A Witness for the Defence.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

It had been raining steadily all day. It was still raining as I stood at the corner of a great London thoroughfare on that wretched November night. The gutter babbled, the pavement glistened, humanity was obliterated by silk and alpaca; but the night-wind was cool and fresh to me, after a day spent in a hot police court, heavy with the steam of indigo-dyed constables, of damp criminals, and their frowsy friends and foes. I was later than usual. That was why I stood hesitating, and turning over and over the few shillings in my pocket, painfully gathered by a long day's labor as a young and struggling legal practictioner. I thought of my poor little sick wife, waiting so longingly for me in the dull lodgings miles away. I also considered the difficulty of earning two shillings, and the speed with which that sum disappeared when invested in cabs. I thought of the slowness and uncertainty of the 'bus, crowded inside and out; again of the anxious eyes watching the clock; and my mind was made up. I called a hansom from the rank just opposite to me, and jumped in, after giving my directions to so much of the driver as I could make out between his hat and his collar.

I felt tired, hungry, and depressed, so that I was glad to drop off to sleep, and forget weariness and worry for a little while; and I remained unconscious of bad pavement and rattling rain, blurred glass and misty lights, until the stoppage of the cab roused me. Thinking that I had arrived at my journey's end, and wondering why the glass was not raised, I smote lustily on the roof with my umbrella. But the voice of the driver came down to me through the trap in a confidential wheeze; and at the same time I saw that there was a great crowd ahead, and heard that there were shouts and confusion, and that my cab was one of a mass of vehicles all wedged together by some impassable obstacle.

"P'liceman says, sir," explained cabby, "as there's bin a gas main hexploded and blowed up the street, and nothin' can't get this way. There's bin a many pussons hinjured, sir. I'll have to go round the back streets."

"All right," I replied. "Go ahead, then."

Down slammed the trap; the cab was turned and manœuvred out of the press; and I soon found myself traversing a maze of those unknown by-ways, lined with frowsy lodging-houses and the dead walls of factories and warehouses, which hem in our main thoroughfares. I was broad awake now, excited by the news of the accident, speculating on its causes, and thinking of the scenes of agony and sorrow to which it had given rise, and of my own fortunate escape. The hansom I was in was an unusually well-appointed one for those days. It was clean and well cushioned; it had a mat on the floor instead of mouldy straw. Against one side was a metal match holder, with a roughened surface; bearing, as the occasional street lamps showed me, the words "Please strike a light. Do not injure the cab." On each side of the door was a small mirror, placed so as to face the driver; so that I could see reflected therein, through the windows, those parts of the street which the cab had just passed.

We careered up one dreary lane and down another, until, having just turned to the left into a rather wider thoroughfare, we were once more brought up. This time it was a heavy dray discharging goods at the back entrance of a warehouse. It was drawn up carelessly, occupying, in fact, more room than it should in that ill-lighted place. We were almost into it before we could pull up. To avoid accident, the cabman threw his horse half way across the road; and in this position proceeded gently but firmly to expostulate with the drayman after the manner of cabmen on such occasions. The surly fellow would take no notice, and made no attempt for some minutes to give us room. I was too listless to interfere, and lay back in the cab, leaving the driver to get over the difficulty as he might.

In the right-hand glass, owing to our slanting position across the road, I could see reflected, a few yards off, the corner of the street out of which we had just turned with the lamp which stood there, and above the lamp the name of the street, which, though reversewise on the mirror, I made out to be "Hauraki Street." The queer name attracted me; and I was wondering what colonial experience could have led the builder to select it, when I saw the reflected figure of a man come into the light of the lamp along the road in which we stood. He was young, but dishevelled and dirty, and evidently wet through. His clothes, bad as their condition was, looked somehow as if their wearer had been, or ought to be, in a better condition of body than his present one. He stared desolately about him for a while, as if to see whether there could be any other creature so miserable as to be lounging purposelessly about, without an umbrella, in such a place on such a night. A neighboring clock struck eight, and he seemed to turn his head and listen till the clangour ceased. Then he inspected the sleeves of his coat, as people always do when unduly damp, and drew one of them across his forehead, taking off his hat for the purpose, as though hot from exercise. Then he carefully produced from inside the sodden and melancholy hat a folded piece of paper and a clay pipe. He filled the pipe from the paper, restored the latter to the hat, and put the hat on his head. Then he looked helplessly at the pipe. I guessed that the poor wretch had neither a match nor a penny to buy one. A thought seemed to strike him. He looked up suddenly at the lamp, and I saw his face for the first time. I am an observer of faces. This one was peculiarly short and broad, with a projecting, sharp-pointed chin, a long slit of a mouth, turned down at the corners; as it was now half open in perplexity, it disclosed a conspicuous blank, caused by the loss of one or more front teeth. The eyes were small and dark, and half shut with a curious prying air. This was all I noticed; for now the man began awkwardly and laboriously to "swarm" the lamp-post; evidently with a view of getting a light for his pipe. Having got about half-way up to the top, he incautiously stopped to rest, and instantly slid to the bottom. Patiently he began all over again; and I now saw that if he was not altogether tipsy, he was something very like it. This time his efforts were so ill judged that he caved in the melancholy hat against the cross-bar of the lamp; and the last I of him as my picture vanished at the whisking round of the hansom, he was blindly waving his pipe at the lamp glass, his head buried in the wreck of his hat, as he vainly endeavoured to introduce the pipe through the opening underneath, and beginning one more to slide impotently down the shaft.

I got home without further adventure in time not to be missed by my little invalid; but for several days the queer street-name abode with me, as the merest trifles will haunt an over-anxious mind, such as mine then was. I repeated it to myself hundreds of times; I made it into a sort of idiotic refrain or chorus, with which I kept time to my own footsteps on my daily tramps. I tried to make rhymes to it, with indifferent success; and altogether it was some weeks before the tiresome phantom finally departed.

Also, I often wondered whether the drenched young man with the crushed hat had managed to get a light after all.

Twelve years had gone, and with them my troubles—such troubles at least as had been with me at the time of the beginning of this story. I was now a prosperous solicitor, with a huge and varied practice, and with a comfortable home on the northern heights of London, wherein to cherish the dear wife, no longer sick, who had been my loving companion through the years of scarcity. The firm's practice was a varied one; but personally I devoted myself to that branch of it in which I had begun my professional life—the criminal law. In this I had fairly won myself a name both as an advocate and a lawyer—often very different things—which tended to make me a richer man every day. And I am glad to be able to say that I had added to this reputation another yet more valuable—that of being an honourable and honest man.

Late one afternoon, as I sat in my office after a long day at the Central Criminal Court, making preparations for my homeward flight, a stranger was shown in to me. He sat down and began his story, to which I at first listened with professional attention and indifference. But I soon became a trifle more interested; for this, as it seemed, was a tale of long-deferred vengeance falling after the lapse of years upon the right head; such as we lawyers meet with more often in sensational novels—of which we are particularly fond—than in the course of practice.

Some dozen years ago, he said, there had lived in a remote suburb of London an elderly maiden lady, named Miss Harden, the only daughter of a retired merchant skipper, who had got together a very tolerable sum of money for a man of his class. Dying, he had left it all to his only living relative and friend, his daughter; and on the interest thereof she managed to live comfortably, and even to save quite a third of her income. These moneys she—being, like many maiden ladies, of a suspicious nature—always declined to invest in any way, but kept them in an oaken cupboard in her sitting-room, which cupboard she was accustomed to glorify for its impregnable nature, when the danger she ran by keeping so much money about the house was represented to her. Perhaps she was fortified in her obstinacy by the consideration that she was not entirely alone and unprotected, though most people thought that such protection as she had was worse than none. It consisted in the presence of an orphaned nephew, to whose mother, on her deathbed, Miss Harden had solemnly promised that she would never forsake the child. She had been as good as her word, and better—or worse; for she had treated the boy with such foolish indulgence that he had grown up as pretty a specimen of the blackguard as could be found in the neighborhood. After being expelled from school, he had never attempted to improve himself or earn his own living in any way, except by betting (and losing), and by making free with certain cash of his first and only employer; which questionable attempt at providing for himself would certainly have led to his being some time provided for by his country, but for the tears and prayers of his aunt, and the sacrifice of a round sum of her hoardings. From that time he lived with her, and she cherished and endured him as only women can. Scolding him when he came home tipsy at night, putting him carefully to bed and forgiving him the next morning, only to scold and put him to bed again the same evening; so with little difference, went on their lives for years.

But at last this loving patience began to wear out, and as the aunt got older and more irritable, the nephew's little ways caused louder and more frequent disagreements. One morning things came to a climax. She caught him actually trying to set free the imprisoned secrets of the impregnable cupboard with a pocket-knife. Being interrupted and violently abused—the old lady was very ready with her tongue—he turned round and struck her. She did then and there what she had threatened often of late; ordered him out of the house, and what was more, saw him out. There was rather a scene at the street-door, and the lookers-on heard him say, in answer to her vows that she would never see him again, "When you do see me again, you'll be sorry enough;" or words to that effect. The last time he was known to be in the neighborhood was about three o'clock that afternoon, in a public-house close by, which he used to haunt. He was then in a maudlin state, and was descanting to a mixed audience on his wrongs and on the meanness of his relative. He further produced the knife with which he had attempted the cupboard, and was foolish enough to say that "he wished he had tried it on the old woman herself, and he would too, before the day was out."

All this greatly amused his rough hearers, who supplied him well with liquor, and generally kept the game alive, until the landlord, becoming jealous of the reputation of his house, turned him out of doors. From that moment he disappeared; but the same night a horrible murder was committed. The aunt had sent her one servant out for half an hour. The girl left at a quarter to eight, and returned at a quarter past, to find the poor old maid lying dead on the floor, while the oak cupboard was open and empty. Screaming with horror, the girl called in help; and one among the crowd that filled the house before the police came picked up on the floor a knife, which he identified as the very one which the nephew, whom he knew well, had exhibited that afternoon at the public-house. He repeated this evidence at the subsequent inquest, and it was confirmed by many others who knew both the knife and its owner. A verdict of wilful murder was returned against the nephew, whom we will call John Harden, but who had disappeared completely and entirely. Inquiries, advertisements, and the minute description of him was posted, together with the offer of a heavy government reward for his apprehension, throughout the three kingdoms—all were useless. In the course of time the affair died out, except as an occasional remembrance in the minds of those who had been most intimately connected with it.

But on the afternoon of the very day on which the stranger waited upon me, John Harden had been recognized in the Strand by my informant. He wore a well-fitting suit of dark clothes, and was, in fact, the confidential servant of a retired Australian millionaire, who had come to England to spend the rest of his days there. On being addressed by his name, he at first appeared surprised, though in no way alarmed; but almost immediately admitted that he had formerly gone by that name, though he had for years borne another. His accuser straightway gave him into the custody of the nearest constable, charging him with the murder. Then indeed the unfortunate man showed the greatest horror and disturbance of mind, protesting that he did not even know his aunt was dead; that he had intended to go and see her as soon as he could be relieved from attendance on his master; that he had even written to her several times, but having received no reply, had concluded that she was determined to renounce him entirely. He was locked up at the station for the night, and was to be brought before the magistrate in the morning; and my informant's object in coming to me was to instruct me to prosecute, not being content to leave that duty to the police. He was, it seemed, the very man who had, as already stated, picked up the knife with which the murder was committed; and he expressed himself as being extremely anxious that justice should be done, and that the murderer should not escape. He stated that, though badly enough off twelve years ago, he had since succeeded in trade; that he knew the poor old lady well, having done many an odd job about the house for her; and that he was willing, for justice' sake, to put his hand as reasonably far into his pocket as could be expected. As he sat opposite to me, his face burning with indignation, I could not help thinking that it would be well for the country and lawyers if all citizens were as prompt as my new client to spend their means in exposing and punishing crime in which they had no individual interest. I said something to this effect, and my remarks were received with a proper pride, tempered by modesty. "He hoped he knowed his dooty as a man, and tried to do it."

It so happened that I was obliged to leave town next day, to attend to certain matters connected with an estate for which I was trustee, in another part of the country. I told him this, adding that the magistrate would certainly send the case for trial, and that I should be back in town in time for the next Old Bailey sessions, and I would be responsible that the case should receive proper attention in the meantime. He merely said that he left the matter in my hands, and that if I said it would be all right, he was content, and so departed, engaging to attend to have his evidence taken down the next morning. I went to the office of a brother practitioner on whom I knew I could rely, handed him my written instructions, requested him to take up the case and work it until my return, and then did what every business man should be able to do—wiped the subject altogether out of my mind for the present.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE LARGEST CITY.

Something of the Government of the World's Biggest City.

A new scheme for what we should call a revised city charter for London is before Parliament and under public discussion. The present "city" corporation of London only covers the central part, a very limited area, and outside of that the city is governed by twenty three vestries, fifteen district boards and other commissions, making forty local administrative bodies to govern one city. It adopts the uni-cameral system of legislation; that is, it will have but one legislative body—a common council of 240, elected for three years by all voters throughout the city who would be entitled to vote under the general laws of municipal elections. Voters otherwise entitled, but non-resident, may preserve their right if they live within twenty-five miles. In this common council are charged all the authority possessed by the above-named forty boards. Each district will elect its own councilmen. Members are apportioned to districts on a double basis of population and valuation and the first election is to be held January 29, 1885. The lord mayor is to be chosen by the common council for a term of one year. But the aldermen of London,—time-honored office of vast dignity,—must go. The board will expire May 1, 1885, except that the present members will retain their functions as justices of the peace during life. The sheriff of London who is now elected by the city guilds will be elected annually by the common council, who will also elect a deputy mayor. The lord mayor must be approved by the Queen before taking office. There seems to be no provision whatever for the subject which troubles great American cities, namely, the executive appointments, and it is not very clear what the provisions are for filling the executive agencies of the city. There is, however, a singular device for a local board in each district called a district council, consisting of the councillors from that district ex officio and a body of district councillors, also chosen for three years. These sub-divided bodies will have no power to tax or appropriate, but they may spend money "allocated" or allotted to them by the central board. The Common Council is to choose coroners, who will have salaries. The schools remain under the control of the existing School Board. The troublesome question of licenses is all placed in the hands of the justices of the city until otherwise ordered by Parliament, and the police remain as now under the immediate control of the home secretary—that is, of the imperial government.

The first Londoner, according to the *Builder*, who introduced conduit water into his premises was a tradesman of Fleet-street. This is how a record of 1478 sets forth the occurrence: "A wax chandler in Fleet street had by crafte perced a pipe of the condit withynne the ground and so conveied the water into his selar; wherefore he was judged to ride through the citie with a condit uppon his hedde," the city crier meanwhile preceding the criminal and proclaiming his offense.

HORRIBLE MURDER IN NEW YORK.

A Husband Stabs his Wife to Death, and Then Attempts to Kill Himself.

Delia Ambrose of 88 East Third street, New York, called for her sister, Mrs. Mary Wolfe, at 212 East Twenty-sixth street, at 2½ o'clock, on a recent afternoon, and the two went out shopping. They spent an hour in the store, and then walked homeward with packages in their arms. They went up to Sixth avenue, and through Twenty-sixth street to Third avenue. They crossed Third avenue, and had just stepped upon the sidewalk at the southeast corner when a wild-looking man sprang at Miss Ambrose from behind and stabbed her twice, on the left side of the head and in the neck.

"John!" she exclaimed, as she staggered against a lamp-post, and at the same moment Mrs. Wolfe exclaimed, "My husband!"

As Mrs. Wolfe spoke the man seized her and stabbed her in the left temple. Mrs. Wolfe broke away from him and ran into Michael Sweeny's liquor store on the corner. Blood spurted from her wound over the flags and against the shop window. She entered the saloon by the front door and sat down upon a beer keg opposite the bar and midway between the front door and the side entrance on Twenty-sixth street.

The saloon keeper was behind the bar, and Patrick McDonough, a customer, leaned against it. They had heard the screams in the street, and as the woman staggered in, McDonough ran to the front door to see if any one was pursuing her. As he reached the door he saw the wild-looking man with a knife in his hand about coming in. McDonough slammed the door and turned the key in the lock.

The man was not to be kept out, however. He ran around to the Twenty-sixth street entrance. The figured plate glass door there was closed. The man struck it and shoved it with his shoulder. He stood in the doorway for a moment, glaring around, and then saw the woman cowering on the barrel. He rushed at her, seized her by the shoulder, and threw her violently to the floor. She did not cry out, and he did not say a word. Kneeling on one knee, he stabbed her three times, striking hard each time. Then he straightened up, glared menacingly at Sweeney, who still stood behind the bar, and then deliberately plunged the knife three times into his own abdomen, and without a cry fell across the woman's body, dropping the knife by her side.

Miss Ambrose had looked into the saloon and run out again just after the man had rushed in. She now came in with Policeman Murray. Mrs. Wolfe was dead. Her light-colored hair and her close-fitting black suit were wet with blood, as was the parcel she still held.

"That man," said Miss Ambrose, "is my sister's husband. His name is John Carpenter. He has just come from prison, where he was sent in 1878 for stabbing a woman whom he mistook for my sister in St. Francis Xavier's Church."

Two ambulances and the dead waggon were called. The body of Mrs. Wolfe was taken to the Morgue. Carpenter and Miss Ambrose were taken to Bellevue Hospital.

Mrs. Wolfe was a handsome woman. She was 33 years of age. There was a deep wound on her right temple, the right ear was severed, the subclavian artery in the right side was cut, and a wound on the left side of the neck, which caused instant death, cut through the jugular vein. The cuts were made with a crescent-shaped shoe knife.

Carpenter is 50 years old, about 5 feet 8 inches tall, with close-cut gray and black mixed hair, and clean shaven face. He has dull blue eyes, heavy square features, and the general build and expression of a bruiser.

"Yes," he said in a surly tone as he lay on a stretcher in Surgeon Moak's ward' "the woman I killed was my wife. I intended to kill her. I wanted her out of the way. I wanted to die myself, because I'm tired of living."

His wounds are serious. Miss Ambrose's cuts are painful, but not of a dangerous nature.

FACTS AND FIGURES.

London has 3,000,000 working people.

Foreigners own 21,000,000 acres in the United States.

Nearly 40,000,000 pounds of maple sugar were made last year.

France exports one million dollars worth of eggs annually.

The available cash in the treasury of the U.S., is upwards of $150,000,000.

There are 40,000 persons in New York dependent upon gambling for a living.

Tobacco of all kinds contributed last year nearly $45,000,000 to England's revenue.

Forty-five thousand workmen are engaged in the watch-making industry in Switzerland.

The production of sorghum syrup increased from 7,000,000 gallons in 1860 to 29,000,000 in 1880.

The city of St. Petersburg has a population of 828,016, only a quarter of whom were born in the city.

It is estimated that $1,000,000,000 of securities are kept in safe deposit vaults in the vicinity of Wall street.

It is proposed to make the river Seine ninety-eight feet wide, to have Paris a seaport, at a cost of $20,000,000.

During the quarter ending March 31, the sale of postal cards in the U S decreased by 10 000,000. This was owing to the two-cent postage rate.

In France there are now 4,575 miles of navigable rivers and 2,900 of canals, while in 1852 there were only 4,190 miles of river navigable and 2,440 miles of canal.

Thirty-two hens laid 110 dozen of eggs for Wm. Carlton, Bluehill, between Nov. 1, 1883, and March 15, 1884, averaging twenty-eight cents per dozen. Feed, meal with a few oats.

There are twelve manufactories of artificial teeth in the United States, which make 10,000,000 of these useful articles per annum. They are made of feldspar, kaolin and rock crystal.

At Bourke, New South Wales, the average temperature of the hottest part of the day for the first 15 days of the present year was 110 6° Fahrenheit, and the highest temperature recorded during thrt period was 122° Fahrenheit.

In self examination, take no account of yourself by your thoughts and resolutions in the days of religion and solemnity; but examine how it is with you in the days of ordinary conversation, and in the circumstances of secular employment.

ERRATA.—In the advertisement of the Albert Soap Co., in another column, a typographical error has been pointed out to us which it is desirable to correct. The *Sham Bouquet* should read the *Shamrock Bouquet*. We regret that such a blunder should have occurred, but mistakes will happen, even in the best regulated printing offices.

"I have known," says St. Basil, "men who have fasted, and prayed, and groaned, and yet would not give the afflicted one farthing." But God said to Cornelius, "Thy prayers and thy alms come up for a memorial before God."

Nerviline, What is it?

Polson's NERVILINE is a combination of the most potent pain relieving substances known to medical science. The great progress made in this department of science points upward and onward. Nerviline is the latest development in this movement and embodies the latest discoveries. For neuralgia, cramps, pains in the head—external, internal, and local—Nerviline has no equal. Expend 10 cents in the purchase of a sample bottle of Nerviline and be convinced of its marvellous power over pain. Sold by druggists. Large bottles 25 cents at all druggists.

Not to fear death is a slight to Him who made it our special punishment. Not to desire death is an indifference to Him who we can only reach by passing through it.

Employment for Leisure Hours.

Write direct to the author, Mrs. Clarke, 38 Pembroke St., Toronto, for all particulars of "Mrs. Clarke's Cookery Book;" neatly bound, systematically arranged; recipes numbered, intelligibly indexed; sells readily at $1; liberal commission to agents; sample copy post-paid, for $1; $10 to $20 per week can be easily earned by selling this famous Cook Book, the best in the world.

Wouldest thou that thy flesh obey the spirit? Then let thy spirit obey thy God. Thou must be governed, that thou mayest govern.

St. John N. B.

Falls in to line, says Mr. Hawker, one of its leading druggists, writing regarding the cure, states—"I don't think I ever sold a bottle, but that I received a good report in return, and consumers recommend afflicted friends to try it. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, is sure, safe and painless—and therefore the opinion expressed by Mr. Hawker above, is the opinion of all druggists in the Dominion. Beware of substitutes. Use only Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, sure pop cure every time. N. C. Polson & Co., proprietors, Kingston.

It is a mournful picture that Christ becomes a stranger to his own friends, and is excluded from his own house.

The Triangle Dyes are such as one friend can take pleasure in recommending to another. Mark well that you get a three cornered package, for they are the only reliable Dyes in the market. 10c.

A churlish, croaking, gloomy professor of Gospel-religion is a living libel; he haunts society like a ghost.

Oh! how tired and weak I feel, I don't believe I will ever get through the Spring house-cleaning! Oh yes you will, if you take a bottle or two of Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters to purify the blood and tone up the system. In large bottles 50 cents.

A.P. 180.

$250 to **$4,000** on marriage. Ladies & Gentlemen. Apply immediately. R. CURRY, J.P., Sec.-Treas. London, Ont. Agents wanted.

IMPROVED WASHING MACHINE, PATENTED, approaches nearer the old method of hand rubbing than any device yet introduced to the public. Easily worked, and washes perfectly clean, without breaking buttons, or injury to the clothes. Descriptive circulars mailed free. Price, $5. J. H. OONNOR, Vankleek Hill, Ont.

Reinhardt's Hair Restorer and Moustache Producer.

A genuine preparation which is guaranteed to do what is claimed for it. Producing luxuriant whiskers or moustache in six weeks. In bottles safely packed to any address for $1. F. REINHARDT, Mail Building, Toronto.

FLOUR AND SAW MILL FOR SALE at Lakeside, county Oxford; brick building 40 x 2½ storeys high, containing three pair mill stones and necessary machinery for flouring and custom work; mill 35 x 60, capable of cutting 5,000 to 10,000 feet per day, all driven by new 50-horse-power Buckeye automatic cut-off engine; 3½ acres land house, stable, drive-house, good fruit orchard, sheds and stabling for farmers' teams; price $8,000; terms, $5,000 cash, balance on mortgage. G. DALRYMPLE, Lakeside.

SMOKED SAUSAGES

The most convenient meat for farmers in their busy season. These meats are cooked and ready for use. Sold by grocers through the Dominion. Send for price to W. CLARK, P. O. Box 342, Montreal.

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WHAT SHALL I DRINK

THE MONTSERRAT

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Cordial, most wholesome, delicious and refreshing beverage. Strictly pure and entirely free from Alcohol. Gold Medal Calcutta Exhibition. Sold by all druggists and grocers. Sole proprietors H. SUGDEN EVANS & CO., Montreal. Agents, JAS. H. PEARCE & Co., Toronto.

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