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Good Marrying Weather

A verdant-looking young couple appeared  
one day at the parsonage of an Eastern minister  
and the young man awkwardly explained  
that they wanted to be married. It was  
raining in torrents, as if it had been doing all  
day. The candidates for matrimony had  
come in an open buggy, sheltered only by a  
single umbrella, and were so thoroughly  
drenched that it was necessary for them to  
dry their garments by the kitchen fire before  
the minister could proceed with the ceremony. When they reappeared he said:  
"It's too bad you have such a rainy day."  
"Well," said the bridegroom with the  
well-marked nasal twang of a rural Yankee,  
"that's just exactly why we came." "You see,  
it's pouring, so hard we couldn't do nothing  
else, so we jest thought that it was a good  
time to get married. Wouldn't you have come  
if it'd been good plowin' weather?"

A Musician's Tact

A musician brought to despair by the poor  
playing of a lady in a room above his own  
meets her one day in the hall with her three-  
year-old child and says in a most friendly  
manner: "Your little one there plays quite  
well for her age? I hear her practice every  
day."

A KENTUCKY TRAGEDY.

A cowhiding which led the victim to suicide.

The release of John J. Cornwell from  
the county jail of Mount Sterling, Ky., last  
week recalls the story of one of the most  
touching and dramatic tragedies that ever  
occurred in Kentucky. It is the story of a  
good man's sore temptation and fall, and it  
gives a glimpse of a civilization unique and  
terrible, a civilization which touches the two  
extremes and produces the hero and the ruf-  
fian.

Five years ago Richard Reid was uni-  
versally regarded as one of the foremost men  
in Kentucky. He had been elected to a  
number of political offices, and had achieved  
the crowning ambition of his life; a seat on  
the bench of the Superior Court of the State.  
He had raised himself up by his own efforts,  
as he began life as a friendless lad. Almost  
any office in the State was at his disposal,  
for he was not only popular with all  
classes, but he was respected as well. A  
more charming character than Judge Reid's  
cannot well be imagined. All that the wife  
of Col. Hutchinson pictured that gentle  
Paritan who has come down to us the most  
delightful individuality of his century, could  
have been truly written of Richard Reid.  
He was handsome, courteous, refined. He  
was a true Christian, and yet never by look  
or word forced his religion upon any man.  
A teacher of his village Sunday-school in  
Mount Sterling, a devout member of his  
church, he could yet keep a crowd of the  
roughest mountaineers roaring at his quiet  
jokes; and every child in the little town  
knew the good Judge for his friend. His  
political opponents had given up trying to  
beat a man who could win the admiring love  
of the best people of the bluegrass and the  
fiercest mountaineers in blood-drenched  
Rowan and Breathitt counties.

There was one man in Mount Sterling who  
hated the good Judge with the venomous  
hatred of a jealous and revengeful nature;  
a burly, antler, coarse fellow, with the frame  
of a Hercules and the head and face of a  
bull dog; the kind of a man to stamp on the  
face of a fallen enemy and glory in his brutality.  
That man was John J. Cornwell.  
He waited patiently for the proper time to  
strike down his enemy, and at last it came.  
A decision was rendered by the Superior  
Court in a case in which Cornwell's  
character was severely criticised. This decision  
Cornwell, for his own purpose, attributed  
to Judge Reid; although, as it afterwards  
appeared, it was written by another  
Judge. Cornwell determined upon a revenge  
more terrible in that community than  
burning at the stake, a revenge compared  
with which death would have been a mercy.  
The cowhide in Kentucky is the emblem of  
slavery. No free man can suffer the de-  
gradations of a cowhiding any more than he  
can allow his forehead to be branded. If he  
should by any misfortune have such an indignity  
put up on him there is one recourse, and  
only one; he must kill the man who did it.  
No one knew all this better than Cornwell,  
and with an ingenuity of cruelty almost  
devilish he determined to avail himself of  
his knowledge of this and also of his knowl-  
edge of the character of the Judge. He  
knew that Reid's intensely religious  
nature the killing of a fellow-man was too  
revolting to be thought of for a moment.  
He knew that the Judge was not phys-  
ically his equal, and he knew that Judge Reid's  
boast that he never carried a deadly weapon  
in his life.

And so when Cornwell one brilliant  
Spring morning walked into the little back  
office where the gentle Judge sat reading his  
favorite Horace, and closed the door behind  
him, he knew as thoroughly as a man ever  
knows anything that he would meet with  
little opposition in his terrible task. With  
his usual courtesy Judge Reid arose from his  
chair and kindly invited Cornwell to be  
seated. "For a moment" the bully regarded  
him in silence, perhaps even his brutal heart  
faltered, and it was not till Judge Reid  
had asked him the second time that he answered  
"hoarsely," "I've come to have it out  
with you." In a moment he struck the  
Judge in the face, a cowardly, brutal blow;  
a blow that no other man in Kentucky could  
have struck, and as his victim reeled and  
staggered in a dazed, helpless way he drew  
finger under his coat a heavy cowhide and  
laid on the cruel lash again and again—a  
shower of blows, each one of which he knew  
would burn into the very soul of the defense-  
less man like red-hot iron. Judge Reid  
fell on the ground, insensible and Cornwell,  
with the cowhide in his hand, walked  
down the main street of Mount Sterling and  
boastfully told the "horror-stricken" people  
what he had done.

The cowhiding was the first act of a tragedy.  
The whole State was aroused. The  
indignation was intense and universal, and  
at no place was it so strong as among Judge  
Reid's own people. Everywhere it was felt  
that there was no alternative left the Judge;  
there was only one thing for him to do. He  
must kill Cornwell.  
Then began a mental struggle as terrible  
as anything that the imagination of novelists  
has ever portrayed. No one who has not  
lived in that community can realize the  
awful force of the public opinion to which  
Judge Reid was subjected. Everybody he  
saw advised him to avenge his assailant; the  
men he met on the streets, the men who  
thronged his office, the members of his  
church, his legal friends and his boyhood  
companions.

The writer of this saw him the day after  
the occurrence, and his office was filled with  
political allies, brawny mountaineers with  
their trousers tucked into their boots, who  
came down to help and advise the "judge."  
It was a pitiable sight. The ungodly, though  
kindly, attempts of these loyal mountain  
men, any one of whom would have laid down  
his life for the man they all adored; the  
fierce wrath of more than one true friend  
who could with difficulty be restrained from  
avenging the wrong; then and there with his  
own hands; and in the midst of them the  
stricken man with bowed head and white  
face listening with all his old-time courtesy  
to advice which he could not take. He had  
aged years during the night of mental agony  
which had followed the dreadful degradation  
of the morning; all the light had left his  
eyes and when he talked it was like one  
speaking from the grave.

"I cannot, I cannot," he cried, shaking  
his head, when a close friend told him for  
the hundredth time to kill his enemy. He  
hardly slept or ate for a week, and then he  
told his friends from all parts of the State  
to come and listen to his story and judge  
him by the facts. They gathered in the old  
court-house one pleasant day in the early  
Spring to hear what he had to say. A

strange crowd it was—farmers from all the  
adjoining counties, many of them riding a  
hundred miles; were there; big boned men  
from the bluegrass and wiry, slowey mount-  
aineers. From the very spot where he  
made his first law speech when a smooth-  
faced strapping young fellow, the Judge told  
his neighbors and friends all the ungodly  
story of the cowardly attack. He told them  
of his religious convictions; of the impos-  
sibility of his revenging himself upon his  
enemy; of the patient meekness of the  
Savior under a burden infinitely greater,  
of the awfulness of blood-guiltiness, for-  
bidden alike by the laws of God and of man.

It was a great speech, and, considering  
the audience and the surroundings, an ex-  
traordinary speech. When he finished the  
rustling of the branches of trees about the  
old court-house could be heard, so silent was  
the crowd; and big tears were running  
down more than one bronzed face. Such  
an oration had never before been delivered  
by any public man in Kentucky, and it pro-  
duced a profound effect all over the State.  
The people thought that this would put  
an end to it all and that Judge Reid would  
go to his court with the respect of every one  
for his superb moral courage. They did not  
know the man, and they did not know the  
community. Almost at once Judge Reid  
began to feel that he was losing his friends.  
Men passed him with averted faces; the old  
warmth with which young and old had  
greeted him was gone; lifetime friends  
treated him coldly. He learned the bitter  
lesson that no man can fly in the face of  
deep-rooted public sentiment. Night and  
day he brooded over the assault; he would  
talk of nothing else, think of nothing else.  
His wife, a beautiful and accomplished  
woman, a member of one of the proudest  
families in the South, did all that a devoted,  
and perfect love could suggest to divert his  
mind, but in vain.

One morning Judge Reid, after a sleepless  
night, walked down to his office, looked the  
door, put a pistol to his head and sent a  
bullet through his brain. He was dead  
when they found him. The miserable  
wretch who had blasted his life was arrested  
and given the extreme limit for assault, three  
years in jail, an unheard-of sentence up to  
that time. He tried a score of times to re-  
verse the sentence and exhausted every  
technical point to secure his freedom. Once  
a foolish county justice turned him loose on  
a writ of habeas corpus, but a roar of in-  
dignation arose all over the State, which  
sent him back to his cell.

Mrs. Reid has written a beautiful book,  
a life of her dead husband, which will repay  
perusal, as it tells better than any brief  
newspaper account possibly could the story  
of one of the purest, kindest, noblest men  
that ever lived in Kentucky—gentle, chival-  
rous Richard Reid.—[N. Y. World.]

Vegetable Courtship

A potato went out on a mash  
And sought an onion bed;  
"That's pie for me," observed the squash,  
"And all the beets turned red;  
"Go away!" the onion weeping cried,  
"Your love I cannot be;  
The pumpkin be your lawful bride,  
You cantelope with me."  
But onward still the tuber came,  
And lay down at her feet;  
You cauliflower by any name  
And it will smell as sweet;  
And I, too, am an early rose,  
And you I've come to see,  
So don't turnip your lovely nose,  
But spinach at with me.

Woman's Incapacity

To THE EDITOR:—Some women in Eng-  
land have lately set themselves up as judges  
of what the rest of womankind shall or shall  
not do, be, say, have or hold; and give the  
reasons why, viz., physical incapacity. That  
is the sum and substance of their contention.  
Now, I admit this is true of the majority of  
the present generation, probably those ladies  
included. But this is no argument. There  
are various causes why women are so incap-  
able, and we must begin at the root of the  
matter to find them and then set to work to  
remove them. It is written, God made woman  
a helpmate for man.

One great cause of woman's weakness is  
her dress, to which she is the veriest slave.  
The weight of her skirts, and the inconve-  
nience of them would soon debilitate a strong  
man, while the tight sleeves and tightly-  
fastened boots, paralyze the muscles to a cer-  
tain extent, then the high heels injure the  
spine as well as the toes—and who could ex-  
pect a woman to vote intelligently when her  
toes are aching from compression. Worse  
than all, her corsets press the vital organs  
up and down out of their proper place and  
bring on a series of diseases, that all the  
doctors in Christendom cannot cure. Add  
to this the sweeping skirts, stirring up mil-  
lions of germs and you have the foundation  
and chief cornerstone laid for a sickly, ab-  
normal woman, who must be taken care of,  
and who is totally unfit for taking anything  
but a passive interest in the great concerns  
of life. O woman! woman! Your mission  
is manifold, but first and foremost to help  
remove these physical disabilities from your  
suffering sisters. We must not judge woman  
as she is, but as she might be if her God-  
given faculties were developed, and it is only  
in this direction we can expect a better  
prophesy for the coming race. We cannot ex-  
pect grapes of thorns or figs of thistles.

MRS. MCGEE SMITH.

Montreal, July 10.

Just Going to Arbitrate

"Are you going to strike, ma?" asked  
the little boy as he tremblingly gazed upon  
the uplifted shingle.  
"That's just what I'm going to do."  
"Can't we arbitrate, ma, before you  
strike?"  
"I am just going to arbitrate," she said  
as the shingle descended and raised a cloud  
of dust from the seat of a pair of pantaloons.  
"I am just going to arbitrate, my son; and  
this shingle is the board of arbitration."

Lincoln's Curious Proposal

Abraham Lincoln's offer of marriage was  
a very curious one, and singularly so, as  
it has but recently come to light. Numerous  
as his biographers have been, and closely  
as they have glanced for new facts and ma-  
terials, it was left for the latest one, Mr.  
Jesse W. Hill, of Greenacres, to discover this  
unique and characteristic production of Mr.  
Lincoln's almost untutored mind. The letter  
is one of several written, presumably, to the  
lady he afterwards married. Addressed to  
"My dear Mary," it reads as follows:

"You must know that I cannot see you  
or think of you with entire indifference, and  
yet it may be that you are mistaken in re-  
gard to what my real feelings toward you  
are. If I knew you were not I should not  
trouble you with this letter. Perhaps any  
other man would know enough without fur-  
ther information, but I consider it my pecu-  
liar right to plead ignorance and your bound-  
en duty to allow the plea. I want in all  
cases to do right, and most particularly in  
all cases with women. I want at this par-  
ticular time, more than anything else, to do  
right with you, and if I knew it would be  
doing right, as I rather suspect it would,  
to let you alone, I would do it. And for the  
purpose of making the matter as plain as possible,  
I now say you can drop the subject, dismiss  
your thoughts—if you have any—from me  
forever, and leave this letter unanswered with-  
out calling forth one accusing murmur from  
me. And I will even go further, and say that  
if it will add anything to your comfort and  
peace of mind to do so, it is my sincere wish  
that you should. Do not understand by this  
that I wish to cut your acquaintance. I mean  
no such thing. What I do wish is that our  
further acquaintance shall depend upon  
yourself. If such further acquaintance  
would contribute nothing to your happiness,  
I am sure it would not to mine. If you  
feel yourself in any degree bound to me,  
I am now willing to release you. I provided  
you wish it; while on the other hand, I am  
willing and even anxious to bind you faster,  
if I can be convinced that it will in any degree  
add to your happiness. This, indeed, is the  
whole question with me. Nothing would make  
me more miserable than to believe you mis-  
erable; nothing more happy than to know you  
were so. In what I have now said I think I  
cannot be misunderstood; and to make myself  
understood is the object of this letter. If it  
suits you best not to answer this, farewell.  
A long life and a merry one attend you.  
But if you conclude to write back, speak as  
plainly as I do. There can be neither harm  
nor danger in saying to me anything you  
think, just in the manner you think it.  
Your friend, Lincoln."

Probably this is the queerest love letter  
on record and the most remarkable offer of  
marriage ever made. It is a love letter  
without a word of love and a proposal of  
marriage that does not propose.

God Save the Queen

Every American who has been to England  
is expected to tell, when he comes home,  
what he thinks of the Queen. I saw her  
Majesty on Jubilee day; she didn't stop her  
carriage to speak to me, but I forgave her,  
'twas her jubilee—not mine! when I've  
governed a great country respectably for  
fifty years I won't stop my carriage in the  
procession for anybody; if anyone wants to  
speak to me, that particular day, let them  
come up to the house when the show is over.  
As I said, I saw her Majesty, and I was so  
much impressed that I raised my hat as high  
as my arm would let me. Just think of it  
a moment, fellow citizens, who have seen  
Presidents rise and fall once in four years;  
here was a woman who for half a century  
had been head of the most populous civilized  
nation in the world; yet except for an air of  
modest dignity—the divinity that doth  
hedge a king—looked as honest, unassuming,  
kindly, womanly and good as any decent  
fellow's darling mother. [Marshall P. Wilder's Book.]

Why He Remains a Bachelor

A well-known citizen of Lincoln, who, al-  
though approaching the mere and yellow leaf,  
is a bachelor, and who promises to remain  
in the same predicament until his poor, lip-  
ping, stammering tongue is silent in the  
grave, gave a brief explanation of his cel-  
bacy to a small but select audience the other  
evening. "I have always had the most in-  
tense admiration for women," he said; "an  
admiration that age could not wither nor  
custom stale, and that is why I am going it  
alone. I am afraid that if I were to marry  
I would follow the track trodden by so many  
admirers of women and eventually be  
known as a household tyrant, and perhaps  
worse. As it is I have the most infinite  
contempt for a man who does not love and  
cherish his wife until the cows come home,  
but if I were to lead a blushing bride to the  
altar, how do I know that I wouldn't be  
used for divorce in a year or two for cruelty  
and neglect? Human nature is weaker  
than water, and no man knows himself. I  
have seen bridegrooms manifesting an affec-  
tion for their young wives that was simply  
seraphic, and a few months later I have seen  
the wives splitting wood in the back yard  
while the husbands sat on the porch playing  
high five with the neighbors. My abhor-  
rence for those husbands was beyond expres-  
sion, and I would not be hated by others so  
intensely for a dual coronet. So rather  
than trust myself as a star husband I will  
continue to admire women at a distance, and  
make preparations for a rather lonely  
career in the sunset of life. Better to be  
somewhat blue yourself now and then than  
to make the life of another a long stretch  
of misery." There are some strange philo-  
sophers in the world.

It is asserted that the smallest screws in  
the world are those used in the production  
of watches. Thus, the fourth jewel wheel  
screw is the next thing to being invisible,  
and to the naked eye it looks like dust;  
with a glass, however, it is seen to be a small  
screw, with 280 threads to the inch; and  
with a very fine glass the threads may be  
seen quite clearly. These minute screws are  
4-1,000th of an inch in diameter, and the  
heads are double; it is also estimated that  
an ordinary lady's thimble would hold 100,  
000 of these screws. No attempt is ever  
made to count them; the method pursued in  
determining the number being to place 100  
of them on a very delicate balance and the  
number of the whole amount is determined  
by the weight of these.

Frightening Children

The influence that is brought to bear upon  
a child during the first decade of life will  
have a decided effect in determining his  
power of self-control in later years. It is in  
the home more than in any other place that  
this influence must first be exercised, and  
upon nurses, governesses and parents de-  
volves this most important duty, a responsi-  
bility which, considered in its true light,  
becomes a privilege and a sacred trust. A  
child cannot understand the "why and where-  
fore" of many things which to an adult are  
perfectly plain and intelligible. His timid,  
and naturally shrink from sights and sounds  
which, to him, are strange and unaccount-  
able. To frighten a child in any way is not  
only thoughtless and cruel, but the act itself  
will be followed by serious results. For  
one to say no harm was intended, and that  
it was only a fun, is no excuse. It is of  
some of the ways in which this abuse is  
sometimes offered, and there

CONSEQUENT ATTENDANT EVILS

that I wish to speak.  
There are some people who seem to take a  
morbid satisfaction in frightening young  
children by suddenly appearing before them  
with the face hidden by a mask or the en-  
tire body covered with a sheet, at the same  
time uttering loud and unnatural sounds,  
and gesticulating in a wild and frantic man-  
ner. Occasionally we find a person who is  
so regardless of possible accidents as not to  
hesitate to point at a child a gun or a pistol,  
and feign to strike him with a knife or har-  
shet. The setting of a strange dog upon  
one who already shows signs of terror is the  
constant barking of the animal is some-  
times followed by unexpected and painful  
results. For little acts of disobedience,  
children are sometimes shut up in a dark  
closet or temporarily confined in the dark  
attic or cellar. At other times they are  
told strange stories of ghosts, and threat-  
ened that, if they do not behave, they will  
be

SOLD TO THE RAG PICKER

or that wandering gipsies will steal them  
and carry them away. These and other  
such frightful apparitions are relics of bar-  
barism and superstition, which should have  
no place in the Christian light and intelli-  
gence of this nineteenth century. And not  
only this; such scenes, stories and threats  
are grossly indecent and deliberate false-  
hoods, the nature of which the child will  
some day understand, and he will be very  
likely to form a just estimate of the moral  
character of those in whose confidence and  
honesty he firmly believed. It is also to be  
remembered that it is possible that a child  
may be so often frightened in one way or  
another as to eventually weaken his char-  
acter, and even sometimes produce a deplora-  
ble state of mental imbecility; and there  
are many cases on record where a child has  
been so frightened as to cause insensibility,  
convulsions and death.—[Good Housekeep-  
ing.]

Cliff Dwellers in Mexico

It seems there are still cliff and cave  
dwellers on earth. Lieutenant Schwatka,  
whose travels range from the perpetual ice  
of upper Greenland; to the semi tropical  
regions of Mexico, has found a people, hith-  
erto unknown. In the Mexican State of  
Chihuahua, the southern neighbor of Texas,  
this "Austro-American" explorer has just  
come up on a community of several thousands  
of the cave and cliff dwellers, a sun-worship-  
ing people, who had been supposed to be  
extinct a long time ago. Their former  
dwellings in New Mexico and Arizona have  
excited some interest; now we hear of the  
people themselves. They are described as  
a very dark-colored race and very timid—  
as from the roaming bands of Apaches, the  
cruelest of all the Indians, they well might  
be—and on the approach of Schwatka's men  
these genuine aborigines fled to the per-  
pendicular cliffs, upon which they went,  
to their high caves, upon long, notched posts.  
They seem to be a harmless race, armed only  
with the primitive bow and arrow and a  
stone hatchet. That they should have es-  
caped so long the prying observation of trav-  
elers may be due to the fact that the greater  
part of the State of Chihuahua (Chesaw) is  
a high and dry barren region—a lofty,  
arid tableland, which gets little rain, and is  
sought by few or no travelers. Its western  
part is very mountainous, the Sierra Madre  
ranges of the Mexican Cordillera running  
through it; and it is doubtless in the faces  
of these inaccessible cliffs that the homes  
of these cave-dwellers are found. When  
they reach their caves they pull their pri-  
mative ladders up after them.

A Martyr to Science

It seems as if man would never tire of  
taking their lives in their hands and flying  
in the face of fate. No davier is too chimer-  
ical, no dream too daring to make human hero-  
ism, or human foolhardiness, stop short of  
it. The latest attempt to navigate the air  
which has probably cost Prof. Hagan, the  
aeronaut, his life, promised such faint hope  
of success, and was entered upon under cir-  
cumstances so poorly calculated to entice it,  
that were there such a thing as average dis-  
cretion in our temperament, this man would  
never have been allowed to go up in the air-  
ship. At the minute of starting the machin-  
ery of the balloon was found to be defective,  
and was so pronounced by the inventor, but  
in a wild spirit of intrepidity, the aeronaut  
took flight to death, with as much nonchal-  
ance, apparently, as if he were embarking in  
a row boat on a duck pond. Something in  
our common nature compels admiration for  
this sort of daring, stupid as it is,  
and it is probably out of this that springs  
the impulse to tempt fatality in exploits,  
which, in calmness, appear downright wicked.  
If the world was not growing in population  
so fast our great jurists would be cudgeling  
their brains trying to devise laws against  
self-slaughter as distinguished from suicide.  
But the perpetuation of the species is so  
well assured by natural processes, that the  
unnatural inclinations of foolhardy men  
consume very little time in consideration,  
except as they make news for the daily  
press.

What He Would Say

Of all places, they had gone to Sicily for  
the honeymoon, and were promending in  
the suburbs of Catania. Presently the bride-  
wife said:  
"Think, Albert, if the brigands should  
come now and take me from you?"  
"Impossible, my dear."  
"But suppose now, they did come and  
carry me away, what would you say?"  
"I should say," replied the husband,  
"that the brigands were new to their busi-  
ness. That's all."