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PROFESSIONAL BRETHREN.

By George E. Walsh.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

ALL that night my master remained unconscious. It was not safe to remove him from the house, and we made him as comfortable as possible in the doctor's own bed. Miss Stetson and I took turns in watching by his side.

But dawn broke in the east before he showed any signs of recovery. Then as the sun flooded the landscape with its first rays he moved uneasily. The doctor said that a high fever was raging in him and that he would be in a critical condition for weeks. All that day and the next he tossed restlessly upon his bed, talking excitedly in his dreams, but recognizing no one.

Meanwhile Dr. Squires was lodged in prison, and thither I went to see him. He was totally subdued now and resigned to his position. Luck had turned against him, and he was not averse to confessing everything. In fact, he prided himself upon the smart game he had played.

He made his confession first to me, which he afterward submitted to the writing and signed in the presence of three witnesses. In his own spoken words, however, it sounded more interesting than when he wrote it out, and as such I will repeat the essential parts of it.

"You were smart to catch me," he said, "and I admire you for it. I thought I was alert enough to throw everybody off the track. In fact, you were the only one who ever suspected me. Now, be fair and tell me how you got your first crew."

"I visited your house some time ago and discovered the collection of stolen goods," I replied, "and neither you nor your servant was wise enough to find it out."

"He was always a fool," he ejaculated. "But when did you first realize that I was hypnotizing Charles and using him as a tool for my purpose?" I flushed a little, but answered truthfully:

"I never suspected until that night in the office when you hypnotized him right before us."

"Ha, ha! Then I had one point ahead of you!" he laughed.

"Yes, I never suspected it."

"Well, it's all over now, and I've had lots of excitement out of it. I wish Charles no evil and hope he will soon recover. I will explain everything so that he will be exonerated from blame. He is perfectly innocent of any crime."

"It was three years ago when I first met him in Paris. It was at the time when hypnotism was a fashionable rage. Everybody was talking about it and experimenting with it. I wanted to be fashionable, too, and I soon found that I possessed wonderful powers in that direction. I had been studying medicine and occult sciences with passionate interest for years, and it was natural that I should take up with hypnotism."

"While I was at the height of my studies I met Charles, and we struck up an intimate friendship. He talked to me freely then about the fear he had of inheriting phthisis from his father and said that it had been the means of his not marrying the girl he loved. I gradually got the whole story out of him. Now, I wanted somebody for my hypnotic experiments, and I found that I could easily influence Charles. Consequently I concocted a story about being able to eradicate the germs of phthisis from any human system through the aid of hypnotic therapeutics. He readily entered into my little scheme and willingly submitted to my experiments."

"Thereafter I regularly hypnotized him at his own volition and tried all manner of experiments with him. I would get him to do the strangest things and enjoy them hugely. I had no thought of crime then. But I would send him forth at night to do absurd things for me and then tell him to forget them all when he passed into his natural condition again. I found that I could control him in everything when hypnotized and completely change his nature, but he would remember nothing when he awoke."

ence was required to settle up the estate. Then I meant to return and marry Miss Stetson if possible. I believe that I was learning to love her for her own sake. I certainly thought more of her than of any other woman I ever met. To gain her hand I told her that Charles was suffering from the incipient form of leprosy and that I was devoting my time to curing him. This I knew would turn her from him in horror and that she would never dare marry him.

"But you can tell Miss Stetson that there is no more leprosy in his system than in yours or mine and that he has no inherited disease of any kind that she need be worried about. If all men were as healthy as he is, we wouldn't need doctors in this world."

"Well, this part of the scheme didn't work entirely as I wished. The leprosy scare made her confess that she would never marry Charles, but she still loved him and wouldn't think of marrying anybody else. My only hope was to keep at it until she yielded to my importunities, and I was even contemplating some method of killing off Charles by slow degrees. With him out of the way my chances would be infinitely improved."

"That's all the story I have to tell. I was about making arrangements to ship my stolen goods away when you nabbed me. Another month and the robberies that have recently occurred in this neighborhood would forever have remained a mystery. But now the cat is out of the bag, and you can use this confession to suit yourself. I suppose I will get twenty years; maybe more. Well, I'll practice hypnotic experiments upon my keeper, and maybe I won't have to serve the full time."

He showed his white teeth in one of his sardonic grins and complacently smoked a cigar the keeper had permitted him to have.

CHAPTER XXV.

WHEN I related the whole confession to Miss Stetson, a new light slowly entered her beautiful eyes. In conclusion she laid her head along side of that of the sick man and sobbed.

A week after the arrest of Dr. Squires I was watching by the bedside of my master. Suddenly he opened his eyes and stared hard at me. A look of recognition seemed to enter them. I did not speak, but returned his glance steadily.

"You here?" he said suddenly. "What are you doing here?"

I thought he was wandering in his mind, and so did Miss Stetson, who smoothed out his hair and said gently: "You mustn't talk, Charles. You must rest quietly."

But he did not notice her. His eyes were still fixed upon me.

"Why is it we meet so often?" he asked. "Are you dogging my footsteps?"

"No," I replied, not knowing what else to say.

"When I met you that first night, I gave you one-third of the goods and told you I never wanted to meet you again. Why do you persist in running across me, or is it accident?"

Miscellaneous Reading.

SAVED BY HIS MONKEY.

How a Mexican Gambler Won Back His Money.

"One of the funniest things I saw," said the traveling man from Mexico, "was the way that Mexican came on board the steamer at Vera Cruz growling at the monkey. He carried him in his left arm against his breast and looked at him as though he would like to throw him overboard."

"Everybody looked at the Mexican. He was a bird. He wore one of those fluffy steppie hats of drab fur trimmed with spangle things which cost all the way from twenty to a hundred, and his tan suit flashed with silver braid. His trousers fitted him like a circus performer's tights, and the seams were criss-crossed with loops of the dazzling stuff all the way down around silver buttons like the ones on his jacket. He was a corker."

"Of course, we began to make bets on the side as to the value of that suit and hat, but he didn't pay any attention to us. He was puffing a cigarette and growling at the monkey as he strode aft where the ladies were lounging in their steamer chairs under the awning."

"As some of them spied the monkey, they began to cry, 'Oh, look at the poor little monkey!' The monkey peeping out seemed glad to see them and as he began to chatter the Mexican hauled off and hit him a smack, calling him a little animal, and saying he wished either the monkey or his aunt who gave him the monkey was in purgatory."

"The monkey, surprised at the slap, darted from the Mexican's arm onto his shoulder and dodging around the back of his head came up on the other side with his tail around the don's neck, chattering to beat the band. The don evidently wasn't used to the monkey, for he looked as though he were going to choke, and made a furious grab for the monkey."

"You beast," said the Mexican in an undertone, "I'd like to throw you overboard, I'd like to throw you overboard, I'd like to throw you overboard," and then with an expression of relief he tied the monkey to the rail.

"Oh, the dear little thing," said the ladies, and several of them rushed off to get him some ginger snaps and cake from the steward, while the don with a scornful look at the beast turned on his heel and sauntered down to the other end of the ship."

"The ladies found the monkey so cunning that some of them suggested buying him from the irate don, but the don, with Mexican politeness, saluted the ladies as he told them that he would be only too glad to give them the blooming monkey, but his aunt had charged him with the beast's care to be delivered to a granddaughter somewhere down the coast in Chiapas, and his sense of honor compelled him to fulfill his obligation. He could not part with the monkey for love or gold."

"While the ladies played with the monkey, the Mexican found other amusement. He spied a game of three-card monte in the smoking room. A grizzled, moustached Mexican was dealing, and there was a big bull fighter from old Spain, who had just finished a successful season up at Mexico; several other players and a tall young Texan, who took an occasional turn at dealing the cards."

"The Texan, however, appeared to be the only one who knew just when to quit the game, and that was when he scraped a handful of dollars into his hat and disappeared below. After that he would ignore the table for an hour or two and would only take a hand when struck with a sudden inspiration. The grizzled, moustached Mexican usually held the pack and slowly peeled off the cards, while the others placed their coin on one of the three turned face up on the table."

"The Mexican with the glad clothes didn't seem to need any introduction to the game. He just squatted down in the first seat he saw vacant and put his money down, and there he remained, utterly oblivious to the monkey tied up aft. Indeed, the monkey would have had a hard time of it had it not been for the ladies, who took such an interest in his welfare as to feed it on cake and ginger snaps."

"He silently kept putting his money down on one of the three cards. If the corresponding card came out from the pack first his wager was doubled by the dealer, and just as silently the don drew the money over to his side of the table. If the card did not come out the dealer took the don's money over to his side, and so the game went on."

"The cards were the Mexican kind that look like valentines, and those fellows never stopped playing except when they went for their meals. Sometimes one seemed to have all the money and then the other one had it. It was a curious kind of game."

"The night before we got to Frontera, the don's pile seemed to be getting a little low. Perhaps it had got low before, but he always seemed to have the wherewithal to replenish it, but now it all went and he gave a sigh of relief as he drew his final dollar out of his pocket, lit a cigarette, and leaning over the table, placed that dollar on the middle of the card, naming it quietly:

"The copa de oro."

"'Voy,' said the dealer as he turned up the cards in the pack, he repeated in a low monotone: 'Cabello, diez de palo, rey;' and then the don saw his last dollar sliding over into the dealer's little pile."

"He smoked his third cigarette. Then turning suddenly on his heel he poked his head through the smoking room window overlooking the table, and as though in fun he asked: "What's the limit?"

"The bull fighter was sitting opposite the window dealing the cards, and scarcely looking up he replied as he turned up a card: "All that's in front of me."

"The don stepped quickly around into the door, and taking the vacant place at the end of the table in front of the bull fighter, held up a small gold ring set with a diamond and two rubies. The bull fighter glanced from his pile to the ring and nodded assent. Then the don put the ring on one side of the cards saying: 'Copa de oro,' and reaching out for the cards, signified his intention of dealing."

"Without a word the bull fighter handed the cards across the table, and the don after shuffling them turned up a caballo. One of the three cards on the table was a caballo. The don had lost and the bull fighter took the ring. "My sombrero," said the Mexican with an accent of inquiry, twirling his big hat on his fist as he threw down the cards."

"The bull fighter again nodded and picked up the cards to deal, while the Mexican again picked out the copa de oro. Again one of the other cards came out of the pack and the don had lost. The hat went over to the bull fighter."

"The Mexican grew loquacious. "I don't believe there is a copa de oro in the pack," said he, peeling off his richly embroidered jacket, and holding it up to the bull fighter."

"The bull fighter never flinched, but signified that he would take the jacket and began to deal again. The game was growing interesting and we all pressed around the table to see the result."

"The Mexican had grown as reckless as loquacious, for his coat was soon gone, and he next held up his six-shooter, which in another two minutes was keeping company with his coat and hat which the bull fighter was piling up on the seat by the side of him."

"The don was busted now sure, and he looked around helplessly at the crowd, and then down at his trousers, and then at the bull fighter."

"I can't take them off right here," he said, "but I'll stake them, and if you win, you can let me have an old pair to put on. They match the coat and it will be no good without them."

"We wanted to hurrah for the Mexican. The bull fighter looked around at us in a sheepish sort of way as though we thought he was stealing the Mexican's outfit, but he took him up. We thought the Mexican would surely win this time, but he didn't. The bull fighter turned up the wrong card for him and there he stood in his shirt, the only thing he had left and that wasn't worth staking on anything he had lost. He looked around at us just as though he didn't know what to do next."

"Then the tall Texan who had suddenly disappeared, came in again and before we realized what he was doing he was lifting the don's infernal little monkey over to him. The Mexican grabbed that monkey as though it were a long lost child, or at least the best thing he had ever owned."

"Damn the monkey," said the bull fighter, as the Mexican held it up to him. "Ha! ha!" laughed the Mexican, "the monkey feazes you; you've lost your nerve!"

"You would have thought it was the bull-fighter that had lost everything and not the Mexican, but the Mexican's accusing him of losing his nerve settled it."

"You can sell the monkey," said the Mexican. "The ladies all want to buy him."

"I'll stake your trousers on the monkey, then," said the bullfighter, and he picked up the cards.

"We just held our breaths at that nervous little Mexican in his shirt sleeves with the monkey perched on his left shoulder, placed his finger on the copa de oro, the card that had been against him all the evening. And then 'I'll be switched if the Spaniard didn't turn up the copa de oro from the pack. The don had won back his trousers, and the monkey was still his."

said the don looking up, 'and drinks for the crowd.' "The next morning when the steamer had anchored off Frontera, brilliant in his tan suit and drab hat, the silver braid sparkling in the sunlight, the don went down the ladder holding the monkey in his arms, and got into the boat which was to take him ashore. He let the monkey chatter now all sitting down, nor did he object to its sitting around his neck. He waved an adios up at us and we sent a cheer after him. He was a bird, he was."—New York Sun.

WHEAT BATTLE IN THE WEST.

Fight for Control Between the Farmers' Trust and Its Rivals.

The Farmers' Trust recently organized in Nebraska, his having some pretty hard sledding just at present, principally because of the opposition of the commission men, says a Lincoln letter.

The idea of the trust took very generally with the farmers, who have been convinced for years that they were not receiving so much for their grain as they should and most of them have agreed to hold their wheat for the elevator trust has already contracted to build. It now owns six, but it is finding it difficult to market its shipments.

Each of the wheat-growing states of the west has a strong association of grain buyers, whose business is menaced by the success of the farmers' organization, and they have warned every Chicago commission man that he must not handle the independent shippers on penalty of losing all of the business of members of the association. These grain buyers are all elevator owners, and they have been big enough shippers to make their warning worth heeding. The farmers now propose to buy terminal facilities at Chicago, and fight the commission men on their own grounds.

Then the farmers have to meet the competition of the "line" elevators also. These are owned by railroad officers and their friends, and their managers are supposed to have unusual opportunities for doing business. The elevators owned by the grain buyers are known as independent elevators.

Each of these three conflicting interests has a powerful weapon of offence. The farmers have the advantage when it comes to buying grain and as they take full chances on the market, they can offer a better price. The independent elevators can prevent commission men from handling the Farmers' Trust grain, while the line elevator men expect to win out through their growing monopoly of truckage privileges.

The line companies often own strings of elevators running up into the hundreds, and they can run on a narrower margin of expense than either of their competitors. By reason of the business they control and their connection with the management of the road they can bring about the refusal of truckage space to their rivals not already on the ground. There have been few new lines of roads laid in the west in recent years in the grain regions where a line elevator company has not bought the elevator privilege before a rail was laid.

Nearly 3,000 elevators will be concerned in this contest. Iowa and Kansas have at least 800 each; Nebraska has about 600 and the two Dakotas will bring the total above the third thousand mark.

In this competition the Farmers' Trust is looked upon as certain to go to the wall, largely because of the inherent weakness of co-operative concerns. Aside from this the line men and the independents can always menace the market by concerted action in holding or disposing of the vast quantities of grain they store.

A BATTLEFIELD JOKE.

Why Capt. Hayes Knew Fitzhugh Lee Would Get Well.

To look at General Jack Hayes it seems almost incredible that he could have served for forty-eight years in the United States army, because he doesn't seem hardly older than that. A wonderful career he has had, and it is better than reading a historical novel to hear him tell of the old days, when, on the mosquito-covered plains of Texas, he fought the savage Comanches under Captain Earl Van Dorn and Lieutenant Fitzhugh Lee, though he afterward opposed these same men who were destined to rise to high rank in the Confederate army, and for both of them he cherishes as warm a regard as in that heroic era when they fought side by side. In narrating some of his experiences General Hayes said the other day to a Washington reporter:

"I was in a hot fight with the Indians out in western Texas, in 1859, in which Fitzhugh Lee received an arrow in his side from the bow of a Comanche chief. Not one of his men who crowded about him expected he would live. His look was so ghastly, his voice so faint, that we expected every breath would be his last. My heart was nearly broken, for I had the same warm liking for him then I have ever since cherished."

"While we stood in a mournful group around him one of the boys remarked, at the same time exhibiting his hat, with a bullet hole through the top. 'They've got the lieutenant, and if the bullet that made this, had gone two inches lower, I'd have been a dead man too.'"

"At this Fitzhugh Lee opened his eyes just a fraction, and as the ghost of a smile played on his pallid face, observed: 'Jim, you needn't try to impose any such yarn as that on us. You got behind a tree, and shot that hole in your hat yourself.'"

Then and there I knew Fitzhugh Lee wasn't going to die. A man who had life enough left to joke was sure to get well."—New York Commercial.

PREACHERS NOT PAID ENOUGH.

Many Pulpits in Nebraska Now Vacant as a Consequence.

Prosperity in the west, according to a Lincoln, Neb., letter, has induced many odd complications, but perhaps the most curious was that uncovered this week when a meeting of Congregationalists was held for the purpose of devising ways and means to supply the abandoned pulpits of the state.

Reports made at the meeting showed that the increase in salaries and wages in industrial occupations, coupled with the opportunities for achieving independence in agricultural and professional life, had induced many newly appointed ministers to resign their charges and enter other fields of labor.

The vacant pulpits in this one church number thirty-two in Nebraska. Of these, four are in county seat towns, twenty-four 'have houses of worship and eleven parsonages in addition. The conditions have been steadily getting worse for several years.

As a result of the meeting the state superintendent of missions, the Rev. H. H. Cross, will be sent to the eastern seminaries to lay the situation in Nebraska before the students and ask for men to take charge of the vacant churches.

Similar conditions are reported in the Baptist and Methodist churches. The trouble is ascribed by the ministers to the fact that they are too poorly paid.

With the increase in the cost of living, the \$500 or \$600 a year paid by the average country town congregation to its minister is insufficient to make both ends meet. The old-time minister of the rural regions who was willing to suffer and to beg has few successors nowadays in the west.

Most of the new recruits come from the east, and if they do not succeed in their ambitions to get an appointment in a church in one of the larger cities they forsake religion for some other occupation. One delegate at the meeting said he knew of a half-dozen ex-ministers who had taken to farming and were on the road to wealth.

Many of the vacant places were held by men who had to depend upon contributions furnished through the National Home Missionary society, and payday came too seldom. One missionary who had been compelled to give up the work, told his brethren that for two years he lived in a sod house of one room with his family of five, and he was through with that sort of life.

Only a few months ago the state superintendent of schools announced that he was unable to secure enough teachers for the rural districts because the increased rewards of agriculture either attracted the young men into ventures of their own or enabled their fathers to send them to the state university. For the same reason the young women, who were generally to be depended upon to grasp the opportunity to make pin money during the winter, had no need to worry on that score.

This condition was ameliorated by an influx of easterners, attracted by the announcement, but the superintendent says that in at least two dozen cases the importations have resigned in order to become the wives of prosperous ranchmen and farmers.

CRUCIAL TEST FOR COWARDS.

How an Indian Found Out That a Certain White Man Was Merely a Big Spouter.

"The Indian has a queer way of determining whether or not a man is game; judging from an experience I had some years ago out west," said a man, who once made an educational tour of the west, to the New Orleans Times-Democrat, "and the same little experience convinced me that the Indian's system along this line is by no means a bad one."

"Stories had been told which brought about a clash between the Indian and a white man. The two men originally had nothing against each other. The Indian had a bad reputation—that is, he had the reputation of being a bad man, a desperate, dangerous fellow, who would fight a buzzsaw at the drop of a hat. He was proud of the distinction and whenever an opportunity arose he was more than delighted to sustain the reputation. The white man, who blew into the section, in some way gained a similar reputation. He was said to be a dangerous character and a man who had never been whipped. We concluded that we would have some fun. We met the Indian and told him a long story about his new rival and reminded him that his laurels were in danger. We told him all kinds of stories about the white man and succeeded in getting his pride stirred and his Indian blood was soon up to the fighting point. Soon after this we met the white man and we talked him up with the same kind of talk. He said he would take care of the Indian all right in due time and, in short, would make him take to the woods. Shortly we met the Indian again and told him the desperate white man was after his scalp. He smiled and shook his head."

"A few days later we were talking to the white man when the Indian came up to join the group. He had spotted the stranger and knew him by sight. Without saying a word he walked up to within arm's length and struck the white man in the face with a rough heavy glove. He paused a few seconds and hit him again. 'Ugh!' he exclaimed, as he wheeled around and walked away. The white man looked at the Indian in amazement, but made no show of resentment. Later in the day when we asked the Indian why it was that he did not follow up the insult with blows, he told us the white man was a coward. In explaining how he knew it he said the man's 'jaw dropped' when he struck him in the face the second time with the glove, and that this, with the Indian, was his unfailing sign of cowardice, and he said

further that he was awfully sorry he had hit the man at all, for Indians do not like to impose on men who are afraid to fight. The Indian held his laurels all right as the most desperate and dangerous man in that section of the west."

DOCTORS AND ADVERTISING.

They Don't Object to It, But Don't Want It in the Usual Way.

People frequently wonder how it happens that it is all right for a dentist to advertise, while it is not considered the proper thing for a physician to do so.—Topeka Capital.

It is the matter of saving dollars to the physician. Ever see a doctor who kicked when he was mentioned as being called to attend to an important case? Did you ever get roasted for saying in the columns of your paper that Dr. Saddlebags was the "foremost physician of this country?" Not on your shirt waist. And if some one gets a leg broken and you fail to say in your written up that "under the skillful care of Dr. Jiggs the victim is rapidly recovering from the fatal mishap," then Dr. Jiggs will light down on you like a blue jay on an English sparrow and want to know what in several things you are cutting him out for. No, indeed, it is a gross error to think that physicians object to advertising. They are men, those of them who are not women, just like the rest of us, and they like to see their names in print and hear their skill praised just as other people do. But they have erected around their profession an imaginary fence, and on that fence they have printed: "Post No Bills. The Great Doctor Sawbones lives here, and he can't stand advertising. Calls promptly attended night or day." But the doctors are not really the timorous, blushing, shrinking things they would make the world believe. They like advertising and they want it—want it bad—but they don't want it as other people do.—Lawrence, Kan., Journal.

No White Racehorses.

"Why is it that we never see a white racehorse?" asked a man who takes much interest in unusual things. "Did you ever see a pure white racehorse? I venture the assertion that you never did in all your experience in running around over the country. No doubt you have seen an iron gray horse now and then, or a sea-bitten gray, but you have never seen a white horse among the thoroughbreds of your time. Only you, I am not saying that there is no such a thing as a white racehorse. I am simply commenting on a fact which I have observed, and a fact which may have been noticed by others."

"I have seen a gray horse now and then. A few years ago I remember to have made a small bet on a horse named Boaz, a sort of sea-bitten gray, owned by a woman, who, by the way was not reared. But during my experience around race-tracks, which is not as broad as the experience of others, the pure white horse, or anything approaching it nearer than the gray, has been conspicuously absent, and I have often wondered why. Of course, there must be some good, deep-rooted reason for this extraordinary fact. Bay horses, sorrel horses and black horses are common enough at the various race courses of the country and they are in all shades, so far as these colors are concerned. Occasionally one may find a horse bordering on the clay-bank in color, horses with blaze faces, or with white hind or fore feet, or sometimes having other distinguished color marks."

"But where is the white horse? He is not at the race track, where races are on the card, and they are very scarce on trotting and pacing tracks. I have never mentioned the curious fact to men who are experts when it comes to blooded horses, but I intend to do so, and the very first well-posted race horse man I meet I will ask him why it is that there are no white race horses, and the reasons therefor. There must be some relations between color and speed.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

SOME BUDDHISTIC LAWS.—Professor Maxwell Sommerville was discussing the other day the Buddhist faith, or which he has a profound respect. Some of the striking tenets of Buddhism that he quoted were:

Use not perfume about thy person. To cough or sneeze in order to win the notice of a group of girls is a sin. Destroy no trees. Kill no animal. Drink no intoxicating beverage. Care for the aged and infirm. It is sinful to think one way and speak another. It is a sin to pass judgment on the acts of other men. Give no flowers to women, and sing no gay songs. Keep neither silver nor gold. When you eat make not a noise like a dog. It is a sin to eat of the flesh of man, elephant, horse, crocodile, dog, cat, tiger or serpent. A priest may not wash himself in the twilight or dark, unless he should unknowingly, kill some insect or other living thing. Lend nothing on interest.—Philadelphia Record.

WHICH SHOULD BE LOCKED UP.—A poor woman stood before the magistrate who was about to hear the case, "Drunk; third arrest," against her husband. It was quickly decided, but somehow the pathetic face of the woman touched the judge, and he said to her: "I am sorry, but I must lock up your husband." She did not seem one who would be a deep thinker, but was there not deep wisdom in her sad and quick reply, "Your honor, wouldn't it be better for me and the children if you locked up the saloon and let my husband go to work?"

22 In searching for the per capita wealth of a country look in the table of statistics rather than in the pockets of the people.