

SOME ODD STORIES.

INTERESTING INCIDENTS RELATED BY MAJOR A. R. CALHOUN.

Abraham Lincoln as a Criminal Lawyer.
How He Cleared a Client Charged with a Murder That Was Never Committed. Circumstantial Evidence.

Abraham Lincoln was not anxious to show as a criminal lawyer, though as he was in general practice he could not well refuse any case that offered.

Before a jury he was always perfectly effective, and though he did not appear to be at all in a crowd manner he usually succeeded in getting at the truth, even when the witness was most eager to hide it.

After his return from congress in 1848 Mr. Lincoln received a letter from the county jail. It was sent him by a man who was accused of having murdered a fellow workman the preceding winter on the Illinois Central railroad.

The prisoner declared his innocence and said he was at present very poor, but that if Mr. Lincoln cleared him, as he was sure he could do, he would repay him in good time.

The best way to secure Mr. Lincoln's services was to appeal to his heart, and to that poverty and suffering never came in train.

A few hours after getting the letter the man was around to the jail, and the sheriff said he was conducted him to the cell of the convict.

"I've seen you do mighty big work with a jury, Mr. Lincoln, but this job is too heavy for you," said the man.

"How do you know?" asked Mr. Lincoln.

"Because the law is guilty," said the man.

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"As God is my judge, I am not," said Lincoln. "Glad to hear that. Now tell me your whole story and keep nothing back."

Tompkins, with every appearance of truth, told his story, which was as follows: He and Samuel Phelps, an old friend, had a contract to do some work on the line of the proposed road, and that they might do so successfully they built a cabin, which they occupied in common and took turns in cooking.

Against the wish of Tompkins, Phelps painted in fetid whiskey to the cabin, and for days he would lie in the hot drink and unable to work or to take care of the place.

This kind of a partnership was too one-sided to suit the sober and laborious Tompkins, so after a time he quarreled with Phelps, while the latter was drunk.

A fight ensued, and Phelps was threatened. The proprietor of the place was called in.

The next morning they stopped into a Fulton avenue book store and asked to see the proprietor.

The proprietor presented himself, all bows and smiles, and asked what he could do for his visitors.

"Mr. Phelps," said Tompkins, with his eyes riveted on the books with the most gorgeous bindings, "I've got a fine library of books, and I want to sell them."

"Indeed? May I ask what that is?" said the proprietor.

"Books," replied Mr. Tompkins.

"Yes, yes, books are very essential to a library," said the proprietor.

"Yes, and my wife—this is my wife—Mr. Tompkins, allowed that books were needed, and as it'll take a pile of 'em the shelves, why we thought 'd stop in and see what 'd find here the lot for."

"Certainly, Mr. Tompkins. I am quite sure we can accommodate you, and if we have some books to stock with you, then we'll order them. Now, what books do you still need?"

"We need a lot with blue and gold and red and gold, and all them kind of books," said Mr. Tompkins.

"We have all these authors in all kinds of bindings. But perhaps we could judge better if you could let me know what sort of books you have already on hand," said the proprietor, with more than a perfunctory look at the books.

"We ain't got none," said Mr. Tompkins.

"Oh, yes, we've got 'em all in if they've got good shiny bindings," said Mr. Tompkins.

"And the novels?" pursued the proprietor.

"Yes; let us have a careful of them too," said Mr. Tompkins.

"May I ask if you have any favorites, Mr. Tompkins?"

"In what?"

"In authors—in novel writers."

"No, I don't think I have," said Mr. Tompkins.

"You know, I've read 'em all," said Mr. Tompkins.

"Don't you remember, just after we left the house, she told us not to forget Mr. Tompkins's novel, and I remember, now, I've heard 'em praised a good deal myself?"

"A sensible legislator."

George Peabody, the great philanthropist, did not forget the state of Maine when he died. It will be remembered the body was brought to his native America, and every at to be laid there. There in session.

He then called out:

"And to the amusement of the court the 'murderer' man turned down his collar and came forward."

A Rich Man's Library.

Mr. James G. Thompson, who was called before he made a fortune in laundry soap, recently built a fine mansion near Forest park, in the city of Brooklyn. What this gentleman and his wife and daughters, who aided in the superintending of the structure, lacked in taste they made up for in ostentation. On one thing all were determined, and that was to outdo the most costly of the city in the power of money.

It was not till the house was built and furnished that Mr. Thompson and his wife knew that the house was needed, and as it'll take a pile of 'em the shelves, why we thought 'd stop in and see what 'd find here the lot for."

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HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Almost all in very softening and whitening to the skin.

To clean brass fixtures, rub them with slices of lemon, then wash in hot water.

Chopped pepper is highly recommended for driving away ants. It should be sprinkled round their haunts.

To keep flies away from fruit frames, boil four or five onions in a pint of water and put it on with a soft brush.

Wash white muslin in cold water with made soap of white soap, and they will not shrink much nor look yellow.

To prevent colored stockings from fading, put a tablespoonful of black pepper into the water in which they are rinsed.

By rubbing with a flannel dipped in whiting the brown discolorations may be taken off cups which have been used in baking.

For shining, try tallow's earth pulverized; moisten the surface first when applying it. Outside of sash ornaments is also excellent.

Design for Embroidery.

Natural silk Antelope.

I once attended a lecture before a class in literature in one of the best known colleges in New England. I would gladly use the name of the professor if I had his consent, nor would it sound strange in any village in America or for the matter of that in the Old World.

In the course of the recitation the professor asked the young gentlemen, in my writing and talking I desire you to be perfectly natural and to avoid the artificial."

"But how are we to distinguish between the two?" asked one of the students.

Without a moment's hesitation, the professor replied:

"Here is a line from an ancient ballad: 'The sun shone fair on Carleill wall.'"

"I don't believe that is not much poetry in it, and perhaps there is not. The artificial school, however, would render it: 'The sun shone brightly on Carleill wall.'"

"The glorious orb, which Phoebus rode on high, shined with transcendent light in thank; 'Tis but how are we to distinguish between the two?" asked one of the students.

"You can judge for yourselves, young gentlemen. I have no love for science, grandiloquence, I must confess I prefer the original."

"That the 'young gentlemen' were of the same way of thinking was evident from the 'applauding' and 'laughing' which followed this happily extemporized illustration."

A Striving Subject.

Clergymen—We have an excellent list in our church, Brother Jones.

Brother Jones—Whenever a man goes to sleep during the sermon the sexton goes to sleep during the sermon.

Brother Jones—Very good; but I'll tell you a better rule.

Brother Jones—It would be for the sexton to stir you up whenever a man goes to sleep during the sermon.

ALFRED H. CALHOUN.

The Age of Weeping.

A girl will cry with a loud howling wail until she is ten years old, when she begins to weep the art of weeping—sighs and sobs.

For a Delicious Drink.

NEUMANN BROS.

Have just the article.

A Select 50c. Formosa Oolong Tea, to make

Delicious Iced Tea.

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