

me of having violated the Seventh Commandment." Then he rushed in to where I was, and roared out. "What do you mean by saying that I violate the seventh commandment?" I saw he was both excited and indignant, and I replied. "Mr. Laird, they do say that you sometimes bear false witness against your political opponents." "Well," said he with a roar that came pretty nearly shaking down the plastering, "what has that got to do with it. You insinuate that I have been charged with adultery." The thought flashed to my mind in a second that I had made a mistake, and I rushed into the press room, and began taking out the type. So I said to Mr. Laird what is the number of the commandment I should have referred to, and he thought for a moment and then added, "the Eighth." Being, as I thought, an authority on the subject, I substituted the "Eighth," for the "Seventh." But not more than one hundred copies were struck off than I heard Mr. Laird coming again like a pile of brick from a steep roof. "Why," said he in thunder tones "You've got that wrong again; I've turned the Commandments up, and I find you should have said the "Ninth," The Eighth Commandment refers to stealing. Why you might as well say I am a thief outright. It's too bad." "Bless you, Mr. Laird, its not my fault this time; its your own. As an elder you should have known better." "So ought you in the first place," shouted the irate editor—change it again—change it quick—there's no time to be lost." So I ran in again, stopped the press and had it changed to the "Ninth," but not before a hundred copies or so were run off. When I returned I found Mr. Laird sitting down in a deep study. Looking up, he said in the most mournful tone. "It was a miraculous escape." When I got alone and thought the matter over, I used to laugh to think how that edition went forth, some of the papers insinuating that the good man was an adulterer, some that he was a thief and some that he was a bearer of false witness against his neighbor!

If Mr. Laird had been a vindictive man, he might have taken one of the first papers that came off the press, and had me arrested for libel. But he knew how it all came about, and he afterward laughed over it as heartily as a man could.

Mr. Laird was not as good a writer in my day as he was a