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I went to the hospital, and they operated on me, but I got no better. They said medicines would do me no good, and I thought I would have to die. At last I tried Cardui, and began to improve, so I continued using it. Now, I am well, and can do my own work. I don't feel any pains.

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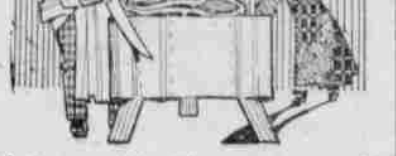
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JAIL EXPERIENCES

Dilapidated Gentleman Tells Stories of Arrests.

PROFIT FROM STAY IN CELL.

He Learns That He Has Some Rights. Though Sentenced to Imprisonment, and Young Lawyer Helps Him Collect From Authorities.

By M. QUAD.
Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.

"In my wanderings to and fro," said the dilapidated gentleman as he pocketed the quarter extended to him and bowed his thanks, "it has happened that I have seen the inside of several country jails. In each and every case I was sentenced as a tramp, and the time was for various periods. In some states they have given up trying to grapple with the tramp problem; in others they are alert to lay hands on him and try to cure him with a dose of jail life.



IN IRONS FOR REFUSING TO WORK.

"I took in the country jail as part of the program," continued the wanderer with a smile, "and I got it all. The first time I was arrested I let things slide. The constable mistreated me, the justice of the peace abused me, and the jailer half starved and put me at the most menial work. The jail was little better than a pigpen and the food hardly fit for hogs.

"When I had served my time and been kicked out I posted myself as to the law, and my next arrest resulted in a surprise party. I refused to do any work, and the law upheld me. I refused to eat the fare furnished, and the law compelled the jailer to better it. I demanded bedding and heat, and the jailer had to comply. He was glad enough to see the last of me, but I had severely tramped into the next county before I was plucked up again. This was in Ohio, just over the Michigan line, and although it was five years ago, I have no doubt they are talking about me yet.

"I was plodding along the highway about sundown when a farmer jumped over the fence and pitched into me. He had got in three or four blows before I landed him one that knocked him down. Three other men came to his rescue, and I was handcuffed and kept in a barn all night.

"Next morning I was arraigned before a country justice, and without even asking me to plead and refusing to let me consult a lawyer he sent me up for six months. The charge was vagrancy, resisting arrest and felonious assault on an officer, all rolled into one and a happy combination. Only one of the men who aided in my arrest testified against me.

"I was bundled off to the country jail in a hurry and upon my arrival was placed in a dark cell and fed on bread and water, and it was two weeks before I had the run of the ward. Then it so happened that a young lawyer who happened to run for the legislature visited the jail on business, and I got speech with him. The result was that he took up my case, and the end astonished several people.

"Made Profitable Settlements." "In the first place, while the man who had assaulted me was a constable, he did not seek to arrest me in the regular way, but only after the assault. Under the law, therefore, I had a right to resist. The charge against me was vagrancy, and I had \$15 in my pocket. I should have been taken before a justice forthwith, but instead I was locked up in a barn until next day. We had that constable so scared within two days that he fairly begged me to take \$100 and call it square.

"We then went for the justice. He had not given me the show allowed by law and on four or five points had rendered himself liable to removal. He came to me with tears in his eyes and \$75 in his hand, and I let up on him. "Then it was the jailer's turn to toe the mark. He had no legal right to shut me up in a dark cell. No law gave him the privilege of substituting bread and water for my prison diet. He had been abusive and tyrannical and had kicked me, and that was assault. The law specified what food he should furnish his prisoners, but he had substituted what he pleased.

"Case Got Into Politics." "He tried to make me saw wood and scrub out the corridors and had put me in irons because I had refused, and yet I was clearly within the law. I had him up on six different charges.

but before the case came to trial I settled with him for \$250.

"I had been sent to jail without the option of a fine. I was taken out on a writ of habeas corpus and admitted to bail and was therefore free to appear in court.

"The case did not end when the jailer squared up. Three or four politicians saw that my lawyer was making too much capital out of it, and they set out to down him. The result was that it became a political legislative district, and after a hard slugging campaign and a close vote my lawyer triumphed over all and came out with flying colors. The district was upset politically for the first time in eight years, and all because of a tramp.

"Experience in New Jersey." "My last jail," continued the dilapidated gentleman, "was in New Jersey and only last June. My arrest came about in a rather singular way—that is, it would be accounted singular outside of New Jersey. I had been waiting all the forenoon, and about 12 o'clock I sat down by the roadside to rest and have a cold bite. Pretty soon a farmer came along leading a bull, and just as he reached me the bull broke away, knocked the man down and jumped into a field and gored a calf.

"Although I offered my services to help capture the bull, the farmer insisted that I was to blame and had me arrested. It was claimed that my presence excited the animal to mischief, and on the ridiculous charge I was sent to jail for fifteen days. I told the jailer at once that I should stand on my legal rights as a prisoner, and, though he sulked over it, he carried out his part of the contract to the very last day.

"Wrongfully Held Eight Hours." "My sentence of fifteen days expired at noon of a certain Wednesday. Jail and prison sentences always expire at that hour, the same as insurance policies. This jailer probably knew the law better than I did, but in order to get even with me he kept me until 8 o'clock in the evening. It was then raining heavily, and I refused to go out. He had me flung into the street and added a kick by way of farewell and probably thought he had seen the last of me.

"Next morning I began a suit against him for false imprisonment and on top of that another for assault and battery, and he had hardly consulted a lawyer before he was on hand with an offer to settle with me for \$150. I closed with him at that, and I think the lesson was one to do him good.

"Yes, I've been in jail, and perhaps I shall bring up behind the bars again, but I shall accept it all as in the day's work and stand by my rights.

"Thank you again for the coin. You have delivered the cash, and I have delivered my story. Best and safest principle in the world to work on. Saves all bookkeeping, prevents misunderstandings, and there are no long drawn accounts to go over. I'm sure of a bite to eat and a bed tonight, and if you haven't got the worth of your money I'll bear on a little harder next time."

Approved.
Phillip was a consoling youth. One evening he called upon some friends and picked up the new Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, which lay on the table.

"What do you think of it, Phillip?" asked the host.

"Well," was the reply, "so far as I have looked it seems to be correct."—Success Magazine.

Stands High.
"Would you say the presidency or the judiciary is the noblest institution in the land?" asked the interrogative person.

"Without intending to cast a slur on either the presidency or the judiciary," answered the opinionated person, "I should say that pay day holds that enviable eminence."—Buffalo Express.

Futile.
"Don't profanity to a mule," said Uncle Eben, "don't ginerly accomplish much 'cep to give de mule a chance to show off his superior dignity."—Washington Star.

Light Needed.
"This is the twentieth anniversary of my marriage."
"That so?"
"Well, is that all you have to say?"
"Look here! Are you fishing for sympathy or congratulations?"—Houston Post.

Well, Rather!
Uncle Jackson showing city boy the farm—With all your city education, sonny, I'll warrant you don't know which side you milk a cow from.
The Boy—Sure I do! It's the under side!—Puck.

Must Be Up to Date.
"She has a model husband."
"1910 or 1911?"—Detroit Free Press.

"Did We but Know."
Did we but know our neighbors' thoughts We'd have far less conceit.
For would we hold our chins in air
When we walked down the street.

Did we but know our neighbors' thoughts Our overreaching pride
Would seem so senseless and absurd
We'd steal away and hide.
—Birmingham (Ala.) Age-Herald.

Did we but know our neighbors' thoughts, We'd all be busy, too,
Explaining how we can afford
To live the way we do.

Did we but know our neighbors' thoughts, If all were understood,
The chances are that we would seek
some other neighborhood.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

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1-4 Case City Sodas			1.15
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