

He Was Acquitted.

AND BY HIS OWN ELOQUENCE, NOT BY HIS LAWYER'S.

"Strangest case I ever had," said the attorney, who was in a talkative mood, "was up in the northern part of the state last summer."

"I was back in the woods some miles from what you would call civilization on a combined fishing and hunting trip."

"While I was there an old man, who had been acting as my guide and very valuable in spite of his bibulous habits, was arrested for stealing a keg of whisky."

"The case looked pretty black for him, and the old man knew it."

"As the old man was almost indispensable to me I volunteered to defend him."

"When the case came to trial, I used all my wiles to get him clear, but I soon saw that it was uphill work and that the jury had a deep-seated conviction that the old man was guilty. The old man realized it, too, and squirmed uneasily about upon his chair."

"The case was about to go to the jury when the old man arose and insisted on addressing them before they retired. The court granted permission and the old man turned to the jury and said:

"I jes' want ter ask ye one question. Ye all know me, an what I want to ask ye is this: Do ye think that if I stole that thar whisky that I would be sober now?"

"This was putting the case in a new light, and it seemed to have great effect with the jury, for they declared him not guilty before leaving the box."

"When it was over and the old man was receiving the congratulations of his friends, one of them said:

"Sam, how on earth did you manage it?"

"Waal," answered the old man, as he solemnly winked one eye, "when I toted that thar whisky home the old woman saw at once that the first thing that I would go and do would be to go and git full of incriminating evidence, so she took the keg and locked it up in the cellar till the clouds would roll by. But it's mighty lucky that the trial kin off jes' ez she did, fer I couldn't hav held out for another day to save my life." —*Detroit Free Press*.

Wanted Her Rights.

AND WAS BOUND TO GET THEM IF SHE COULD.

"Mistuh," said the very large colored woman, stopping a man who was just leaving the District building, "I want to state a case."

"I'm not a lawyer, auntie."

"Tain't no law case. I ain't gwinter sue nobody. I jes' wants ter know what my rights is an how ter git 'em."

"You see any of the attachées here, if it's government business."

"I ain't got no piece o' paper ter shove in at de winder so's ter git noticed. But I's bein' 'scrminated ag'in'."

"What's the trouble?" was the kindly inquiry.

"I ain't gittin' proper 'tention. Ev'y once in awhile I hyah it read outen de paper dat somebody has got a eel outen his hydrant."

"Well, an eel is a very cleanly sort of creature. It doesn't do any harm."

"You didn't fink I was a-skyahl of em, did you? De case I wants ter lay befo' de government is dis: I pays extra rent to kivver de water tap. I's had a hydrant in my back yahd fo' fohteen yeahs, an I ain't neber got no eel yit. What I wants to know is, how does dey 'stribute dem eels? Is dey prizes, or is dey favouritisms or what is dey? If dar's any eels comin' ter me, I's hyah wif my basket ready ter take 'em home, right now, ca'se we ain't got no money ter buy meat an we's kin' of hungry for feesh, anyhow." —*Washington Star*.

The Solemn Scotchman.

A Scottish parson was attending a funeral in his own churchyard, says a writer in Longman's Magazine. The service over, and dust given to dust, the green sod smoothed down over the narrow bed, the company departed. But a worthy man remained behind and approached the parson with a solemn face, as though for serious talk.

"Din ye ken what I ayethink at a funeral?" Many serious reflections have come to one there, and the clergyman expected some benefitting thought.

"No. What is it you always think?"

The answer was, "I ayethink I'm desperate gledd it's no me." The incumbent of that parish was mortified.

Knew Too Much.

"Do you know what conservatories are for Willie?" asked his uncle.

"You bet I do!" replied the boy promptly, and then, turning to his sister, he asked, "Shall I tell them, Mamie?"

That being the first intimation she had had that he had been in or near the conservatory the evening before, naturally she blushed.

Lotteries and Luck.

TRICKS THAT HAVE BEEN PLAYED BY FICKLE FORTUNE.

There are few things with which romance is more closely connected than the distributing of lottery prizes, and there can be no doubt that we Britons are all the better off because of the illegality of holding lotteries in the United Kingdom. A big lottery must disappoint hundreds of thousands while it enriches one winner, who often finds that his basely acquired wealth results in doing him more harm than good.

A short time ago the first prize in one of the Italian state lotteries, which amounted to some £8,000, fell to a peasant who, with his wife, had actually died of starvation within a few hours of the drawing of the prize. Owing to a dream in which a peasant had the presentiment that a certain number would be on the ticket which would win the splendid prize, he scraped all his money together and purchased not the ticket he wanted, because it was already sold, but one which bore the same numerals, differently arranged. Then he and his wife fell on desperately hard times, which eventually closed upon them in death from sheer starvation, for he had tried and failed to sell his lottery chance, which was the last thing left to him. When the drawing came on, he won the first prize of £8,000, but as he was dead and no next of kin could be discovered, the prize was raffled for again, when it fell to swell the purse of an Italian banker who already was possessed of vast wealth.

A German lady living in Brunswick had a fancy that a certain ticket would win a prize in a lottery in which the first prize was £15,000. It may seem strange, but it is vouch'd for as being perfectly true, that she so altered her opinion as to the chances of her ticket winning a prize that she bartered it away for a new hat from her milliner within a few days of having purchased it. This was a melancholy exception to the rule that "second thoughts are always best." The ticket which she had exchanged for a hat, possibly worth a couple of guineas, succeeded in capturing the first prize of £15,000, and the milliner, who considered he had run his risks, absolutely refused to palliate his customer's bitter disappointment by anything beyond the payment of a few pounds, which were dragged from him by hollow threats of legal action.

On one occasion the first prize in an Italian lottery, amounting to nearly £5,000, fell to a man who had died three days before the raffle, the second prize of £2,000 fell to a lady who had sold her lucky ticket at the eleventh hour, and the third prize of £1,000 to a private soldier who, on hearing of his good fortune, drank himself mad and then committed suicide. For want of claimants who could establish their claims satisfactorily, the first and third prizes were again raffled for, and this time they both fell to the same person—the owner of one of the largest private estates in Austria, who was quite indifferent about the addition to his already huge fortune.

Silly superstitions play an important part in the buying and selling of lottery tickets, and it is no uncommon thing for a person who fancies a certain number to buy it at a price equal to hundreds of times its original cost, and many of those who indulge in this kind of speculation with the fixed idea of gain generally discover that it is an expensive game. A German banker conceived the idea that the first prize in a certain lottery would fall to the holder of a ticket on which the figure three stood either alone or with others. So greatly impressed was he with this belief that he bought up every ticket that bore the numeral three, a little deal which cost him some thousands of pounds, because many of the tickets he fancied were held by persons to whom he had to pay fancy prices. One of these persons, when approached on the matter, refused to sell his ticket unless the banker purchased a complete bundle of 20, of which he was anxious to get rid. The banker did not wish to do this, as there was only one ticket bearing a three in the bundle, but he ultimately consented, took the ticket he wanted and gave the vendor back all the others. Great must have been his annoyance on discovering later that the first prize had not fallen to him, but had been won by one of the tickets he had bought and scorned. —*London Times*.

The heart beats ten strokes a minute less when one is lying down than when in an upright posture.

The truth of the adage about constant dripping wearing away a stone is strikingly illustrated in the fact that the Niagara river has been 36,000 years cutting its channel 200 feet deep, 2,000 feet wide and seven miles long through solid rock. Evidence is conclusive that the falls were formerly at Queenston, seven miles below the present situation. It has been proved that they have not receded more than one foot a year for the last half a century.

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L O. L. No. 996. MEET IN THE ORANGE hall on Francis-St. West on the second Tuesday in every month.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

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