THE GALLOWS IN SIGHT.

The Condemned Anarchists Not Accorded Another Trial by Judge Gary.

CHICAGO, Oct. 7.—At 9 o'clock this morning a few police paced back and forth in front of the criminal court. "This is sentence day," said many on the streets, as they hastened toward the spot in hopes of entering the presence of Judge Gary and witnessing the sensational scenes, but only one in ten could get by the guards at the outer door, and by 10 o'clock the disappointed ones formed quite an assemblage on the corners and in front of the court house building.

Inside the court room the yellow curtains were down and the brightness of the outer day shed a somber light on the assemblage. At 10 o'clock the prisoners were in their seats. They were not stolid and indifferent as so often before. A change had come over some of them and they all exhibited evidences of great concern.

Judge Gary in delivering his decision, reviewed at considerable length the evidence brought out at the trial, and said concerning the instructions to which exception was taken by the defense: "On the question of the instructions, whether these defendants, or any of them, did anticipate or expect the throwing of the bomb on the night of the 4th of May, is not a question which I need to consider, because the instructions did not go upon that ground. The jury were not instructed to find them guilty if they believed that they participated in the throwing of the bomb, or had knowledge that it was to be thrown, or anything of that sort. The conviction has not gone upon the ground that they did have any actual participation in the act which caused the death of Degan, but upon the ground under the instructions, that they had generally, by speech and print, advised a large class to commit murder, and had left the occasion, time and place to the individual will, whim and caprice of the individuals so advised, and that as a consequence of that advice and in pursuance of it, and influenced by it, somebody not known, did throw the bomb that caused Degan's death. Now, under these circumstances, in the inflamed state of the public mind, at the time each of these orators at the Haymarket was still more inflaming the public mind when he advised the people to use force, and some man, I do not say identified or unidentified, some man in that crowd, when the police approached with a bomb of Lingg's manufacture kills Degan; all who have advised such action are guilty of his murder. If anything can be proven beyond circumstantial evidence that is proved; that he threw that bomb in consequence of the influence which these teachings, this advice by speech, by printing over a course of two years; that the man who threw that bomb had been educated up to it by the teachings of these defendants. The case, as I said before, is unprecedented. There is no example of any such crime having been committed; there is no precedent of any case like this having become the subject of judicial investigation; but the principle of law is well fixed."

The court then passed to the objections urged against the form of the sentence and quoted from the one hundred and ninth Illinois on the point and said there was nothing in the circumstances anything less than murder. The instructions in regard to manslaughter might have been refused. There was no reason for them at all.

Passing to the alleged disqualification of the jury on account of having read reports in the papers of the crime, and having formed opinions thereon, he thought the New York decisions settled the case, and that if verdicts were to be set aside for the reasons urged, that it would be the surest way to bring about anarchy, for there would be no way in which the government could be maintained and the law administered. He concluded by saying: "I think, upon the whole, that no case could be tried of such magnitude as this with less in the way of irregularity of proceeding in the trial than was done in this case. The motion must be overruled."

The court then addressed the prisoners as follows:

"Prisoners at the bar: For the first time during this painful and protracted proceeding it is my duty to speak to you and call upon you individually and separately now to say whether you have anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon you according to the verdict of the jury. I will first call upon Mr. Neebe."

Captain Black—"Let me suggest to your honor that I am advised that the defendants expect to speak in response to this severally, at considerable length. Would it not be better now to adjourn until 2 o'clock?"

The court then adjourned to 2 p. m.

When the court was opened this afternoon the defendant, Spies, at once addressed the court with manuscript in hand. He said:

"Your Honor, in addressing this court I speak as the representative of one class addressing the representative of another. I will begin with the words addressed 500 years ago on a similar occasion by the Venetian doge who, addressing the court, said: 'My defense is your accusation. The cause of my alleged crime is your history.'

"I have been indicted on a charge of murder as an accomplice or accessory. Upon this indictment I have been convicted. There was no evidence produced by the state to show or even indicate that I had any knowledge of the man who threw that bomb, or that I myself had anything to do with it. Not the slightest evidence was ever produced to show that I had anything to do with the throwing of the missel unless you believe the testimony of the accomplices of the state's attorney and Bonfield, the testimony of Thompson and Gilmer. If there was no evidence to show that I was responsible for it, then my execution on the verdict is nothing but willful, malicious and deliberate murder, as foul a murder as may be found in the annals of religious, political or any other sort of persecution. Judicial murders have in many cases been committed where the representatives of the state were acting in good faith, believing their victims to be guilty of the charge they were accused of. In this case the representatives of the state cannot shield themselves with similar excuses, for they themselves have fabricated most of the testimony which was used as a pretense to convict us. We were convicted by a jury paid to convict us. I charge the state's attorney and Bonfield with a conspiracy to commit murder. I will now state a little incident which may throw some light on this. On the evening of the Haymarket meeting about 5 o'clock, I met a young man, Kluckner by name. My brother was with me at the time and never left me on that evening until I jumped from the wagon a few seconds before the explosion occurred. He knew I had not seen Schwab on that evening and he knew that no such conversation ever took place between us as that testified to by Thompson. He knew I never struck a match and lighted the fuse to the bomb. He is not a socialist. Why did we not bring him here and put him on the stand to ask. Because the honorable representatives of Grinnell and Bonfield spirited him away. They knew his testimony would prove the perjury of Thompson and Gilmer.

"I will refer to the testimony given by a few of our witnesses. The wage workers began to say a few things very objectionable to some of our patrician friends. They thought eight hours of toil on his to constitute a day's work. The rabble ought to be silenced; it was felt Bonfield was the man to consummate the wishes of the Citizens' association; Bonfield, with a visage that only needs to be seen to be mistrusted; he was the man to do this work. If I had thrown that bomb if I knew the man who did throw it, I would not hesitate to own it. This, our honor, is one reason why sentence of death should not be passed upon me in a court of justice, if that term can be applied to that tribunal.

"I remember that the Chicago *Tribune* of February 23, 1885, contained a long account of dynamite bombs to be used against rebellious workingmen. Why was not the editor of the *Tribune* tried for reporting the doctrines of dynamite, for that is all the *Arbeiter Zeitung* did? And why was not the editor of the *Daily News* tried? In his paper there was a long account of the manufacture of bombs, and one of them was found in his possession. This, your honor, is another reason why sentence of death should not be pronounced.

"I have been a resident of this city for as long a time as Grinnell, and as good a one. I know I should not like to be compared to him. He has appealed to the patriotism of the jury, but in answer to that I shall quote from an English statesman: 'Patriotism is the last resort of a scoundrel.' The system of wages is the root of the present social iniquities—iniquities so monstrous as to cry to heaven. Grinnell has informed us that anarchism was on trial. Anarchism belongs to speculative philosophy and not a word was said about anarchism at the Haymarket. But if anarchism is on trial I am proud to say I am an anarchist. You may pronounce your sentence on me, honorable judge, but let it be known that in the year 1886, in the state of Illinois, eight men have lost their faith in human progress. It is the old question. Look over those pages of the history of Greece and Rome. There you will see the record of the self-same struggle—the ruling class dominating the poorer one. Honorable judge,

THE DEMONS OF HELL WOULD JOIN

in the laughter that follows your sentence. If the opinion of the court is to become law, then there is no person in this country who could not be lawfully hung. I say that upon that law every person in this country could be convicted of conspiracy, or, as the case may be, of murder. Every member of the trades union, Knights of Labor, or any such organization can be convicted of conspiracy. If you carry that ruling into effect you will be responsible for the blood that will be shed and the blood of the innocent will be upon you.

"Seven policemen have died," said Grinnell. You want life for life and have convicted an equal number of men of whom it cannot be truthfully said that they had anything whatever to do with the killing of Bonfield's victims. The very same system of jurisprudence can be found among various savage people and tribes. Injuries are equalized so to speak by the infliction of a similar wrong to that received at the enemies hands. They are not particular as to the responsibility of the identity of the persons sacrificed so long as they have life for life. This principle prevails to a considerable extent among the natives of the Sandwich Islands. If we are to be hanged upon these principles, then let it be known. Let the world know what a civilized and Christian country is this, in which the Vanderbilts, the Jay Goulds and the rest pose as the rescuers of law and liberty. Grinnell has repeatedly said 'Our country is an enlightened country.' Well, he may put that in his album.

"If your honor thinks that by the execution of this verdict you can stamp out the labor movement, you do not comprehend the power of that mighty movement from which the down-trodden and miserable children of toil hope for relief. You know not where the blaze will next break out. It is a subterranean fire that you cannot put out. The ground is on fire upon which you stand. You want to stamp out the conspiracy. You resemble a child that is looking for his picture behind a mirror. What you see and what you try to grasp in our movement is nothing but the creation of your own bad consciences. If you want to stamp out the conspiracies and the agitators, you must stamp out every factory lord, who has made his money from ground down and oppressed laborers and farmers. It is a fact that a few men control our mechanical appliances, out of which they make gold by sacrificing the little children, while able bodied men are starving. But we cannot go back. We are advancing.

THE TIDE CANNOT BE STOPPED.

One of my clergyman friends, shortly before my arrest said: 'You are organizing a revolution.' This was my reply: 'A revolution cannot be organized—cannot be created—it is not any more the work of men than earthquakes or cyclones. We are simply preparing the conditions of the revolution.' Does that look as if I contemplated that violence be committed on May 1, or May 4, as has been charged.

"Capitalists of that school of economy teaches how one class can live off another, while socialism teaches how all can possess riches, but at the same time it demands that all men shall work honestly for their living. In socialism is to be found the doctrine of cooperation. It teaches that labor saving machinery is the property of the state as are the mines and the natural resources of the country. Society will eventually come to this and will demand its rights, though you erect a gallows at ever street corner.

"Concerning my associates, I will say this: I never saw Lingg but twice before my arrest. I have not been on speaking terms with Engel for over a year, and Fischer, my lieutenant, went about making speeches against me. If you think you can crush out these ideas, which are gaining ground every day, by sending us to the gallows—that you can suppress truth, for that is all we have been preaching, you will fail.

Then flourishing his arms wildly, Spies fairly shrieked: "I shall die proudly, defiantly, for the cause of justice. There is Socrates, there is Galileo, there is Giordano, Bruno, there is Christ—who, the number cannot be estimated of those who have trodden in these paths, and we are ready to follow them."

Oscar Neebe, the next socialist, and no sooner taken the floor than he burst into violent abuse, calling State's Attorney Grinnell a cur, his assistants, Messrs. Walker and Furthman, scoundrels; saying there was only one gentleman in the crowd, and that was Mr. Ingham. The police were assailed, and in short Neebe's speech was a perfect tirade of abuse, vilifying the police and authorities. He said: "I have found out during the last few days what the law is. I know now that I have been arrested, charged and convicted, on account of having known Spies and Schwab. This time I presided at a meeting on West Lake street, to which your honor, as well as all the other capitalists and judges of the city, were invited. I considered it an honor to be elected chairman of that meeting. I acted as marshal of the procession of the workingmen of the city of Chicago to protest against their wrongs, and I, an American born, for the first time learned that it was against the laws of this country. The friends of the labor agitators and the marshals of labor demonstrations will know in future that it is a crime."

Neebe then went on to describe the manner in which the *Arbeiter Zeitung* office was raided by the police, and abused them for their action on that occasion. He said the police were always able to catch a working man, a poor, downtrodden wretch, but though there were 1,200 policemen in the city, who had ever heard of a policeman catching a burglar? They could make out a case of burglary against a man, but who ever heard of them catching a burglar? Then Neebe abandoned himself to a wild appeal for the judge to hang him with the others. He cried: "It would be more honorable to be strangled by the neck than to die by inches. My wife and children will then get over it some time, but they can never get over it if their husband and father is sent to Jail. Hang me, your honor, with my comrades."

Louis Lingg, the boombaker, expressed a wish to have his say in German, and an interpreter was placed at his service. In deep chested tones Lingg exclaimed: "Court of justice, with the same contempt with which I have treated life in and on this American I am now granted privilege to speak. I do speak it is because indignities have been heaped upon me in this court."

Lingg declared it had not been proven that any bombs made by him had been taken to the Haymarket. He accused the police of stealing his books and clothing in the station and then perjuring themselves against him on the witness stand.

"Grinnell," shouted Lingg, "has conspired with miserable people to get evidence to kill me, when he knows I was driven to the course I pursued to gain education for my brothers to lift them up."

As the youthful anarchist slowly progressed with his speech his form seemed to swell and dilate with the intensity of his feelings. His frame shook with passion and his guttural voice poured forth torrents of emphatic sentences in his native language. He strode impatiently back and forward while the interpreter translated each sentence, and occasionally emphasized his words by a violent blow upon the little table in front of him.

At last, turning fiercely to the state's attorney Lingg roared: "You smile because you think I will never use bombs again. I die willingly on the gallows with the same contempt for death that I have for your laws."

Captain Black here asked the court to adjourn as the time for doing so had arrived, and Engel and others desired to speak.

The court adjourned till 10 a. m. to-morrow.

Contractor David H. Allen, of Kansas City, was killed Monday by the fall of an embankment at the stone quarry belonging to Mr. John Flynn at the corner of Broadway and Agnes avenue.

BRIEFS ABOUT THE FAIR SEX.

Mrs. Langtry has the reputation of being a very generous person.

The Baroness Burdette-Coutts wants all the young men to marry.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's two daughters both belong to the profession of journalism.

Mrs. Logan, the wife of Senator Logan, is soon to return to Washington for the winter.

Mrs. Livermore is sharpening her pencil preparatory to demolishing Ouida in a magazine article.

Mrs. Folsom is going to make her home at "Pretty Prospect," President Cleveland's country place.

Mme. Patti will give a farewell concert in the Albert hall, London, before sailing for the United States.

The Prince of Wales' daughters have taken it into their royal heads that they would like to cross the ocean in a yacht like Mrs. Hemo.

Mrs. Anna L. Jack, the novelist, writes, looks after the dinner, sews on buttons for twelve children and looks to her husband's shirts.

Miss Celia Thaxter has made the Isle of Shoals more famous than the Isles of Greece, but for winter quarters and solid comfort she prefers Boston.

Mrs. Bayard Taylor says she enjoys living in New York better than any other city in America. It was the scene of her husband's literary triumphs.

A plucky Dakota girl, Miss Stanley by name, has lived alone all summer on her claim, near Waterbury. She wouldn't have a man around for a pension.

Miss Hinata, a Japanese lady, is studying in a western Maryland college preparatory to engaging in a mission work in Japan. She is a very intelligent and attractive girl.

Miss Anna Dickinson has been summering in the Wyoming valley, and she feels much refreshed and in condition for the literary work which she proposes to engage in during the winter.

Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague is living quietly in New York with her daughter, but will go back to Paris after the body of her father has been transferred to Spring Grove cemetery at Cincinnati.

Charlotte Walter, Countess O'Sullivan, the great tragedienne, resides during the summer in Weissenbach on the banks of the Attersee, where she has been visited by the Empress of Austria.

A COMING LABOR STRUGGLE.

The Chicago Packers Determined on Inaugurating the Ten Hour System.

Chicago special: That the packers will return to the ten-hour system there now exists no doubt. Monday next has been settled upon as the day. On Saturday employes will be notified and on Monday, if they fail to accept the system, the houses will be shut down. The announcement yesterday that the packers had resolved in secret session to return to the old system, created consternation among thousands of employes, while thousands of others regarded the alleged move as a bluff. The rumor gained fresh impetus and created genuine alarm when it became known that the head hog buyer for Armour & Co., and acting through the Pork Packing association, notified the officers of the Live Stock exchange that the pork packers would suspend operations Monday unless their laborers would agree to work ten hours for ten hours' pay. The officers of the exchange at once posted notices for a special meeting to-day, the object being to enable commission men to notify their customers throughout the country of the prospect of a great strike, and to not ship any stock to the Chicago market pending the difficulty. A genuine tremor was discernable in labor circles this morning. The laborers assert that they will not relinquish their grasp on that which they have gained and labored so hard to keep. There is a great deal of incendiary talk. The men will not go back to the ten hours system, and the probabilities are that they will not allow anybody else to do so. They aver that at the present system of work they are doing as much as under the old system. It is now certain that the hog packers have consolidated as well as the labor element. Armour will shut down and it is supposed he will be followed by others but what will be done in the beef killing houses is unknown, and every effort failed to elicit anything regarding them. The lock-out will throw 25,000 men out of work.

A WOMAN'S POLITICAL TRIUMPH.

Flint (Mich.) dispatch: It was nearly four o'clock this morning when the fusion convention succeeded in nominating a candidate for congress from the Fifth district. The convention was a row from the start to finish, when the forty-fifth ballot resulted in the choice of Joan Fedawa, who is now prosecuting attorney of Clinton county. Fedawa is a democrat, and his nomination was secured through the efforts of two greenback leaders.

The chief credit of Fedawa's success is by all odds due to his law partner, Mrs. Addie M. Strickland. She was pre-eminently the best man in the convention. No finer exhibition of shrewd political management was ever seen in the state. Alert, cool, dignified and able, she manipulated all the conflicting elements with a masterly hand and brought the convention captive to her feet. Her conduct was the wonder and admiration even of her opponents. Frank M. Fogg, a lawyer, was her able lieutenant, but it was conceded that no other delegate could have accomplished what she did. The result is not satisfactory to the greenbackers, who say the men they represent will not vote for a democrat.

SOME WASHINGTON GOSSIP.

Wardepartment clerks express profound regret at the determination of Secretary Endicott to retire from public life. They have found him unexacting and a firm advocate of civil service law. Every man feels confident that his position is secure so long as Endicott is in charge, and has a natural dread of a change. The secretary is not in sympathy with the duties of his office and not having the positive character of his predecessor, Lincoln, he is greatly annoyed by the jealousy of army officers, but is strong enough to contend with the hot-headed people he has temporary command of. The trouble between himself and General Sheridan, and between the latter and General Drum, and again between Generals Howard, Miles and Drum has had the effect of turning him against all things having a military flavor.

Party feeling between the Hindoos and Mohammedans in Delhi, India, is running high because of the murder of a Mohammedan recently. Bloodshed is feared.

ART OF LAUGHING.

It Consists of Uncomely Facial Contortion.

Why is it people don't like to be laughed at? What is laughter anyway? Apparently a very innocent affair; a muscular contortion—rarely a comely twist of the features. Could you imagine anything more laughable than to have Charles Sumner and Roscoe Conkling brought into social contact for an hour? Sumner always felt of a joke as he would the handle of a battery, and the result was a shock. He hated a joke. Conkling was consecrating with wit and fun in spite of himself. He was the greatest statesman and wit combined the country has ever produced. He died at last as you have seen a vast discharge of rockets flashing and illuminating, and then suddenly all was darkness forever. Lincoln, however, was more genial. He was not so royally a laughter as Conkling. But what would you give to see the scene in Paradise?

ART OF MAKING LAUGHTER.

Joseph H. Gough's best thing was to tell an audience that he intended very soon to make them laugh—laugh at something silly. He gave them preparatory notice that what he was going to say amounted to nothing; was not worth listening at; yet they would all laugh themselves tired. Then he went on lightly to do it. And they always did laugh; and then looked at each other to see what they were laughing at. No one ever found out, and John said to them: "I told you so." He had the art of making laughter. He was not himself a good laugher by any measure. In private he was decidedly a sober, matter-of-fact man.

There is not an animal that I know of that does not try to laugh, and make some approach to it, only none of them have as good laughing muscles as we have. It is partly a matter of cheeks. But what a jolly affair a dog is when his master comes home! He splits up a roaring laugh between his head and tail. Between the two his whole body is contorted into grins that finally work off as barks. They say wild dogs do not bark. It is because they do not laugh.

You should always have for a family doctor a man who can laugh. A laugh once saved my life. It never is so useful as by way of medicament. My doctor tells a good story and has a genuine smile. Smiles are generally half genuine. They are mostly grins not smothered. When your doctor looks cheerful and hopeful, you catch it of him. Lincoln, bearing the country on his heart in hours of disaster, fortunately could laugh. General W. Julian tells us that when Lincoln approached the laughing spot in a good story, he would lift his left foot to his right knee, and clinch his foot with both hands and bending forward his whole frame convulsed with his sensations of delight.

WHEN WASHINGTON LAUGHED.

Washington is never known to have laughed but once. It was at Valley Forge. He had ordered that whoever, officer or private, got drunk should be compelled to cut a stump in pieces. Where the camp was formed these stumps were overabundant. One morning while making his tour of observation he came upon a soldier who was chopping out the very last stump. Washington called to him pleasantly, "Well, good fellow, you have found the last stump." "Yes, sir," growled the man, "and now when an officer gets drunk there won't be a stump left for him." The General laughed heartily and looked at his officers as if there were some of them entitled to feel relief.

Carlyle, in "Sartor Resartus," tells of laughter that takes in the whole man, from head to heels. There are as many styles of laughter as there are laughers. One begins slowly, the fun gently creeps out, along the risible muscles; then the hands fly up, the feet fly out and the mouth flies open. This man becomes the victim of a joke, for it is very difficult to stop when he gets to a reasonable maximum. Tom Jones—that is not his name, but that makes no difference here—never laughs without such a rush of blood to his head that I am afraid for his life.

Laughter is as much a matter of style as language. There is an Eastern laugh, slightly conservative, and carved up at the ends, with culture. There is a western laugh that is broad, full, unreserved, open and hilarious. The Englishman's laugh is self-conscious and more or less inconsiderate. The Frenchman's laugh is considerate and courteous. Dickens' laughter is wholly unlike Thackeray's. You can never quite avoid feeling that Thackeray's laugh is personal; he laughs at you. Of all the laughers alive there is none equal in good fellowship to Dr. Holmes. There should be a bit of pathos in a sound laugh. Bret Harte has it. Of all the humorists by profession only M. Quad has it.—*Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Never Satisfied.

A man found $168 a few days ago and the owner rewarded him with a pair of suspenders. Upon receiving the reward, instead of being satisfied, he kicked himself because the sum of money wasn't twice as large. When asked why he wished the sum had been larger, he said that he would have stood a show of getting a pair of pants to match the new suspenders. Some men are never satisfied; in these days, gratitude can only be found with a search warrant, he was in big luck to get the suspenders.—*Peck's Sun.*

Tears to Order.

Actors having pathetic parts are advised that modern science has found the means of producing artificial tears. The essential oil of onions can now be extracted. A single drop of this oil upon the handkerchief produces a flow of tears; two drops cause persistent sobbing, and three grief of the most suffocating and gasping kind.—*Paris Figaro.*

"Auch! That horrid man stepped on my big toe." "My dear young lady, that is impossible. How can a person having such a beautiful little foot as you possess a big toe?" —*Berlin Times.*

NIGHT ON THE BIG BRIDGE.

What May Be Seen and Heard There—Experience of the Night Police—Shrieks for Help from the River.

The sights and sounds on the New York and Brooklyn bridge at night differ from those of the day, says *The New York Tribune*, as much as the great arc of electric lights on that aerial highway differ from the glare of high noon. Countrymen by the hundreds drift idly across the structure between sunrise and sunset every day. People visiting New York for the first time linger long on the bridge. They look at the hurrying crowds who rush along the promenade going westward to New York in the morning and eastward to bed and board in Brooklyn at nightfall. They hang over the parapets, let their glances range over the two great cities throbbing with busy life, mark the rapid tide of the East river flowing under their feet with the fleets and flags of the world lying at the wharves, ply the wearied policeman with countless queries about the bridge, and then when they return to their homes they talk to their friends and acquaintances for hours concerning the stupendous structure. But they have seen only one side of life on the bridge. It is after the electric lights have supplanted the day, when the apparently endless string of vehicles and funeral processions that have been rumbling across the roadway for twelve hours has dwindled to an occasional truck or carriage that the second side of life on the bridge sets in. The steady roar of the cities ceases to jar on the ear; the last traveler homeward to Brooklyn with a weary look on his face and thoughts of supper in his head has passed hurriedly on. The mighty arch is now given over to fiends, gramps and to lovers.

The last to leave the bridge are the lovers. The "young fellow" and his "best girl" will let blissful companionship trench on sleepiness every time. They form a pleasant feature of evening life on the bridge, these lovers. Solitary among moving crowds, his muscular arm encircles her waist and she trustfully submits to the caress. Nobody notices them. They are too common, and in that belief is their great solace and assurance. But, though they love to linger, by 11 o'clock they are following in the wake of the vanishing domestic circles. The benches under the towers become vacant. Perhaps some lone youth lingers upon them to read again in the white glare of the electricity a missive, well-thumbed, dirty and mis-spelled. The policeman looks at him pityingly and passes on to his little cabin where his can of coffee simmers gently on the oil stove. "Poor digit," says the policeman softly to himself, "he's eatin' his white bread now." The policeman gets $2 a day and has to support a wife, mother-in-law, and eight children out of that. He pities the young fellow out on the bench. But the young fellow doesn't care for the policeman. He cons the letter with the faulty orthography, and his ardent affection for the writer grows with increased fervor.

Midnight sees the last lover gone from the bridge. At that hour the policemen are changed. The members of the night squad that then comes on wear different expressions from those of the day men. The stony stare and curt reply of the day policeman, who delights to freeze the marrow in the bones of countrymen seeking information, find no imitators among the night patrol. The night man walks with any passing foot traveler so long as the latter will be beguiled. When the foot travelers cease to amuse, there is usually an animated dialogue going on between the policeman on the promenade and his neighbor down on the driveway. These intellectual exchanges of views have a wide scope, and embrace religion, politics, philosophy, and the price and quality of the various brands of chewing tobacco. There are no jumping cranks to worry the soul and tax the vision of a night policeman. But there is no lack of incidents to interest the night watchman. A reporter crossing the bridge at 3 o'clock one morning noticed a policeman leaning over the parapet in a listening attitude. The reporter stopped and listened. Faintly on the night air he could hear cries that seemed to come from far up the East river, about opposite Havemeyers' sugar refinery. A woman was screaming "Murder! Murder!" Presently the cries ceased.

"What is it?" asked the reporter.

"Some devilishness going on down on the river," muttered the policeman. "We often hear cries of people in distress out on the river. We are helpless to do anything up here. By and by the cries stop, and that is the last of it. Sometimes we see a man go down to the dock. We can see him plainly by the light jump into the river. If he ever comes out, we never see him.

An Utter Impossibility.

"Why don't you brace up, and be a man Jim, and cease wearing that cross grained sour visaged frontispiece?"

"I hate mankind, female kind, and the devil himself," replied the misfit politician.

"I don't think I would make life miserable, simply because you have been disappointed in your effort to reach the top round in a single jump. So brace up and be a man, and I will guarantee you will get square with the world.

"I can't do it," replied the man.

"And why not?"

"Because the world is round."—*Carl Pretzel's Weekly.*

Her Evidence Convicted Him.

"You ought to chew tobacco," said a would be wit to a young lady.

"I am astonished, sir," indignantly replied the lady.

"Pardon me miss. I was prompted to make the remark, when I looked at your FINE CUT mouth."

"You use that vile weed, and I have the best evidence of it," replied the lady.

"And what evidence have you?"

"That PLUG you wear," replied the lady.—*Carl Pretzler's Weekly.*

PAYING CASH.

Some of the Evils of the Credit System in Retail Business.

Perhaps in the millennium, of which those who dream dreams have had fair visions, people may pay as they go, and thus the accounts of the world will be vastly simplified, says *The San Francisco Chronicle*. But until that time comes we may look to see the old credit system prevail, with all its vices. And these vices are many. Their chief results is that they make existence a hard struggle for thousands of honest and energetic business men; that they put a premium on dishonesty; that they waste many a good estate in litigation, and that they force the men who pay cash to bear a portion of the burden caused by the improvidence or knavery of those who live on credit. It is perhaps true, as asserted by political economists that credit has many advantages when properly extended, but the tendency is always in the direction of carelessness. If men could always judge the integrity of their neighbors accurately, the credit system would be deprived of half its dangers. But as we are all liable to be deceived, the cash plan seems the only safe one. If adopted it would put an end to the speculative ventures which so frequently disturb the equilibrium of trade, and it would largely restrict the number of men engaged in all kinds of business, and would force these men in more productive branches of industry. One of the worst evils of the large cities, in this, as in all other countries, is the overcrowding of all mercantile business. Ten men desire to keep a store and earn an easy living where there is legitimate business for only one merchant. The fruit of this is ruinous competition and a heavy percentage of failures. Every failure means loss to creditors, frequently the crippling of fine business houses carried on for years in an upright and honorable manner. The general adoption of the cash system would do much to prevent this overcrowding and it would compel honesty besides.

But even granting that in wholesale trade the credit system offers many advantages to merchants of which it would be a hardship to deprive them, the same argument can not be advanced in regard to the retail trades. Here is the direct meeting of the consumer with the merchant, and there is no good reason why the cash system should not prevail. We have inherited the credit system from England. It is a relic of an aristocracy which argues that the plebean trader must be kept in proper subjection and the best way to do this is to withhold as long as possible the coin which rightfully belongs to him. The wealthy classes in our large eastern cities adopted the same ideas. It is no uncommon incident to find butchers, grocers, and other retail dealers in New York with unpaid accounts of millionaire customers running over two or three years. The men will tell you that they are perfectly sure to be paid in the end, unless their customers' fortunes should suddenly collapse, but they are constantly hampered for the cash which these wealthy customers could pay with easy, but apparently never dream of doing, save at long intervals. The dealers send in their bills regularly every three or six months, but those intimations are received as a mere matter of routine, and it is seldom that any attention is paid to them. Retail dealers in almost every department of trade could parallel this instance. There was a case recently of a dealer in rare books in New York who failed because he was unable to collect the accounts on his books, many of them belonging to wealthy bibliophiles. If he could have collected these debts which represented only a fair profit on what he had paid for the books, he would have escaped the disaster that overwhelmed him after a quarter of a century of active business life.

A Severe Judge.

Judge Bickleton is very severe. When a man neglects a summons which comes from Bickleton's court, he generally makes up his mind to pay a heavy fine or go to prison. There are times when the judge is cruelly unjust, and still there are times when he is strangely merciful. Bill Nixon, who was summoned the other day, failed to appear. When a deputy sheriff had brought him into court the judge fiercely turned upon the unfortunate man, and said:

"Mr. Nixon, did you not receive a summons to appear before this court yesterday?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why didn't you come?"

"I was sick, your honor."

"A very lame excuse, sir. Mr. Clerk, enter up a fine of fifty dollars against Mr. Nixon, and, Mr. Sheriff take charge of the negligent gentleman until the fine is paid."

"Judge," said Nixon, "now that I'm fined, I'd just as well tell you the truth. I was drunk yesterday."

"Ah! Well, that alters the case. Mark off the fine, Mr. Clerk."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Rewards of Literary Labor.

Mr. Julian Hawthorne, who ought to know something about it, footing, with the results of his observation in England, the recent statement of *The London Spectator* as to the meager rewards of authorship, which, contrary to popular notion, are really below what they are here. He tells of a novel published some time ago by the Macmillans, two or more editions of which were readily sold, and when the accounts were squared up it was found that the author owed the publisher $20. Messrs Blackwood, whose binding is second to none among English publishers, when approached by an author whose novel they had published informed him that it was a sufficient remuneration to have placed their names on the title page. There are probably not ten authors in England says Mr. Hawthorne, who can sell a novel, serial rights in a magazine included, for $300. It wouldn't be surprising to see the authors joining a Knights of Labor procession if this sort of thing keeps on.—*Boston Herald.*