THE TALE OF A PIG

Chief Justice Marshall's First Case as a Lawyer.

HE OUTWITTED A DEADBEAT.

When Marshall Sued Old Haskin Smiled, When the Case Was Won and Payment Claimed He Laughed, but When the Climax Came He Wilted.

Chief Justice John Marshall's first case as a lawyer was tried in Fauquier county, Va. It was the suit of Cohn versus Haskin, and the descendants of the great interpreter of the constitution delight to this day to tell of the subtle strategy whereby the budding jurist achieved victory over that case hardened deadbeat of a Haskin person.

This same Haskin, it appears, was a man possessed of property. But he was also possessed of a shrewd knowledge of the law. He kept all he had in his wife's name, excepting what the statute exempted from seizure for debt.

In an evil and absentminded moment Cohn, who ran a general store in Haskin's neighborhood, trusted him for sugar and coffee to the amount of $11. This was years before the eruption of young Marshall into the law, and in the interim Cohn had given the claim for collection to every young lawyer in the county to cut his teeth on. Swiftly following Marshall's unfurling of his shingle to the Fauquier winds came Cohn with his claim. Even the callow attorney recognized it as a veteran among claims. However, having nothing else to while away the time, he took the case, Cohn promising him all he could get out of it, which showed Cohn's valuation of it as an asset.

Young Marshall promptly brought suit, at which Haskin smiled. When judgment was obtained, Marshall rode out in person to Haskin's place and demanded payment, at which Haskin laughed.

And while Haskin chuckled the keen eye of the young lawyer wandered about the farmyard. He saw one plow, which was exempt under the law; also one harrow, also exempt; also a huge leviathan of a pig drowsing lazily in a pen—a very Gargantua of a pig.

"That's the only pig I got," volunteered Haskin, reading the lawyer's thought, for Haskin, also law wise, knew that under the statute he was entitled to one pig exempt from seizure for debt.

The future chief justice rode home pondering deeply. Next day he was seen strolling around the outskirts of the town looking into casual pigsties and keeping his thoughts to himself.

One noon shortly after a youth, trudging along the big road in front of Haskin's house, stopped to ask for a bite to eat. Over his shoulder he carried a gunny sack. Haskin handed him out a pone of bread and a chunk of meat and then demanded a quarter for the repast. "I haven't got a quarter," replied the youth; "thought you would give a feller a little snack like that."

"Not much," growled Haskin. "What you got in that bag?"

"Nuthin' but a month old pig," answered the youth. "Say, if you gimme a quarter in money I'll give you the pig and we'll call it square."

"I reckon you stole that pig," commented Haskin, "else you wouldn't sell it so cheap. Here's your quarter; gimme the pig."

The youth disappeared with the quarter, and Haskin, with the content of one who has driven a hard bargain, carried the shote over to the barnyard and spilled it into the pen where lay the porcine Gargantua. Coincidentally there rose out of the alder bushes adjacent the forms of young Marshall and another man—the other man was the constable. In his hand he held a writ of execution. He climbed solemnly over into the pigsty and, pointing to the fat porker, said:

"I levy on that pig in the suit of Cohn versus Haskin," and he waved his hand to a man who was waiting with an empty wagon down the road.

"But that pig is exempt," exclaimed the irate Haskin. "The law allows me one pig."

"You've got him there," answered the constable, pointing to the shote as he trussed up the big fellow and called to the man in the wagon to lend a hand. "You can't make your selection for exemption after the levy's made."

"But the fellow that sold me that shote stole him," urged Haskin, growing desperate. "I can't own a stolen pig."

"All right," put in young Marshall, wholly unperturbed. "Mr. Constable, just arrest him for receiving stolen goods."

But Haskin had fled to the safety of his back porch, seeing which the constable, Marshall and the man in the wagon hustled the complaining porker aboard and drove away, leaving the bewildered Haskin to ruminate at leisure over the intricacies of the law which permits a man to keep even his religion in his wife's name, but ravishes away his choicest pig from under his very nose.

And, concluding, the multiple descendants of the great John also delight to tell how that pig sold for $19.85—enough not only to pay the ancient claim, but to satisfy exactly the demands of court and constable for costs, leaving not a penny over for the grief stricken and wicked Haskin.

To which the reader may add, "And they all lived happily forever after"—except Haskin.—New York Times.

CURIOUS RESERVOIRS.

The Use to Which Baobab Trees Are Put In Africa.

People of the Kordofan province, Africa, use baobab trees as reservoirs for the scanty water of that district. The trees have to be prepared carefully for this use. The large branches are first cut off near the trunk. If this is not done the trunk is apt to split as soon as it is hollowed out. A hole is cut in the trunk, generally just above a branch, which serves as a platform for the man who is filling the tree, and the interior is hollowed out. Round the bottom of the tree a shallow basin some twenty or thirty feet in diameter is made, in which the rainwater collects. As soon as there is a storm the people go out and fill their trees. The water so stored remains perfectly good until the end of the next hot weather or even longer. A few trees, naturally hollow, have a hole at the top between the branches and fill themselves, the branches catching the water and acting as gutters. These are called "isgai," and are highly valued.

The system gives a cistern twenty feet high and from eight to ten feet or even more in diameter. Owing to the labor involved in preparing and filling the trees water is usually bought and sold, and on the main roads where there is much traffic, as between Nahud and Jebel el Hilla on the way to El Fasher, the capital of Darfur, the people do a regular trade by supplying merchants and travelers with water.

The bucket, called a "dilwa," consists of a piece of leather suspended by strings six inches long, from a piece of wood bent in a circle, to which the rope used for drawing the water is fastened by three or four strings. On reaching the bottom of the well the leather opens out and collects the water, however little there may be.—Chicago News.

FAIRLY WARNED.

The Old Crook's Advice to His Brilliant Young Pupil.

"All this easy talk about 'honest graft,'" said an author, "makes me tired. There isn't any such thing. 'Honest' graft is on a par with the point of view of an incorrigible old crook I ran across when I was doing police work on a Chicago paper years ago. The venerable reprobate had a son about eighteen years old, whom he had carefully trained to follow in his own footsteps. They lived together, and every night the old man used to make the boy fork over the proceeds of the day's pocketpicking, allowing him just enough to live on.

"Finally the young crook began to rebel inwardly, and one night, after a particularly good day's haul, he secretly pawned a diamond scarfpin and kept the money himself. He gave the old thief the rest of the swag, however, and it was so goodly a pile that he opened his heart and handed the astonished boy $5 and told him to go to a prizefight or somewhere and enjoy himself. So the boy began to put on his only glad rags. But he seemed strangely silent and distraught. The old man noticed it and demanded to know what was the matter and if the $5 wasn't enough, and so on.

"Suddenly the lad burst into tears. 'Guv'nor,' he sobbed, 'I ain't no right to this five spot. Here's $10 I got on a pin today, and I was goin' to hold it out on you.'

"The old crook took the money and gazed with sadness upon his child. 'Son,' he said, 'I want to tell you one thing. Take it from me, folks that gets money that way will never, never come to no good.'"—New York World.

Flowers and Blood.

A superstition dating from olden times exists to the effect that roses and flowers generally attain greater beauty in soil fertilized by blood, especially by human blood, than elsewhere. Persons who have visited Newmarket, England, know of the so called "bloody flower of Newmarket," which is found nowhere else than in the old moat, now filled up, and in which, according to tradition, a very large quantity of human remains is interred. These flowers bloom in June and July and by the bloodlike hue of their blossoms suggest the name which has been given to them.

Right Living.

To be honest, to be kind, to earn a little and to spend a little less; to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence; to renounce when that shall be necessary and not to be embittered; to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation; above all, on the same grim condition, to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy.

The Gloomy Englishman.

The sap may be wildly running, the birds may be making love, and the sun brilliantly shining in a sky of exquisite blue, but in the heart of the average Englishman there seems a perpetual Good Friday, and a one long, unending Monday morning and the month eternally November.—London Tatler.

A Discussion on Talk.

Tommy—Pop, what is the difference between a dialogue and a monologue? Pop—When two women talk, my son, it's a dialogue; but when a woman carries on a conversation with her husband it's a monologue.—Exchange.

A Puzzler.

Willie—Pa? Pa—Yes, Willie. Willie—Teacher says we're here to help others. Pa—Of course we are. Willie—Well, what are the others here for?—Chicago News.

RAILWAY SIGNALS

"Fireworks" That Serve as Train Protectors.

CODE OF TORPEDO AND FUSEE

Messages These Audible and Visible Danger Signs Convey to the Engineer—The Use of Pyrotechnics as Signals In the Naval Service.

"Pop, pop," or perhaps a single "pop," sharp and distinct like that of a giant firecracker heard not only on the Fourth of July, but on every day in the year, Sundays included. What did it mean? And on almost any night as I look out of my window I see the edge of the wood or the fields lighted up by red or yellow fireworks. Why this strange illumination?

As all these queer happenings took place on the railroad a few rods from my house I made inquiries of the railway officials, and here are some interesting facts about the use of these curious "fireworks."

The general superintendent of the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad explained as follows:

"Our rules provide for the use of detonators, commonly known as torpedoes, as audible signals and of 'fusees' as visible signals.

"These torpedoes are attached to the top of the rail on the engineer's side of the track by two small flexible metal straps, which are easily bent around the ball of the rail, as shown in the picture, and hold the torpedoes securely in place until exploded by the first train passing over this track.

"The explosion of one torpedo is a signal to stop; the explosion of two, not more than 200 feet apart is a signal to reduce speed and look out for a stop signal.

"The fusees are of similar construction to the well known Roman candle used for fireworks celebrations, except that they burn a steady flame without explosions. A sharp iron spike at the bottom end will usually stick in the ground or in the cross tie when thrown from the rear of a train and holds the fusee in an upright position, where it is more plainly visible.

"A fusee must be lighted and left by the flagman whenever a train is running on the "time" of another train or behind its own time and under circumstances which call for such protection.

"A fusee on or near the track, burning red, must not be passed. When burning yellow the train may proceed with caution when the way is seen and known to be clear. Standard fusees burn red for three minutes and yellow for seven minutes and can be seen for quite a distance.

"You will gather from the above explanations that the red glare of a flaming fusee on or near the track warns the approaching engineer that a preceding train has passed over his track less than three minutes ahead of him, and under no circumstances must he pass this signal while burning red. When the flame turns to yellow he may proceed with caution, only as the way is seen and known to be clear, keeping in mind that when the fusee changed from red to yellow he was exactly three minutes behind a preceding train, which may have stopped within a short distance or may be proceeding at an unusually slow rate of speed."

The superintendent of the Shore line division, another branch of the same railroad, gives this additional detail regarding torpedoes:

"When a train stops upon the main line and requires protection against a following train the flagman goes back a specified distance and places one torpedo. He then continues a farther distance back, placing two torpedoes. As soon as the train he is protecting is ready to start the engineer blows a specified whistle signal, which is a notice to the flagman to return to his train. On the way back he picks up the one torpedo, leaving two on the rail to warn the engineer of an approaching train that another train is a short distance ahead and to give the flagman time to run back and get aboard of his own train."

Of the use of fireworks as signals in the navy the chief of the bureau of construction and repair of the navy department, Washington, makes the following statement:

"All modern ships are fitted with electric signals, and the use of such signals is general in the naval service. In the case of small vessels having no electric installation and also for use in case of the failure of the electric signals the navy has a system of colored stars in connection with rockets for the purpose of signaling.

"These are in no sense the ordinary commercial fireworks, but are manufactured by the service for naval use exclusively.

"There are no photographs of this system of signals for distribution. The apparatus consists of a specially designed pistol from which are fired cartridges containing the colored stars that are used in the service code."—New York Mail.

Mighty Arcturus.

Arcturus is one of the most brilliant stars that we can see in the heavens. Its diameter is 62,000,000 miles. The light that comes to us from it to-day 200 years old when it enters our eyes. The sun is distant 93,000,000 miles. Then compare eleven minutes with 200 years.

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam.—Milton.

LIQUID PORES.

An Entertaining Experiment With Alcohol and Water.

It is not easy to imagine liquids as having pores, though this seems to be the case as shown by certain familiar experiments. When a certain amount of powdered sugar is slowly poured into warm water, the water will dissolve the sugar and appear to absorb it without increasing its volume. Similiarly, when alcohol is poured into water the resulting volume is less than the sum of the two volumes.

For instance, if fifty parts of water and fifty parts of alcohol be mixed together they will make only ninety-four parts. Apparently one of the liquids has entered into the "pores" of the other. This experiment, as commonly performed in laboratories, consists in putting measured quantities of the two liquids together, but the effect would be far more striking were it possible for students to see one of the liquids actually "soaking" into the other. This can be done in the following way:

Take two glasses, one filled to the brim with water and the other with alcohol. In order to show the effect to better advantage, color the alcohol with red ink. The glasses should not be over full—that is, the surface of the liquid should not bulge above the rim of the glass. When everything is ready, place a sheet of paper over the glass full of alcohol, and with a hand on the paper to keep it down on the rim of the glass invert the tumbler, and the liquid will remain in the glass, owing to the air pressure on the paper. Now place the inverted tumbler over the glass full of water and carefully draw out the paper. This can be done without spilling a drop of alcohol, and yet as soon as the paper is removed the alcohol will commence to drop. Owing to the fact that it is colored it is possible to see the alcohol actually "soaking" into the water, while tiny air bubbles that were formerly contained in the "pores" of the water rise slowly to the top of the tumbler. This will continue for some little time until a considerable air space forms in the top of the tumbler.

ASLEEP AT HIS DESK.

Lincoln Was Worn Out, but Hadn't Forgotten His Caller.

One day a very energetic lady called on me to take her to the president and aid her to get a private soldier pardoned who had been sentenced to death for desertion and was to be shot the very next morning. It was late in the afternoon when we got there, and the cabinet was still in session. I sent my name in to Mr. Lincoln, and he came out, evidently in profound thought and full of some great subject. I stated the object of our call and, leaving the lady in one of the antechambers, returned to the senate, which had not yet adjourned.

The case made a deep impression on me, but I forgot it in the excitement of the debate and the work of my office until perhaps near 10 o'clock that night, when my female friend came rushing into the room, radiant with delight, the pardon in her hand.

"I have been up there ever since," she said. "The cabinet adjourned, and I sat waiting for the president to come out and tell me the fate of my poor soldier, whose case I placed in his hands after you left. But I waited in vain—there was no Mr. Lincoln. So I thought I would go up to the door of his cabinet room and knock. I did so, and as there was no answer I opened it and passed in, and there was the worn president asleep with his head on the table resting on his arms and my boy's pardon signed by his side. I quietly waked him, blessed him for his good deed and came here to tell you the glorious news."—John W. Forney in "Anecdotes of Public Men."

Pat Scored.

An Irishman named Pat Carr was met by an Englishman one day, who said to him:

"What's your name?"

"Carr," said Pat.

"Well, well," said the Englishman; "you're the first car I ever saw going without an ass, so you're a great sight to me."

"Begob!" said Pat. "You're not the first ass I saw going without a car, so you're no sight to me."—London Globe.

Consulting the Sage.

No Korean couple would think of marrying without consulting the sage, who fixes the happy day for them. This he does simply by adding the bride's age to the bridegroom's, and, after determining which star rules the destiny of their united ages, he decrees that the wedding shall take place upon the day sacred to that star.

Courting Celebrity.

"I want to do some one thing that will cause me to be talked about," said the energetic and ambitious man.

"That's easily arranged," answered his wife. "Merely move into a strange neighborhood."—New York American.

The Resemblance.

Teacher—If the earth were empty inside it would resemble— Scholar—A razor, miss. Teacher—A razor? Why, Teddy? Scholar—Because it would be hollow ground, miss.—London Telegraph.

Easier.

The Landlady—At our table, Mr. Bjinks, it is customary to return thanks at each meal. The New Boarder—That's fine. I like it lots better than paying cash.—New York Journal.

It is the people who know how to rest who do continuous good work.—Harraden.

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