

CAPRICIOUS VERDICTS.

MISTRIALS INVOLVING THE LOSS OF LIFE AND PROPERTY.

Convictions of Innocent Men in Due Form of Law—The Notorious Case of the Edlingham Robbery Trial—The Trial of Gardner Morand in Joigny—France—Medical Detectives of Our Modern Jury System.

In America misverdicts are mostly due to the idiotic by-law which requires jurymen to be unbiased to the degree of being ignorant of newspaper comments and the drift of public opinion, i. e., to be specially unfit representatives of the vox populi. In Europe the consequences of that absurd arrangement are still aggravated by the overzeal of legal bullies, whose chances of promotion depend upon their success in securing a conviction by intimidating witnesses and gathering or manufacturing circumstantial evidence, as in the notorious case of the Edlingham robbery trial.

Edlingham is a hillside village a few miles from Alnwick, Northumberland County, England, and the headquarters of a gang of poachers and smugglers who keep the Alnwick police on the alert the year round. On the evening of February 6, 1879, Rector Buckle, of Edlingham, heard his dog bark in the garden till he suspected that the disagreeable state of the weather had something to do with the restlessness of the animal, which, accordingly, was locked up in the stable, where his yelps gradually ceased. The true explanation of the dog's conduct came at midnight, when the pastor's family was awakened by a suspicious noise on the ground floor of the house, and soon came to the conclusion that the parlor was being ransacked by burglars. The Buckles employed only female domestics, but the paterfamilias, in spite of his advanced age, was a champion of muscular Christianity, and armed himself with a stout cudgel. He then descended the stairs, followed by his eldest daughter with a lighted candle.

TWO MASKED MEN

rushed out of the parlor, trying to force their way to an open window in the adjoining kitchen, but, finding their exit barred, prepared for action. The first shot knocked the candle out of Miss Buckle's hand, the second wounded her father about the face and shoulder, and his daughter then fled upstairs, shrieking for help. The robbers effected their escape, and subsequently investigations proved that they had secured a considerable sum of money, besides a gold watch and some miscellaneous jewelry.

The rector's injuries were not serious, but the charge of buckshot had roused his fighting instinct. Within half an hour after the flight of the burglars the village had been alarmed, and two mounted messengers galloped off in the direction of Alnwick.

The Alnwick Constable, with several assistants, arrived before daybreak, and as once surrounded the house of Charles Richardson, poacher and desperado, Richardson and his housemate, George Edgell, had been mixed up in all sorts of ugly scrapes, and were strongly suspected of having had something to do with the murder of a gamekeeper, who a few months ago had been found dead in the thicket of a game preserve. Both men, however, were found in their beds. Their shoes and stockings were dry, and they pointed to a pile of half-finished baskets as a proof that they had not been out for the last 24 hours.

THE PUZZLED CONSTABLES

then decided to take a look at the cabins of two other poachers, Mike Brannagan and Peter Murphy, neighbors and partners in midnight enterprises. Both had left their shanties that night, and were arrested on returning muddy and wet in the dawn of the morning. They admitted the theft of sundry cones, but indignantly repudiated the more serious charge. "I would not raise my hand against that old man for a thousand pounds," said Mike Brannagan, but the constables held on to their prisoners.

Several witnesses testified to the law-abiding reputation of the defendants—Brannagan a broad distinction between sportsmen's poaching and robbery, but Buckle insisted that one of the poachers looked suspiciously like the big fellow that leveled a shotgun after head, and one of the constables produced a plate of Parisian footprints in the parson's garden. These impressions exactly matched the pattern of Mike Brannagan's boots and Peter Murphy's brogans, and a cold chisel, found near the kitchen window, was identified as the property of Murphy's relative, John Redpath. A shred of paper which another witness swore to have picked up in the rear of the parsonage, was proved to have been torn from a copy of weekly found in the pocket of a Murphy's overcoat. One of the rector's servant girls, moreover, produced

A SHRED OF CLOTH

which appeared to resemble the material of Brannagan's blouse. In looking about the garden she had found that rag in a hedge near a gap where the burglars seemed to have effected an entrance.

Brannagan's friends secured the services of an able lawyer, who called attention to the improbability of the defendants having followed up a desperate and successful crime by a rabbit-hunt. They had been caught with a bundle of cones, pointed out the place where they had concealed the spade, and, moreover, had co-operated with another poacher in the small hours of the eventful night. But the circumstantial evidence was too strong, and could be successfully rebutted only by a shred of cloth, which experts pronounced Brannagan and Murphy were found guilty of the crime and sent to prison for life.

Nine years had passed, when Charles Richardson and George Edgell one morning appeared before a Justice of the Peace and

pleaded guilty to the robbery of the Buckle parsonage. Edgell specified all details of the transaction, produced the stolen jewelry, assumed the main guilt of the plot, but confessed that the pangs of conscience had kept him on the rack ever since the day of that shameful verdict, and that he had resolved to regain the peace of his soul at any risk. A storm of indignation swept through Northumberland County and set the newspapers of all England a-flutter. The case was discussed in scores of indignation meetings and finally in Parliament, and under the pressure of public opinion the two innocent prisoners were released by a special order of the Home Secretary and

GRANTED AN INDEMNITY each of £800—about \$4,000. Their return to their native hunting grounds resembled a triumphal procession, and their change of fortune enabled them to resume their rabbit hunts in broad daylight. The real culprits were let off with five years, but the confession led to an unavoidable sequel of the first trial. Who had manufactured all those details of circumstantial evidence? The prosecuting Attorney proposed to solve that question, and the culprits could secure a conditional acquittal, only by devolving the main share of responsibility upon a now defunct accomplice.

A much more unmitigated outrage upon justice was the trial of the gardener Morand, in Joigny, France. In the winter of 1888, a Joigny fisherman discovered a corpse which before long was identified as that of Watchmaker Vetard, who had been missing for several days. A family of strolling vagrants were arrested on suspicion, but could prove an inextinguishable alibi, and the Court of Inquiry was on the point of being adjourned, when an old spinster volunteered the information that the ill-fated man, on the last day of his life, had been seen in the company of a tricksey griolette, and had probably been murdered in her house. The house in question was that of Josephine Martin, a notorious intrigante and manager of assignation adventures, who was arrested after a detective had confirmed the spinster's conjecture by the discovery of several compromising facts. Unsigned letters found in the watchmaker's desk were written in a hand clearly resembling that of the adventures, and the walls and floors of the Martin den bore traces of recent scouring and scraping. Eugenie Clergeot, nee Martin, sister of the defendant, was likewise arrested as a probable accomplice. She had been seen flitting about her sister's house

THE NIGHT OF THE MURDER,

and excited her neighbor's suspicion by indulging in the purchase of sundry expensive gewgaws. La Martin at first denied the charge in all specifications. She had been out of town on that night, she said, and pleaded for postponements till she could secure the needed witnesses; but in the meantime the evidences of her guilt multiplied, and she finally admitted the authorship of the letters and the possibility that the watchmaker, Vetard, had been killed in her house during her temporary absence. A few days after she condescended to name the probable murderers, but retracted her charge in a fright, when the implicated parties threatened to engage a certain detective, who would look up her antecedents and perhaps clear up the disappearance of some of her former correspondents. She then implicated a small shopkeeper of a neighboring village, but finding herself liable to get in contact with another lawyer and an able-bodied alibi, she composed a memorandum, explaining the motives of her former prevarications and charging the crime upon the inkpoker, Vacher, and the gardener, Alfred Morand, both of Joigny. Vacher, she said, had hatched the plot and hired Morand to execute the details of his scheme; the befuddlement of Vetard, the murder and the removal of the corpse. They had selected her house because they knew she would not be at home that night, and the presence of her sister could be accounted for on the theory that she had seen suspicious letterers in the garden, and approached them to ascertain their motive.

A close search of Morand's premises failed to discover the least trace of the plunder, which, according to Josephine's confession, had been removed from

THE MURDERED MAN'S HOME

in bags and wheelbarrows. Many of his witnesses testified that they had seen him hard at work digging ditches for the Street Commissioner on the day following the alleged crime. He was an industrious, sober man of scrupulous honesty, but had to plead guilty to the possession of a violent temper and a pair of herculean fists—a combination that had made him more than one enemy among his worthless neighbors. On one occasion he had grabbed two female gossips and banged their heads together till they were unconscious. One of the watchmaker's makers now appeared as a witness for the prosecution. She testified that she had seen Vacher (the inkpoker) and Morand whisper together on a certain street corner on the eve of the fatal night.

"Can you swear that you recognized both these men?" asked one of the counsel for the defense.

"Yes, sir. I have been talking under oath all along," replied the witness defiantly, but within ten minutes was squelched by indubitable proofs of the fact that Vacher had not left his tavern at all that evening. It seems strange that the two male defendants were then not dismissed at once, but the confidence of Morand's friends was modified by the ominous circumstances that the spectators had repeatedly tried to his him of the witness stand, while the silver-tongued strumpet had been as often applauded like (or as) a stagacting well-rehearsed part. But their worst fears were exceeded by the verdict and its inevitable results: Vacher and La Clergeot (Josephine's sister) were acquitted; Josephine got off with a reprimand and a sentence of police supervision as a writer of decoy letters, and Alfred Morand was found "guilty without the admission of mitigating circumstances," and would have expired the ill will of loafers on the guillotine if president Carnot had not commuted the sentence of death.

A Distinction.

Barrero—"I say, old chap, loan me ten for a week."
Munn—"I've no money to loan."
Barrero—"Come off, you're rich. You've money to burn."
Munn—"Perhaps, but not to loan, my boy."

JUST TEN HUNDRED.

The Number of Servants in Queen Victoria's Household.

Queen Victoria's household is a large one, consisting of just under a thousand persons, for the maintenance of whom the nation sets apart the sum of \$2,500,000 every year. Most of the posts are sinecures or fixtures for life.

In the early part of Queen Victoria's reign a mistress of the robes may possibly have done a few hours' work in the year, giving orders that the apparel of the Sovereign should be carefully preserved from moth and dust, renewing the legal ermine, velvet and lace at stated times, and seeing that the crown jewels were always locked up safely after a public airing. She could also affix her name to warrants empowering one worthy tradesman to sell sewing cotton to the royal household and allowing others to put up the royal arms over their doors because their various wares were bought by personages of illustrious degree. Harriet Sutherland's signature was always most as good an addition to business advertisements as "To the Queen" emblazoned in big gilt letters over the shops.

Some of the posts are entirely ornamental, and others have very little duty attached to them. Probably the only additions to the household since the time of Henry VIII, are two steam apparatus men. Although there is still no longer a royal barge, nor any pageantry on the Thames, there are still a bargemaster and a waterman with a salary of \$2,000 a year. For the past 200 years there has been no hawking in the forest of Windsor, and the office of grand Falconer, held by the Duke of St. Albans, has only been suppressed within the last two years. There are four table deckers whose sole duty is to lay the dinner cloth and see that the plates, dishes and cutlery are fairly set forth. There is also a wax fitter, who sees the candles properly disposed, and a first and second lamplighter, who receives the same salary as that of the post laureate, which is \$500 a year. Then there is the "keeper of the swans," who annually pockets \$150 for looking after the sacred birds on the royal waters. Lastly, there is the "queen's rat-catcher," who is especially attached to Buckingham Palace. His salary, \$75, is provided outside the civil list. Every session the House of Commons, in committee of supply, considers the vote and gravely agrees to it.

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

A wise man's day is worth a fool's life. Wine invents nothing; it only tattles. Goodness thinks no ill where no ill seems. There is nothing good or evil save in the will.

Valor employed in an ill-quarrel turns to cowardice.

There are more men ennobled by study than by nature.

It is the enemy who keeps the sentinel watchful.

Silence, when nothing need be said, is the eloquence of discretion.

To know that which before us lies in daily life is the prime wisdom.

The virtues are lost in self-interest as rivers are in the sea.

There is no ghost so difficult to lay as the ghost of an injury.

When the world dissolves, all places will be hell that are not heaven.

The most substantial glory of a country is in its virtuous great men.

Life without industry is guilt, and industry without art is brutality.

Individuality is everywhere to be spared and respected as the root of everything good.

It is as easy to call back a stone thrown from the hand as to call back the word that is spoken.

God writes the Gospel not in the Bible, alone, but on trees and flowers, and clouds and stars.

It has been the rule of my life to confer all the favors I can and to ask as few as possible.

When wars do come they fall upon the many, the producing class, who are the sufferers.

I ask not for his lineage, I ask not for his name, if malice be in his heart he noble birth may claim.

The heart of youth is reached through the senses; the senses of age are reached through the heart.

A vine bears three grapes, the first of pleasure, the second of drunkenness, and the third of repentance.

Whatever you would have your children become, strive to exhibit it in your own lives and conversation.

Not all the pomp and pageantry of worlds reflect such glory on the eye supreme as the meek virtues of one holy man.

Sells His Wife for Money.

A despatch from Anderson, Ind., says:—According to the terms of a trade consummated in this city, Joseph Mix disposes of his wife and all his household effects to Joseph Badgely, a farmer. About two years ago Mix married Laura Clearwater, who, previous to the marriage, had been the housekeeper for Farmer Badgely. Since the wedding Badgely has lived the life of a lonely man. On Tuesday morning Badgely drove up to the residence of Mix and going into the house, inquired how much he would take for his wife and all the household effects. He replied promptly that a \$5 bill would buy what Badgely wanted. "I'll just make it \$25 said Farmer Badgely, so the terms of sale were agreed upon. Badgely brought Mrs. Mix to the city and together they went to the law office of Kitzinger & Reardon. There terms of the deal were fully explained and the law firm retained to bring divorce proceedings for Mrs. Mix. As soon as the divorce is procured Badgely will make Mrs. Mix his wife and take her to his home.

SOME LATE INVENTIONS.

A FEW OF THE LATEST AND MOST USEFUL CONTRIVANCES.

A Novel Door Fastening—A Quick Cup of Tea—Supporting Belt—Useful in the Kitchen—An Artistic Fence Stay.

As an adjunct to the ordinary door fastenings in hotels and elsewhere the appliance shown in the annexed drawing merits attention. It is compact, easily fixed up, and cannot be forced without breaking the woodwork away. As seen from the illustration the device consists of a plate of metal, formed with knives or claws for pressing into the door jamb. One part is intended to project into the room, while bent stops almost or quite touch the jamb.



The knife edges having been pressed into the wood a short distance, the action of closing the door drives them well into the woodwork. When the piece attached to the chain is then hung over the neck of the metal plate the door will be effectually fastened against any one trying to enter. The appliance is small in size, and has been especially designed for travelers to carry about with them.

A QUICK CUP OF TEA.

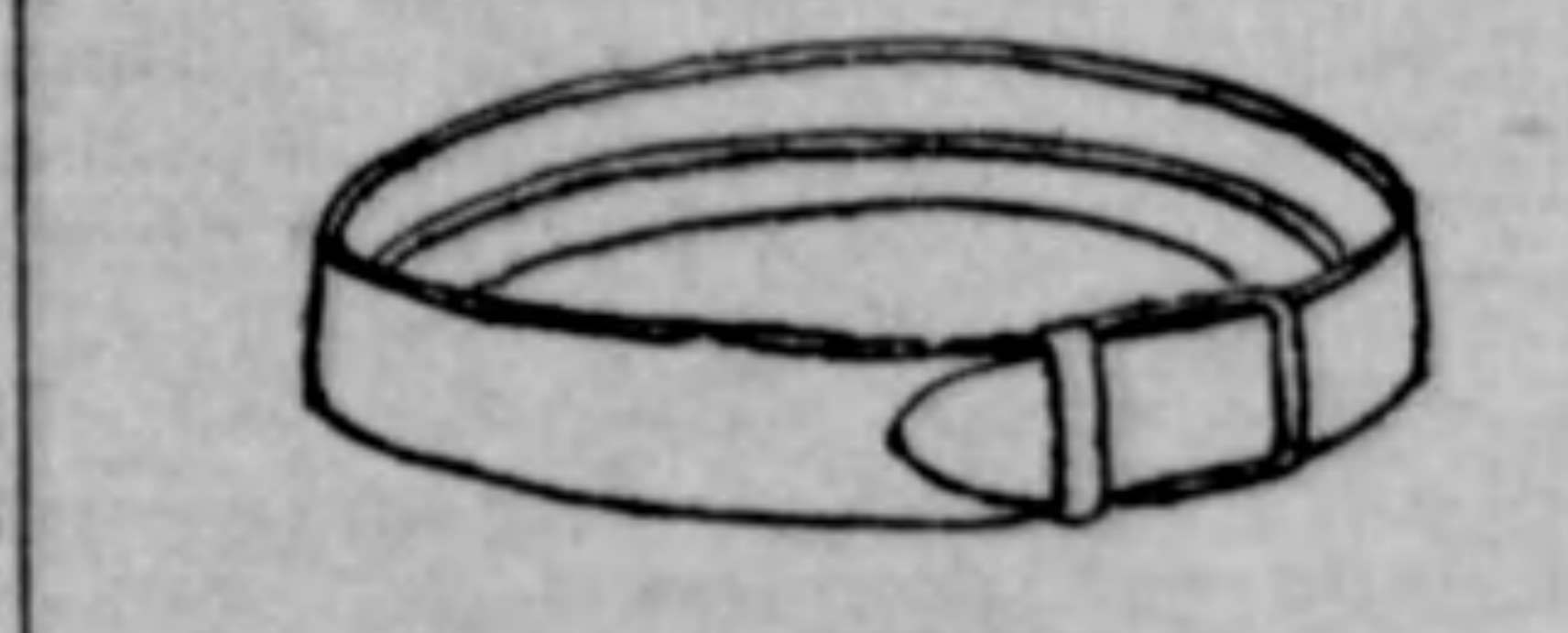
Here is an exceedingly novel and useful household article, fresh from Paris, and what a boon such a device should be to the tea drinker! There is no pot to be hunted up, nor a strainer to catch the finer particles of the tea-leaves. When it is desired to have a single cup of that greatest of nerve soothers, the tea is placed in the one half of the perforated spoon, the other part closed, and boiling water poured upon the



A NOVEL SPOON. spoon as it rests in the cup. The spoon is allowed to remain in the water until the desired strength of the infusion is obtained.

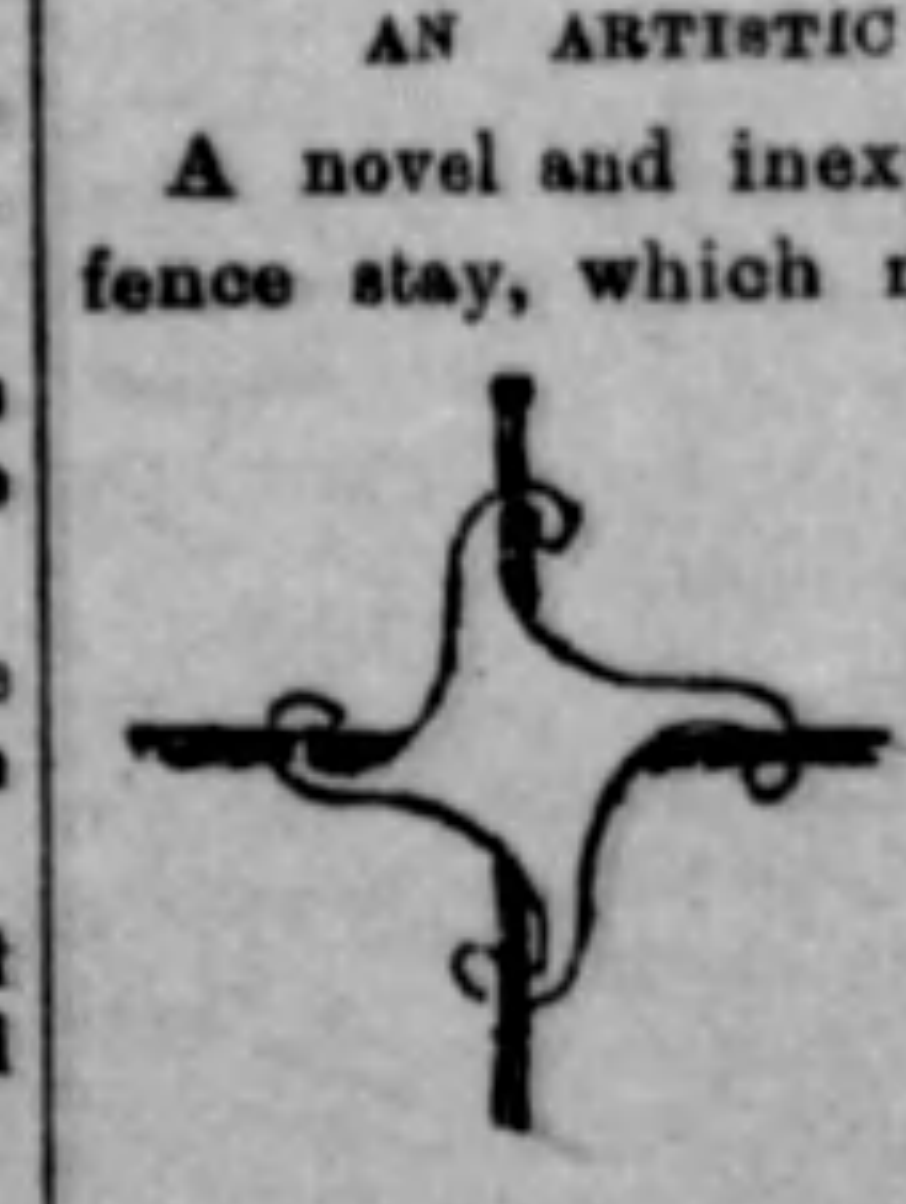
SUPPORTING BELT.

Many men who are partial to the wearing of belts in summer find the ordinary belt far from satisfactory. If worn loose the trousers are always dragging the ground, whereas to firmly support the trousers compels the wearing of a belt so tight as to be uncomfortable in many cases. In order



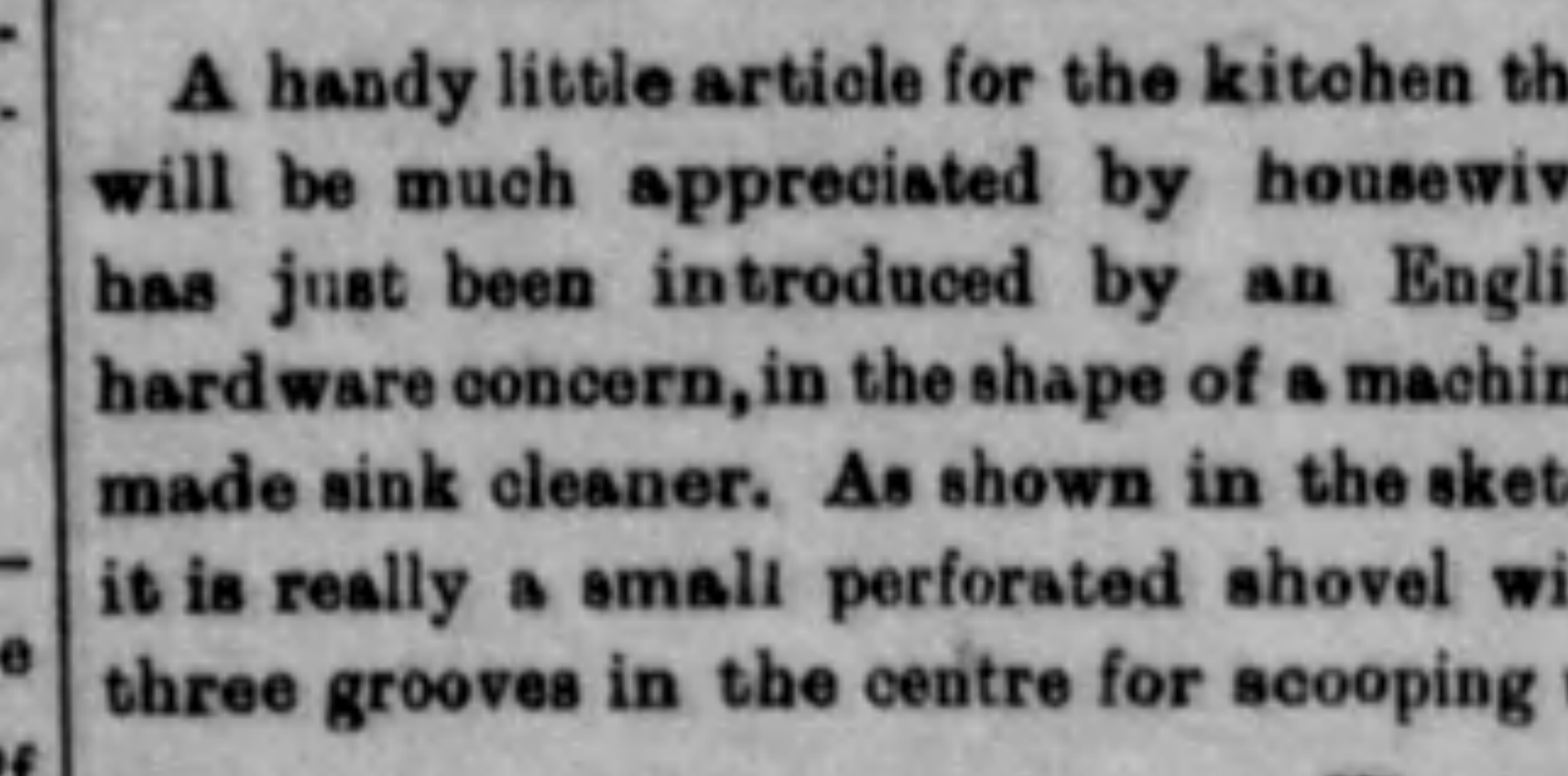
AN ARTISTIC FENCE STAY.

A novel and inexpensive form of wire fence stay, which not only forms a firm joint for the crossing wires, but at the same time produces an artistic effect when employed in inclosing yards, gardens and the like, has recently been introduced. The essential features of the arrangement are shown in the annexed sketch. The hooked arms are clamped upon the two wires, the latter being crimped into the concave face of the stay.



USEFUL IN THE KITCHEN.

A handy little article for the kitchen that will be much appreciated by housewives has just been introduced by an English hardware concern, in the shape of a machine-made sink cleaner. As shown in the sketch it is really a small perforated shovel with three grooves in the centre for scooping up



refuse on the sink. The perforations and grooves allow the water to drain off rapidly before the refuse is thrown into the fire or

dustpan. This contrivance should remove all risk of potato prings or other vegetable matter, or scraps from the dinner table, being washed down the drain pipe. When desired the cleaner can be placed over the sink pipe to intercept solid matter. The article is made of tin, and is got up in art colors.

THE WAR WILL GO ON.

Japan Will Prosecute the War with China to the Bitter End.

The news that the commander of the Japanese army—who has already proved himself to be an Eastern Moltke—has taken up his quarters at Port Arthur is followed by the expression by war correspondents of their doubts as to any negotiations for peace between China and Japan proving successful. We are told that the army is the dominant party in Japan, and that the leaders of it are bent upon continuing the campaign, and, further, that in the House of Representatives notice has been given of a motion declaring that the time for peace negotiation has not arrived. These indications that the war is going to continue, that the opening season is going to bring more

BLOODSHED AND STRUGGLE.

cannot be disregarded by anybody who is interested in the history of the human race and its development in Asia. The humane must naturally will be filled with regret that the horrors of war are to continue, with perhaps a repetition of such massacres as that of Port Arthur. To the political student, however, the scene of Eastern conflict presents possibilities that may well be regarded with disquietude. Japan has made tremendous strides, she appears to be well on the way to obtaining enormous treasure from China's hoard of golden millions, and she evidently possesses a military and naval discipline which very nearly match that of Europe. The Japanese exhibited at Weihai-Wei not only the foresight which we now expect of them, but the kind of soldier-like resolution and fidelity to duty which have hitherto been supposed to be attributes only of European armies. Japan has in her the potentiality of becoming

A FORMIDABLE SEA POWER.

She is, in fact, a power which if not absolutely first-class is first-class in its power of action. She has a great power of planning operations far in advance, and she is apparently unscrupulous in regulating them solely by considerations of self-interest. The question as to how long the war will be carried on and what the issues of it will be is evidently one that cannot long be disregarded by Great Britain and the other powers. It is understood that the British Government has arranged with Pekin, in the event of certain contingencies, for the occupation of Chusan. It is not unlikely, therefore, that the coming months will see some interference in the Eastern embroglio by one or other of the European powers. Meanwhile it cannot be doubted that this Eastern war is developing features which have brought a new anxiety to diplomats and Governments. In a year a new power has risen and proved its right to a very important place on the map of the world.

COLDEST PLACE.

A Siberian Town Where the Mercury Drops Out of Sight.

The word "arctic" has been very much in evidence during the cold weather of the last few weeks, and perhaps there are those who imagine that it could hardly be colder at the North Pole than it has been in England lately, says the Westminster Gazette. To them the following facts and figures may be interesting. The coldest inhabited spot on the earth is the little town of Verchojansk, in Siberia, which is situated 67 degrees 34 minutes north latitude, 133 degrees 5 minutes east longitude. The lowest temperature observed there is 90.4 degrees Fahrenheit below zero. The average temperature for January is 65.4 degrees below; February, 50.8 degrees below; March, 18.4 degrees below; April, 3.2 degrees below; May 32 degrees below; June, 50 degrees below; July, 57.2 degrees below; August, 42.8 degrees below; September, 28.4 degrees below; October, 4 degrees below; November, 40 degrees below; December, 58 degrees below. The terrible cold which prevails in Eastern Siberia, is, fortunately, not accompanied by wind, for otherwise no human being could exist there. The minimum temperature at Jakutsk is 79.6 degrees Fahrenheit below, and at Ustjansk 63.2 degrees below, and during the whole month of January the thermometer never reaches the height of 1.4 degrees Fahrenheit.

The winters are extraordinarily dry in this region. The lowness of temperature is due to the fact that Eastern Siberia is not influenced by oceanic depressions, and a very high atmospheric pressure, with calm, clear weather, and a dry atmosphere, prevails. In this way the warm air currents are aided in their escape, while the high mountain ranges in the south and east tend to imprison the masses of cold air. Hendenstrom and Wrangel have published very remarkable reports on the effect of the cold upon the living organism in Siberia. If the temperature sinks to -40 degrees F. every breath that is drawn causes pain in the chest and lungs; old tree trunks burst with the frost; rocks are shattered with a noise like thunder, and deep chasms form in the ground, from which streams of water rush steaming, only to be turned into ice the next moment.

Two of a Kind.

"Come up to my house, Smithson, and hear my baby talk. It's the most wonderful!"

"You forget," said Smithson with dignity, "that I am a father myself."

The Domestic Critic.

"You seem to have all the late novels, Jimson. What do you think of them?"

"I haven't read them yet," answered Jimson, "my wife is reading them to see if they are fit for me."