

# IMPORTANT

## Saturday, February 3, Our Great Sale Will End

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### A LAWYER'S SLIP.

Put in Damaging Evidence Against His Own Client.

It does not seem to be frequent that a plaintiff gets through the courts what he considers a satisfactory settlement for damages for an injury sustained when a railroad company is the defendant. Cases are of record, however, where the attorney for the railroad has unconsciously admitted evidence that resulted in a verdict for the plaintiff. Such a case was that of Mrs. Herkimer of Beloit, who sued the Missouri Pacific for \$10,000 before a court in Kansas.

The defendants were represented by the able and learned Waggener, who sought to prove that there was a full moon on the night of the accident and to place the responsibility with the plaintiff. A messenger boy was sent for and secured an almanac of the year of the accident. Examining it only to learn that it contained the desired proof, he offered it in evidence.

In his argument the lawyer for the plaintiff declared that the defendant company was the property of certain millionaires, whom he named, who had amassed fortunes totaling a great number of millions and were well able to care for his crippled client.

Waggener was immediately on his feet offering loud objection to this line of argument, claiming that nothing had been introduced in the evidence to justify the statement.

"May it please your honor, there is," declared the other lawyer. "It is in the direct evidence offered by the learned attorney for the defense."

"Where?" shouted the surprised Waggener.

"It is in this almanac, your honor," calmly replied the lawyer. He had studied the book, and there in its pages were pictures of the men named, together with sketches of their lives, and every one of them was rated at from \$100,000 to \$150,000,000.

These figures evidently appeared to the jury to be substantial enough to award a verdict for the amount asked, and that without leaving their seats.—New York Tribune.

### Deeply Injured.

Her eyes were wild; her hair was in disorder; her face was flushed; her hands were clinched. She was a deeply injured and desperate woman.

"Oh, cruel one," she cried in anguished tones, "I have borne with you too long! You have injured the very foundations of my being. Day by day you have tortured me, and yet I could not bear to give you up. When first we met, how your ease and polish attracted me! When you became my own, how my friends envied me! But your understanding is too small for my large soul. You are opposed to my advancing myself. You have ruined my standing in society. If we had never met I might have walked in peace. So now begone! We part forever."

There was a moment's convulsive breathing, then a gritting of teeth and a sharp sigh. It was all over. By a supreme effort she had pulled off her new shoe.

### The Time It Was.

Jones—I say, Smith, you are a

good hand at arithmetic.

Smith—I am considered very good. Why?

Jones—Well, here is a little problem for you. There was a man named Little, living in Dublin, who had a daughter. Now, she was in love with a chap she knew her pater did not approve of. So one day she eloped with him. When the old man found it out he was very angry and at once followed them. Now, then, what time was it?

Smith (angrily)—What time was it? How on earth do you suppose I can tell you? I give it up!

Jones (triumphantly)—Why, a Little after two, of course.—London Answers.

### Cheerful.

"John, dear," said the invalid's wife, "I'll have to run away from you for an hour or so today. I have to get the material for a new dress that the dressmaker."

"But," complained the patient, "do you think it is right to be thinking of dress while I am so ill?"

"Why, John, it will be all right, no matter what happens. It's a black dress."—Pearson's Weekly.

### Willie's Explanation.

Willie's grandmother gave him a penny to invest in candy, and the little fellow rushed off in great glee, but presently returned in tears.

"Why, what's the matter, Willie?" asked the old lady. "Did you lose your cent?"

"No, grandma," sobbed Willie. "I didn't lose it; I only swallowed it."—Exchange.

### Working Round to It.

A north country collier, anxious to pop the question to a girl whom he honestly admired, but unable to sum up courage to ask her the question outright, adopted a method of sounding her as to her idea of matrimony.

"Jenny, ma lass," he said nervously, "Ah've insured ma life."

"Has ta, lad?" said Jenny indifferently.

"Ah, and Ah'm a silly for doing so."

"How's that?"

"Why, supposin' Ah get killed 't pit, where dost t' think t' money'll go?"

"Why, to thy feyther, for sure."

"True enuf. An' it isn't fair. It ought to be paid to ma wife."

"To thy wife! Why, tha hasn't got one!"

"That's just it," said Bill. "But thou's a nice lass, Jenny, and I want thee to hev that money."

"Why couldn't tha say so at first?" cried Jenny joyfully. Then the couple embraced.—London Tit-Bits.

### A Treat For the Doctor.

A Philadelphian, who has since then fortunately regained his health, was last year the subject of an extended examination by specialists.

"The examination seems to have delighted Dr. Blank," said the patient to one of the doctors when they were alone for a moment, "for I have noticed that his eyes are positively beaming. I assume, then, that my case is not a grave one."

"Well," hesitated the physician, "I hardly feel justified in saying that. But I understand from Dr. Blank that he is going to perform a number of interesting operations on you."—Lippincott's.

### CURIOUS MEDICINES.

Prescriptions Which Were Used in the Eighteenth Century.

The following prescriptions, which were published in 1731, show a degree of credulity hardly to be expected from "the father of modern chemistry and brother of the Earl of Cork." The book is said to be written by "the Honorable R. Boyle, Esq., late Fellow of the Royal Society" for the benefit of "those poor Upholders of Families who cannot find or fee a Surgeon or a Doctor." Here are a few specimens:

For Convulsions, Especially In Children. — Take Earth-Worms, wash them well in White-wine to cleanse them, but so as that they may not die in the Wine; Then upon hollow Tiles or between them, dry the Worms with a moderate Heat, and no further than that they may be conveniently reduced to Powder; to one Ounce of which add a pretty Number of Grains of Ambergris, both to perfume the Powder (whose Scent of itself is rank) and to make the medicine the more efficacious.

To Prevent the Toothache and Keep the Teeth Sound.—Let the Patient frequently rub his Teeth moderately with the Ashes that remain in Tobacco-Pipes, after the rest of the Body hath been consumed in Smoak; some time after, washing (if need be) his Mouth with fair Water not too cold.

An Uncommon but Experienced Remedy For Dysenterical Fluxes.—Take the Bone or the Thigh of a hand'd Man (perhaps another may serve), calcine it to Whiteness, and having purg'd the Patient with an antimonial medicine, give him 1 Dram of this White Powder for one Dose, in some good Cordial, whether Conserve or Liquor.

A Choice External Remedy for a Sore Throat.—Take Millepedes alive, and sew them up between the Foldings of a piece of Linnen, and apply them to the Throat in the form of a stay, which is to be kept on all Night.

For an Ague.—Take of the Bone called "Platella," of the Knee of a dead Man, and having reduced it to fine Powder, give of it as much as will lie upon a groat or a sixpence for one Dose, in any proper Conserve, or fit Vehicle.—London Lancet.

### The Line He Carried.

Bishop Watterson of Nebraska was never at a loss for an answer to impertinent questions. One day he met a man on the train who mistook him for a traveling salesman and started in to quiz the bishop.

"Do you represent a big house?" he began as an opener.

"The very biggest on earth," replied the bishop, with a twinkle in his eye.

"What's the name of the firm?" continued the questioner.

"Lord and Church," smiled the bishop pleasantly.

"Hum! 'Lord and Church!' Never 'Oh, yes, indeed—branch houses anywhere?'"

"Oh, yes, indeed—branch houses all over the world."

"Hum! That's queer! Never heard of them. Is it boots or shoes?"

"Neither."

"Oh, I see—dry goods, I suppose."

"Well, yes; they do call my sermons that sometimes."

### WEDDINGS IN BELGIUM.

The Necessary Civil Ceremony Performed in the Town Hall.

If you want to get married in Belgium you must go to the town hall of the particular city in which you happen to reside and take one of the chief parts in a brief ceremony, which alone legalizes your matrimonial union. You can go to church before or after the little bit of civic business, as you choose, but nothing that priest or minister can do for you, however soothing to your feelings or your conscience, can give any recognized binding to your wedding vows as far as the law of this country goes. In most of the ancient and wonderfully interesting town halls of Belgium there is a "salle des mariages," a spacious chamber specially reserved for nuptial ceremonies. At Antwerp the town hall is more to be admired for its interior than for its exterior. The facade is in the renaissance style by Cornelis de Vriendt and dates from 1581.

The Antwerp town hall occupies the whole of the west side of the square of old guild houses and in its center rises to a height of 183 feet. A statue of the Virgin Mary is in a niche in the center of the top story.

Half a dozen wedding parties await the advent of the deputy mayor each morning. The procession of brides and their friends leads into the marriage chamber, the walls of which are appropriately covered with five frescoes.

The several wedding parties approach the mayor's table in turn, the unmarried parties remaining seated in the body of the hall, watching their predecessors. The proceedings are very brief. The deputy mayor examines a few papers put forward by the father or other representative of the bride, asks one or two low voiced questions, smiles at the bride, nods to the groom, signs a certificate and informs them that they are man and wife. Then he touches a button on his desk, and from an adjacent apartment an organ sounds a few bars of a wedding march, during which the married pair and company file out of the chamber, and the deputy mayor murmurs the French equivalent of "next" to one of the two little pages attending him—handsome youngsters in court dress. Another wedding party stands before a desk; a repetition of the short proceedings; once more the tap on the button and the wedding march on the organ. Out they go, blushing and smiling, and No. 3 marriage begins. In less than half an hour the six marriages had been made. Nothing more and nothing less happens, no matter what the rank or position of the contracting parties may be, except that the mayor's pages can be employed to carry the bride's train if she happens to be wearing one.—Washington Star.

### His Nose For News.

A cub reporter on a Pennsylvania paper was sent out by the city editor to get a story on the marriage of a young society girl and a man well known in the city.

The "cub" was gone about an hour and then returned and went aimlessly over to his desk, by which he sat down. Shortly afterward the city editor noticed his presence and his evident idleness.

"Here, kid!" shouted the superior. "Why aren't you at work on that wedding?"

"Nothin' doing," replied the boy. "Nothing doing! What do you mean? Didn't the wedding take place?"

"Nope. The bridegroom never showed up, so there ain't nothin' to write."

### Deserted.

"Do you say your husband deserted you?" said the judge to a lady applying for a separation order from her husband.

"Yes, my lord."

"Please tell the court as concisely as you can how he deserted you."

"Two months after we had completed our honeymoon he scolded me because he thought I was extravagant in the matter of getting clothes, and I went home to my people."

"Yes. Proceed."

"Well, I waited and waited and waited for him to come and beg me to return to him, and he never did!"—London Telegraph.

What "Mr.," "Mrs." and "Miss" Mean.

"Mr.," the common form of prefix by courtesy to the name of an untitled male, whether married or single, is a contraction of the word "master." "Miss" and "Mrs." are similarly contractions of the word "mistress," and as late as the reign of George II. unmarried ladies used to be styled "Mrs." Then it became convenient to distinguish between the married and unmarried woman, and "Miss" was the original spelling of the new label.

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