

# The Democrat

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WHAT is needed at Ithaca is a series of academic convictions for manslaughter.

AN interesting and refreshing feature of summer journalism is the appearance in the St. Louis Republic of an able and exhaustive illustrated article treating of the proper method of raising snow blockades on railroads.

THE Paris-born families become extinct in three or four generations, in consequence of their feeble constitution and high rate of mortality, and the average length of life among them is only 28 years and 1 month, as compared with 49 years and 2 months for the rest of France.

\* WHEN an Illinois woman learned that her husband had lost \$1,500 she did not repine nor grow hysterical. She calmly sued the keeper of the game for three times the amount of the loss and got judgment. One husband has parted forever from the privilege of sneering at the financiering of the other sex.

PHILADELPHIA is race crazy, and horses of elongated pedigree are being ridden by gentlemen similarly distinguished. It is true that most of the horses tumble down, and most of the gentlemen tumble off, but the sacrifice of a few bones upon the altar of fashion is something at which no Philadelphian worthy the name would pause.

THE craze for old furniture is a full way in which it imitated wormholes in oak furniture to give it an antique effect.

TECUMSEH, O. T., is evidently lacking in the refinements of civilization. Thirty "leading citizens" of that place have been indicted for horse stealing and will probably be sent to the penitentiary unless a mob gets hold of them first. In Chicago leading citizens tap the water mains and steal the city water, and everybody says they are deuced shrewd business men.

THE Hanoverian succession to the British throne is now about as secure as ever the prudent Victoria can make it. Three generations of her descendants stand between it and the not well-beloved Louise of Fife, who would succeed to the crown were the Hanover stock to become extinct. Looking at the situation from all sides it would really seem that the living Hanovers are very likely to outlast the monarchy itself.

WHEN the Columbia is steaming ten knots an hour her furnaces use up coal at the rate of thirty-five tons a day; at fourteen knots, seventy. Governments do not like any better than individuals to pay big coal bills, especially where, as in the case of warships, there are no earnings to offset expenses. Those magnificent bursts of speed, like that of the Columbia last year when she struck more than a twenty-two knot gait, are reserved for occasions when cruisers want to get there, or to get away from there.

PEOPLE who think the world is growing worse instead of better should compare the treatment accorded Santo, the assassin of President Carnot, and Ravalliac, who stepped into the carriage of King Henry IV. of France and stabbed him to death. Ravalliac was broken on the wheel with most ingenious deliberation and melted lead was poured into his stomach through an abdominal incision. Santo, on the contrary, was protected from the angry crowd by his victim's official servants and will receive a fair and deliberate trial in open court.

THE first step which a man takes in the direction of his own overthrow is not to do some overt act of evil. A boat that lies on the water's edge does not begin to wreck itself by thrusting itself out abruptly into the current; it begins by lying on the beach and letting the current play with it. If it is chained to the rock, no harm can come to it; mischievous begins when it half lies on the beach and half floats on the water. The trouble with people is that they are drifting. They are the chip on the wave instead of the watch-tower on the shore.

NEITHER the people of Chicago nor the newspapers of that city will feel otherwise than honored by the attacks of W. C. P. Breckinridge upon them. Chicago is not a puritanical

community. It might be well, indeed, if some of the latitude allowed in this city were curtailed. But Chicago has never sent to Congress or elected to any other public position a self-confessed, brazen rascal and libertine, and she never will. From that standpoint, at least, Chicago has the right to criticise the conduct of Col. Breckinridge or any other systematic and avowed enemy of female virtue.

MR. CORNELIUS, the Chicago ton-sor artist who paused in his work only long enough to kill a man and then calmly resumed shaving the customer in the chair, is entitled to praise for his consideration. Mr. Cornelius evidently felt that his personal quarrels should not be allowed to inconvenience his customers any further than was absolutely necessary. This point will probably have little weight with a jury, but it will appeal to thousands of men who have writhed in half-shaved anguish while the officiating barber has been discussing the horse races, the railroad strike, or other topics of interest with the artist at the next chair.

Most people will be puzzled to understand the alternate severity and leniency shown by the police of Chicago in dealing with the violators of the law. On Saturday a thief who robbed a man of a diamond at the Union Depot was captured, but allowed to go free upon giving up the gem. That is one extreme. On the other hand the guardians of the peace will promptly haul out their revolvers and blaze away at any man they see running—the idea being that the runner is a malfeactor who is seeking safety in flight. There should be some uniformity in these matters if the police are to combine the

DR. S. WIER MITCHELL, the famous expert in cases of insanity and nervous diseases, delivered an address in Philadelphia before the American Medico-Psychological Society, in the course of which he severely denounced the administration of insane asylums in this country. As the result of his observations he finds that physicians and nurses get their appointments by political pulls; that asylums are prisons, and not hospitals; that they are not provided with modern appliances; that nurses are not properly educated and examined, and that "if the object of the insane asylum is to restore the patient to sanity and usefulness in society the present methods of procedure are serving of nothing but denunciation." No man has a clearer authority to pronounce upon this matter than Dr. Mitchell. That he is correct in his observations has been demonstrated over and over again by exposures of insane asylum methods where they have attracted official attention.

THE investigation of the recent murder of a person at Cornell College by frolicsome students who used chlorinating gas as the agency of their exuberant spirits has come to nothing through lack of testimony or, rather, through abundance of perjured testimony. The Justice of the Supreme Court who presided in the case gave it as his conviction that "there was a deliberate plan on the part of some unknown parties to thwart justice and that there was no question in his mind that witnesses had deliberately violated their oaths before the grand jury." In the face of this disgraceful and shameful perjury to cover up murder it is astonishing to see that the President of the College at a recent banquet declared that "in all universities, in human nature itself, and even among the brute creation there is a tendency to worry the new comers in a spirit of fun." It is hard to decide which is the most disgraceful feature in this case, the deliberateness with which the students violated their oaths or the levity and unconcern with which the President of this university treats the crime of murder.

ALL in the British Empire. Roughly speaking the British Empire extends over one continent, 100 peninsulas, 100 promontories, 1,000 lakes, 2,000 rivers, and 10,000 islands. The Assyrian Empire was not so wealthy; the Roman Empire was not so popular; the Persian Empire was not so extensive, the Spanish Empire was not so powerful, is the way the Briton sings.—Toronto Mail.

THE Kiss. In England, down to the reign of Charles II, or a little later, the kiss was the common greeting to friends and strangers alike, and shaking hands was a mark of close intimacy or high favor. In the diary of Anne, Countess of Pembroke, her ladyship thinks the fact of her shaking hands with any one worth noting.

A MAN stops hoping to be rewarded as he grows older, and prays that he will not be punished.

## MIRAGE.

With milk-white dome and minaret  
Most fair my Promised City shone;  
Beside a purple river set  
The waving palm trees beckoned on.

Oyon, I said, must be my goal  
No matter what the danger be,  
The chosen haven of my soul,  
How hard soe'er the penalty.

The goal is gained—the journey done—  
Yet naught is here but sterile space,  
But whirling sand and burning sun—  
And hot winds blowing in my face.

—[GRAHAM R. TOMSON, in Scribner.

## A LAST RESORT.

A dark night, and the sky hidden by a mass of hurrying clouds. A chilly wind, the ground all mud, the tall grass and trees dripping from heavy rains. Just emerging into a dark cornfield from still darker woods, a young man, his clothing drenched and mud-stained, his face haggard and desperate, and his whole attitude as he leaned heavily against the rail fence telling of utter exhaustion. He was worn out. For more than two hours he had been flying for life over a country imperfectly known to him, though familiar to his pursuers.

Turn which way he would, Gilbert Hazelton could see nothing before him but speedy and disgraceful death. Never to see the sun again, not even a friendly face! Was this the end of the bright hopes with which he had kissed his mother good-bye only two short months before.

He had been accused of murder, tried for his life, found guilty and sentenced to death. His letter to his friends must have miscarried, for they had not come to his relief. Poor and alone among strangers, who persisted in believing him identical with the tramp who had murdered poor David Westford, Gilbert had yet fought bravely for his life. Some few had been convinced of his innocence and that he urged desperately. "As true as there is a heaven above us, I am innocent of what is laid to my charge. It will be proved when my friends come. But that will be too late unless you help me."

"But I do not know it now," Mrs. Westford wavered. "Thee speaks fair, but do not all criminals do the same? A trial was given thee and me?"

"Not a bit. I don't think he would be searched in vain for hunted souls, or he would not have feared. The out buildings and premises were thoroughly searched, while Ernestine and her mother looked on with pale, quiet faces and wildly beating hearts, and the fugitive lay and listened in the darkness. Then the men rode on, grumbling and cursing the Sheriff for letting the prisoner escape.

The girl stood in the open door, her glances alternating between the pleading face of the fugitive and the lanterns coming along the roadside.

"We must decide quickly, mother," and her clear voice quivered with feeling. "He may be innocent. It hardly seems as though a guilty man would come here—to David's home for shelter. And if we are accessory to his death—mother, it is murder for them to take the law into their own unauthorized hands. Our choice lies between one man, who may or may not be a murderer, and a score who will surely be if we do not hinder."

"Then thee says save him?" Mrs. Westford asked, doubtfully.

"I dare not refuse it, mother. Do you?"

The old lady hesitated, then, opening a corner cupboard, took out a pair of handcuffs—relics of the days when David had been deputy sheriff and earned the enmity of tramps and evildoers—and held them towards Gilbert.

"If thee will put these on, that we may have no fear from thy violence when the mob are gone, we will con-secrate thee safely, and when the search is over send thee back to thy lawful guardian. That is all. I cannot place myself and my daughter at the mercy of one who may have none. Will thee consent?"

She was only prudent. Gilbert bowed silently and extended his hands. It was his only chance for life, and it would be the height of folly to object. Yet a faint color came into his face as the cold steel snapped on his wrists, rendering him helpless—yet scarcely more so than fatigue had already made him.

The hesitation of both was over now. Ernestine bade him remove his muddy shoes, while she swiftly closed the door and drew down the blinds, and the mother hurried into another room. Thither Ernestine beckoned him to follow, pausing only to thrust the shoes out of sight.

At the door she turned. "It is David's room," looking keenly in his face. "Come in!"

It was a small, plainly furnished room. Mrs. Westford had drawn the bed from the wall and thrown back the last breadth of carpet, revealing a tiny trap-door. At his entrance she opened it, and motioned him down.

The window was but a step away. He crept to it and looked between the curtains. A plain, neat farmhouse kitchen, and two women, evidently mother and daughter, sitting by the table before the fire, the mother sewing, the daughter reading aloud. No one else in sight, yet Gilbert gave a smothered gasp and fell back in despair.

David Westford's mother and sister! That settles it!"

He had seen both faces at the trial—the elder, sad and patient under its silvery hair; the younger pure, pale clear-cut, thrown into strong relief by the dark eyes, long jet-lashes and heavy black braids.

"She shrinks from my touch. She thinks my hand stained with her brother's blood," he thought bitterly.

He stood there still hopeless and

helpless, when there came a break in the clear voice within. The girl had ceased reading. He looked in and saw her pick up a pitcher and come toward the door. A moment more and she had come out, all unconscious of the man so near, gone straight to the pump, on which the lamplight shone, and was filling her pitcher. Nerved by desperation, Gilbert stepped toward her.

"I will appeal to her. Why shouldn't I? I did not kill her brother. She may pity me. She is a woman, and they are half Quakers I have heard," he muttered—and aloud, "Miss Westford, help for God's sake."

"Cover up, quickly, Ernestine. I am going to wake Harry."

She hurried away, and Ernestine quickly lowered the trap-door and pushed back the bed.

Shut down in the darkness, Gilbert groped his way to the old bed, and sank down on it in utter exhaustion. He heard the girl's quick step, the closing door, the louder steps directly overhead, and a slender spur of lamplight came down through a crack. She was back in the kitchen—and there were stern voices indistinctly to be heard without.

Ernestine heard them more plainly, and stood with clasped hands and pale face, praying silently, but oh, so earnestly, that the innocent, if he were innocent, might be saved, when her young brother came rushing downstairs just as there came thundering knocks at the door.

Mrs. Westford had told him no more than that a crowd of men with lanterns were approaching, and it was in perfect good faith that he flung open the door and angrily demanded their business. They soon satisfied him.

"The tramp that murdered your brother is at large, and we are hunting for him. We have looked all up and down the road, for we know he came this way, and it looks mighty as if he had slipped into your premises and hidden somewhere. Your folks will have no objection to our searching, I reckon?"

"Not a bit. I don't think he would be searched in vain for hunted souls, or he would not have feared. The out buildings and premises were thoroughly searched, while Ernestine and her mother looked on with pale, quiet faces and wildly beating hearts, and the fugitive lay and listened in the darkness. Then the men rode on, grumbling and cursing the Sheriff for letting the prisoner escape.

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He hurried away, and he swung himself down. It was not very easy, with his manacled hands, and Ernestine stood by the touch of her cold, trembling fingers.

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That was her youngest son, still sleeping soundly upstairs.

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