

FAIR TRIAL WAS IMPOSSIBLE

During the Day of Witchcraft Unfortunates Were Brought into Court to Be Condemned.

When the witchcraft delusion of 1692 seized the province the people would not wait for the workings of the established tribunal of justice. It was too slow to suit them. No doubt they feared that it would be "reactionary" or inclined to be too respectful to the letter of the law. So they cried out for a special court to hustle along the trial of the witches, and Governor Phipps meekly yielded to the clamor and named seven judges to conduct the trials.

It was distinctly a popular court, and was controlled absolutely by the popular will. Not one of the seven judges was a lawyer. Two of the judges were clergymen, two were physicians and three were merchants. The common law was thrown aside, rules of evidence were ignored, and the judges and juries were left untrammelled by any "quibbles of the law" to follow their own feelings and the popular will.

Says Washburn in his "Judicial History of Massachusetts": "The trials were but a form of executing popular vengeance. Juries were intimidated by the frowns and persuasions of the court and by the outbreaks of the multitude that crowded the place of trial to render verdicts against their own consciences and judgment." He cites one case, that of Rebecca Nurse, in which the jury actually had the courage to bring in a verdict of not guilty. Whereupon "the accusers raised a great outcry and the judges were overcome by the clamor." The jury was sent back, returned with a verdict of guilty, and the woman was accordingly executed. Thus promptly and effectively did the popular will succeed in bringing about the judicial decision it wanted.—Boston Herald.

NOT A COMPLETE SUCCESS

Workings of Brother Bogus' Conscience Evidently Were Merely in the First Throes.

"Ever since I was done converted last week," remarked a certain colored citizen in a chastenedly triumphant tone, "much conscience gnaws me when I think o' what a sinner I was befo' I seed the blessed light. I was false to de Lawd and untrue to muh feller men, and muh conscience gnaws—"

"Do it gnaw yo' enough, Brudder Bogus," grimly interrupted old Brother Gumpshun, "to make yo' pay me back dem fou dollars yo' borried off'n me yeah befo' last?"

"W'y—w'y, sah,—yo' knows how clost de times is, dese days, and—well, sah, here's hafter dollar, dat I'll pay yo' now, and—"

"Huh! If dat's de best yo' kin do, sah, yo' conscience ain't gnawin'—it's dess uh-nibblin'."—Sattire.

Had to Have Ple.

A New York woman, who thinks she knows the public taste because of her experience in the boarding house business and as the manager of a summer resort hotel, thinks that the statement made by a Chicago baker that "pie has ceased to be popular with the masses of this country" is "all wrong." "It may be true for Chicago," she said, "but in this part of the world pie is still popular. Two years ago we had a little strike in the kitchen of our washhouse place and the pastry end was the hardest to get right. For four days we had no pie, but furnished instead more expensive desserts. But we had a regular pie strike among our guests, and pie we had to have. It wasn't like any man's mother ever made, because it was amateur work, but it was pie, and that's all they wanted."

Get Habit of Quiet Speaking.

The easiest of bad habits to acquire is that of speaking loudly. Language has become so complex that not only is it necessary to say the right thing, but it must be said in the right way. A phrase may be said in jest or earnest; a rebuke may be kindly or stern; an order may be willingly or unwillingly received according to the tone in which it has been said. Many a faithful workman is unjustly accused of unwillingness and disloyalty because of the harsh manner in which orders are received; many a master is regarded as unfeeling by his employees because his actions are forgotten and only the sting of his sharp manner remembered.

The Task at Hand.

The late Clara Barton, head of the American Red Cross, was a Christian in perhaps the best sense—the practical and unselfish sense. Miss Barton, in an interview in New York about the tenement house laws, once said to a reporter:

"I'd neglect church, I'd neglect religion to get our vile and unwholesome slums all swept away."

"She paused, then added: 'We ought not to consider the mansions awaiting us on the other side of Jordan, you know, while there's an unsolved housing problem so near home.'—Washington Star.

It Depends.

"How long has your husband's suit for damages been going on?"

"Let me see? I think it is eleven years."

"Eleven years! Does it take that long to get a lawsuit settled?"

"Yes, when you can find a lawyer who is willing to take on for what

FIND RELIEF IN CONFESSION

"Making a Clean Breast of It" Has Saved Many a Man and Woman From Insanity.

The relief of making "a clean breast of it!" Who of us is there who has not experienced it? If we have done something which we consider shameful or degrading or horrible we find that we are suffering until we can tell it all to some one else, comments a magazine writer. The murderer, it is harrowed and crazed by his crime (in many cases) until he has confessed all, whereupon he finds a measure of relief and is more ready to meet his doom. It is with the mind, as with the body; if you take a poison into your body you suffer until the poison is drained off; if you take a poison into your mind you suffer until it is extricated. Or to put it differently, a physical wound refuses to heal until the poison is cleaned out, and the longer you wait the worse the poison becomes, until, possibly, it threatens your life. It is just so with the wounds of the mind, and in extreme cases, where there is no relief, the "poison" becomes so bad that it endangers the reason, leads to insanity.

Some of the insane are merely suffering from some terrible experience, some shock, some emotional impact, which they never shared with others; which they locked up in their breast; which grew steadily worse until it transformed their whole nature. Why is it that so often a man living alone in some shack out on the prairie, or some woman alone in a farmhouse, becomes insane? It is simply because there is no outlet for the emotions, for the shocks and worries, the fears and terrors, "no one to tell it to."

A curious fact is that we are troubled not so much by the things we "remember" as by the things we have "forgotten," the things crowded carefully away in the unconscious part of the mind. We go through some shameful experience which we feel is too distasteful, too degrading, to tell any one else, we try to forget it; we succeed, in time. But there it is, underneath, like hidden poison, working on us whenever it gets a chance, trying always to break through, to come into the light.

"But insanity, after all, is not always the outcome; bad nerves, neurasthenia, unrest, unhappiness, are the more common finalities. We see all about us people who are leading maimed and crippled lives, quarrelsome, bitter, dejected, nervously in a flutter. The trouble with many of them is that they have never had complete expression for their painful experiences; they are chock-full of the mental poison of the past.

Simple Food.

"I should like to call attention to the wisdom of the simple life. First, let us have pure, wholesome, and nutritious foods, not deteriorated in any way, and free from any manipulation in the way of added injurious substances of any description; and, secondly a diet of simple food, avoiding complex dishes and multiplicity of courses, but securing a sufficient variety to minister to the legitimate wants of the palate. The frying-pan too often takes the place of the spit, and while some fried dishes may be tolerated, it is not a method of cooking that may be generally recommended. If this simplicity were combined with proper attention to the quantity of diet, frequency of eating, and proper mastication, each individual would be kept in a condition best suited to enable him to perform the special functions in life to which he devotes himself. Too great hurry in eating not only makes digestion more difficult, but also robs the meal of its social opportunities of conversation. The mastication of the food should receive special attention, especially all starchy substances."—Woman's Home Companion.

Peninsular War Centenary.

Mr. Arthur Keyser, the British consul for Seville, in his annual report, says: During the Napoleonic wars Cadix was the only town in Spain which successfully resisted the French invaders, and when at last a parliament was constituted in 1812 it assembled in this town, where it was proclaimed constitutional, thus ending the period of absolute rule. In commemoration of this event and in fulfillment of a promise then made by the government, which owed its existence to the patriotism of Cadix inhabitants and to the assistance rendered to Spain by the British and Portuguese armies under Wellington, congress has decided to devote the sum of 1,500,000 pesetas (\$280,000) to erecting a monument in honor of the allies and to defraying the cost of centenary celebration of an international nature. Half the above amount will cover the cost of the monument, and the remainder will be applied to festivities to which representatives of the United Kingdom, Portugal and South American Republics will be invited.

Queer Luncheon.

An elderly, roly-poly sort of man has been seen to consume a lunch every day for a week that takes the prize for oddity. The waitress brings to him a plate of French ice cream and a bowl of hot milk, the bowl being covered with a saucer. Between small spoonfuls of the ice cream he ladles out a little of the milk into the ice cream and then a little of the milk into another bowl, tasting it. By the time the milk has become sufficiently cooled to suit his idea of the proper temperature at which to drink it the ice cream has been consumed. He never orders anything else for his noonday meal.—New York Press.

PUTTING IT RATHER BLUNTLY

Marital Philosophy Coarsely Expressed, Yet Conveyed a Subtle Sense of Meaning.

"Harry," she said, and there was what a novelist would call tears in her voice as she spoke, "I don't believe you love me any longer."

"Dora," he replied, "don't be foolish."

"There!" she exclaimed. "There's evidence of the truth of what I said. Don't be foolish! Did you ever speak to me in that way before we were married?"

"No my dear, I did not," he admitted.

"Then," she said, reproachfully, "my slightest wish was law; then you never sat around like a dummy smoking a cigar and reading a paper when I was in the room; then you seemed anxious to please me, and were ever on the watch to do some little favor for me."

"It is true," he admitted. "You were never lazy then," she went on. "You were full of life and spirits; you were energetic."

"Quite true," he said.

"If you loved me now as much as you did then," she persisted, "you would strive as much as ever."

"My dear," he said in that calm, dispassionate tone that makes the average wife want to get a poker or a broom, "did you ever see a pig trying to get an apple or a pear that was a little out of his reach?"

"Certainly," she answered; "but

"He keeps jumping and jumping until he gets it, doesn't he?"

"Of course."

"But does he continue jumping after he has got it?"

"Certainly not. There's no need of it."

"Well," he said, as he turned to his paper again, "you're my apple; and I don't see any reason why I should keep on jumping any more than the pig."

She didn't say anything; but she thought and thought, and the more she thought the more undecided she became whether she ought to be angry or not.

Lucky Error.

"Printers' errors are usually annoying, but a printer's error saved the life of my best friend." The speaker was Cosmo Hamilton, the English writer, who is in New York. He continued:

"Horace Hamfat is an actor. Rich today, he was poor and a failure up to the age of forty. His life up to that age was passed in the provinces on two or three quid a week. A quid, by the way, is \$5. Well, one Saturday in Manchester, Horace Hamfat's show went up, the manager fled and Horace for three days lived on bread and dripping. Then a letter came to him from a London admirer, inclosing \$50.

"The admirer forwarded, also, an item from a theatrical page that Horace himself had written—'Horace Hamfat is starring in Manchester.' But the typesetter had made this item read, truly enough:

"'Horace Hamfat is starring in Manchester.'"

Worth It.

Many months had passed since first he met the sweet, sweet girl. He loved her dearly, but he was woefully shy, and his suit made but slow progress.

Finally, it was the girl who decided to improve the shining hour and add a trifle to the pace of the proceeding. To make up her mind was to act, and the very next time the young man called she pointed to the rose that adorned his buttonhole.

"I'll give you a kiss for that rose," she blurted out.

A crimson, fully flush overspread the young man's face, like the light of the setting sun. There was, however, no hesitation on his part, and he clinched the bargain. Then he grabbed his cap and proceeded to rush from the room in double quick time.

"And where are you going?" she asked in great surprise.

"Oh," he answered tremulously, "I'm just off to the florist's to buy up his stock of roses!"

Relic of Cider Barrel Campaign.

A relic of the "cider barrel" campaign of William Henry Harrison, in 1840, is owned by S. M. Unger, 2214 North Pennsylvania street. A campaign medal, worn for many years by Henry M. Ward, a veteran of the Civil war, has been presented to Mr. Unger, who will give it to one of his sons whose grandfather, on Mrs. Unger's side of the family, was James T. Harrison of Virginia, related to W. H. Harrison and Benjamin Harrison. The medal shows a profile of W. H. Harrison on one side and the legend "Major General W. H. Harrison; born February 9, 1773." The other side shows an old log cabin, at the side of which stands a cider barrel. On that side of the medal are the words: "The People's Choice in the Year 1840."—Indianapolis News.

Bacon's House.

Lovers of Bacon will be grieved to learn that his house at Gorbamby is falling to rack and ruin. It has been more or less of a ruin for years past, but on revisiting it the other day after a lapse of some years I found one of the Roman statues gone and of the other one only the trunk remained. One of the Roman medallions had gone. Unless something is done promptly the whole building will fall to pieces. It is to be hoped that Lord Verulam will take steps to preserve the house of his illustrious ancestor.—Correspondence London Daily Graphic.

NEED OF FRESH FOOD SHOWN

Scientific Name Given to Disease Which Afflicted Members of Polar Expedition Party.

In an address lately given before the Zoological Society of France, Dr. Jacques Liouville, the physician and naturalist who accompanied the Pourquoi-Pas on her antarctic expedition, stated the chief physical troubles with which the crew had to contend were three in number, all, in his opinion, springing from the lack of fresh food. He therefore terms this polar malady "the disease of conserved food." The malady comprised symptoms of scurvy, polar anemia and severe frost bites or chilblains, which frequently bled constantly. The underlying cause of all the affections is an alteration in the chemical composition of the blood—or "dyscrasia." The heart functioned badly, and the patients suffered from terrible shortness of breath, frequent drowsiness, and oedema of the lower extremities. They were easily exhausted and unable to march while the slightest movement brought on intense palpitation. However, all these morbid symptoms disappeared within ten days when fresh meat was obtainable, and did not reappear again after the fresh wild celery obtained at Tierra del Fuego had been enjoyed for some time. Dr. Liouville took a just pride in the fact that this was the first polar expedition which ever restored all its members to their homes in a state of perfect health. He had three surgical cases to handle. Recovery was highly satisfactory, which he ascribes partly to the entire absence of pathogenic bacteria and partly to the fact that there was not a trace of alcoholism in the patients.—Scientific American.

CHORUS GIRLS WANTED EGGS

Incessant Demand Caused Irritated Chef to Come Forward With Indignant Protest.

The hauling of a theatrical company, was in charge of Agent Lindsey, says the New York correspondent of the Cincinnati Times-Star. He contracted to take complete charge of a good-sized operatic company for three days, furnishing sleeper and meals en route. The contract was a good one, and Mr. Lindsey determined to make the occasion memorable. "I will set the best table you can find in the state," said he to the theatrical agent. "I will guarantee there will not be a single complaint."

So he bought all the steaks and chops and lobsters and shell fish and all that sort of thing that he could find in the market and planted them in an ice box and hired a relay of chefs and undertook to feed those chorus ladies out of slenderness. There were forty persons in the company. At the first luncheon thirty-six of them ordered eggs.

"Got to order moah alga by wire, Mr. Lindsey," reported the chef. "These heah chorus girls certainly do have the alg habit."

For dinner that night thirty-eight of the company ordered eggs in some style. The chef wired ahead for more eggs. At breakfast the next morning the entire company of forty wanted eggs, and not one of them wanted those eggs as any other one wanted them. At luncheon thirty-two demanded more eggs. That night the first pair to reach the diner asked for eggs. The chef walked right in and made the speech: "Nevah mine oh-derin' no moah alga," said he. "They ain't no moah alga. You-all must think we cahbles a hen on this car."

One of the Knox Knocks.

Philander C. Knox, the secretary of state, received one day in his office a bunch of high-browed newspaper correspondents. In the number was William Hooper, who stepped to the front with a copy of his paper in which was one of his dispatches under big, black headlines. The dispatch dealt with the affair of the department of state, and ran along glibly as if the writer had enjoyed the confidence of Mr. Knox regarding the whole matter.

"What do you think of this article?" asked Hooper, exhibiting no modesty as he handed the paper to the secretary of state.

"After looking this over," said Mr. Knox graciously, "I must say, Mr. Hooper, you are the pastor of Washington correspondents."

At this Hooper took on the aspect of a balloon and looked exceedingly pleased until Knox added softly:

"Mare's-nester."—Popular Magazine.

The Raw Recruit.

F. M. King enlisted in the Spanish-American war and was sent to Jefferson barracks. He was strolling through the company streets smoking a cigar when an officer approached. King saluted.

"Look here," said the officer, "don't you know better than to salute an officer when you have a cigar in your mouth? How long have you been here?"

"Three days," replied King. "You are excused this time," said the officer, "but don't let me catch you doing that again."

In a short time King met the same officer and walked by without saluting.

"Why didn't you salute?" demanded the officer, stopping him.

"Well, you just told me not to salute when I had a cigar in my mouth," replied the raw recruit.

But he spent three days in the kitchen peeling potatoes for this offense.—Atholton Champion.

RIGHT USE OF ADJECTIVES

Some Authors Employ Them Lavishly, Others Sparingly but With No Loss of Strength.

Did Cobbett say: "When a man comes to his adjectives, I tremble for him," or did he tremble at the thought of a writer using the word "it"? The only book by Cobbett now on hand is his "Tour in Scotland," in which he says dreadful things against potatoes and about the praise of brose, oatcakes and oatmeal, a book delightful by reason of its vituperation, as when he described the Globe newspaper as "that rumble tumble of fifth and beastly ignorance" and Denman as "the dirty bill of indictment drawer" for the Broughams and the Grays. Probably the saying is in Cobbett's English grammar. We were reminded of it by reading about John Walter, the founder of the London Times. That journal was at first printed logographically; that is, a number of words and phrases were cast entire, to save compositors the trouble of collecting type. Thus these phrases were on a single block: "Dreadful robbery," "atrocious outrage," "fearful calamity," "interesting female." There are writers today who always join the same adjective to certain nouns, just as it is easy to fall into the trick of characterizing a person or qualifying a thing by applying "three adjectives, as the Irish lady was described in her epitaph as "bland, passionate and deeply religious."

They say that Kinglake, writing "The Invasion of the Crimea," worked for a number of hours and left spaces for adjectives. He then rode on horseback, meditated the fitting adjectives, and on his return inserted them. Was it not Daudet who said that the adjective should never be the legitimate wife of the substantive? Look through "Gulliver's Travels," mark the sobriety in the use of words, and note the strength and authority thus gained. Lafcadio Hearn's description of the Windward Islands is in striking contrast—the style is as lush as the tropical vegetation; the reader should don colored spectacles. Yet with a few adjectives Poe and Coleridge could work wonders, and Walt Whitman was often fortunate, as when he spoke of the "gorgeous, indolent sun;" the sun "so calm and haughty;" "mad, naked summer night."—Philly Hale, in Boston Herald.

Says Chinese Are Heroic.

C. H. Chu, evidently a Chinese student of Columbia university, New York, writes the New York Sun to contradict certain statements that have appeared in newspapers since the Titanic disaster, to the effect that among Chinese is a similar circumstance the rule is "men first." Mr. Chu asserts that "the teachings of Confucius all favor self-sacrifice, the helping of others than yourself. Confucius says that a man who in peril feels his own life instead of dying under duty's call is less than a man. 'There is nothing in Confucianism,' continues Mr. Chu, 'justifying any man who saves himself by letting a woman or a child lose life.'"

"The experience in China is that many, many times the noble rule is followed: 'Women and children first.' Sometimes of course the men neglect the higher law, and are severely blamed by the people in general if they do."

New Process for Making Rubber.

In a lecture before the Society of Chemical Industry in London, Prof. W. H. Perkin of Manchester University described a process for the production of rubber in the laboratory which has been widely commented upon in technical and other papers in the United Kingdom.

It was stated by the lecturer that the synthetic production of rubber offers the probability of a profit at a price of 60 cents per pound, with a possibility of its production at 24 cents per pound or less.

There has been rivalry between England and Germany in the effort to make synthetic rubber, and priority of discovery is claimed by each country. It was contended by Professor Perkin that the English had anticipated the Germans by about three months.

A Sea Mowing Machine.

The first sea mowing machine has been launched at San Diego. It will be used for cutting the millions of tons of kelp and seaweed that grow along the coast. A gasoline launch has been fitted with a horizontal jack shaft revolving at right angles to the keel. Two vertical shafts are fitted with four-foot blades that revolve at high speed ten feet below the surface. The mowed kelp floats ashore, is taken out and dried, and later is hauled to a factory to be converted into fertilizer.

Horrid Mamma.

Why is this little girl crying? Because her mamma will not let her put molasses and feathers on the baby's face. What a bad mamma! The little girl who never had a mamma must enjoy herself. Pappas are nicer than mamma. No little girl ever marries a mamma, and perhaps that is why the mamma's are so bad to the little girls. Never mind, when mamma goes out of the room slap the horrid baby, and if it cries you can tell your mamma it has the colic.

Wasted Diplomacy.

Mrs. Knicker—Does your husband rage when he gets the bills? Mrs. Bocker—Yes, though I always place them face down just as the waiters do.—Harper's Bazar.

CLEANEST CITY IN WORLD

Traveler Says That Aix-les-Bains in Southern France, Well Deserves This Distinction.

I have found the cleanest city in the world. Very properly, it is the world's oldest watering place, for water means cleanliness. It dates back over twenty centuries. It is a little city of not more than 8,000 inhabitants, though this number is quadrupled during the height of the summer season, when all the world pays tribute to the remarkable efficacy of its salubrious warm baths. For the worn out, overworked American these baths have a peculiar fascination. Year after year the visitors from the United States include men of affairs, many notable in financial, business and professional circles. It is surprising that the rush of overworked Americans to this famous health resort, which has been so long a favorite resting place for titled Europeans, is not much greater. I am writing of Aix-les-Bains, or, as it is commonly called, Aix, says John A. Steicher in Leslie's.

Aix is in southern France, near the Swiss border. The snow capped peaks of the Swiss Alps, rising above and all around it, give to the clean little city a picturesqueness and a seclusion all its own. Two warm springs, gushing from the mountain at the rate of a million gallons daily, form the reason for the existence of Aix. These waters possess radio-activity, and their chemical elements, including chiefly sulphuretted hydrogen, render them most efficacious for gout, rheumatism and similar physical ills, the result of overwork, a sedentary life, lack of exercise and a too liberal diet.

The famous springs of Aix belong to the state. Its center of attraction is the bathing pavilion—a massive granite structure, with an imposing front and lofty wrought iron doors. It stands at the head of one of the principal streets and contains abundant accommodations for all the visitors, and the baths are of the greatest variety. The thermal waters are used only externally. The peculiarity of the bath at Aix is that it combines the douche with massage. I know of no other resort that gives anything exclusively of this kind, and no other springs, I am told, have the same chemical and radio activities that have made the water of Aix so efficacious for over twenty centuries, or since 125 years before the Christian era.

The Raggicker Bird.

The trumpeter bird is the raggicker of the woods and swamps of Guiana, where he is always at work at his trade, with his stomach for a pack and his bill for a book. He performs a useful but most extraordinary service, devouring a perfect multitude of snakes, frogs, scorpions, spiders, lizards, and the like creatures. But this terrible bird can be made perfectly tame. On the Guiana plantations he may be seen fraternizing with the ducks and turkeys, accompanying them in their walks, defending them from their enemies, separating quarrelers with the strokes of his bill, sustaining the young and the feeble and waking the echoes with his trumpet while he brings home his flocks at night. The trumpeter is as handsome as he is useful. Noble and haughty in aspect, he raises himself up on his long, yellow gaitered legs and seems to say, "I am the trumpeter, the scourge of the reptile, and the protector of the flocks."

Paul Jones a Strategist.

Probably most of those persons who read the account of the dedication of the Paul Jones statue at Washington think of that daring seafighter as a man of strenuous action, a sort of sea knight. Paul Jones was, indeed, all of that, and he was a great deal more, concedes the Boston Transcript. He was a thinker, who thought deeply on naval strategy and naval organization, and, so far as our service is concerned, his designation as the "father of the American navy" is correct. Save toward the close of his life, and then under most unfavorable conditions, he never had a chance to put his ideas of strategy into action. The Russian navy, with which he served in the war against the Turks, was a poor school and one unwilling to learn from a great instructor.

The Wisdom of Johnny.

"Mamma," said Johnny, "if you will let me go just this one time, I won't ask for anything to eat."

"All right," said his mother. "Get your hat."

Johnny, perched on the edge of a big chair, became restless as savory odors came from the region of the kitchen. At last, he blurted out:

"There's lots of pie and cake in this house."

The admonishing face of his mother recalled his promise, and he added:

"But what's that to me?"

Couldn't Be Possible.

"Seems to me your town is over-run with flies," asserted the visitor in Plunkville.

"Can't be," declared the loyal citizen. "No flies would dare hang around Plunkville with the daily paper full of distiches against them."

Why It Was Hard.

"I want you to understand that I got my money by hard work."

"Why, I thought it was left you by your uncle."

"So it was; but I had hard work getting it away from the lawyers."