

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Where are all the birds that sang
A hundred years ago?
The flowers that all in beauty sprang
A hundred years ago?
The lips that smiled, the eyes that wild
In flashes shone soft eyes upon.
Where, where, oh, where are lips and eyes,
The maidens' smiles, the lovers' sighs,
That lived so long ago?
Who peopled all the city streets
A hundred years ago?
Who filled the church with faces meek
A hundred years ago?
The sneering tale of sister frail,
The plot that worked a brother's hurt,
Where, where, oh, where are plots and
sneers,
The poor man's hopes, the rich man's
fears
That lived so long ago?
Where are the graves where dead men
slept
A hundred years ago?
And who, when they were living, wept,
A hundred years ago?
By other men that know not them,
Their lands are tilled, their graves are
filled,
Yet nature then was just as gay,
And bright the sun shone as to-day,
A hundred years ago.

Died For Another's Crime

Tale of a Man Who Disbelieves
Circumstantial Evidence.

THEY were talking in the hotel office and the conversation turned into a discussion of the value of circumstantial evidence. The sporting man couldn't see how on the evidence given against a dentist in a famous case then on trial, any sane person could have voted for his acquittal of the murder, and said strong things about what he would have done to the jurymen who differed with him had he been in the jury room at the recent trial. Most of the others were inclined to agree with him.

"Gentlemen," said the drummer from the South, who had been shifting uneasily in his chair during these remarks without having had a chance to break into the discussion, "I should have agreed with you about six months ago, in fact, before my last trip South; but now, should I ever have the power, never would I condemn any human being to death on circumstantial evidence alone."

There seemed to be a story coming and the other men waited.

"On my last trip," said the drummer, "I passed through the western part of Kentucky and there I heard this story, which forever has destroyed my faith in uncorroborated circumstantial evidence. It was down in Barren County. I was struck by the appearance of a fine old mansion. They told me down there that it had belonged to a wealthy and aristocratic family named Hamilton, now extinct, and then I heard of the crime which for years put the Hamiltons under a cloud of disgrace.

"Somewhere about 1825, when the family held their heads as high as any folk in Western Kentucky, John Hamilton, the young head of the house, took to Louisiana a drove of mules for the Southern market. In New Orleans he was stricken with yellow fever and lay for weeks at the point of death. At the hospital in which he was confined was a certain Dr. Sanderson. The doctor took a fancy to young Hamilton and pulled him through the fever.

"Hamilton on his part seemed to take an equal liking to Sanderson. They were thrown much together and a warm friendship sprang up between them. Sanderson had money and when the time came for Hamilton to leave the hospital, the Kentuckian invited his friend to return with him and try a venture in the slave market in Kentucky. Sanderson was only too willing. He resigned his post in the hospital and the two men started out together on horseback through the then almost untraveled wilderness between Louisiana and the Blue Grass State.

"They arrived safely at the Hamilton homestead and Sanderson was hospitably entertained for two weeks. He had brought with him \$10,000 for investment in slave dealing, and he was anxious to go on further to a part of Kentucky where it could be readily invested. The \$10,000 was in bonds of the Louisiana State Bank. One summer morning the doctor took his departure for the slave market at Glasgow, and young Hamilton rode with him for a mile or two to get him on his way and wish him good luck.

"Hamilton returned in an hour or two and went about his work. Several days passed and nothing was heard of the doctor. Then one morning, the horse on which he had ridden away from the Hamilton homestead was found riderless in the road a few miles outside of Glasgow. The saddle was stained with blood. In the grass by the roadside not far away there was picked up a brass-barrelled flint-lock pistol. It was recognized as belonging to Hamilton. The lock was broken and a fragment of it was missing.

"Further search revealed in a shallow hole only about 300 feet from where the pistol was found a decaying body which was readily identified as Dr. Sanderson's. The \$10,000 worth of bonds which he had carried away with him were missing.

"Now all this was discovered before Hamilton was informed that his friend was dead. As soon as the body was found, he was placed under arrest accused of the murder. One of the first things he did was to produce from the lining of his hat the \$10,000 worth of Louisiana State bonds which Dr. Sanderson had brought to Kentucky. He did so, protesting that the doctor had given them to him in exchange for cash and that he was innocent of the murder, but nobody believed him.

"Then a pair of blood-stained overalls that had been worn by Hamilton were found in a corn crib and the evidence seemed complete. The young man was placed on trial at the next term of court. Till then he had had the best of reputation, and his friends had been legion. He hadn't many friends left when he went on trial. One of the ablest lawyers of the Kentucky bar of that day defended him, but it was a hopeless case.

"Hamilton took the stand on his own behalf and he was an excellent witness, according to the stories they've handed down in Kentucky. He swore that he had accompanied Dr. Sanderson a mile or two on his way, had given him the pistol because the doctor had none and also had persuaded Sanderson to exchange his bonds for United States currency because he thought the doctor might have difficulty in cashing the bonds. He had bidden Sanderson God-speed at last, he said, and had left him riding away toward Glasgow.

"A negro was ready to testify that he had stained the overalls with blood himself, having stolen them from his master, to wear to a party. But he was a slave and his testimony was inadmissible. Few of those who heard it regarded Hamilton's story as anything but a cleverly concocted tale to account for circumstances so clearly against him. The jury certainly did not believe it, and as I thought before hearing of the outcome I would have done as those jurymen did.

"In spite of the many efforts to save him Hamilton was adjudged guilty. He was condemned to death and executed, protesting his innocence even on the scaffold. Only one person believed in the probability of the man's story being true. He was the Judge. "I believe John Hamilton was innocent of the murder of Dr. Sanderson," they say he told Hamilton's friends, after the execution. "But the very winds of heaven blew against me in that trial."

"And now comes the most astonishing part of the story. Many years after Hamilton's execution, there died in Western Kentucky an old half-witted man named King. On his deathbed his mind seemed to grow clear and he sent for witnesses and told them what he said was the true story of the murder of Dr. Sanderson.

"One day while wandering as a lad in the woods near the road to Glasgow, he saw a stranger riding past alone. A minute later the Sheriff of Barren County, the man who afterward found Hamilton's broken pistol on the road, who was instrumental in finding Sanderson's body and who was Hamilton's bitterest prosecutor in the proceedings that followed, appeared from the opposite direction. The Sheriff rode past the stranger, turned and rode up to him, wrenched the pistol from his saddle and dealt him a blow that knocked him from his horse.

"The dying man who told this swore that the Sheriff knelt beside the body and searched it. Then, seeing the lad watching him from a little distance, he called him and made him help carry the body to the sand hole where it was afterward found. They covered it with leaves and then the Sheriff, after threatening the lad with instant death, should he ever tell what he had seen, remounted and rode away. Such was his fear of the murderer, the old man said, that he had kept the secret, though keeping it had driven him half crazy.

"One Gaspar D. Craddock had been Sheriff of Barren County when the crime was committed. He lived for years afterward in a distant part of the State, but a short time before the old man's tale was told he had disappeared. Investigation showed that not long after Hamilton's execution, Craddock had deposited nearly \$10,000 in United States currency in a bank in that part of Kentucky to which he moved, and from his subsequent life no one who knew him doubted for a moment that he was really the murderer of Dr. Sanderson.

"In his new home the ex-Sheriff gave himself up to a life of crime and violence. The citizens who had lived near him finally warned him to leave the community if he valued his life, and a few days later he disappeared. He was recognized long afterward in Cuba, and the desperate ruse by which he got away from Kentucky was then revealed. They say it was characteristic of the man.

"One night soon after he had been warned to leave Kentucky, Craddock was called from his home by a stranger. The next day, in a hog pen a few yards from the house, was found a body clad in the remains of Craddock's clothes, but so gnawed and mutilated by the hogs that it was unrecognizable. Every mark by which Craddock might have been recognized

was obliterated, but from the clothes the body was supposed undoubtedly to be Craddock's, though I believe his neighbors wondered how he could have fallen into the hog pen. "It was realized when news came that Craddock was alive in Cuba that he had either murdered his caller and after exchanging clothes had thrown his body into the pen, knowing what the result would be, or that he had disinterred and thrown into the pen some newly buried body for the purpose of concealing his flight.

"There, gentlemen," concluded the drummer from the South. "This is no fairy tale. It is well known in Western Kentucky and when I heard it from the lips of men whose fathers well knew Hamilton and the circumstances attending his trial, I resolved never again to believe uncorroborated circumstantial evidence."—New York Sun.

ENCOURAGING AMBIDEXTERITY.

The Objections to the Practice Elicit a Reply.

The Tribune recently referred to a discussion in the Journal of Insanity, of the question whether or not children should be encouraged to use both hands with equal skill. The attitude adopted by that periodical was hostile to the practice. But its objections have not been permitted to go without a protest. "American Medicine" says: "Opposition to ambidexterity is based on the theory that, while coarse movements may be performed nearly as well by one-half of the body as by the other, accurate and expert movements require a higher organization of one-half of the brain than the other. Hence the more expert hand should be consciously still more and more specialized; making the ordinarily quiescent half of the brain assume control tends, it is said, to impairment of mental processes as well as inferiority of physiologic speed and dexterity.

"All of which we deny, both fact and theory being untrue. The writer, in the Journal of Insanity, has undoubtedly been misled by observation of the function of speech, which is single and in execution requires the control of a single centre. We have but one voice, but we have two hands which in many cases at different instants may be put in action with the same dexterity. Many surgeons can operate equally well with either hand; many artists paint with either hand, and we have seen men who could write as well with one hand as with the other. The critic of ambidexterity may reply that this is impossible with synchronous movements, forgetting that in the musician, and especially in the pianist and organist, there is the most marvellous expertness of both hands, executing most complicated and entirely different functions and at the same instant. The arguments against ambidexterity appear not only inconclusive, but are squarely contradicted by facts. Surely, also, they are against a desirable freedom of the mind. Without the musician's ambidexterity life would be deprived of much charm. We should encourage 'divided attention' and that large power of the mind over the body shown in the synchronous control of multifarious activities."

A Tramp's Smart Trick.

"I don't pretend to account for the iniquities of this world, but I do know that there are a great many shrewd men who are poor," said a merchant who was taking lunch with some acquaintances. "Here's a little incident that will give you some idea of what I mean. I'm something of a crank in the matter of shoes, and always have from six to a dozen pairs that are partly well worn, but still available for service. One morning last week a hobo called at the back door of my residence and succeeded in getting my wife there to hear his story. But the fact that his feet were on the ground pleased me more eloquently than any words of his, and my big collection of shoes was brought out for him to choose from. He took a couple, returned profuse thanks and left.

"Toward evening my wife was out and I was at home. Along came a hobo with hair through his hat and feet through his shoes. He humbly asked me if I could help him in the matter of footwear, and I was in the midst of a refusal when he said my wife had told him in the morning that I had a pair of shoes that were not mated, and that I would probably be willing that he should have them. More with the idea of convincing the fellow that he was lying than anything else, I brought out the shoes. Sure enough, there were two of them for the left foot without any corresponding shoe for the right foot. I didn't see how he could utilize them, but he said they would serve his purpose, and he departed with them. My wife met him half way along the block and he quickened his pace.

"In the morning that fellow had been quick enough to pick out the two shoes for the right foot, and then waited around till he could work me for the other two. I suppose one pair went to some pal. There's not a man in ten thousand would have thought of turning the trick he did."—Washington Star.

The death of an ostrich in the New York Zoo of consumption disposes of the theory that an ostrich can consume anything with safety.

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Lv. Florence	A M 3 00	P M 7 55		A M 9 40
Lv. Kingstree		8 54		10 56
Ar. Lanes	4 11	9 11	P M 11 16	
Lv. Lanes	4 11	9 11	7 13	11 16
Ar. Charleston	5 40	10 55	8 50	1 00
	A M	P M	P M	P M

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

	No. 78	No. 32	No. 52	No. 50
Lv. Charleston	A M 6 45	P M 4 45	A M 7 00	P M 4 15
Ar. Lanes	8 17	6 10	8 35	6 00
Lv. Lanes	8 17	6 10	8 35	6 00
Ar. Kingstree	8 33			
Ar. Florence	9 30	7 20		7 30
	A M	P M	A M	P M

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