

CREAM OF OUR EXCHANGES.

Free of charge—An empty gun. An affection of the I—Egotism. A corn dodger—The man who wears easy shoes. What was Eve made for?—Adams Express Company. Horse thieves are generally high-strung individuals out in the Territories.—Wit and Wisdom. The phenologist is a man who cannot do his work well unless he feels right.—Somerville Journal. An Arkansas man was lynched for riding a mule on Sunday. It was another man's mule, by the way. A smart little boy in Syracuse took his sister to a market to see a ground hog, and when they arrived he showed her a tub of sausage meat. The Joliet Republic publishes as an original contribution the doxology "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," &c. When the Chicago Bohemian saw Niagara shed tears. "Durn it," he said, "it ain't hot enough to describe it and make it bigger than it is." An exchange gravely announces that a local celebrity will lecture on the judgment day. He should put it off one day later. Guitau seems to have written political speeches as a kind of intellectual recreation, but the steady and persistent and somewhat successful work which really taxed his powers was borrowing money. It is to be hoped the collector of the next anthology of choice poems will not omit the following beautiful assortment of home-made rhymes: Maid of Yankee, ere we buss, Tell me, if you'd make a fuss? —New York News. Maid of Hartford, ere I pop, Tell me, will you faint or flop? —Hartford Sunday Journal. Maid of Gotham, ere we marry, Tell me, will you raise old Harry? —Elevated Railway Journal. Maid of Camden, ere we mate, Tell me, can I stay out late? —Camden Times. Maid of Newton, ere we hitch, Tell me truly, are you rich? —Newton Republican. Maid of New York, ere I'm noosed, Tell me, who's to rule the roost? —Elevated Railway Journal. Maid of Des Moines, ere I'm groomed, Tell me, will you weld the broom? —Des Moines Mail. Maid of St. Louis, ere we join, Tell me, will you waste my coin? —St. Louis Herald. Maid of Burlington, ere we pair, Tell me, will you pull my hair? —Burlington Hawkeye. Maid of Winfield, ere we sleet, Tell me, are your feet like ice? —Winfield Telegram. Maid of Rushville, ere we hug, Tell me, will you put a fellow's mug? —Rushville Republican. Maid of Hoopston, ere we gush, Tell me, can you live on mush? —Hoopston Chronicle. Maid of Lincoln, ere we mated, Tell me, are you vaccinated? —Lincoln Times. The Chicago Tribune treats its Sunday readers to the following choice bits of wisdom for Chicago infants: Is this the Great Eastern? No, it is a Cincinnati girl's shoe. See how easy it is to be mistaken. How happy the Man looks. He is going to have his picture taken to send to his Girl. Poor girl! how sad her Christmas will be. Here is a Poet. He is going up in the Elevator. How happy he looks. Pretty soon he will walk down, looking very sad. He has seen the Editor. See the Boat. How large and shiny it is. A Man owns the Boat. Call on his daughter some evening and see what it was made for. This is a Horse. It can go very fast. The Man who is standing by the Horse looks sad. He is broke. Do not go to horse-races, Tommy, or you will be broke too. What a fine-looking Old Gentleman. Is he rich? Yes, he is very rich. See how healthy he looks. He will not die of Entanglement of the Heart. He lives in Chicago. Here is Miss Lucy. How proud and fine she looks in her new Sealskin Sack. It cost Three Hundred Dollars. Lucy's Father will Fall next week. What have we here? It is a Young Man who wears a yellow Ulster and a High Collar. Does he smoke Cigarettes? Yes. Let us all take a kick at him. The Man is at the Desk. He is an Editor. What is that in his hand? It is a Microscope. What does the Editor want of a Microscope? He is looking for his Salary. This is a Young Lady. She is sitting at a Piano, and will soon begin to sing "Empty is the Cradle, Baby's Gone." Run away quickly, children, and perhaps you will miss some of it. Where is Tommy? He is playing base-ball in the lot. Can Tommy play well? Yes, indeed, for he sometimes makes a Home Run. This is when his Father heaves in sight. The Dog and the Cat are fighting. Is this wrong? Yes, it is very wrong for the Dog and Cat to fight, because they are not married. When you grow up, children, you will see the point of this Lesson. What a large Dog. He is going swiftly up the street. So is a Tin Can. It is tied to the Dog's tail. Will the Dog win the race? I should smile. It is wrong to tie a Can on a Dog's tail if the Owner of the Dog catches you. A Virginia father has eleven children named in the consecutive Latin numerals from "Primum" to "Undecimus;" at the birth of his tenth boy the latter was named "Decimus Ultimeus;" or tenth and last, but, somehow, another son followed, and was dubbed "Undecimus." A flirting belle of Akron, Ohio, has caused a social excitement by having all the love letters she has received bound handsomely in a morocco volume for her parlor table, in place of an ordinary autograph album. Here is a cruel case of misplaced confidence. Col. Oscar Thompson, of Ionia, Michigan, was going home with a big and choice beefsteak. He met Mr. Gemund, who had a fine large dog. Thompson remarked that such a dog must eat a great deal. Gemund said that breed of dogs never ate meat. Thompson said that was very extraordinary, and he offered the dog his steak, just to see him refuse it; but the dog promptly took the steak and struck a 240 gait with it for under a building, where he could eat it in peace. Let President Arthur be consoled. Though the portion of his message relating to civil service reform is sharply criticised by the press and politicians generally, the Princeton (Ill.) Republican says "His remarks on civil service reform meet our views to a dot." A YEAR OR SO AGO. From the Chicago Tribune. About a year or so ago When I was young and quite conceited, I charmed to meet the prettiest girl, I thought, my eyes had ever greeted. I loved her, or I thought I did. Yet found my true love had miscarried, For when I asked her heart and hand, She said she was already married. This was a year or so ago, When I was young and sentimental, My heart was nearly broken then; Now I don't care a continental. —Samuel Jones Tobien.

CRIMINAL VARIETIES.

Called Here and There from the Columns of the Daily Press. A Double Tragedy in Kentucky. At Georgetown, a suburb of Ashland, Kentucky, last Saturday morning, was revealed one of the most dreadful crimes that ever horrified northern Kentucky. A special to the Cincinnati Gazette gives the following details: Mrs. J. W. Gibbons and her three children—Fannie, a handsome girl of 14, and twosons, Robert, a cripple of 18 years, and an interesting little boy of 10—lived in a neat cottage near the centre of the village. They were industrious, quiet, and highly esteemed. Friday Mrs. Gibbons received a draft from another son working at Chattanooga. That afternoon she went to Ironton and had it cashed, remaining over night with a married daughter. Before leaving her home she arranged for a neighbor's girl, Mary Thomas, a pretty and attractive young lady of 16, to stay over night with her daughter Fannie. The inmates of the house all slept on the first floor, and about 5 o'clock Saturday morning the Gibbons cottage was discovered to be on fire. The first person on the scene tried in vain to rouse the inmates. The windows opposite their respective beds were broken in, and the flames temporarily checked, while one or two brave neighbors, in spite of the fire and smoke, entered and dragged out the bodies, stiff in death. Only one, Miss Thomas, was found in bed. The others were through the windows were saturated with blood. The bodies were not badly burned. The coroner's inquest showed that the skull of each one had been crushed with some blunt instrument, and that the girls had been ravished. The boy's brains were oozing from a hole in his head. He had lost one leg in a railroad accident, and was no match for the villainous murderers. It seems that he must have shown light, or have made his escape from the house to give an alarm. There was mud on his one boot, and on his hands and face, indicating that he must have been killed out of doors and his body carried into the house to be burned with the others. Outside the building were found a bloody hatchet and a heavy cross-bar clotted with blood, and with long light hair adhering to it, afterward identified as that of Miss Thomas. The little boy, who had accompanied his mother to Ironton, says the hatchet and cross-bar belonged about the house. Parties passing the house after 3 o'clock that morning saw a light in the kitchen, through which the murderer probably gained an entrance. Mrs. Gibbons was sent for early Saturday morning, and was only told that her house had burned. When she learned of the tragic death of her children her grief was frantic. As yet there is no clue to the murderers. There must have been more than one, to have accomplished their fiendish purpose upon both girls, and have murdered the three so quietly that the nearest neighbors, not twenty-five yards away, were not alarmed. The people of this section are terribly excited over the fiendish outrage, unparalleled in the history of Boyd county. A large and spirited meeting of the citizens of Ashland held Saturday afternoon. The council offered a reward of \$200 for the arrest of the perpetrators, and a committee of six—Judge Savage and Messrs. Jacob Emmons, Thomas S. Era, L. E. Vassy, Al Miller and Joseph Mitchell—were appointed to raise a fund for rewards they secured over \$1,000, and the work is still going on. Several rough and suspicious-looking strangers have been lurking around, but, luckily for them, the terribly-excited population have not as yet a jot of evidence on which to base an arrest. New Jersey Deviltry. The exposure of the rascality of Baldwin, the Newark bank cashier who stole two millions, seems to have been but the prelude to a series of similar revelations that are quickly following on each other's heels. A week ago it was found that the city auditor of Newark, one F. A. Palmer, had been imitating Baldwin in an humble way and stolen about half a million of the city's funds, most of which, like Baldwin, he had sunk in Wall street speculations; and now the city is again "tore up" with excitement over the discovery that William A. Hall, chief clerk in the office of comptroller Baker, has also been indulging in large stealings and Wall street speculations. The amount of his stealings has not yet been ascertained, but it runs up to a hundred thousand or more. He had been working on a salary of \$1,500, upon which he lived in high style. He was a great fancier of pigeons, and had on his place a hundred choice birds of all breeds for which he had paid large sums. He left Newark with his wife on the 22d and is believed to have skipped to Canada. A Queer Substitute. In New York City, in September 1880, Sherman Reed was convicted of having sold policy ships, and was sentenced to three months' imprisonment. He was released on bail pending an appeal to the supreme court, which recently affirmed the conviction. Last Saturday morning, Blaber, his bondsman, said he wished to surrender Reed. Court Officer Smith was sent with him, and the two soon returned with a man who answered to the name of Sherman Reed, and he was sent to the penitentiary. He was dressed in a convict's suit, and was noted to work in the shoe shop. The officials noticed that he did not fill the description given of Reed, and he finally confessed that his name was McGinnis, that he was there as Reed's "sub," and had been given \$150 for his services. He is now locked up in the Tombs, and officers are searching for Reed. The charge on which McGinnis can be punished is conspiracy to defeat the ends of justice. Couldn't Stand Such Teasing. A Baltimore dispatch gives the following account of a tragedy on the 23d near Winchester Mill, Carroll county, Md.: Andrew Pfousch to day surrendered himself to the authorities at Westminster, Md., declaring that he had shot and killed a man and wanted to go to jail. He then stated that he had killed one of his neighbors by the name of Jacob Lockman. Lockman's son passed his house on the way to school, and Pfousch said he had been in the habit of throwing stones at him and teasing him. This morning Lockman and the boy came by together, and both three stones. He remonstrated with them, when Lockman picked up a large stone and came toward him in a threatening manner. Pfousch then got his gun, and, as Lockman still advanced toward him, fired, the load of shot striking him in the abdomen, and killing him instantly. Pfousch was committed to jail to await the result of the coroner's inquest. Assassination in Arkansas. An account of a cold-blooded assassination comes from Pine Bluff, Arkansas, occurring on Christmas day. A Times special says: The victim was Dr. C. H. Rosenhauer, who was shot to death while seated in an arm chair before the fire, in the sitting-room of his man-

sion, known as the "White House." The weapon used was a shotgun. Thirteen shot took effect in the right side of his head, and the back of the chair was riddled with shot. The doctor had been a resident of this county for over a year, having come from Aroha, Miss., and settled near Noble lake, and built up a lucrative practice. Though possessed of some good qualities, his private life was not above reproach. About a year ago he induced a disreputable white woman named Stella Smith, the wife of Lee Chow, a Chinaman, whom she married in this city in 1879, to desert her Colonial husband. She lived with the doctor as his housekeeper till about the first of the present month, when Lee Chow came to this city, and while here paid a visit to his traitor wife and prevailed upon her to return with him to the capital. On the 12th of the present month Dr. Rosenhauer went to Little Rock and tried to persuade the woman to return with him, but failed, when he turned and abused her for which she had him arrested and fined. The general suspicion is that the murder was committed by Lee Chow or one of his Chinamen friends. A Texas "Deplorable Accident." At Fort Concho, Texas, on the 29th inst., John Pendleton, a respected citizen and constable, by a "deplorable accident," as the dispatch describes it, was shot through the heart and killed. The circumstances attending the sad affair are thus detailed in a telegram: Two men named Mike Houston, a gambler, and Charles Kelna, a bartender, became engaged in a quarrel. Both pulled their six-shooters to settle the dispute, and commenced firing at each other right in the middle of the street, where throngs of people were congregated. Mr. Pendleton, hearing the shooting, stepped toward the door, when a ball from one of the pistols passed through the door and struck another man in the shoulder; but, it being spent, the latter was not hurt. Kelna and Houston had by this time emptied their six-shooters, and Sheriff Spears, coming up, arrested and lodged both in jail at Benlike. The community felt it was a purely accidental shooting, but severely censure the men for such reckless work, where the lives of a dozen people were put in jeopardy. THE GUTEAU TRIAL. Excerpts of Testimony and Incidents by the Way. Guitau, in the last few days, as the cumulative evidence of his sanity is drawing the gallews nearer to his view, is said to be somewhat more subdued in his manner and begins to show signs of fright. At the opening of court on Friday morning of last week, he rose without any sign of excitement and desired to be heard in reference to his attorneys. He said Scoville was doing very well, but he was not a criminal lawyer and was compromising his case. He has asked questions for the defense which have been a positive injury. "I cannot sit here," he continued, "when my life is at stake and have him compromise my case in this way. My friend, Charles H. Reed, who was for twelve years District Attorney at Chicago, and a first-class lawyer, has very kindly consented to assume charge of this case, and I introduce him to your Honor. He is a good fellow. Scoville is a good fellow, too, and I want him to continue in the case and help in every way." Scoville explained that he had been disappointed in procuring the assistance he had expected and asked the court to recognize Mr. Reed as an attorney in the case. Judge Cox said he could see no objection to the arrangement. Corkhill said it was absurd to talk about it, as Reed had been assisting in the case all the way through. Reed (quickly)—That is not true, Mr. Corkhill. Guitau—Oh, Corkhill can't tell the truth anyway. Reed has quietly assisted just as scores of lawyers have done—in the interest of truth and justice. That's what we are here for. After some discussion between counsel relative to striking out certain portions of Dr. Damon's testimony, Corkhill was about to call a witness, when Guitau broke out excitedly: "There's a vast amount of rubbish getting into this case that has nothing to do with it. I want to know what all this has got to do with the condition of my mind on the 2d of July. You can't tell what is going on now in that foreman's mind, or Judge Cox's. How can you tell what was in mine on the 3d of July? All this nonsense about whether I'm insane now or was five years ago has nothing whatever to do with this case. [Striking the table and being coming more and more excited.] I can't get justice here. I expect an act of God for my protection. He has taken away the wife of one of the jurors, for which I am very sorry, and, if necessary, he will take one of those jurors right out of the box to save my life in the interest of truth and justice." The first witness called was William Edwards, by whom the prosecution proved the conversation between Lawyer Shaw, of New York, and Guitau in 1878, when Guitau said that before he died he would imitate Walkes Booth, and kill some prominent person. Edwards was a clerk in McLean's office and heard the conversation. He at the same time heard Guitau propose a crooked real estate transaction, by which Guitau was to be benefited and others injured. On cross-examination by Reed, the witness was asked: "If Shaw testified that no one was present, and you testify under oath that you were present, which of you told the truth?" Answer—Why I have told the truth. Shaw is apt to get excited when upon the stand. Mr. Reed questioned the witness at some length in regard to the alleged fraudulent real estate transaction, when Guitau interrupted, saying: "Why this whole thing is a lie. My counsel are taking this matter too seriously. Call it by the right name, a lie, and let it go." Finally, he became very impatient at the length of the cross-examination, and called out petulantly: "Why, this whole thing is a farce. This fellow, ten years ago, was a clerk in Shaw's office, getting about \$8 a week. The idea that I would consult him on a big real estate transaction—such a numskull as this fellow is—why, it is simply absurd, and Judge Cox ought to kick him off the stand." Spencer H. Talcott, superintendent of the Insane Asylum at Middletown, N. Y., who has testified more than a thousand insane patients, testified that he has thoroughly examined Guitau at the jail and watched him in the court-room, and pronounced him entirely sane. As he closed Guitau shouted: "How much do you expect to get for that opinion? I suppose you want five hundred dollars [striking the table angrily], but I don't care a snap for your expert testimony." Judge Cox commanded the prisoner to keep silence. "All right," said he, "I'll be quiet now." Judge Davidge called the attention of the jury to the

fact that Guitau's "free agency" operated all right now, as he could keep quiet if he wanted to. Guitau replied: "I don't pretend that I am any more insane than you are. But on the 2d of July and for 30 days prior I was insane." The next witness was Dr. Henry P. Stearns, Superintendent of the Hartford Retreat for the Insane. From 800 to 1,000 cases of insanity had come under his supervision during the eight years he has been connected with the Retreat. The witness had made four examinations of the prisoner at the jail, directed to his physical and mental condition. He detailed at great length the results of his examinations and interviews with Guitau. Pending the cross-examination, court adjourned to Saturday. On Saturday the somewhat subdued demeanor of the prisoner had entirely left him, apparently under his new claim of being entirely sane now, but that he had been insane on the 2d of July and for a month previous. To-day he became so outrageous and abusive at times that Judge Porter said he should be placed in a regular prisoner's dock. Dr. Stearns again took the stand and was cross-examined by Scoville, who put the question "Do you agree with the last witness [Talcott] that insanity is always an outward manifestation of a diseased brain?" The doctor said he did substantially, only that there had been cases where, on examination after death, there had been no lesion of the brain detected. The cross-examination proceeded at some length, with frequent objections on the part of the prosecution, requiring the ruling of the court. As the witness was about to retire, Guitau said: "Allow me to ask if you hold the opinion that a man can not be insane in a specific act without having disease of the brain." Scoville assented to the question, and witness replied: "Insanity meant disease of the brain." Guitau asked another question, but Judge Porter suggested to the witness that he hold no colloquy with the criminal. Guitau (angrily)—I'm no criminal any more than you are. I'm here as my own counsel, and I have as much right to speak as you have. Wait until I am convicted before you call me a criminal. I stand a great deal better outside than you do. Plenty of people will say I'm a bigger man than old Porter." Col. Corkhill suggested that, if this abuse is permitted, the prosecution would insist that the prisoner be removed to the dock. Judge Cox—the court has already considered the advisability of such a course. Guitau—the court has no discretion in the matter. I appear here as my own counsel, in accordance with law and usage in every state in the country. The incident was evidently not without its effect upon the prisoner, who seems to realize now that he boldly asserts he is perfectly sane, that he will be held amenable to the same rules of behavior as other sane people. Dr. James B. Strong of Cleveland was next called, who testified to visiting Guitau in jail and was about to state the result of his examination, when Guitau looked up and said: "Doctor, let me cut this short by saying that I'm in good physical condition, and as sane as you are. There is a great deal of useless rubbish being dragged into this case. Let's cut it short." Judge Porter again rose and demanded that the court should put a stop to these interruptions. The judge said he did not desire to act hastily but if the prisoner again transgressed he should punish for contempt. Guitau—Very well, your honor, I am within the discretion of the court, but I do not appear here as an ordinary criminal, and your honor recognizes it. I appear as my own counsel, and have so acted for the past six weeks. Col. Reed then proposed a hypothetical case for the defense, and asked if the witness could give an opinion. Witness evaded a direct answer, and counsel insisted upon a categorical reply. A sharp colloquy ensued between Porter and Reed with side remarks by Guitau, such as, "Porter, you've got a mouth like an old cat-fish," and shortly afterward, "Porter, you'll bring up in a lunatic asylum yet." Judge Cox ruled that counsel for defense could request a categorical answer, and the question was again and again put, but each time the witness insisted upon qualifications which evaded a direct answer. Guitau saucerily remarked: "You are the stupidest fellow we've had yet." Mr. Reed finally said: "Well, if you can not answer the question you may step aside." Guitau shouted after the witness: "Now go and get your \$500 and go home." The next witness, Dr. Abram M. Shaw, superintendent of the Connecticut Hospital for the Insane, testified that he had made two examinations of the prisoner at the jail for the purpose of discovering his mental and physical condition, and had noticed the conduct of the prisoner in the court-room since Nov. 26, and had formed an opinion that the prisoner is sane. Dr. Orpheus Everts, superintendent of the private asylum at College Hill, Ohio, was next called, and testified to having examined the prisoner in jail with substantially the same results as the previous witness—Guitau frequently interrupting the witness, as he did the other, by declaring this testimony "all rubbish." The last witness of the day was Mrs. Scoville, who identified certain letters as those of her father in which he said, in 1875, "Charles is crazy and should be in the asylum." The court then adjourned to Tuesday. Guitau exclaimed, as the audience was leaving: "To-morrow being Christmas, I wish court and jury, and the American people a happy Christmas. I'm happy, and I hope everyone else will be."

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