

"UNCLE THOMAS"

A Tramp Who Worked the "Gentleman" Racket but Worried of It

The city marshal of a small town in Indiana having informed me that he had a "bad expositor" in the town lockup, and that I could see him if I so desired, it was only natural that curiosity should be aroused. I went over to find a clean shaven, respectable looking man in broadcloth, and when he was left alone, on pretense that he "wanted to consult legal authority," he offered me a cigar, crossed his legs, and complacently remarked:

"Well, the bottom has dropped out at last, and I'm darned glad of it. I hadn't felt a bit happy for the last three months. Look at me! Dye's spouse a decent tramp would recognize or have anything to do with me tugged out in this fashion? Regular broadcloth, this suit is, and I've got on a regular undershirt, some as governors wear, and regular socks and linen collars. Is it any wonder I hadn't had a good night's sleep in long weeks, and that my liver is out of order and my system running down?"

"You are not what you seem?" I observed by way of encouragement.

"You've hit the nail's eye, old man! Say, it's too funny for anything when I think it over. Sometimes I've laughed till my sides ached, and then again I've lain so lonesome that it seemed as if I must fly."

"Go on with the tale."

"He noted the time by a new silver watch, settled himself back on the bench, and began:

"Down here about three miles lives an old maid nigh onto 50 years old. She owns the farm, and a man cousin of her's works it. One night last spring I struck the place for a cold supper, and the door was hardly open before Martha flung her arms about my neck and kissed and hugged until Jim, the cousin, had to pull her off."

"Mistaken identity?" I remarked.

"Exactly. Seems that they had an Uncle Thomas off somewhere, and that he was supposed to be rich and eccentric, and that a fortune teller had told 'em he would come along in disguise. They tumbled to me for the old eccentric, and it wasn't over two toots of the whistle before I was out the racket. They didn't ask me any hard questions, but stuffed me full of good questions, piled me into a feather bed, kissed me good night, and that was the beginning of a downward career which has landed me where I am. Last night, when I struck this jail, I began to feel at home for the first time in twelve weeks. If I only had my old duds my happiness would be complete."

"Did it take them three months to find that you were not their Uncle Thomas?"

"It did. They thought I was deceiving them about my riches, and testing them to see if they were worthy. They bought me this watch, clothes, cane, and a lot of other stuff, and I was fed on the fat of the land. Gained thirty-two solid pounds to prove it. I used to long to get back into the old duds, and to sleep under a straw stack and to steal apples and encounter bullocks, but I had to play my part. I know that I had a soft thing, and prudence warned me to hang on to it."

"How did they discover your identity?"

"Well, she went off to a neighbor's, and Jim was working in a back lot. Along came three of the boys, and I was so glad to see 'em that I hugged each one in my arms and then invited 'em into the house. They had eaten and drank their fill and gone before I heard anything drop. I told 'em who I was and what a snip I had, and 'I'll be hanged if Jim, who had come up for water, didn't hear it all. He peered right off to town, got the officers, and here I am. I want you to do me a favor."

"Well?"

"They'll hev to turn me loose, for I hain't broken no law. I want to send these clothes and this watch back to Martha and Jim, and I want you to get me something more in keeping with my station—something an old tramp will feel at home in. I've been guilty of deception, but I really couldn't help myself. It's the first time I ever put on clean shirts once a week, washed my face once a day, and tried to sleep respectably, and I promise you it shan't happen again. It's human to err, you know."

I arranged at the hotel for some old clothes and carried them over, and as he untied the bundle "Uncle Thomas" said:

"Most too respectable, but I'll doctor 'em a little. A thousand thanks to you. By this time-to-morrow I'll be ten miles away, dodging the dog at the gate and working the back door for cold vittles. Won't it seem good? Won't I roll up into a ball and have a solid old snooze in some fence corner to-morrow night? Thanks, again. But for your disinterested kindness I might have been compelled to go out here all dressed up, and under false pretenses, and it would have taken me a month to convince the boys that I was born to the partridge, and loved it for itself alone."—New York Sun.

An Effectual Method.

"I wish that fellow wouldn't be so familiar. I dislike very much to cut anybody, but he is becoming unbearable."

"Do you want to get rid of him permanently?"

"By all means."

"Well, there's one way to do it very effectually."

"How?"

"Lead him ten dollars."—Merchant Traveler.

HIS HUMANE HOBBY.

A LOVER OF HORSES PREACHES AGAINST THE CHECK REIN.

Carrying an Oil Painting in His Hand He Goes About the Streets Lecturing Drivers, and Showing Them the Cruelty of High Checking—Experiences.

"Down with the check rein!"

Such is the war cry chosen by a gentleman of Scandinavian extraction whose name is C. W. Petersen. On Sundays, and on week days, too, he may be seen at various street corners talking to coachmen, teamsters and owners of horses.

He holds an oil painting in his hands, and shows it to the people he addresses as an illustration of his arguments. The picture represents a horse, a swan and a man, all checked up high, and bears the following peculiar inscription:

"When under high pressure of low pride try the check rein on yourself."

Mr. Petersen is laughed at and jeered at by the people he addresses. He is often taken for a crank and told roughly to mind his own business, but with the obstinacy and perseverance of Peter the Hermit, he goes on, preaching a crusade against the check rein. He is one of those characters who cannot be discouraged by obstacles, and who, having once taken up an idea, will follow it to the end.

"Laugh at me, take me for a fool," Mr. Petersen says, "but I will stick to my business, and shall denounce the check rein whenever there is a chance."

Mr. Petersen is not a member of the Humane society. He is no professional friend of animals. In fact, he minds his own business every workday in the week.

But as soon as he feels himself at liberty to spare an hour or two, he takes his picture and goes out on the street to carry on his eccentric propaganda. He is a friend of the horses, and he suffers when he sees them suffer.

REGARDLESS OF COMFORT.

"Fashion is the curse of this age," said Mr. Petersen, "people will follow it regardless of comfort. They will put mountains on their backs and call it the bustle. They will torture themselves in order to comply with certain forms declared to be the fashion. When people torture themselves I do not care. Let them suffer, they ought to know better. I'm thinking to myself, 'But when I see helpless animals tortured for the sake of complying with ridiculous demands of fashion, I get indignant and cannot stand it.'"

"The horse is one of the most beautiful animals, because of his fine proportions and graceful, curved outlines. Now look at that picture. What do you see there? You see the laws of nature violated. You see a machine put up on the horse in order to do away with the curved line his arched neck forms."

"That is the way I begin my conversation with the people handling horses and using the check rein."

"I tell them that this check rein is not only disgracing the horse, but also injuring his health. It robs him of comfort, it makes him nervous, and he can't see anything, because of being forced to look upward into the sky. Then I point to the swan, and ask the coachman what that noble bird would look like if a check rein would be put over her head. Then I point to the checked up man, and ask the coachman to tell me how he would feel if he were checked up in a like manner."

"How would you feel, man?" I say. "The first few minutes you would probably endure this constraint without much complaint. But then you would begin to kick. In a short time your neck would begin to ache, and your mouth would be filled with blood from the fruitless efforts to get the head down. You would become restless and begin to toss your head just as your horse is doing it now. How would you feel if, while the sun were blinding your eyes, with a burden to draw or carry, unable to see where to step, you were whipped into a run, into a ditch, or depression in the rough street pavement? Would you feel comfortable? That's why you often see fine horses harnessed to elegant carriages paw vigorously, champ the bit, toss the head, and turn the neck. They want to loosen the check, lower the head, and get a rest."

HOW THE DRIVER TAKES IT.

"The driver smiles or laughs, or stammers something. He thinks I am a queer fellow, and goes on to explain that he would not mind loosening the check, but the people who employ him were opposed to it, want more style, and so on."

"Well, then, I say, 'call your people's attention to the fact that the horses are being tortured by the check rein. Tell them that the horses would be killed in a short time because of the silly fashion.'"

"I thus go on lecturing. Often the drivers and coachmen really follow my advice and remedy the thing. But often the people are stubborn and do not care to listen to what I say."

"I have discovered that my painting helps me a good deal in my work. I took it one Sunday to the People's church at McVicker's. There was a long row of carriages with fine horses standing in front of the theatre. The horses were all checked up. I showed the picture to the coachmen. They laughed and fared at me all kinds of silly remarks. Finally a young couple drove up in a carriage to the theatre. The horse was restless. I showed my picture to the young gentleman and explained to him the reason of the horse's restlessness. The young gentleman thought he had a fool for the insane asylum before him. The uniformed coachmen stood around grinning and awaiting developments."

"Well, I gave them a practical lesson right there on the spot. I unchecked the horse, and there he stood quietly and comfortably, showing no signs of being unmanageable. The check having been loosened the horse dropped his head. His neck assumed its natural arched form. He at once became an object of admiration for all the drivers. The young gentleman thanked me for my advice, and the lady that was with him thought that my picture was the best scheme devised for the welfare of horses."

"It is only a few weeks since I began to use my picture, and I find it much more eloquent than words. Some time in the near future I shall also have other pictures copied and painted. I'll show them a horse in its natural position; a pair of horses, one checked and another loose; a span of horses, easy and graceful, because of their not being over-checked; and a pair of work horses with check reins on. The pictures will be more telling than words, and the crusade against the check rein will make rapid progress."—Chicago Tribune.

A Bad Memory.

When a Cincinnati husband was asked in court if he dragged his wife out of bed by the hair he said he couldn't really remember, as that was a very busy morning with him.—Detroit Free Press.

MORTAR BEDS FOR GRANT.

A Story of the War—Abram S. Hewitt and the Iron Men.

A friend of Mayor Hewitt told a reporter a story of his employment by President Lincoln at another critical juncture in the progress of the war, and the reporter applied to the mayor for the particulars of the occurrence. Mr. Hewitt said:

"Let me think a minute. It was in the winter of 1861 and 1862, just before I went to Europe. I was at the tea table one Sunday night—we always had something of a company, some twenty or thirty on such occasions—and I was at the head of the table, when a messenger brought me a telegram from Mr. Lincoln. It was a long printed roll. I have the original still somewhere, and it ran this way:

"I understand that you are a man that can do things that other men can't do. Grant is at Cairo ready to move on Fort Donelson. He has thirty mortar beds and thirty mortars are on the way from Pittsburg to Cairo. I do not discover that there are no mortar beds for the lack of which the expedition will fail, because the ordinance bureau says they can't be produced under nine months. They must be at Cairo in thirty days. Yours truly, A. LINCOLN."

"I had never seen a mortar bed," said Mr. Hewitt, "but I had heard that Gen. Rodman, who was then in command at Watertown arsenal, had just completed the model of one, and that night I placed myself in communication with him, a thing I had no difficulty in doing, being at the time president of the American Telegraph company. I was able to get the operators to stand at the machine while I talked to Gen. Rodman. In reply to my question, Gen. Rodman said that the first mortar bed had just been completed. I asked him if he could send it down to New York by the Monday night boat at the latest. This was Sunday night, you understand, and there was no way to get it down the next day. He said he could send it if he received orders to do so. I told him to consider that he was under orders for the time being, assuring him that I would see that he received them, which I afterward did."

"He sent the mortar bed, and it arrived Tuesday morning by the Fall River boat. I spent Monday morning and the day before, to secure draughtsmen to be ready Tuesday morning to prepare plans of the several parts of the mortar bed on its arrival. I found that it weighed about a ton and a half, and was composed of several connected parts. I had it carted to the Novelty iron works and taken to pieces, and distributed the pieces around among the three works I have mentioned, each agreeing to make certain parts and to do all they possibly could to get them ready in time. The material to make them was not on hand, and had to be provided. Being in the iron business I knew who made the different kinds of material. The principal maker of an essential kind of iron refused to change his rolls to make what was wanted, and I telegraphed to Mr. Lincoln to send an officer to take possession of his rolls, which he did. The work progressed with such success that as a result I was able to send the first mortar bed forward in thirteen days from the time I received Mr. Lincoln's telegram and the whole thirty in twenty-six days. I sent a messenger on with each mortar bed, and the car upon which it was loaded was attached to the express trains with a printed order of the secretary of war posted upon it which read as follows:

"This car must not be side tracked under penalty of death. By order of the secretary of war."

"Gen. Grant received the mortar beds on time. The expedition went forward, and Donelson and Henry were taken. I paid all the expenses of making and forwarding the mortar beds, amounting to over \$30,000. At the time paper money was substantially at par, or nearly so. When I got my pay in paper money a year afterward paper money had depreciated over a half, and I got it then only on the order of Mr. Lincoln, with whom I then had my first interview. When I was presented to him he said: 'Why, you are not such a tremendous fellow after all. I thought you must be 7 feet high and weigh 300 pounds.'"—New York Times.

Gen. Sheridan and Bismarck.

An orderly was at once despatched for a surgeon, Bismarck and I doing what we could meanwhile to alleviate the intense sufferings of the maimed men, bringing them water and administering a little brandy, for the count still had with him some of the morning's supply. When the surgeons came we transferred the wounded to their care, and making our way to Rezonville, there took the count's carriage to rejoin the king's headquarters, which in the meantime had been moved to Pont-a-Mousson. Our route led through the village of Gorze, and here we found the streets so obstructed with wagons that I feared it would take us the rest of the day to get through, for the teamsters would not part the slightest head to the crisis of our positions.

The count was equal to the emergency, however, for taking a pistol from behind his cushion and bidding me keep my seat, he jumped out and quickly began to clear the street effectively, ordering wagons to the right and left. Marching in front of the carriage and making way for us till we were well through the blockade, he then resumed his seat, remarking: "This is not a very dignified business for the chancellor of the German confederation, but it's the only way to get through."—Gen. Sheridan in Scribner's Magazine.

Time Wasted in Making Calls.

What to do, then? "Lop off decisively your miscellaneous activities." Reduce the number of your friends. It is very easy for a man to have too many friends. The value of friendship is in its quality, not quantity. Beyond a certain point, a man's friends are his worst enemies. They are his enemies when they waste his time and strength, and draw him away from the serious pursuits and lofty ideals of life.

The case is still worse with women, as every sensible woman will acknowledge with grief and desperation. Why should a woman spend her life in making and receiving calls of no real meaning or consequence, and in other petty details? The trouble is, not that she has friends, but that she has too many of them.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Edison's Talking Doll.

Mr. Edison has, it is stated, devised a doll with a small phonograph inside, which talks when the handle is turned. The phonograph is placed in a receptacle within the chest of the doll, and the handle protrudes. When it is turned the words appear to issue from the doll's mouth. Edison has also devised a clock which announces the time by speaking, the talking apparatus being of course, a phonograph.—Cassell's Family Magazine.

BEFORE YOU CONSULT A PHYSICIAN

Consult common sense, and if you make an attempt to think once, the process will be less painful the next time you try. It will lead you to the irresistible conclusion that things and institutions and professions are not necessarily good because established in the remote past. They did not know everything in those days. They are monuments of ignorance with their faces turned to the past and their backs to the future. You cannot stay the hands of time. He who hesitates to advance with the world's progress in thought and action is hopelessly left behind. Doctors form no exception to the rule; the old schools of medicine belong to the dead, buried past; all hope is centered in the new Histogenetic System of Medicine.

SEATTLE, June 27, 1891.

My mother was taken with a gripple last spring in its most violent form, which rapidly developed into consumption. She had a most terrible cough, raised pus constantly, and we despaired of her recovery. We sent for my brother in California, as we did not know how long she might live. When we realized her condition we sent for Dr. Jordan, and at once began giving her his prescription. In two weeks she was out of bed, and in a month she was walking. She was who was acquainted with the case. In two months she is better than she has been in two years. This and other experiences with the Histogenetic Medicine convince us that it is the only medicine to use. Any one wishing to know more of this case may inquire of:

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