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WITNESSES TO ALIBIS.

Shady Trade Which Once Flourished In New York's Courts. The elder Weller in "Pickwick" was, as all admirers of the works of Dick-

ens will know, a great believer in the utility of an alibi as a defense in both criminal and civil actions.
"Never mind the character," said Mr. Weller to his son. "Stick to the alley-bi. Nothing like an alleybi, Sammy; nothing. Verever he's agoin' to be tried, me boy, a alleybi's the thing to

This sage advice of Mr Weller found frequent corroboration in the views of criminal lawyers in town up to a very few years ago. There were half a century ago more criminal lawyers than there are today, and the emoluments and fees of criminal lawyers were materially larger in the ordinary run of cases than now. As a consequence, cases were more often defended than they are now and pleas of guilty much more rarer. Then the alibi witness was a necessary though usually unwelcome part of the ma-chinery of defense in criminal cases. There is in criminal procedure no bet-ter defense than an alibi if sustained. Alibi witnesses were therefore very much in demand until juries began to mistrust them and the penalties for the

crime of perjury were visited upon some of the delinquents.

For a long time the mendacious and subsidized testimony of professional alibi witnesses obtained credence from jurors, and some of these wit-nesses, to quote their own language, "made a good thing out of it." Juries in criminal cases are usually sympathetic where no outside pressure is brought upon them, and it is the part of the charge of every judge in a criminal case to inform the jury that the prisoner at the bar is entitled to every reasonable doubt. If, therefore, any uncertainty existed on the point whether or not the prisoner was actually present at the time and place of the alleged crime he was entitled to the benefit of it, but little by little the prosecuting officers became acquainted with the identity and records of the professional alibi witnesses. One or two were prosecuted. Others were scared off. The commercial value of the services of the others was decreased, and finally the whole netarious business was abandoned, never since to be revived



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SARAH. HUSTLING

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"Look here, Jim" began Colville one evening, when her brother James came nome to supper, "in walking past the tavern this afternoon I saw a strange

"Yes, there is one there." was the re-

"I can't tell you much about him. His name is Ripley, I believe, and he's come down from the city for a four weeks' vacation. He was asking me about boating and fishing." James Halliday was a carpenter of the village of Branchville. His sister

Sarah kept house for him. Sarah Halliday had lived for thirtythree years and no man had hinted of matrimony to her. She never pretended to good looks, but she always insisted that she was tender hearted and had emotion sufficient to make a great actress. Her failure to bring men to the point had rankled, and she had finally made up her mind to do a little hustling for a husband. She had seen the young man sitting on the hotel

an eager way, and she flattered herself that she had made an impression. brother Jim after supper.

tavern and show him that you want to Phelps, who had h be friendly. You can bring in, if you and wanted a third. want to, that I noticed him this afternoon. We've got the mill pond here, and we've got a boat and fishing tackle, and

The brother dutifully obeyed orders. He found Mr. Ripley smoking a cigar on the veranda. He mentioned Sarah, the mill pond, the boat and the black bass waiting to be caught, and Mr. Ripley replied that he should surely take advantage of the situation. He didn't set any date, however, and when he came home to supper on the following evening the brother observed to

"What do you think, Sarah? That Susan Jones has somehow managed to



SHE CRIED TO HIM AGAIN AND AGAIN. get acquainted with the stranger, and he's over at her house playing croquet." "Jim, you don't tell fact!" she gasped.

"Of course I do!" "Humph! The freshness of Miss Susan Jones must be seen to at once." And it was. Miss Sarah speedily donned another dress, fixed up a bit, and, leaving her brother to eat alone, she started for the Jones house. Mr. Ripley and Susan were just finishing their last game. Sarah walked up to Susan and whisperingly asked for an interdiction. introduction and forced the issue. When she returned home Mr. Ripley accompanied her, and he didn't leave the house until 10 o'clock. He had made himself very agreeable, and when he had departed Jim observed:

"By thunder, Sarah, but 'sposin' you ould marry a feller like him!" "I mean to!" was Sarah's Iaconic re

The next day Jim was left out of it. Sarah and Mr. Ripley took the boat and went fishing, and before they returned she thought she knew her man well. He was romantic. He was in-clined to be a hero. He quoted poetry. He sighed to find and love a heroine. When Jim came home that evening there was a twinkle in his eye, and

"Mr. Ripley seems to be a feller who gets acquainted with folks pretty fast.

I just saw him walking home with

"You don't mean it!" exclaimed Sarah as she paused in the act of pour-"That's what I saw. She was at the

That's want I saw. She was at the tayern to see the landlord's wife, and I spose she was introduced."
"Well, I'll put a stop to that pretty sudden. I told Mrs. Graves only last week that Tillie was altogether too

out with aggressive steps. She saw Tillie and Mr. Ripley at the gate while she was yet a long way off. She walked straight up to them and observed that it was a beautiful evening for seeing the mill dam and bore the stranger away. When the pouring waters of the dam had been sufficiently admired the young man was walked to the Halliday homestead and kept busy quot-ing poetry and drinking cider until 11

In the course of a couple of weeks at least half a dozen girls were introduced to Mr. Ripley by the landlord's wife, and each and every one of them set out for a flirtation with him. Each and every one of them came to grief, however. Sarah was in evidence, and when she butted in the others had to butt out. At the end of a fortnight she felt herself as good as engaged. Mr. Ripley had praised her strength and skill in rowing, her luck in fishing and her emotional temperament, and she had several times caught him glancing at her as a man only glances when his admiration is aroused. He had been asked to tea three or four times, and the two had boated and fished every afternoon, and all was going well. "How's it coming out, Sarah?" asked brother Jim one morning at the break-

fast table. "There's only one thing needed," she "Haven't you noticed that he is always talking about heroes and

"If I were a heroine he'd pop the question inside of twenty-four hours. veranda with his feet cocked up on the railing, and he had at once been mark-ed down. He had looked after her in "But how can you be?"

"I can't say just now, but I'm going to think it over during the day." That afternoon she received a note from Mr. Ripley excusing himself from "If Mr. Ripley is all alone down here he must be lonesome," she said to her calling on the ground of a slight illness, and two hours after she had read the note she learned that he was sit-"Yes, he may be."
"Then you'd better saunter up to the avern and show him that you want to "Phelps, who had had two husbands"

Sarah planned fast from that time on. Sarah had learned that Mr. Ripley arose and breakfasted at 8 o'clock. He it seems our duty to make the stranger's stay as pleasant as possible. You know how you'd feel if you were away was not a hundred feet away and in plain view.

Next morning as the young man on a vacation sat smoking, he heard some one calling his name. He looked up, and there was Sarah Halliday in an oarless boat floating down upon the dam. She cried to him again and again, and it was plain to him that she must be swept over the falls and drowned. The best thing he could do, however, was to fall over his rocking chair and roll down the steps. Right under his eyes the boat went over the dam, and right under his eyes a sawmill man, who had never longed to be a hero, fished Sarah out with a long pole. She was a heroine, but insensible. They rolled her on a barrel. They dragged her around in the sawdust. They carried her home on a slab and sent for Jim and the doctor. She was wrung out and put to bed, and it was two days later when Jim was permitted to

"Now, then, what in the old Harry were you doing in that boat at that hour in the morning?"

"Rowing," she answered.

"How came you to lose the oars?"
"I wanted to be rescued." "Oh, I see. You wanted to be a heroine, eh, and you wanted to give Ripley a chance to play the hero?" "Has he sent me any flowers?" she asked, avoiding a direct reply to his

"But he surely called?" "How could be call when he took a skate that very forenoon?" bluntly re-

plied the brother "Did he see me all wet and wopsy?" "Of course, and that's why he

Poor Sarah! She had hustled, but

she had lost,

A Mediaeval Bill of Fare. A fourteenth century manuscript still extant records the festivities attendant on the marriage of Violante Visconti with the Duke Lionel Plantagenet, son of Edward III. of England, at Milan, Italy. The wedding dinner consisted of eighteen courses, as follows: First course, sucking pigs wrapped in a thin coating of gold, fish with their mouths giving forth fife; second, hares roasted and gilded; third, veal roasted and trout incrusted in gold; fourth, quails partridges and again trout, roasted and gilded; fifth, ducks, game and more fish; sixth, beef and capons unadorned; seventh, capons, meat and fish done in lemon; eighth, beef and fish of different kinds; ninth, eels and more meat; enth, galantine of meat and fish: elev enth, lamb roasted; twelfth, hare and wild boar with onions; thirteenth, venifourteenth, capons and chickens afficienth, peacocks with beans, salted tongue and roasted carp; sixteenth, peacocks again, this time boiled in

spices; seventeenth, cheese, and eight eenth, cherries.

Wit Used as an Ax. onest old Pennsylvania farmer had a tree on his premises he wanted to cut down, but being weak in his back and having a dull ax, he hit upon the following plan: Knowing the passion among his neighbors for coon hunting, he made a coon's foot out of a potato and proceeded to imprint numerous tracks in the snow to and up the tree. When all was ready, he informed his neighbors that the tree must be filled with coons, pointing to the external evidence made with his coon's foot. The bait took, and in a short time half a dozen fellows with sharp axes were chopping at the base of the tree, each taking his regular turn. The party also brought dogs and shotguns and were in ecstasies over the anticipated haul of fat coons. The Again Jim was left to eat his even- tree finally fell, but nary a coon was ing meal alone while the sister started seen to drop.—Germantown Telegraph.

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************************************* A PECULIAR FISH.

The Turbot's Ball and Socket Bye

Lying limp and slimy on a fishmonger's slab, or dry and sandy in the fishwives' baskets, the turbot is, perhaps, the least interesting of fish. When swimming in an artificial sea or lying on the sandy bottom it is the most attractive of all of the denizens of this mock ocean and whether at rest or in motion has an air of vigilance, vivacity and intelligence greater than that of any of the normally shaped fish. This is in part due to its habits and in part to the expression of the flat fish's eye. This, which is sunk and invisible in the dead fish, is raised on a kind of turret in the living turbot, or sole, and set there in a half revolving apparatus, working almost as independently as the "ball and socket" eyes of the chameleon. There is this difference, however, in the eye of the lizard and of the fish-the iris of the chameleon is a mere pinhole at the top of the eyeball, which is thus absolutely without expression. The turbot's, or "butt's," eyes are black and gold and intensely bright, with none of the fixed, staring stupid appearance of ordinary fishes eyes. lies upon the sand and jerks its eyes independently into position to survey any part of the ground surface, the water above, or that on either side at

any angle,
If it had light rays to project from its eyes instead of to receive, the effect would be precisely that made by the sudden shifting of the jointed appa-ratus which casts the electric light from a warship at any angle on to sea, sky or horizon. The turbots, though ready, graceful swimmers, moving in wavelike undulations across the water or dashing off like a flash when so disposed, usually lie perfectly still upon the bottom. They do not, like the dabs and the flounders, cover themselves with sand, for they mimic the color of the ground with such absolute fidelity that except for the shining eye it is almost impossible to distinguish them. It would appear that volition plays some part in this subtle conformity to environment, for one turbot, which is blind, has changed to a tint too light and not at all in harmony with that of the sand.—London Spectator.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

No man is as dangerous as his When some men have nothing to do

If a man asks a candid opinion from a friend and gets it, it makes him mad.
Some people invariably get the worst of it, because they are always demanding the best of it. ing the best of it.

As soon as a man gets a notion that his employer can't get along without him he is getting ready to lose his job. There is always the danger that ev ery man will become the hired man and every mother the hired girl to their

family. When a young man begins to make regular visits to a girl, how it would knock out the romance if it were said that he was calling on her to make ar rangements for hiring a cook.

Where Kit Marlowe Was Buried. St. Nicholas, Deptford, possesses richer literary, artistic and naval asso ciations than most churches of the river side. It was the parish church of John Evelyn and his tenant, Peter the Great, who delighted to make the parson drunk, as well as of a long line toric monuments quaintly commemo rates Peter Pett, "the Noah of his age," who invented the frigate. A welrd wood carving, representing the proph-et Ezekiel in the valley of dry bones, is by Grinling Gibbons, who was "dis covered" here by Evelyn. The parish register records the burial of Christopher Marlowe, "slaine by ffrancis Archer" on June 1, 1693.—Westminster

The most peculiar spiders in the world, as well as the largest ones, in-habit the island of Sumatra. They are of all conceivable forms and colors, and some of them spin threads almost as large and strong as the grocer's twine.

Some queerly shaped spiders have square bodies poised on long red legs, and others have crooked green and yellow legs which support heart shaped bodies. One of the very oddest of the lot has a body that looks like that of knobs and pear shaped projections all

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WOMEN HOTEL CLERKS.

w Those in Europe Impressed a

er places the visitor is met at the desk by a woman instead of by the perfunc-tory clerk so familiar to Americans at home. I think this is because a of common, everyday robbery. One doesn't like to argue about the prices with a sweet, smiling little lady, who seems to be exerting herself to an exme degree to secure one's comfort and happiness, but if one happens to be making short stops here and there it is wise to put away suavity for the time being to the extent at least of an

occasional mild protestation.

When madame smiles benignly and tells you that the room you have chosen, with everything included, will be 20 francs a day it is well to remer that "everything included" doesn't in-clude everything by any means. There are a hundred and one little "extras." like tea, after dinner coffee, coffee and rolls in your room in the morning and such like luxuries, to say nothing of service, which must be paid for first hand if it is to be enjoyed at all. So at 20 francs madame is probably taking chances against a protest and will be enormously pleased with herself if none is forthcoming. It is the same all suppose those who can afford to go up the scale never care particularly. Eleanor Franklin in Leslie's Weekly.

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