

## A PLAIN QUESTION.

I (*Truth*) have recently endeavoured—vainly—to extract from Mr. Matthews a plain answer to a plain question. My question has been this: Was Frederick Jarvis at Kansas City, and subsequently at Del Norte (the town close by Sheridan's Rancho), at any time during the months of November and December, 1888? Mr. Matthews persistently replies that the Chief of the Criminal Investigation Department says that Frederick Jarvis was not there during that time. Asked whether he will cause inquiry to be made of Jarvis himself, he declines to do so. I do not exactly know who the Chief of the Criminal Investigation Department is. But this I assert: either that he has not inquired of Jarvis, and knows himself nothing of the movements of Jarvis, or that he is deliberately telling an untruth.

The denial is important, because it shows that the Government are fully aware how damping it is to them if it can be shown that one of their constables was aiding and abetting the *Times* in its attempt to induce Sheridan to come forward as a *Times* witness, and that it will stick at no *suggestio falsi* or *suppressio veri* in order to escape from admission of this. I again repeat that Jarvis was at Kansas City and at Del Norte at the time that I have mentioned; and I defy Mr. Matthews, or the Chief of the Investigation Department, to obtain a statement from him that he was not.

If the exact facts were known it would be found that, in order to evade possible inquiry, Jarvis was at that time given a nominal leave of absence. That he should have betaken himself to Del Norte—a small town situated in a remote part of the State of Colorado—for his own private affairs or for his private pleasure, is simply incredible. He went there in connection with the *Times*' attempt on Sheridan, and I do not entertain the vestige of a doubt that he reported—either in writing or verbally—to his superiors what he did there.

## JUST DO YOUR BEST.

(By JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.)

THE sign is bad when folks commence  
A findin' fault with Providence,  
And balkin' cause the earth don't shake  
At ev'ry prancin' step they take,  
No man is great till he can see  
How less than little he would be  
If stripped to self, and stark and bare,  
He hung his sign out anywhere.

My doctern is to lay aside  
Contentions and be satisfied;  
Just do your best, and praise er blame  
That foliers that counts just the same.  
I've allus noticed that great success  
Is mixed with troubles, more or less,  
And it's the man who does the best  
That gets more kicks than all the rest.

## MEASURING THE BABY.

We measured the riotous baby  
Against the cottage wall—  
A lily grew at the threshold,  
And the boy was just as tall!  
A royal tiger lily,  
With spots of purple and gold,  
And a heart like a jewelled chalice,  
The fragrant dew to hold.

Without, the bluebirds whistled  
High up in the old roof trees,  
And to and fro at the window,  
The red rose rocked her bees:  
And the wee pink fists of the baby  
Were never a moment still,  
Snatching at shine and shadow  
That danced on the lattice sill.

His eyes were wide as blue bells,  
His mouth like a flower unblown,  
Two little bare feet, like funny white mice,  
Peeping out from the snowy gown;  
And we thought, with a thrill of rapture,  
That yet had a touch of pain,  
When June rolls round with her roses,  
We'll measure the boy again.

Ah me! in the darkened chamber,  
With the sunshine shut away,  
Through tears that fell like a bitter rain,  
We measured the boy to-day;  
And the little bare feet that were dimpled  
And sweet as a budding rose,  
Lay side by side together,  
In the bush of a long repose.

Up from the dainty pillow,  
White as the risen dawn,  
The fair little face lay smiling  
With the light of heaven thereon;  
And the dear little hands, like rose leaves  
Dropped from a rose, lay still,  
Never to snatch at the sunshine,  
That crept to the shrouded sill.

We measured the sleeping baby  
With ribbons white as snow,  
For the shining rosewood casket  
That waited him below;  
And out of the darkened chamber  
We crept with a childless moan;  
To the Height of the sinless angels  
Our little one had grown.  
—EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

## THE STILL-REFLECTING HOUSTON.

I (*Truth*, March 27) published a fortnight ago a letter from Messrs. Wontner, informing me that I had libelled their client, Mr. Houston, and, in any case, that I had been guilty of an unwarrantable impertinence in regard to his respected name. Regarding it as a piece of unwarrantable impertinence of Messrs. Wontner to pester me with their opinions of my conduct, I published the letter without condescending to reply to it. Messrs. Wontner concluded their letter with a dark hint as to legal proceedings on the part of their client. This, from lawyers of their eminence, I thought foolish, for the alleged libel was simply a skit upon the gross and criminal credulity (I use the mildest terms) of Mr. Houston, and I should have had no difficulty in proving that the innuendoes contained in the alleged libels were true in substance and in fact, and were published for the public benefit.

I have received no further communication from Messrs. Wontner in respect to this matter, and I confess that I am somewhat disappointed in not having an opportunity to draw from their client under cross-examination a good deal respecting his relations with Pigott, which still remain veiled in mystery. Personally, I have no feeling against Mr. Houston, and if he likes to send me a letter explaining all connected with the purchase, etc., of the letters, I shall be most happy to publish it. What I particularly want to know is from whom he received the money to purchase the letters; how he came to have such confidence in Pigott as to send him on a fishing expedition to get hold of letters; why he accepted and paid for the letters without testing in any way their authenticity; and finally, why he destroyed all communications between himself and Pigott when he received a subpoena to appear before the Special Commission.

Houston himself seems to have been the instrument of others. He had been employed in some humble capacity on a Dublin newspaper, and he was made Secretary of the Loyal and Patriotic Association, the leading spirits of which were English and Irish Liberal-Unionists. He wished to distinguish himself by making some sort of a *coup*. He was told that compromising letters would be useful, and he turned to Pigott to produce some. His explanation to the Special Commission of how he first obtained the money to engage Pigott to look for such letters, and how he got the money to pay for them when produced, was by no means satisfactory. He said that the money was lent to him. "Lent" seems hardly the right term for the advance. Pigott having handed him over these letters, and he having paid Pigott, he submitted them to Lord Hartington and to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, asking for them an amount in excess of what he had paid for them. Ultimately the *Times* bought them and published them, without even asking through whom they had been procured. What Houston's precise relations with Pigott were we shall never know, for he destroyed the letters that passed between them. When I last saw Pigott he told me that he had a number of communications from Houston, some signed and others unsigned. These, he said, were in his house at Kingstown, and he offered to give them over to me. Thinking that he might repent of this determination, no sooner did he leave me than I sent for two men of energy, and told them that I should want them to go over by the night express to Ireland, and to find themselves in Pigott's house the next morning. They were to tell the servant that he had desired that the letters were to be handed over to me, and, in fact, to come back with them. But when I stated what I was about to have done, the legal element was startled, and registered a protest against these quasi-legal proceedings. The directions were therefore countermanded.

In the meantime, Shannon, as agent of the *Times*, saw Pigott. What occurred at the interview is not known. But the result of the interview is known. Pigott withdrew a portion of his confession. He telegraphed to his maid-servant to destroy Houston's letters. He sent her £30 in notes, which were subsequently traced to Mr. Sames. He left the country, and on his arrival at Madrid he telegraphed to Shannon to say that he was there. As Pigott is dead, and the law does not allow Shannon to be racked, how far all this was *post*, and how far it was *propter* will never be known.

General von Capriovi, the new German Chancellor, never has a pipe out of his mouth when he is awake, except during his meals, and he drinks beer by the gallon. He is a man of considerable ability and most deliberate in all his proceedings. He always meditates for a minute or two before answering even the most trifling question.—*Truth*.

The rule is that unconsciousness, not pain, attends the final act. A natural death is not more painful than birth. Painlessly we come; whence we know not. Painlessly we go; where we know not.—Nature kindly provides an anæsthetic for the body when the spirit leaves it. Previous to that moment, and in preparation for it, respiration becomes feeble, generally slow and short, often accompanied by long inspirations and short, sudden expirations, so that the blood is steadily less and less oxygenated. At the same time the heart acts with corresponding debility, producing a slow, feeble, and often irregular pulse. As this process goes on the blood is not only driven to the head with diminished force and in less quantity, but what flows there is loaded with carbonic acid gas, a powerful anæsthetic, the same as derived from charcoal. Subjected to the influence of this gas, the nerve centres lose consciousness and sensibility, apparent sleep creeps over the system, then comes stupor, and then the end.—*St. Louis Republic*.