THE ARREST OF MISS CASE.

The Incident which has Set England Boiling.

Mr. Newton is a hard-worked magistrate who has the misfortune to preside over a court the atmosphere of which is saturated with moral effluvia. It is therefore not to be wondered at if occasionally his decisions are such as to make men marvel who are less habituated to the poisoned air of Marlborough street. But even when we make allowance for his vitiating environment, we can see no excuse for the way in which he dealt, yesterday, with the charge brought against Miss Elizabeth Case, whose treatment, judging solely from the reports in the morning newspapers, both at the hands of the policeman Endacott, and the Police Magistrate, Mr. Newton, seems to have been simply abominable. Here are the facts, taken from the report in the *Standard*:

On Tuesday night, at quarter-past 8 o'clock, Miss Case, a modest looking, neatly dressed young woman of 23, left her lodgings in the neighborhood of Oxford street to make some small purchases for herself. Miss Case was forewoman in a large dressmaker's establishment, near Oxford street. She had been in her situation three weeks, and during that time had never been out of doors until the night before last, when, with her employer's assent, she went out to buy some things. She walked along Tottenham Court road and Oxford street, and then round by Jay's mourning warehouse in Regent street. On her return she was making her way through the crowd, when Police Constable Endacott took hold of her arm. Startled beyond measure, she asked him what he wanted. He replied by accusing her of soliciting prostitution, and forthwith ran her into the police station. When the police constable was sworn he declared that he saw Miss Case, in company with another woman, whom he did not identify or produce, stop three gentlemen in succession, the last of whom, the constable said, complained in her hearing that he had been stopped three times in the streets since he had left church, and that he was glad she was in custody. That gentleman was not produced, and no evidence whatever was tendered in support of the constable's evidence. Three specific offences were alleged to have been committed at three separate places with three different men, but not one of these men was produced in court. The whole charge rested upon the unsupported oath of one policeman. Then the lady who employed Miss Case entered the box. She said she was the prisoner's employer. She had a large establishment near Oxford street, and the prisoner was her forewoman. (The rest of the evidence we quote textually.) The policeman has been to my house about it, and I consider that he made an improper accusation against my forewoman. He said, "I want to know where your lodger is, as she has been walking the streets for an improper purpose." I told him she was not doing such a thing.

Mr. Newton—I think she was.

The employer—Oh, no; it is quite a mistake. She has never been out of my house before.

Mr. Newton—She was out last night. Stand down, if you please.

The employer—I say she was not out for such a purpose.

Mr. Newton—I say yes.

The employer—I do not understand what you mean.

Mr. Newton (addressing the prisoner) said: New, just you take my advice. If you are a respectable girl, as you say you are, don't walk Regent street and stop gentlemen at 10 o'clock at night. If you do, you will be surely fined or sent to prison, after this caution I have gven you.

The prisoner left the icourt with her friends.

Now, here we have a Magistrate declaring, on the unsupported testimony of one police constable, that a modest-looking young girl, whose employer gave a perfectly good account of her presence in Regent street at that time, was a prostitute plying for hire. It seems to be enough for Mr. Newton that a young woman is in Regent street at half-past 9 at night for him to believe any statement made by a policeman as to her misconduct. This is a monstrous ruling, against which we cannot too strongly protest. Regent street after half-past 9 is practically set apart for prostitutes, and all decent girls who have to pass tnrough it if they stop a man, even to ask their way, are to be fined or sent to prisen. The matter cannot stop here. Sir Charles Warren will do well to institute a searching inquiry into the conduct of the Constable Endacott. If Miss Case had her companion with her, and she can swear to the facts, proceedings ought to be instituted for perjury without delay. It is intolerable that the liberty and character of every decent woman who passes through Regent street at night is to be at the mercy of every police constable on the beat. But this is the actual result of Mr. Newton's decision—a decision which that gentleman must look back upon to-day with grave regret.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

The Age of the Earth.

In boring a well on the farm of Mrs. Sarah Williams, some five miles south of Colusa, J. C. Frazier, who has the farm rented, struck a piece of wood at a depth of 170 feet. The wood brought up by the auger was in an excellent state of preservation and was pronounced "all oak." The place is only fifty feet above the sea level, so that the wood is 120 feet below the ocean's surface. If it was sunk there when this valley was a lake or an arm of the bay it was in pretty deep water. How long since this piece of wood was in a growing tree? The valley, of course, has grown, but without some convulsion of nature the growth has been slow, not perhaps, over one foot per century. Then has it been 17,000 years since this oak tree grew? In the shadow of the Infinite this is not long, but measured by the history of man it is indeed a long space.—*Calusa (Cal.) Sun.*

When Sh Cares for an Old Man.

I asked her if it was possible for a young woman to care for a man much older than herself. "Yes," she replied, "if a man is honorable and occupies a good position in the world; if he is kind, considerate and attentive; if he can take care of a wife and is affectionate to her, the husband commands the respect of the wife, and upon this foundation the structure of a substantial and lasting life is builded."—*Louisville Post.*

Boston has a tailor appropriate'y nam'd Bodkin.

MRS. STOWE'S GREAT STORY.

The Aged Authoress Tells How She Wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

"No, I write no more. I have done, I have done, I have done."

Anything more pitiful, more pathetic, more tragic, cannot be imagined than the effect of the above few words, coming in broken and faltering accents from the lips of Harriet Beecher Stowe.

That the bright intellect of the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is undoubtedly shattered cannot be longer denied.

"Yes, my dear, I loved to write, and began very young. I especially liked writing short stories when I lived in Brunswick, Me. For these I used to get $15, $20 and $25—good pay in those times. I never thought of writing a book when I commenced 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' I became first roused on the subject of slavery when I lived in Cincinnati, and used to see escaping slaves come over the Ohio from Kentucky. Ah, me! it thrills me even now, the sight of those poor creatures! Now, a young girl, suggesting the lover, parent or brother for whom her heart was breaking in bondage; again, the strong husband, aged father or stalwart brother. Oh, I must write a story to stop the dreadful shame! I kept putting it off, dreading to bring the characters to life, till the Fugitive Slave Law lashed me into fury, and I commenced what I meant to be a short story like the others. But it grew and grew and grew, and came and came and came. I wrote and wrote and wrote, and finally thought I never should stop. I did not plan the book as it turned out. I was only full of the wrath, and the story built itself around it as I wrote. A publisher was waiting for a story from me. I told him the subjeet I had undertaken. He wrote, saying: 'You have struck a popular subject; for heaven's sake keep it short.' I wrote in reply: 'I shall stop when I get through—not before.' He never got it, for I had to make a book of it. While writing it I was filled with an enthusiasm which transfused my being, knew no hindrance, no rival interest, no belief but in writing it. I had young children, was keeping house and teaching school at the time, and never worked so hard, but I had to write. Dinner had to be got, I knew. This had to be written, just as much—aye, and more, too. It was though it was written through me, I only holding the pen. I was lifted off my feet. Satisfied? I never thought about being satisfied. When it was finished it was done, and relief came. I never felt the same with anything I afterwards wrote."—*Hartford (Conn.) Letter in Pittsburg Dispatch.*

Good Advice to Contributors.

Every now and then it becomes an editor's duty to say a few words to contributors, either privately or in his editorial columns, in regard to their methods of preparing manuscripts. It is, fortunately, no longer necessary to say "write only on one side of the paper," or "don't fold each sheet separately;" for no one to-day commits these capital offences. Untidy manuscripts, however, are still common. A private letter, bearing on this point, was written by one of cur editors last week, which ran somewhat as follows:

DEAR MISS ——,—I am sorry that we cannet use the accompanying article. As I have written to you once or twice in a way not usual with an editor, I am tempted to go further and give you a little advice about the appearance of your manuscripts. If you will excuse my saying it, they are very untidy. It is greatly to your disadvantage that they come into the editor's hands in such condition; he is always prejudiced at the start against a manuscript that is rolled, or folded so as to necessitate a constant effort to keep the pages open sufficiently to read, and made up of different kinds and sizes of paper, or blotted and interlined to the extent of being rendered in the least illegible, or that is in any other way untidy. It is said of one well-known editor that he refuses to read any manuscripts that are untidy or hard to hold. The manuscript should be so prepared that the editor can put his whole thought upon its subject matter. That manuscript is the most welcome, perhaps, that is prepared from a pad of note paper size, and is sent in an envelope large enough so that the paper need not be folded. Then the editor will at least not be prejudiced against an article before he begins to read. —*Independent.*

Story of a Popular Song.

Mr. J. M. Whyte, the evangelist, is now in the city, after a season of hard work in the Ottawa Valley region. Mr. Whyte is one of the well-known Whyte brothers, whose singing of gospel songs touches a responsive chord in the popular heart, as is shown by the fact that they are in demand at revivals all over the Continent. One of Mr. Whyte's most touching songs is one called "Papa, What Would You Take For Me?" which he has sung in many places. The music is his own, the poem being one of those literary wanderers which are constantly found going the endless "rounds of the press." Mr. Whyte tried to find the author of the poem, but could not for a long time. Another evangelist visited Warsaw, Ind., and there the author found the wandering child of his genius in musical dress. He made himself known and has since communicated with Mr. Whyte. His name is S. B. McManus, and he informs Mr. Whyte that the poem has been published in hundreds of papers in America, Britain and other countries, and has been translated into half-a-dozen foreign languages.—*Toronto Globe.*

Natural Gas and Setting Hens.

The women in and for eight or ten miles around Anderson are just boiling over with wrath because the terrible roaring of the immense gas well at that village has been more disastrous to the egg crop than the loudest thunder ever heard. Not an egg will hatch, and even the old hens refuse to lay, the noise being so great that the biddies become so bewildered that they cannot return to the nest, and even forget to put a shell on the egg.—*Muncie Herald.*

A New Yorker bought a blue flannel suit for $4. He wore the clothes on Saturday, and his skin was stained by the dye. Nor was that all. On Sunday nervous tremors seized him, and the tremors clearly were due to the dye. He reported the case, and the authorities are putting the cheap cloth to a test.

OVER A BANK WITH A BURGLAR.

Mr. Bleakly's Thrilling Encounter with a Midnight Visitor.

A story of a thrilling midnight tussle with a burglar comes from Verplanck, New York State. For some weeks Tarrytown, Peekskill and other towns along the Hudson have been visited at frequent intervals by marauders who have entered and robbed houses, and when pursued, have escaped in a small yacht in which their nocturnal excursions are made. The gang numbers five men and usually includes a boy, who crawls through windows or transoms and opens the doors for his pals. Wednesday night they visited Verplanck and entered the houses of A. Bleakly, D. Tuttle and two others. At Tuttle's they secured a watch, but were frightened off at the other places without booty, one of their number barely escaping capture at the hands of Mr. Bleakly. Mrs. Bleakly, who has been ill, was aroused by some one fumbling under her pillow. She asked if it was her husband and received a muttered affirmative from the burglar. She detected the strange voice, however, and her cries brought Mr. Bleakly from a lounge in an adjoining room, where he lay asleep. He grappled with the intruder and a fierce struggle ensued in the dark. Mr. Bleakly finally succeeded in wrapping his fingers in the burglar's mustache, and was speedily subduing him, when the latter fastened his teeth in the captor's hand, and freeing himself, dashed through the door. Mr. Bleakly, though clad only in his nightrobe, pursued and again grappled the thief in front of the house. In the struggle which followed both men rolled down a steep embankment upon which the house stands, and fell heavily upon the rocks below. Here the burglar again broke away and disappeared through a neighboring alley. Mrs. Bleakly, who had arisen from her bed and followed her husband to the street, where she stood calling upon the neighbors for help, was thoroughly prostrated with fright and her life is despaired of. The thief is described as short and thick set, with a mustache and curly hair.

A Smart Lawyer's Successful Trick.

Law is a very queer thing. Sometimes suggestion of a thing is enough, and other times even absolute proof is no good. Now, when a man dies while a suit is pending the attorney on his side can procure a postponement by saying he's dead. That is how sensible people would put it, but the law calls it "suggesting the death of the plaintiff or defendant." An attorney some time ago was making that common fight against justice by postponement tactics. He had about got to an end of his tether, and felt very blue about it. It seemed inevitable that the case must be tried. He was on hand when the case was called. A bright idea occurred to him. He got up and said: "May it please the Court, I suggest the death of the defendant, and ask an adjournment for two weeks." "Granted." When the case came up again there was a row. The attorney was called up. "What did you mean, sir," asked the Court, "by saying that the defendant was dead, when he is here in court alive and well?" "I did not say he was dead, may it please Your Honor. I merely took the law for it, which provides that counsel may suggest the death of the defendant. I suggested it." —*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Paper and Glass Houses.

Chicago architects are discussing the possibilities of glass and paper as building material. Glass as a building material has many advantages from a sanitary standpoint. It is cleanly and easily kept unpolluted by disease organisms or disease-producing filth. It is non-absorbent and will not collect or hold moisture, as is the case with wood or brick. It is a poor conductor of heat, save that received from the rays of the sun, which for health purposes is the most valuable. Paper also has its advantages when treated by certain processes. It can be prepared so as to be fire-proof and water-proof, and as a non-conductor of heat it is invaluable. It is no idle hope which calls up a vision of manufactured articles from glass and paper which will fill all the requirements exacted of the building materials of to-day.—*Chicago Herald.*

Broken Needles Made Into Pins.

Sitting alongside a lady in the elevated train the other day she had occasion to adjust a portion of her dress which was fastened with a black pin, when the head broke in fragments and disclosed the fact that it was some kind of composition fastened on a broken needle. Curiosity led me to make some inquiries, and I found that nearly all the black-headed pins in the market are made from needles which are broken in the factories in testing the eyes. Any one who has handled the black-headed pins has probably noticed their remarkable sharpness as compared with the ordinary white pins sold in the market. This is the explanation—that they are old needles.—*New York Tribune.*

A Crieff Dinner.

The Scotch, unlike their English neighbors, make Sunday more a day of fasting than feasting. A young Englishman who had paid a visit to the northern portion of Her Majesty's dominions found this to be a fact, and his temper was not improved thereby. On being asked by his friends how he liked his visit to Scotland, he replied: "Oh, I enjoyed myself very much, but I don't care for their Sunday dinners." "Indeed," said they, "and what did you get?" "Nothing in particular," was the reply. "When I was in Crieff all I had for dinner on Sunday was a walk round the church and a smell of the flowers.'

Mr. Wiman's New Enterprise.

Mr. Erastus Wiman has, it is said, bought the large and famous steamship Great Eastern. The price agreed upon is rumored to be not far from $100,000. Those who are acquainted with the facts say that Mr. Wiman is to bring the leviathan over here and anchor her near Staten Island. The Great Eastern is then to be turned into a monster place of amusement, and will include within its bulwarks a theatre, museum, variety show and restaurant.

An infant son of George A. Perkins, of Petrolea, set fire to its clothing while playing with matches last Wednesday, and was burned to death. The child's mother was also badly burned in trying to put out the flames.

SEEN ON THE HOUSE-TOPS.

Queer Features of Roof Life in Crowded Parts of New York City.

From the editorial rooms of the *Mail and Express* the roofs of hundreds of houses may be seen spreading on all sides, some high, others low. Amid the wilderness of smoking chimneys, flapping clothes hung out to dry and interwoven telegraph wires is enough rubbish to fill in an acre of swamp land. Old kettles, broken bottles, bricks, shoes, boots, tomato cans and garbage make up the conglomerate heap. Th low-roofed houses seem to be th dumping ground for the tenements of highe buildings. In the tenement house district the condition of things is much worse, the people habitually throw the ashes anc garbage out of their high windows upon the roofs of the adjoining houses. The tendency so natural in simple country folk to toss their rubbish over a neighbor's fence has come to be a practice with the city people also. The countryman, however, has one advantage over his city brother; he can remedy the injury done him by tossing the rubbish back, whereas this is hardly practicable in the city. The only recourse left the injured citizen is to shovel it off into the street, or upon the roof of a house lower than his own. Roof life in New York is a curious and instructive study. Few know how many thousands of people do their work on the housetops, unobserved by passers in the streets. From the *Mail and Express* windows at least one hundred men and women may be seen on neighboring houses busy with their various occupations. On one roof several women are at their washing tubs, while others are hanging up clothes to dry. On hundreds of roofs long lines of clothes are flapping in the wind. The washing of this city is done upon the housetops. Besides the washerwomen scores of telegraphic linemen are mending their wires. At night time they swarm with human beings. On the east side, where there are few or no public parks, the roofs serve as playgrounds for the poor. Workingmen gather in groups to smoke their pipes, or play dominoes and checkers. Women sit together chatting, while their children run about in play or sprawl at their mothers' knees. Every feature of park life at night may be seen excepting the green trees and the fountains. On some housetops little gardens have been carefully cultivated. Some of them have gravelled paths between the flower beds, where the people walk in the evening.—*New York Mail and Express.*

"Doctor, is My Heart All Right?"

A family doctor tells the following amusing story in the July number of *Cassell's Magazine*: Professor Blank, of E——, devoted a whole week of the session to lecturing to his students on the subject of heart diseases. He had a private apartment opening off the class-room, to which he was wont to retire after he had finished his discourse, in order to take off his gown and enjoy a little meditation by the fire. On the afternoon of the second day a modest knock came to the door. "Enter," said Professor Blank. And, hat in hand appeared one of his students, looking somewhat worried and pale. "What can I do for you, Mr. M.?" "Nothing, I fear," was the reply. "Nothing on earth can aid me. I have the very symptoms that you were to-day describing. Sound me and see, sir." The "sounding" was soon performed. "You're in perfect health as regards your heart." That was the verdict. And Mr. M. went away happy. But hardly had the kindly old professor resumed his seat before another knock resounded on the door. "Come in. Well, what's the matter with you, Mr. C.?" "I'm a dead man," gasped Mr. C., looking wildly round as if he wanted to clutch something. "I've got heart disease, as sure as a gun." "Not quite as bad as that, I trust. Take off your coat." Ausculation and percussion were speedily performed; then the professor laughed in C's face. "Sound as a bell, man," he said. "Go home to your dinner, and don't be a fool." The doctor did not sit down again, however. No, he was afraid there would be more of them, so he hurried along through the quad and got into his carriage. But he had two more visits at his residence on the same night from frightened students, and every day during the remainder of that week he had a visit or two of the same kind. On the following Monday he got on to fevers, and the students completely recovered from their cardiac complaints. Now, I do not mean for a single moment to dispute the fact that there is a good deal of heart complaint about, more in fact than there might have been in the early portion of the century, owing to the race for life and the rate at which the world runs, but I do mean to say that there are ten times more functional and imaginary cardiac ailment than there is of the real thing.

PRO CONFESSO.

Whoso writes delightful story,
True and touching, full of lore,
Shall in human nature's longing
Hold a place for evermore.

All the docks and mossy harbors,
Where the sea-ships come and go,
Still rehearse that spell and pleasing
Of the pages of Defoe.

Eldorado?—still we wonder
Can there any Island lie
In the west of life's attaining,
Where our prime might never die?

Still in secret depths of feeling
We escape Time's onward span;
For the youth's remote transfusion
Stirs the pulses of the man.

A CORNETSOLO.

Oh! for a gun with a seven-inch bore,
All carefully leaded and set,
With its muzzle in front of the sleepless youth
Who tortures the brass cornet.

Oh! for a club, and a stout one,
The biggest that man could get,
To knock the breath clean out of the youth
Who tortures the brass cornet.

A Consultation Necessary.

Physician (to anxious wife)—We have held a consultation, madame, over your husband's case; he is a very sick man, and it might be well to send for a minister, think.

Anxious Wife—Will one be enough, doctor, or would you advise a consultation ministers?—*Life.*

Emotional New York Janitors.

A tenant falls out of a fourth story window and his brains are spattered all over the yard. Says the janitress to her husband: "Ain't it too bad? We had just cleaned the yard so nicely!"

MENTAL CLOUDS.

A Group of Curious Illustrations of Mind Affections.

(David Swing, in the Chicago Journal.)

The eclipse of memory which has suddenly fallen upon the once bright mind of a Chicago young lady awakens, indeed, widespread sympathy for the young beauty and her home circle, but it also compels us to perceive that the different faculties occupy different parts of the brain tissue, and thus a calamity to a beloved girl casts light upon the physical basis of intellectual action. This lady awoke from a sleep and did not know her own sister or the other members of her family. Her mother lingered upon the borders of some well-known being, but to her sister and brother and father she spoke as to strangers. Her language, her reasoning power, her happiness remained, but the world of persons had vanished, to be succeeded by interesting people, but persons who were unknown. Thus upon some part of the brain a disease had fallen, and the faculty which had for twenty years occupied that apartment was rudely evicted.

It may be there is some part of the brain which is the seat of consciousness, and that the little nerve which leads from the memory of persons to that citadel of consciousness has been injured, and that therefore no communication can be made from the suburb to the central city. Blindness results from some paralysis of a little thread which runs from the eye to the brain, and while the eye itself may be perfect and the consciousness perfect in ability, yet, owing to the injury to the intermediate nerve, the image on the retina cannot pass over to the consciousness. Seeing takes place in the dark caverns of the brain, but the image cannot travel in the dark if the bridge be down between, for the abyss is bottomless. In the case of Miss L. the injury may be only to some nerve delicate as a spider's web. Nature may repair the injury, and the lost persons may all return suddenly as they departed. Generally such injuries are irreparable, but we are glad that they are not always so.

Some years ago Mr. Frank Whetstone, of Cincinnati, became suddenly deranged. He knew and loved all his friends, his city, his home, but his judgment was gone, and he was dangerous because his love was liable to make him offer up himself or some person to the honor of some one else. He was taken to the Columbus Asylum, and after a few weeks his reason came back, and came instantly. He saw at once that he was in an asylum. He sent for the Superintendent, and told him that his perfect reason had come back. He was soon back among his friends and never suffered from a return of the malady.

Rev. Marcus Ormond, of Oxford, O., was stricken instantly with the loss of his language. He knew his children, wife and all his friends, but he could not recall the name of any one or of anything. Language had gone. He was not dumb, but he did not know what word to use. His world was all around him, but the names of things had departed. Sitting by his window one day, perhaps a month after the attack, he suddenly uttered the word "peach" to some blossoms which were near the window. He retained great physical power and all his reasoning faculties. The blight had fallen upon the names of things. Very slowly words came back until he could count upon a hundred or two of terms, but he never was able to command words enough to enable him to resume any work as a public speaker. He must have lost thousands of these names in an instant of time. There is no microscope that could have learned what nerve it was which thus became impaired and cut off names from the central consciousness.

After some boys had returned from a circus they attempted to rival the gymnasts they had just seen, and they began with the handspring act. One lad fell rather heavily upon his head and neck, and deafness set in and became total. The youth of that happy hour in the circus is now a man of 24 or 25, but the world of sounds has left him never to return. He was a musician and can now play the piano for others, while to his own heart there comes no sound whatever from the instrument. Some thread was snapped in that moment of innocent play.

Not all of the brain is made use of by the mental powers. A large part of it is, perhaps, only the hull of the nut or the bark of the tree. It may be the supply train which follows the working and fighting army. A Mr. Jessup, of Hamilton, Ohio, shot a Mr. Smith through the head just above the ear. The ball went through the head. But Mr. Smith not only did not die, but he suffered no particular injury from the invasion of his brain-chamber. He was put to bed and was expected to breathe his last in a few minutes, but he did not meet the public expectation.

Thus, after we have chased the mind into the brain, we are still ignorant of the part played in intellectual action by this or that part of the bulk total. Mr. Webster had a large brain, but we do not know what was the office of his extra ounces. They may have been supply stores which were fed out to the toiling cells within.

It is sad that the bright and happy mind of Miss L. should now be found among these abnormal phenomena of nature; it is pitiful to think that her sceptre of friendship has departed, and that, able and willing to love many friends, she has come to the sad pass of not knowing a sister or brother from a stranger. Perhaps all this cloud will suddenly pass away and the lost will be found.

He Was Not to Blame.

Tramp—Say, boss, won't you please help a poor veteran of the war, an old, one-armed soldier?

Southerner—What! Help a man who fit agin us!

Tramp—I didn't fit, boss. I run.—*The Judge.*

Stowaways trouble English steamers more this year than ever before. To find ten or fifteen of them is a common thing. They make friends with the men who load the vessels and are put away wherever they can be secreted. In vessels that bring over brick the loaders will build up a little room around two or three men, and in several cases from a dozen or two dozen men have been thus secreted. Most of them are tramps. They only remain in their hiding places till the vessel is well out to sea, when they make their appearance, to be supported during the rest of the voyage.