

A REAL ROMANCE. The Tragedy of a Georgia Moon-shiner's Life.

Among the passengers who arrived at the Union Depot in Indianapolis on the early train from St. Louis recently was a party consisting of two gentlemen and a lady. One of the former appeared to be in the last stages of consumption, and the lady's countenance and languid movements gave evidence of long vigils and pungent sorrow. As they left the train the invalid was assisted into the waiting-room by his companions, and was made as comfortable as possible on one of the benches in the ladies' waiting-room.

The invalid's robust companion proved to be Col. Sam Johnson, a deputy United States marshal of Georgia, and he gave the names of his companions as George Alrow and wife.

Col. Johnson's story of Alrow's life was to the effect that he is about twenty-five years of age and lives on a farm on the Georgia side and near the base of the mountain range which divides that State from Tennessee. While very young Alrow married Mary Rouen, a neighbor's daughter and the belle of the rural district, and went to housekeeping in the old homestead. This was some eight miles from the nearest village, and Alrow erected a small store-room and invested his surplus money in a stock of goods suited to the wild section in which he lived.

The rougher characters of the mountainous section soon began to loaf around, and the young wife ceased to visit the store with her infant offspring, and remained in the house a victim of constant forebodings. As the store was situated near the dwelling, every loud word was plainly heard by the wife, and she noticed that the crowd which frequented her husband's store was daily becoming more and more disorderly.

Less than a year had thus passed when late one evening Mrs. Alrow heard an altercation in the store, and, taking her sleeping infant from its cradle, she hastened to the store and entered by the rear door. She saw that her husband was quarreling with some one who was standing in front of the building, and she advanced excitedly to the middle of the long, narrow room. Suddenly there was a bright flash, followed by a sharp report, the infant form in her arms quivered a moment, a deathlike pallor spread over its face, and a low moan escaped its lips. The desperado's bullet, aimed at her husband, had missed its mark and had buried itself in the tender form which lay in the sleep of innocence in her arms.

When the neighbor's arrived they found Alrow in a state of mental anguish which bid fair to dethrone his reason. For three hours he wandered mechanically from room to room without appearing to understand the cause of the solemnity which pervaded the house. Suddenly he seemed to be struggling with himself to recall the events, then there was a look of intelligent remembrance in his eyes, and he bent over the form of his still unconscious wife and burst into tears. Recovering himself a moment later, he arose, took down his rifle from the pegs over the door and quickly left the house, going in the direction taken by the desperado after firing the fatal shot.

The next two days passed without any word from the absent husband. The infant remains were laid to rest in the country churchyard and the childless wife returned in sorrow to her home. As she was lifted from the heavy road wagon in which the remains of the infant were borne to the grave, her husband appeared at the door. Addressing her calmly and without visible emotion, Alrow said:

"Mary, the vengeance of God has overtaken the murderer of our babe. Let this be enough to explain my absence, and let this be forever a secret between us."

When three days later the assassin was found on the mountain side dead with a bullet in his brain the people knew that the infant's death was indeed avenged.

While every one supposed that he had fallen by the hand of the man whose home he had deprived of its brightest jewel, no effort was made to hold him responsible for the deed before the law.

Instead of acting as a curb upon Alrow, the terrible ordeal through which he had passed seemed to drive him to desperation, and an entire change came over him, his associates becoming of the most desperate character. In less than a year after the murder of his child he fell under the suspicion of the Government officers, and a watch was set upon him. One night last summer a large box, which left his store and was supposed to contain fresh eggs, was intercepted by the Government officials and the guilt of Alrow was proven, as the box was found to contain several jugs of illicit whiskey. Early in December a descent was made on the still where the liquor was made, and in the fight that ensued Alrow was dangerously wounded in the side and slightly wounded in the leg. He was left at home for treatment that night and two officers were left to guard him, while the other prisoners were taken at once to

Atlanta. The wounded man tossed about on his bed with a burning fever, and his wife made a number of trips to the large spring in the rear of the house to get him cooling draughts of water. What happened during the night is not known, but the probabilities are that the guard fell asleep, for when they thought that Mrs. Alrow remained longer at the spring than usual they went to the bed and found that she had taken her husband's place in it and that he had passed out. It was useless to seek him in that wild section, and the officers contented themselves with keeping a close watch upon the movements of his wife, right judging that she would be the first to get in communication with him. Whether she heard from him in the meantime or not the officer did not know, but in January he received word that Mrs. Alrow would leave for the West immediately, and he was ordered to follow her. He started at once, and, upon reaching Cincinnati, found that he was upon the same train with her, and, learning from the conductor that Mrs. Alrow had a ticket to Santa Fe, N. M., the officer, without making his own identity known, fell into conversation with her, and was frankly told the object of her Western trip. When they reached their destination Col. Johnson as frankly revealed the object of his visit, but informed her that, if her husband's condition was as bad as she had represented, he would not put him under arrest, but would furnish what assistance he could in their returning home.

It seems that Alrow's wounds received no attention until he reached the West, several weeks after his escape from the officers, and, having contracted a severe cold, it settled on his lungs, and he went rapidly into consumption.

Senator Vest to Retire. Senator Vest has informed some of his friends that it is his purpose to retire from the Senate at the end of his present term. The decision has occasioned no little surprise. The Senator's most intimate friends can scarcely believe that he will actually adhere to his determination, for a seat in the United States Senate can, perhaps, be retained by Mr. Vest during the balance of his natural life should he desire to hold it. His tenure will continue as long as his party retains power in Missouri and he desires the post, and even the most sanguine Republican scarcely hopes to live to see the day when his party will carry Missouri.

Senator Vest was elected to the Senate in 1878, by the practically unanimous decision of his party in Missouri. He took his seat in 1879, and six years later was re-elected unanimously by the Democrats of his State. There is no question that he could be returned with the same unanimity in 1890, but his health has been very much impaired, and he feels the need of rest. Senator Vest has a peculiar hold upon the people he serves. He has their personal regard and affection to a marked degree. They are proud of him, and feel that they could not do too much for him.

In 1876 he announced himself a candidate for Governor, and in every part of his State his friends went to work for him with a will. That year the Democrats held two State conventions. The first chose delegates to the National Convention to be held at St. Louis and went no farther, it being held the part of wisdom to wait until after the National Convention to put the State ticket and platform out. At St. Louis the ticket of Tilden and Hendricks was nominated, and soon thereafter the State Convention assembled to nominate State officers. Col. Vest's friends were jubilant. They were overwhelmingly in the majority. A rumor to the effect that the Tilden managers had pleaded for the nomination of a candidate with a Union record during the war had disturbed the friends of Vest, but they were too full of enthusiasm to pay much attention to it. But when the delegates began to assemble it was observed that there were mysterious whisperings and conferences. The upshot was an authoritative request presented to delegates individually that no ex-Confederate be nominated for governor. It was regarded as of great importance to the success of the Tilden ticket that a man with a Union record be put in the field. The Democrats of Missouri were not willing to jeopardize the success of the national ticket, nor was Mr. Vest. He frankly declared that he did not share the apprehension as to the injurious effect of the nomination of an ex-Confederate, but admitted that the Tilden managers ought not to be handicapped. Old and bearded men, bronzed veterans of the civil war and of many hard-fought political fields, actually shed tears because they were impelled to vote against Vest. Col. Phelps, an ex-Union soldier, was nominated for Governor, but after the convention adjourned scores of the delegates rushed to Mr. Vest's room. They protested against the political fortune that had driven them to nominate another man; but consoled themselves by saying, "Never mind, George, we will send you to the Senate," and within little more than two years they redeemed that promise.—Washington Star.

GOING TO JOHN.

Her Poor Old Heart Was Troubled.

"Going north, madam?" "No, ma'am." "Going south, then?" "I don't know, ma'am." "Why, there are only two ways to go." "I didn't know. I was never on the cars. I'm waiting for the train to go to John." "John? There is no town called John. Where is it?" "O! John's my son. He's out in Kansas on a claim." "I'm going right to Kansas myself. You intend to visit?" "No, ma'am." She said it with a sigh so heart-burdened that the stranger was deeply touched.

"John sick?" "No." The evasive tone, the look of pain in the furrowed face, were noticed by the stylish lady as the gray head bowed upon the toll-marked hand. She wanted to hear her story; to help her.

"Excuse me—John in trouble?" "No, no; I'm in trouble. Trouble my old heart never thought to see." "The train does not come for some time. Here, rest your head upon my cloak." "You are kind. If my own were so I should not be in trouble tonight."

"What is your trouble? May be I can help you." "It's hard to tell it to strangers, but my old heart is too full to keep it back. When I was left a widow with three children I thought it was more than I could bear; but it wasn't bad as this."

The stranger waited till she had recovered her voice to go on. "I had only the cottage and my willing hands. I toiled early and late all the years till John could help me. Then we kept the girls at school, John and me. They were married not long ago—married rich, too, as the world goes. John sold the cottage, sent me to the city to live with them, and he went West to begin for himself. He said he had provided for the girls, and they'd provide for me now."

Her voice choked with emotion. The stranger waited in silence. "I went to them in the city. I went to Mary's first. She lived in a great house, with servants to wait on her—a house many times larger than the little cottage—but I soon found there wasn't room enough for me."

The tears stood in the lines of her cheeks. The ticket agent came out softly, stirred the fire and then went back. After a pause she continued: "I went to Martha's—went with a pain in my heart I never felt before. I was willing to do anything so as not to be a burden. But that wasn't it. I found that they were ashamed of my old body and my withered face—ashamed of my rough, wrinkled hands, made so toiling for them."

The tears came thick and fast now. The stranger's head rested carelessly on the gray head.

"At last they told me I must live at a boarding-house, and they'd keep me there. I couldn't say anything back. My heart was too full of pain. I wrote to John what they were going to do. He wrote right back—a long, kind letter for me to come right to him. I always had a home while he'd a roof, he said; to come there and stay as long as I lived; that his mother should never go out to strangers. So I'm going to John. He's got only his rough hands and great warm heart, but there's room for his old mother—God bless—him."

The stranger brushed a tear from her fair cheek and awaited the conclusion.

"Some day when I am gone where I'll never trouble them again, Mary and Martha will think of it all. Some day when the hands that toiled for them are folded and still; when the eyes that watched over them through many a weary night are closed forever; when the little body, old, bent with the burdens it bore for them, is put away where it can never shame them."

The agent drew his hand quickly before his eyes, and went out as if to look for the train. The stranger's jeweled fingers stroked the gray locks, while the tears of sorrow and the tears of sympathy fell together. The weary heart was unburdened. Soothed by a touch of sympathy, the troubled soul yielded to the longing for rest, and she fell asleep. The agent went noiselessly about his duties that he might not wake her. As the fair stranger watched she saw a smile on the careworn face. The lips moved. She bent down to hear.

"I'm doing it for Mary and Martha. They'll take care of me some time."

She was dreaming of the days in the little cottage—of the fond hopes which inspired her, long before she learned, with a broken heart, that some day she would turn, homeless in the world, to go to John.

A progressive dinner party—tramp. Burlington Free Press. It is said a "contented mind is fattening." It may be, but we like a little meat and potatoes.

The Elephant Man.

I have been hearing a good deal lately about the elephant man, as he is commonly called, for he has been creating much interest in medical circles and even general society. This poor creature, whose name is John Derrick, is suffering from a variety of complex diseases, which give him the appearance of a most extraordinary monster. His skin hangs in great folds on his disproportioned body; he has an immense bony enlargement of the head, which makes it so much too large for his body that he is never allowed to lie down, but has to sleep with it on his knees, and his mouth is so extraordinarily displaced that he cannot drink without jerking his head right back. One leg is three or four times larger than the other, and in the hands there is a singular disparity. His life, though he is only 28, has been a very curious one, a large portion of it having been spent in traveling shows in various countries. On the last occasion he was persuaded to accompany a man to Belgium, but when he got there, this heartless wretch borrowed all his savings and left him penniless and helpless in a strange country. With great difficulty he managed to get to London, for such is the horror of his aspect that he is not allowed to walk in the streets, and the steamer at first refused to take him. His troubles are now to a great extent over, for funds have been collected to maintain him. Derrick is most grateful for any kindness shown him, and is always delighted to see any visitors. The Prince and Princess of Wales, when they went over the London Hospital, spent a few minutes with him, which gave him very great pleasure, and for several days he could talk and think of nothing else.

A touching incident is told of how a lady went to see him when he was first at the hospital, and on her shaking hands with him he burst into tears. With great difficulty he was persuaded to tell the cause of his distress, but at last he confessed that never before had a woman shaken hands with him; they had usually screamed with horror at his approach. Derrick is wonderfully contented, and manages to amuse himself by making models of buildings and ships very cleverly out of cardboard, wood, cork, etc. His other favorite occupation is reading novels of the most thrilling and blood-thirsty type. Once he had even been taken to the theater, in accordance with the wish of his heart. The royal box at Drury Lane was given him for an afternoon performance; he used the Queen's private entrance, and few present were aware that the uncouth man of whom they had heard was enjoying the pantomime with them. Derrick was entranced by all he saw, and no wonder, for it must have seemed like a dream to the poor creature who had seen nothing of the bright side of life.

The care and treatment he receives are gradually strengthening him, though he can never hope to recover in the least from the horrible disease with which he is afflicted, and which, to a certain extent he has had from his birth. He quite realizes the interest which science takes in his case, and one day remarked to a doctor who was visiting him: "Do you know, sir, it often strikes me that when I die, I shall be buried." The thought, however, of being preserved after death as a curious "specimen" did not seem in any way to give him pain. As a proof of the interest which is taken in his case, I may mention that, on hearing he had a great desire to possess a watch, Lady Dorothy Neville got up a subscription to provide him with one. Several royalties, including H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, and H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge, gave donations, and over £100 was collected, which was spent in buying him a most beautiful chronometer.—London Correspondent of the Philadelphia Telegraph.

There are persons possessed of such admirable serenity and self-possession that nothing can disturb them overmuch. Whatever may be the cause they are indifferent to things that shock or grieve or anger other people.

An old lady was rescued by a fireman from the fourth story of a burning building. She did not scream, nor struggle, nor resist when he dragged her from her bed, pulled her through a window, and carried her down a ladder to the street below.

When he at last put her in safety on the sidewalk, she gathered her clothes about her and said, calmly: "Much obliged; and if you could just run back, now, and get my duds I'd thank you kindly."

When told that her "duds," nor nothing else, could be recovered from the building, which was now wrapped in flames, she coolly quoted the old saying, "Well, them as has must lose, an' my duds wan't wuth much nohow."

Wonders of Woodcraft.

Of all the feats common to hunting life and woodcraft, none seem to me half so wonderful as trailing and tracking. As practiced by man, tracking is wonderful enough, but far more marvellous is the power by which a dog or fox can follow its prey at full speed, guided only by scent, without erring or being led astray.

To us the word scent has but little meaning; it is the name of a power with which a man is, comparatively, almost unendowed. We go into the woods and see nothing but a leaf-strewn ground, thinly scattered over with herbs and thickly planted with trees; we see no quadruped, and find no sign of any, perhaps, save the far away chatter of the squirrel. But our dog, merrily careering about, is possessed of a superior power. At every moment of his course he is gathering facts and reading a wonderful record of the past, the present and even the future. "Here," says his unseen guide, "is where a deer passed a minute ago;" "this was the course of a fox a week ago;" "that was the direction in which a rabbit flew by a few minutes ago, and there was a weasel after him."

Such is the curious record of scent, revealed to the dog but hidden from the man, and even inexplicable to him; for though we have a theoretical knowledge of the subject, it is too imperfect to make us fully understand that not only has every kind of an animal, but each individual animal its own peculiar scent. Thus, the dog can distinguish not only the bucks, does and fawns of the deer tribe, but can pick out of a dozen the track of the buck that he is following, and never leave it or lose it. Moreover, he can tell by the scent which way the animal is going, and he is never known to run backward on a trail. Now, when we compare this wonderful power with our own feeble sense of smell, we will be ready to admit that it is a faculty of which man, comparatively, has little.

Let us suppose that you were to awake some fine morning and find that, as in the old fairy tales, a mighty genius had conferred on you a new and wonderful faculty, that enables you to go forth and read the running records, with even greater accuracy and ease than he, and how intensely interesting its exercise to a lover of nature! And yet this very miracle is what actually takes place every year in our country.

Educated Editors. The money expended by the editor of the Meriden (Miss.) Democrat for a college education was not thrown away. In describing the building of Mr. Wilson's smoke-house, in spite of the efforts of the bucket-brigade, he says:

"The water seemed to spur the fire to wilder deeds. The flames and the smoke climbed and rolled higher and higher, and the scene became luridly, awfully magnificent beyond tottering words' power to paint. It was a canto of Dante's 'Inferno,' acted in all its fire and splendor. Banners of flame would now be waved out by dark smoke-hands, then ten million curling little penons of fire would hiss and flutter, then vanish, and a great reeling tower of smoke, whose darkness was stabbed and spangled with flame and sparks, would fill the scene, while all around the surrounding buildings grimly shot back from reflecting surfaces a crimson greeting, and up in the far-off sky the out-glistened stars turned pale for shame, and the moon, through the drifted smoke, glowed like a bowl of blood."

It pays to give a boy a good education when you want to make an editor of him—Milwaukee Sentinel.

He Wouldn't Walk Any More. Jabe Mathis, of the Thirteenth Georgia, was a good soldier; but one day when the Confederates were retreating from the field of Gettysburg, Jabe threw his musket on the ground, seated himself by the roadside, and exclaimed, with much vehemence:

"I'll be dashed if I walk another step! I'm broke down. I can't do it."

And Jabe was the picture of despair.

"Git up, man!" exclaimed his captain. "Don't you see the enemy are following us? They will git you, sure!"

"Can't help it," said Jabe; "I'm done for, I'll not walk another step."

The Confederates passed along over the crest of a hill, and lost sight of poor, dejected Jabe.

In a moment there was a fresh rattle of musketry and a renewed crash of shells. Suddenly Jabe appeared on the top of the hill, moving like a hurricane and followed by a cloud of dust. As he dashed past his captain that officer yelled:

OUR STATE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

About Their Financial Condition.

Since the war the following disbursements have been made:

In 1871.....	\$177,497 94
In 1872.....	173,275 62
In 1873.....	196,675 07
In 1874.....	297,000 85
In 1875 No report, about same as 1874	
In 1876.....	334,163 14
In 1877.....	319,813 00
In 1878.....	324,827 10
In 1879.....	326,040 35
In 1880.....	352,882 65
In 1881.....	409,658 88
In 1882.....	509,736 02
In 1883.....	623,430 98
In 1884.....	640,245 20
In 1885.....	630,552 52
In 1886.....	671,115 63
In 1887.....	653,037 33

The Constitution of 1868 required the proceeds of the sales of swamp lands and the receipts from fines, forfeitures, penalties and certain other funds to be invested as an irreducible fund, the interest of which alone was to be used for school purposes.

The Constitution, as amended in 1875, while still requiring receipts from the same sources to be used for school purposes, gave to the General Assembly the power to distribute all school funds to the counties for immediate use. In 1876 the General Assembly enacted that the irreducible fund should be retained but that it should not be increased except by the items mentioned in Art. 9, Sec. 4 of the Constitution, from which no thing was received except from the sales of public lands, and but little from that source.

In 1881 the General Assembly directed that this fund should be distributed to the counties, and consequently in August, 1881, a distribution of \$14,883.25 was made, and in November, 1883, another of \$74,448.78 was made. These amounts were used by the county school authorities during the years 1882, 1883 and 1884, and swelled the amounts applied during those years to school purposes, as will appear by the figures given above.

The question is frequently asked why the counties now get no money from the State fund. The answer is that the legislation now on our statute books does not contemplate putting any money into the State treasury for schools, except such as comes from tax on acts of incorporation by the General Assembly and from the sales of public lands. Receipts from these sources have as yet amounted to but very little. Our statutes leave all other school funds in the counties where collected to the end that they may be used as rapidly as possible. It has not been thought wise or proper for this poor generation to attempt to accumulate a permanent school fund.

During the years 1871 and 1872 there was a tax of 6 cents on the \$100 of property; after 1872 and until 1881 the tax on property was 8 cents on \$100 of property, and after 1881 it was 12 cents, at which figure it now stands.

In addition to this general property tax the Constitution applies at least three-fourths of all poll tax, both State and county, to school purposes, which amounts to an average of about one dollar and fifty cents (when the limit of \$2 is reached the exact amount is 1.59) on each poll that is collected.

The statutes apply now, and have for years, and fines, forfeitures and penalties imposed by the Superior Courts and by the justices of the peace, most of the receipts from liquor licenses (all except from the wholesale licenses), receipts from auctioneers, estrays, articles of incorporation issued by County Superior Court Clerks, and tax on dogs.

From these sources our school funds, so far as they are levied by the General Assembly, are derived, and the funds are not put into the hands of the State treasurer, but all are retained in the counties where they are raised.

In counties where the State taxes levied in the revenue law and in the school law, and the county taxes levied by the commissioners including school taxes, do not amount to more than 66 2-3 cents on \$100 of property, and \$2 on polls, the commissioners, are required to levy enough tax, in addition to the funds secured under the general State levies as above mentioned, to continue the schools four months per annum.

In most counties, however, after providing for county expenses, the commissioners find no margin left for application to schools. Prior to the Supreme Court decision in Banksdale vs. Commissioners of Sampson county, 33 N. C. Reports, the commissioners were required to have four months' terms whether or not they exceed 66 cents tax on property and \$2.00 on polls. It will be noticed that the receipts for 1887 were \$23,263.98 less than they were in 1886, while the laws were just the same. The fall off in receipts is to be attributed to the decision referred to and to the failure, I think, of an un-

usually large number of persons to pay their poll taxes.

Some commissioners are now so managing county matters as to apply all the poll tax to schools, while others find that for ordinary purposes they do not need the full margin of 34 1-6 cents now left them by the General assembly, and so levy something for schools as sections 2,590 of the school law requires them to do. The County Boards of Education press their claims upon the Board of Commissioners and not unfrequently the commissioners are brought to greater economy in their administration of county matters to the end that the schools may be brought up to the four months that the Constitution requires as a minimum. I cannot too much commend such consideration on the part of the County Commissioners, and can but cherish the hope that, to the end that our school system may be made more effective and more popular, all the commissioners will do everything in their power to increase the funds. Let them do this and go to the limitation. The money thus raised and applied, indeed all school money under our system, stays at home—in the county where raised—and so does not impoverish either the county or the State. It is not the money we raise and keep at home that impoverishes us, but the money we send abroad—a fact worth remembering and considering.

No Time to Read. We dislike very much to hear a laboring man say he doesn't have time to read, because nine times out of ten we know he utters a falsehood when he says it, and nine out of ten of the men who have no time to read spend their evenings loafing on the street or around the beer counter and billiard table. The cases are very rare, indeed, where a man has no time to read one or even three or four weekly papers each week if he wants to. It is because he has not interest enough in his own welfare to read and post himself on the events that are transpiring for or against him. He is content to let others do his reading and thinking for him. The class of men that claim they do not have time to read are the curse of the community in which they live. They have no minds of their own, and, being as ignorant as a Hottentot, they are used by the sharpers of their town and neighborhood to help them carry out schemes to thwart the will of the educated and respected citizens. The man who doesn't have time to read is usually a loafer. The successful business man has plenty of time to read and post himself on matters pertaining to his business, and that is one reason why he is successful. The educated laboring man finds plenty of time to read, and without neglecting his work either. He is the man whom you will find at home evenings with his family. The nail keg in the corner grocery is never kept warm by him while he listens or tells smutty stories to an ignorant crowd of gaping loafers. He who cannot find time to read never finds time to be a man, but always is the tool of some man who does read. When we hear a man say he doesn't have time to read one paper a week we always pity his wife and children to think they have such an indolent, ignorant, do-little husband and father.

Too Thin for Him. While Johnson was Governor of Tennessee he had occasion to come to Indianapolis, and was the guest while here of the person referred to at his private residence, and naturally the latter was anxious the entertainment should be as elaborate and complete as possible in honor of his distinguished visitor. In consulting with his wife regarding the dinner party they were to give, he insisted that the table must be liberally supplied with wine, as Gov. Johnson was undoubtedly accustomed to using it, and besides it was the proper thing to do on such occasions. The hostess, who had strong temperance views, was opposed to the use of liquor and remonstrated with her husband over the proposed innovation. He insisted on it, however, and finally she gave a reluctant consent. Mr. Johnson came and so did the dinner hour. When the wine was served, he, much to the surprise of the host, turned down his glass, saying quite decidedly, "I never drink wine." There was a glow of triumph and vindication in the eyes of the hostess as she looked at her crestfallen husband, and he was so perplexed that he could scarcely proceed with the dinner. In the evening he accompanied Mr. Johnson to the depot to see him off, and while they were walking about awaiting the train Johnson said: "I refused wine at your dinner to-day because I didn't like the stuff. It is too thin; but where can we go and get a drink of good old whiskey?" A neighboring saloon was selected, and Johnson poured out a glassful of whiskey and tossed it off without a wink. The gentleman who entertained him could hardly get home quick enough to tell his wife how their "total abstainer" had made a record in a down town grocery.—Indianapolis Letter to Chicago Tribune.