BAD FOR THE LAWMAKER

THE GERMAN BARON'S DIFFERING POINTS OF VIEW.

He Dislikes for Many Leaders Once that Blow Into Trouble—He Was a Strong Advocate of the Law, but Didn't Think It Applied to His Case.

Freiherr Marschall von Bieberstein, the state secretary for foreign affairs, who accompanied his imperial master the German emperor, on his trip to Great Britain, while a member of the reichstag in 1878 very unexpectedly found himself in an embarrassing situation, as a result of his activity in securing the passage of a law relating chiefly to the Jews, the story of which was related yesterday by Mr. Moses Gypson, of 88 Broadway.

"I have met the baron many a time," said Mr. Oppenheimer, "at the Mozart Chess club of which we both were members. He is an amiable man and was much pained when he was, in 1878, elected to the reichstag, the first ultra-Conservative member that had obtained a victory in Baden. He was very active in the German parliament, being one of the brightest, as well as the most aggressive, men in that rather dull congregation, the ultra-Conservative party. His prominent participation in the speeches of the other members was resulted in a rather funny complication.

"I happened to know personally the other actor in the story, and had my information directly from him. He came was Louis Altheimer, a well-to-do Hebrew residing in Mannheim and living on the proceeds of a snug fortune which he had amassed in his youth in the United States.

CALLING NAMES IN CONGRESS.

"Altheimer's specialty was to lend money to officers of the army, to officials and others of that class of society on their promissory notes. His regular charge was 25 per cent. per annum. He went, of course, accommodate only people who seemed to be good pay. As a rule he would extend the note from time to time on payment of the interest, provided he had no fear of collecting a loss.

"In those days Baron Marschall's father was yet alive and in possession of his ancestral estate. The young prosecuting attorney had to live on his salary in his office in Berlin, which salary on his rather modest salary. He managed it pretty well and he had some trouble with a young woman. It would never do for the rising young prosecuting and conservative aspirant to have the scandal made public, and to look it up about 5,000 marks in cash was absolutely required. The baron opened into negotiations with Mr. Altheimer and secured the loan of his note. The interest was paid promptly, and the little bill was extended several times without a single difficulty.

"In advocating the antiusury bill in the reichstag Baron Marschall delivered a vehement speech against blood sucking usurers, especially those of Hebrew descent. The law as passed, largely owing to Marschall's persistency, was exceedingly vague in its provisions, leaving it practically to the discretion of the courts to say whether in any given case the taking of more than 6 per cent. was criminal usury, punishable by imprisonment at hard labor and by fines.

WOULD NOT RENEW.

"The session of the reichstag closed; the baron returned to Mannheim and resumed the duties of his office. Meanwhile he had lent 5,000 marks, held by Mr. Altheimer, waxed to full due. The baron wrote a note to his creditor, asking him to call and arrange for an extension of time under the usual conditions. Altheimer replied briefly to writing that under the new antiusury law he did not feel safe in continuing to lend money in his humble way, and therefore proposed to go into some other business, where he might avoid what him legitimate profits. He notified the baron that the note would be presented for collection.

"This turn of affairs was embarrassing for the young statesman. He wrote again to Mr. Altheimer, stating that the usury act was never intended for cases like his, and could not apply to their relation. He urged a renewal of the note as a perfectly safe and sensible transaction.

"A reply soon came from the Hebrew, acknowledging the baron's good intentions as well as his legal acumen, but at the same time pointing to the fact that the interpretation of the law was left entirely to the courts.

"'Under these circumstances,' Altheimer continued, 'I do not feel disposed to put my neck into the halter. I cannot renew your note. You have been accommodated so far by one of the most absurd Hebrew usurers at his own terms. Your popularity and your position will probably induce some of your Christian friends to lend you the amount without security on perfectly legal interest.'

"Mr. Altheimer's note, it is needless to add, was promptly paid. Marschall subsequently became the diplomatic representative of the grand duke of Baden at Berlin, and still later he was appointed under secretary of state in the foreign office, filling the place formerly occupied by Count Herbert Bismarck."—New York Sun.

No Five Cents in England.

Two batches are unknown in England. An American who uses crackers or cakes as the bar and athletics one of either is promptly surprised with a demand for another two cents. There is a much department in nearly every place, however, where for a few pennies one may get a snack of cream and meat or cheese, the bread and butter being invariably the subject of separate charges, as are pickles and, in fact, everything except the cocktails of the street stand.—Chicago Post.

When Bankruptcies Were Common.

In the old days, when the legal currency had to be over by 12 o'clock, many have had to return as they came, through one of the persons interested bring too late. One man I know well was late at everything, and after two attempts to, on the third day, succeeded in being in time. Another was too late one day, the next he came without the certificate, and the next week came without the ring. We could dispense with that and he was honored but the poor lady, who was not very young, was in a great state of confusement. I am sure he never heard the last of it, but the earnest fellow did live long.—London Pall Mall.

A POLICE MATRON.

Influence of a Womanly Woman Over a Peopled and Hardened Outlook.

The work that a good woman can do for the fallen of her sex is well illustrated by a story related by Mrs. Barney in an address upon the subject of police matrons. She was once urging the necessity of such matrons upon the authorities of a certain city, when the chief of police said, "Well, if you could see one woman that comes in here three or four times a year—'Old Sal!' it took four policemen, he said, to bring her into the cell, and usually they put three handcuffs upon her. One morning Mrs. Barney was told that this woman had been put into a cell the previous night. "We would like to see you bring her into court," the police said. "If you can do that we shall believe in police matrons."

The chief offered to send two men to protect me, but I declined their services. As I reached the cell door I rapped with the key, and then unlocked the door and entered. There in the dark, narrow cell crouched the woman, looking more like a wild beast. She was just ready to spring, as she was expecting the police, she cried out:

"Who are you?"

"I am your friend," I replied.

"It's a lie!" she said. "I haven't got any friends."

"But I am your friend," I reiterated gently.

The woman laughed mockingly. "Who are you, anyway?"

"I am a police woman."

"Oh, I didn't know they had any such things," she said. "I never saw one before. What do you think you're goin' to do?"

"Help you," I replied simply, and as I stood there beside her I dropped my hands upon her shoulders, and call ing her by her married name, I said, "You know you have to go into the court in a minute, and you are not fit to go."

I began to arrange her hair. I took a pin from my own hair. She hadn't a button or a pin or a fastening of any kind in her clothes. She sat there tugging to hold them together, and as I fixed to them her she said:

"Tell me what you are up to. Tell me what you mean."

Looking in her eyes I asked kindly, "Do you remember the first time you were ever in a police station?"

"Didn't I remember it?"

"How old were you?"

"I wasn't strong then, and I am more than sixty now."

"How many times have you been in these places?"

"Oh, I don't know. I guess God don't know—it's so often."

"Do you remember how you felt the first time?"

"I was almost scared to death. I cried all night."

"Sally, if a good woman had been there and had wiped the tears off your face, and had put up your hair and had rested a motherly hand on your shoulder, as I have done today, that would it have meant to you?"

"Oh, I would never have gone back again, but nobody ever cared."

"Now, Sally, I want you to do something for me. I want to get a woman to go into these places to care for the women in the way I have suggested. Wouldn't you like to help me?"

"I would do anything I could to help you."

"The police think you will not go quietly into court with me this morning; but I'm sure you will."

We talked together a little while longer, and then came the call for us to go into court. As we rose from the bed where we had been sitting I said, "Will you take my arm, or shall I take yours?"

She looked me over and said, "Well, I am about three times as large as you; I guess you'd better take mine."

So we went into court. The policemen said they would have circled in if it had been proper, and one of them said that I had "bewitched Sally." And so the poor creature was bewitched, but only with gentle treatment and kind words.—Youth's Companion.

School Blunders.

A teacher in a public school gave out a list of words to be defined and put in sentences. Among them was the word "chasm." A little girl looked in the dictionary, and not being quite satisfied inquired if "chasm" meant "gap."

The teacher absently replied yes, but was astonished when she presented her paper with this sentence, "When I am sleepy I always chasm."

But this is hardly equal to another teacher's experience in a little district school some years ago. She gave out words for analysis. "Bank-note" was one of them, and the teacher's astonishment may be imagined when one young lady brought the following unique analysis:

"Bank-note" is a compound primitive word composed of 'bank' and 'note.' 'Bank' is a simple word, meaning the side of a stream; 'note,' to set down; 'bank-note,' to set down by the side of a stream."—Youth's Companion.

Defined.

A girl, who was a student at a school of technology, and who happened to be extremely slender, furnished a "chemical analysis" of herself, which, after enumerating several articles of clothing in the style of chemical ingredients, ended with the item:

"Of girl, a trace."—Youth's Companion.

In the Art Gallery.

"I don't see any of Jones' work in the gallery."

"No; what does he draw?"

"Teeth!"—New York Truth.

A Cure.

"Do you shave yourself all the time?" asked the barber.

"No. I stop occasionally for meals," said Jingles savagely.—New York Truth.

The Whole Truth.

Caller—Has your mistress gone out?

New Servant—No, but she ain't at home.—New York Epoch.

AS OTHERS SAW HIM.

How General Sherman Got Some Queer Information About Himself.

There was a big celebration by the Grand Army, and as a special treat full of members from New York passed Elizabeth, N. J., a tall, gray headed man entered one of the cars and took a seat next to a comfortable woman, who was thumbed with more badges and medals than a French field marshal.

"Going down to the jamboree, comrade?" asked the commissioner.

"Yes, sir," said the tall man.

"In the war, eh?"

"All through," replied the newcomer, with a smile.

"Of course you were with Grant," said the New York member, with a knowing wink.

"Part of the time."

"Well, I was with Sherman—Atlanta to the sea, you know. Mary's the jolly night I spent playing poker with old Tecumseh. He couldn't play worth a dern though."

"Golden, sir!" said the gray haired veteran, with interest.

"He is, was the feeling money. I'm a great mind to tell the boys of a little incident that occurred during the great march, just as the 'old man' is to be here himself tonight I guess it wouldn't do."

"I shouldn't mind that."

"Well, I dunno. You see, it was like this: Just after we struck the Weldon railroad we had a fight. About noon it let up a little and Sherman and I borrowed a drum from the band for a table and went into the bushes for a little game of draw."

"Queer time for poker."

"Yes, you see fighting was a chance to get in close enough with the enemy to deal. Well, I turned the old man pretty hot, and when at last he opened a jackpot he was almost cleaned out, so he wrote me a little note on pasteboard and sent it to the next man and threw it in the pot. I remember it was a little after noon when the pot was opened, and the action was under way again.

"The old man jumped up. 'Pete,' he says—Tecumseh always called me Pete—'Pete, we can't play this hand just now, but we'll finish it after the scrimmage. Here, I'll put my hand under this stump and you put yours in that hollow log. We don't want anyone to see our hands.'

"He fight that," said the tall veteran, reflectively.

"Well, I guess not. Every time I got near the general he would stand up in his stirrups, wave his sword and yell, 'Ah, ha, Pete, Pete, and I'd rather back, 'A hundred better on you.' It was seven aces he called me, and then the pot was a couple of thousand. After supper we went out, hunted up the cards, and shuffled up and down. I had three aces and two kings, and Tecumseh had four kings and an ace. Singular, wasn't it?"

"Singularly. How did you account for it?"

Account for it? Why somebody had been monkeying with the general's hand, that's what! I don't mention anything, mind, but you can bet your boots I never played Tecumseh again. But here's the station—let's get out and have a drink. What might your name be, comrade?"

"William T. Sherman."—San Francisco Examiner.

A Lake Twice a Cannibal.

A traveler who has visited Bibb county, Ala., says that near a place called Six Mile creek he came across a field of two or three acres which is over a subterranean lake. The soil is only three or four feet thick, and you can take a sharp pole and drive it through to the water beneath. Half a dozen men jumping up and down at once in any portionless spot will make the corn stalks tremble for ten or twelve feet around.

In the driest seasons that patch of ground is always damp, not to say wet, and it can be distinguished from the rest of the field by the luxuriant dark green of the corn planted on it. In one place a well has been dug to the water, and they say a 100-foot line failed to reach the bottom. The water is clear and as cold as that of an ordinary spring, but there seems to be no current.—New York Sun.

Increasing Her Facilities.

Spatts—Why so sad, Blockumper?

Blockumper—My wife has commenced to learn French, so if she wouldn't do enough talking in English.—New York Epoch.

Realism Off the Stage.

Actress (on the stage)—Where, oh! where can my mother be?

Voice from the Gallery—She's sitting in the market selling apples.—Burlington Free Press.

One Way of Proposing.

He—Gertie, you love me, don't you? She—Oh, I can't take it off.

He—Well, take only the "g" off, then, and give me the rest.—Harper's Bazar.

"German Syrup"

A Cough and Croup Medicine.

For children a medicine should be absolutely reliable. A mother must be able to pin her faith to it as to her Bible. It must contain nothing violent, uncertain, or dangerous. It must be standard in material and manufacture. It must be plain and simple to administer; easy and pleasant to take. The child must like it. It must be prompt in action, giving immediate relief, as children' troubles come quick, grow fast, and end fatally or otherwise in a very short time. It must not only relieve quick but bring them around quick, as children chafe and fret and spoil their constitutions under long confinement. It must do its work in moderate doses. A large quantity of medicine in a child is not desirable. It must not interfere with the child's spirits, appetite or general health. These things sort old as well as young folks, and make Boschee's German Syrup the favorite family medicine.

Baron Liebig.

The great chemist, pronounced the well known and celebrated Liebig Extract of Beef, made of the Fresh Beef Plates only, is known by his signature in blue ink across the face of every genuine in Europe or America. He endorsed the Extract

His well known signature thus appears on the wrapper of every genuine Liebig Extract of Beef.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S Extract of Beef.

For Delicious Beef Tea. For Improved and Economical Cookery.

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that by virtue and in pursuance of an order of the Probate Court of the Lake County, Utah Territory, made on the 20th day of July, A. D. 1891, the undersigned, the duly appointed, A. administrator of the estate of Richard Bennett, deceased, will sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, for cash, on the premises hereinafter described, and situate in Lake County, Utah Territory, on the 15th day of August, A. D. 1891, at the hour of 10 o'clock, a. m., of said day, all the right, title and interest of said deceased at the time of his death, and all the right, title and interest of said estate, in and to the following described real estate, to wit: Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40,