts from 15 to 40 feet deep. Some were covered up and some open. All about us were huge snowdrifts, and the idea was that I had buried White under one of these or flung the body into an open shaft. More than 500 people searched for the body for a week or more, but no trace of it could be found. When I told about the nose bleed, no one believed me. The saloon keeper could have set things right, but he refused (false). Afterward explaining that he feared White had been overpowered by drink and perished in the storm. Those who came to the office to question me testified:

The prisoner hesitated (false) to admit that he had lately seen the missing man. He was very nervous (false), and it was very plain that he knew more than he was willing to tell (false).

One cannot blame a mother for wishing to see justice meted out to her son's murderer, but Mrs. White was truly vindictive. While she perhaps did not intentionally perjure herself, she swore to many things which had no foundation in fact. For instance, she swore that on three different occasions between 10 and 11 o'clock at night she had seen a person whom she believed to be me loitering about the house in a suspicious manner. She testified that in passing me once on the street I had muttered threats of vengeance; that at another time I had glared at her like a hungry tiger. From the first time she saw me she hated me, and up for a desperate villain, she said, and it hardly surprised her when told that I had murdered Albert. As a matter of fact, I did not know the woman by sight.

It might have been a point in my favor if I had given reason for my dropping the girl. I should have had to relate the story told by the editor. He had no proof. I believed it, but no one else would have done so. I was a slim young man, weighing 150 pounds. How had I managed to carry the body of a man weighing 150 pounds clear of the town? They got around that question by saying I had dragged it over the snow, and two wonderful coincidences suddenly bobbed to the surface. Across the alley in rear of the office a barn had been taken from the halter rope had been missing since that fateful night. The owner of the barn was a volunteer witness, and he seemed to really enjoy the situation. The rope was even then attached to his boy's hand sled, having been taken from the barn for that purpose. Another reputable witness swore to having seen a curious trail in the alley next morning, as if a bag of oats had been drawn over the snow. No one else saw it, but his testimony was evidence that I had dragged the body out by way of the alley. There were three witnesses who committed deliberate perjury. In a small town a witness in a murder trial is lionized. To secure a case of public admiration three different persons were called to the stand to swear that Albert White's life. They recalled my exact words and the day and hour. When arrested, I was looked up by the town marshal. I didn't think the man wanted to do me a bad turn, but because I was arrested he made up his mind I must be guilty. He was the hero of the hour, of course, and of course he had a good deal to say about how I looked and acted and what I said, everything going to prove my guilt. I never believed he realized what he was saying when he took the stand and swore that I said, "Well, it has all come out" when he looked me up. He added that on two different occasions I seemed about to make a clean breast of it, but he repulsed me.

And now what had become of Albert White? All the searching had failed to get traces of him. After I had been held to the higher court certain incidents occurred to me for the first time. I remembered that I was carrying a basket of groceries as he came into the office. I remembered that he said he was going straight home when he left. He lived a full mile beyond the saloon where he had stopped, but could shorten the distance by cutting across the field. I had never crossed this field, but felt sure there were three or four old shafts scattered about. I thought it all over as I lay on my cot in jail one night, and next day the editor of The Star was directing a search. At the bottom of 250 feet from my White's front door, and the mouth of which was almost concealed by a snowdrift, they found Albert. This was the seventeenth day after my arrest. He had attempted the short cut in his home. Blinded by the storm, he had fallen into the pit. The fire of six feet of snow at the bottom had broken his fall. In his basket was a loaf of bread, two or three pounds of beef, some sugar and a dozen eggs. He had ordered everything and was a very hungry young man when finally discovered. He had figured that the saloon keeper would give notice of his leaving there at 10:45, because both had remarked the time. He reasoned that search would be made and that the old pits would speedily be examined.

I was at once restored to liberty as a matter of course, but I want you to note the curious phase of human nature. Neither the prosecutor nor the town marshal took me by the hand and uttered a word of congratulation. Not one of the witnesses who had testified against me evinced the slightest desire to rejoice. So far as I could judge, at least one-half the population of the town felt a grudge against me for spoiling the case. This feeling also extended to White. After he had been murdered and a good case made out against me it was doggone mean to come to life and spoil all! Strange of all the girl went back on him with the crowd and was shortly after married to a chap who had never taken the trouble to hear after her.

Circumstantial evidence is good and just and legal evidence, I repeat, but it must be truthful evidence and without wriggle.

OLD JACK.

All men like horses, but only a cavalryman takes horses into full partnership

M. QUAD'S SKETCHES.

A Good Murder Case on Circumstantial Evidence—Old Jack.

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Yes, circumstantial evidence has put the case against the necks of innocent men, and circumstantial evidence has sent innocent men to state prison, but nevertheless we must not reject it, nor even doubt it on that account. Circumstantial evidence has tripped up thousands of rascals who would otherwise have gone free. It has been the ally of justice and the friend of innocence ever since we had judges, lawyers and jurors, and it will continue to be until the end of time. Where it has condemned an innocent man that man was in a posture to blame for it. He either falsified or withheld certain facts. To a certain extent he aided in his own conviction. When a detective arrests a man for a certain crime, he naturally believes him guilty of it. All his efforts are put forth to prove his guilt, and to convict him in the courts. He rejects anything going to prove his innocence. We berate the detective for doing this, and yet we see the prosecuting attorney pursuing the same line of conduct and shake no criticism. Our jurymen must believe the prisoner guilty to do his best. The prisoner's counsel must believe him innocent to do his best. When both sides have pursued this line and have been submitted to an intelligent unbiased jury, justice can ask for no more.

The Liverpool Star was a weekly paper published in a town of 2,000 people situated in a coal mining district. At the age of 22 I was foreman of the office—about the age of a compositor, pressman and job printer and had the "boss" of affairs when the editor happened to be out.

As he also had to turn to at the case for two or three days in the week, my authority was limited to giving orders to the apprentice but for the most part I acted as a young man in the office.

I was a soldier, industrious and truthful, as a dozen people testified on my behalf at the trial. Three miles east of the village lived a family named Walters. Ida Walters, then a girl of 18, was the belle of the region. I was one out of a dozen young men who fell in love with her, but after a few months the contest narrowed down until only two of us were left. A young man named Albert White, who was employed at a mine, was the rival.

As a matter of fact, both of us had proposed marriage, but she was a bit of a coquette and would neither accept nor refuse either one of us. No two men can love the same woman without hating each other. It came about that Albert White and I felt mutually jealous of each other. One Sunday night as we walked back to town together we had a violent quarrel and threatened each other's life. When I was told that he carried a knife as a weapon against me, I borrowed a revolver as an offset. The situation finally came to the ears of the editor, and under pledge of secrecy and for my own good he told me certain things about Walters and his wife which instantly cooled my affection for her. I had no proof of what he said, but yet fully believed him. He told me that in England, where they called him, the mother had been a notoriously bad woman and the father a blackleg.

I was so fully convinced of the truth of the editor's assertions that I paid no more visits to the girl. After four or five weeks she accepted Albert White, and it was given out that they were engaged. As was to be expected, I was "sympathized" with on every hand, and I want you to note how my demeanor was taken. In every case I turned the matter over to the editor and congratulated the lucky man. One evening, fully two months after my last visit to the girl, I returned to the office in the evening to do some work. It was mid-winter, and but few people were abroad in the village. At about 9 o'clock Albert White came in. We had not met for many weeks. He came in a friendly spirit, and I received him in the same way. He of course had no suspicion of why I had withdrawn from the race. Believing he had won the girl, he had come in to congratulate me, and called to hope there would be no more hard feelings. Circumstantial evidence is made up of trifles—that is, a full case. The front door of The Star office sagged a little. When White started to open it, he felt a strong draft of air. He sprang back and struck his head against the door. He was bleeding as he came in. He got a handful of snow from the back door, and in three minutes the bleeding stopped. He sat and talked for about an hour and the most friendly way. At 10:45, as was after-noon, he got a drink of beer in a saloon fully half a mile away, and he then had a basket of groceries on his arm and he was on his way to his mother's house, where he was to come. The town ordinance required all saloons to close at 10:30 sharp. The owner of this place was defying the ordinance.

Before noon next day it was known all over town that Albert White was missing. Before night men were looking for him, and yet I never heard a word about it. The editor heard of it outside, but said nothing in the office. The apprentice heard it on the street, but did not mention it to me. I did not get the news until about noon next day. A citizen had seen the body of Albert White in the street. The apprentice and so one of the searching parties came to question me. I told of his visit to the office, but did not mention the trifling accident that brought it out. That night I was arrested on a warrant sworn out by his mother as the murderer of Albert White, and the circumstantial evidence piled up against me at the examination. A week later I satisfied everybody but the editor that I was guilty of the crime. Mr. and Mrs. Walters swore that White had told them that he feared me, as I had threatened his life. Miss Ida swore to the same thing and added that she had always feared I would shoot him when we met at the house. They found blood on the floor, and that meant that I had killed White as he sat by the stove. A dozen different people who had grieved me about "getting the mitten" remembered that I smiled the smile of a cold blooded villain and turned to myself. The fact that I had carried a pistol was proof that I had murdered in my heart.

"This young man—this red handed murderer!" shouted the prosecutor, "had asked the girl in marriage (false) and been

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