

THE POET'S SONG.

The soul of the poet is haunted  
By a song so strange and sweet  
That if the world could hear it,  
Its restless heart would beat  
To grander and nobler measures,  
And those bowed down with pain  
Would half forget their sorrows  
In listening to the strain.

But he cannot voice the music  
That haunts his poet-heart.  
If he could, the souls who heard him  
Would break their bonds apart,  
And up to the heights would follow  
This singer as he sung,  
And earth would win back the glory  
It had when it was young.

He hears in the wind, in the pine tree,  
And the sorrowful plaint of the sea,  
The cry of a captive spirit  
That is struggling to be free.  
So ever the soul of the poet  
By its captive song is stirred,  
The sweet and unearthly music  
No ear but his has heard.

Sometimes you will hear him singing,  
And count the song most sweet;  
But when he sings the sweetest  
He feels the old defeat.  
It is only the poor, weak echo  
Of the music he would make,  
And because he cannot voice it  
It seems that his heart must break.

I think that the heart so haunted  
On earth is always dumb,  
But the language that it longs for  
Some day will surely come.  
High on the hills of heaven  
The soul of the poet will sing  
The songs that it could not utter  
In his earthly wandering.  
—Eben E. Rexford.

THE EMPRESS'S AUTOGRAPH.

Scarcely had the postman gone out of the house, after having left the morning letters, when Jules Dupre, who was watching from his sixth-story window, descended hurriedly to the porter's office.

"Any letters for me?" he asked.

The porter put on his spectacles, gathered up the letters which had just come in, looked them over one by one, and replied, laconically:

"None."

"Thank you," said the young man, and he slowly remounted the stairs, where his friend, Armand, was waiting for him.

Through economy, the two young men lived in the same room. There were to be seen all their furniture, all their books, and all their papers. There were more papers than anything else, because both of them ran manuscript mills. We regret to say that while the two young men turned out a great deal of manuscript, they succeeded in placing very little. Once in a while, one of them would get an article inserted in one of the papers, but they scarcely made enough to live on, even by making a partnership of their assets—and liabilities.

"Well," said Armand, seeing his companion enter.

"Nothing, as I told you. We shall have to wait until the end of the month. My uncle is man who is a believer in fixed dates."

"The deuce! We have five days yet to wait. Still, I would not object to breakfasting to-day instead of five days from now."

"We needn't breakfast."

"I am as hungry as a wolf. You know we had rather a light supper yesterday."

"Yes, it is true that a smoked herring for two is scarcely glutty."

Armand, his hands in his pockets, walked up and down the room reflectively.

"See here," said he, "don't you know anybody who could loan us a hundred francs?"

"Yes, I know lots who could, but I know no one who would."

Armand suddenly cried out: "I have an idea."

"Is it a good one?"

"Listen. Have you not often spoke to me of an old collector of autographs who lives in this house?"

"Yes, he lives on the first floor, a man named Bridoux."

"What sort of a man is he?"

"Well, I don't know. I have scarcely seen him more than a couple of times."

"Suppose we try and sell him something?"

"That is a good idea. It is true we have plenty of autographs, but they are mostly our own. He wants historic ones."

"Are you sure no celebrity ever wrote to us?"

"I don't think so, but there is the correspondence folder. Look through it."

Armand seated himself at the table, emptied the box upon the table, and began to go through the letters. For at least half an hour he carefully turned over the sheets of paper.

Suddenly he cried out:

"Eureka! I have found it—a letter from the Empress Marie Louise."

Feverishly he waved in the air a yellowing sheet of paper almost cut in two by the folds.

Jules looked at it. "Why, I recognize that," said he. "It is a note from little Marie Louise, who used to be a saleswoman at the lace-counter in the Louvre. I got that letter from her when I was serving my volunteer term of a year, with the grade of corporal."

"I tell you, old man, that it is from the Empress Marie Louise, and it is addressed to the great Napoleon."

"And dated 1873?"

"1813, my dear fellow. The seven looks exactly like a one. It is after the victorious battle of Lutzen, and this is what the empress wrote:

"My Little Corporal: You have won enough of laurels for the moment.

Leave your army, and come to me at the Louvre, where I am yawning in the midst of billows of lace.

Maria Louise."

"And you think you can sell that to our neighbor Bridoux? Why, you are joking. It would be a swindle."

"You can aid me. Have you not false heard that you wore at the masquerade last year?"

"Yes, I think it is around somewhere."

"Listen, then, and I will teach you your role."

In a few words Armand instructed his friend what he had to do, and then putting the precious autograph in his pocket-book, said: "Do not forget. Knock in a quarter of an hour."

Armand repaired at once to the apartment of Bridoux. The autograph-collector lived alone. He was a man of about sixty years of age. Armand looked at him critically.

"I wish to speak to M. Bridoux."

"That's my name, sir."

"I wish to see you on a serious affair."

"Come in," said Bridoux.

Armand entered, and Bridoux offered him a chair.

"Sir," said Armand, "I have heard of you as being one of the most erudite autograph-collectors in Paris, and I wish to show you something very rare—an autograph of the Empress Marie Louise."

So saying, Armand unbuttoned his coat, carefully took out his little pocket-book, and from it took the letter, which he placed under the eyes of the autograph-collector.

Bridoux read it, mused, and said:

"It is very short. You say that those characters are from the hands of the Empress Marie Louise? Her autographs are very rare."

"It is authentic. The empress addressed it to the great Napoleon the day after the battle of Lutzen."

"But the emperor lived at the Tuilleries then?"

"Certainly, sir, and that observation proves your intimate knowledge of the history of the time. But, if you will remember, during the absence of the little Corporal, as he whirled from battle-field to battle-field the empress was in the habit of retiring to the Louvre."

Bridoux was evidently flattered at his historical knowledge being praised; but, rubbing his nose reflectively, he said:

"How did the letter fall into your hands?"

"Oh, in the most natural manner in the world. I got the letter from my father, who got it from my grandfather. My grandfather—a soldier of the Empire, and a fanatic admirer of Napoleon—picked up this letter one day when it had fallen from the pocket of the great man, and preserved it as a precious relic. Sir, nothing but the most urgent need would force me to sell it. It is for me a question of life and death. Nevertheless, I beg you to believe I am patriotic, for if I come to you, it is because you are French, and because, if you purchase it this precious document will remain in my country. I could have had ten times the price I asked you. Just now an Englishman tried to buy it on any terms. He followed me, even dogging my steps to the door of this house."

But Bridoux evidently did not appear in a hurry to bind the bargain.

"I would willingly buy it, but I wish to consult an expert first."

"I regret, sir," replied Armand, "that I cannot wait." He turned cold, inside as he said to himself: "This affair is going to fall through if Jules does not hurry up."

At this moment the door-bell rang. Bridoux went to open it. Jules entered. He was unrecognizable. His hat was on the back of his head, his coat was buttoned to the chin, and he had on a pair of long red whiskers not unlike those which adorn the English tourists who travel around with those queer "personally conducted" parties.

At the sight of this curious personage, the autograph-collector stared in stupefaction.

"Pardon me," said the false Englishman. "I wish to speak to the gentleman who just came into your house."

Bridoux was about to reply, when Armand interrupted.

"How," said he, "you here again, man?"

"Yes, I will give you two hundred francs for your letter."

"But I told you I would not sell it."

"I will give you five hundred francs."

"I tell you, sir, that I am already making a bargain with this gentleman."

"I will give you a thousand francs."

"I beg you, sir, to leave the room."

"Very well," said the false Englishman, "I will wait for you outside the door, but I must have that autograph," and he left.

"You see," said Armand to Bridoux, "the price that Englishman attaches to this precious document. Don't force me to let it pass into his hands when I ask you only one hundred francs."

The autograph-collector was at last convinced. He took out of his secret-taire a bank-note for one hundred francs, and gave it to Armand, who thanked him and withdrew.

Not long after that the two young men made a raise, and the first thing they did was to put a bank-note of one hundred francs into an envelope with this document: "Restitution and thanks," and addressed it to Bridoux. But Bridoux never knew what it meant. He simply covered the hundred francs into his treasury, and for him the note of the little saleswoman at the Louvre lace-counter is still an authentic autograph of the Empress Marie Louise.—From the French in Argonaut.

In Massaloupa, a mountain resort of Japan, there is a spring of blood-heat temperature. Some of the visitors remain in this water for a whole month with a stone on their knees to keep them from turning over in their sleep

A TRAIN-ROBBER'S PARADISE.

Italian Railroads and the Experiences of Travelers on Them.

It is surely time that the attention of the public should be called to the robberies from baggage on the Italian lines of railway, which are now of constant, probably of daily, occurrence, which must be committed by the guards of the trains or with their knowledge, as no one else can have access to the baggage in transit from one place to another, which the Italian railway authorities and the police hear of almost daily, but of which no notice is taken. I will give a few instances, writes Augustus J. C. Hare, the eminent author to the London Times. The well-known Miss L. S. has a residence both in Rome and Venice. Moving last year from the former to the latter, her boxes were opened and various articles taken. A small wooden box in one of her trunks was forced open at the hinges. It mostly contained papers, which were left, but a gold piece of 100 francs was found among them and carried off. This year the same lady moved at the same time from Rome to Venice. She then had her boxes sealed. On receiving them at the Venice station, her servant saw that they were sealed still, and did not observe that the seal of one of them had been broken and replaced by a new (a finger) seal. On reaching home it was found that everything in the box had been turned out and ransacked, and all the contents of a work box thrown out amongst the other things. Several articles were missing. The Venice station-master, informed at once, said that he "saw no reason to suppose that the robbery had been committed by one of the company's servants."

Within a very few days of this, the Countess of Kenmare had her boxes opened between Bologna and Venice and various objects stolen. About the same time an Italian princess, coming from Bologna to Venice, lost all her jewels in the same way. Mr. Ralph Curtis, resident of Venice, had his boxes opened and half his clothes taken. Two valuable dresses were abstracted from the boxes of the Queen of Italy during her last journey from Venice to Monza. A precious bracelet, inherited from Sir J. Outram, set with large Indian diamonds, was taken from the trunk of Mrs. —, and when the authorities were informed of it, they only expressed polite regret that any one should have had "costi poco delicatezza" as to steal her jewels!

A gentleman traveling on the line from Genoa to San Remo, got out at a small station. Before he expected, he saw the train in motion. He had no time to regain his place but jumped into an open baggage van. He was surprised to see the look of consternation with which a guard in the van and his companion received him. Then he perceived that several trunks were open and their contents piled upon the floor of the van. He had presence of mind to light his cigar, turn his back and look as if he had observed nothing. Otherwise, "Mysterious discovery of the body of an English traveler on a railway line" would have headed a paragraph in next day's paper.

Another crying evil is the state of Florence railway station. Always the worst managed station in Europe, it is now a perfect bear-garden. Any one can obtain access to the platform on the payment of one soldo, and at the time of the departure of the evening train for Rome it is crowded by all the worst characters in Florence.

On the evening of March 12 I was about to leave Florence for Rome. From unavoidable circumstances I had nearly £100 in my pocket, £70 being in English banknotes. The money was in an inner breast pocket of my coat, with a great coat over it. I thought it absolutely safe. I had kept out enough money for my ticket, but unfortunately my baggage cost more than I had calculated, and to get a five francs note I was obliged to take out my pocket-book. It was safely replaced, but it must have been seen then. There was the usual crowd on the platform, and great confusion when the multitude of travellers, penned up in the waiting-rooms, were let out into it. I put my hand-bag to keep a place in an already crowded carriage, and then went to look for something better, but failed to find it. Returning to the first carriage, I found two men on the step, who, with loud Italian vociferation, rudely opposed my entrance—"You cannot come in here, this is not your place," etc., and they pushed violently against my chest. I contended that my hand-bag was already in the carriage and my place taken, and eventually got in, the men pushing against me to the last, and then disappearing. Immediately the train was in motion, I found that in those pushes my inner pocket was torn out, and my pocket-book and money gone.

I telegraphed back to the Florence station from the first stopping place, and wrote to all the authorities at Florence. Two days afterwards I was summoned to the Roman railway station and had the usual silly examination (afterward six times repeated on six different days at different Roman police offices) as to my exact age, occupation, and place of birth, the Christian name of my father, etc. Then I was asked how I should recognize my robbers if I saw them. Of this I felt doubtful, as on the March evening on which I was robbed it was already almost dark. But the police official said: "A group of men will come into the end of this room; see if you recognize any of them." I said: "Yes, the second from the wall on the left." Then he said, "Now another group will come in," and again I pointed out a man, and it proved that those were the two men who had just been arrested for other flagrant robberies at Florence station. I saw their booty which had been taken—a mass of purses and pocket-books, a large pile

of watches, chains, and ladies' ornaments. The authorities said that no English notes had been found.

A fortnight later I was summoned to the Roman prison of the Carcere Nuovo. There again I picked out my two robbers, each out of a group of other men, and each time proved right. Though I have never had any hope of recovering my money, I have since lingered on in Italy, expecting to be summoned to give evidence at their trial; but I have heard nothing; the case is probably dropped.

But at table d'hote, in railway carriages, omnibuses, etc., the last railway robbery is now always the topic of conversation. All experienced Italian travelers set out on their journey feeling that their boxes are likely to be robbed, and Italians themselves bring the very utmost possible baggage into the carriage with them. Lace and jewels entrusted to travelling trunks are more than likely to disappear. Small articles, such as pocket handkerchiefs, scarfs, etc., are very generally taken. There is no redress. The underpaid guards are practically allowed and encouraged to add to their salaries in this way.

A LOG CABIN WOOLING

Sue and Joe Sot and Sot Until Sue's Mother Took a Hand In.

It was only a two room cabin, and after supper Mrs. Coots and I sat down in the front room and left her daughter Sue, a girl about eighteen years old, to clear away and tidy up. Sue had just finished when a young man slipped into the kitchen. His head gear was a coon skin cap, the bottoms of his trousers were tucked into his boot legs, and he was as awkward and ungainly as a cow on ice.

"Howdy, Joe?" saluted the girl as he entered.

"How—howdy?" he replied, as he sat down on the edge of a chair and fumbled with his cap.

"That's her beau," whispered Mrs. Coots to me over her knitting. "Joe's heart 'nuff, but powerful shy. Bin cootin' Sue for nigh a year now, but hain't dum axed her to marry him."

The girl took a seat on the far side of the room, and for ten minutes not a word was spoken between them. Then she finally queried:

"How's Dars, Joe?"

"Hain't seen a bar in three months," he replied.

There was another painful interval, and then Sue asked:

"How's coons, Joe?"

"Coons is plenty," he replied, as he avoided her glance.

"That's the way it goes!" whispered the mother. "They jist sot and sot and sot, and talk 'bout Dars and coons and sich, and I do declar' I'm gittin' all up-sot!"

Five minutes later, just as the young man seemed on the point of leaving, Sue kindly inquired:

"Killed any 'possums lately, Joe?"

"Nary one," he replied, as he stared at his boots.

"I can't abide that no no!" muttered the mother, as she laid aside her work and rose up.

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

"Git 'em together, or skeer him off!"

She walked out into the kitchen and stood before the you— and sternly demanded:

"Joe Skillman, did yo' dun cum over yere to borrow an ax?"

"No—no, mum," he stammered.

"Did yo' dun cum to cote Sue?"

"Y—yes, mum?"

"Sue, do yo' want to be coted?"

"Reckon I do," answered Sue.

"Then yo' all jist listen to me! Joe, yo' git on 'tother side. Sue, yo' ungit up to him. I've gwine to blow out the candle and leave yo' in the dusk, and he 'n the stranger's gwine to sot on the fur side of 'tother room and talk loud, I've got mighty tired of this fussin' around, and yo' all has ether got to fix or unfix things this very night!"

An hour later, when Joe went home, Sue called her mother out and held a whispered conversation with her, and when Mrs. Coots returned to me she smiled grimly and explained:

"They-all ar' gwine to be married next week!"—A. B. Lewis in Truth.

Dogs Kept Them Warm.

Thiers, an old town in the Auvergne, France, is famous for its steel knife industry. The town has retained much of its romantic medieval character. Its streets are narrow and crooked, and the manufacture of knives, the principal industry of the town, is not carried on in modern factories, but in ancient, small buildings along the little river Duroille, which furnishes the power for the industrial township. Curious and unique as everything else in Thiers is the method of work of the people engaged in grinding the knives.

The grinders, men and women, lay stretched out on wooden planks, over which they sometimes throw sheepskins to soften the boards. Head, shoulders and arms reach over the end of the board, and with their hands they hold unceasingly the rough steel blades upon the big grindstone which revolves beneath them by means of a powerful, yet simple, transmission. It is a very comical aspect to see these people at work, particularly because every one of the workmen has a small, long-haired dog, who serves as a sort of live stove. During the long winter in the mountains a body stretched out at full length suffers much from cold in these lily protected mills, and since it is not possible for the workman to warm himself by a change of position or by moving his limbs, this peculiar expedient has been adopted in Thiers. The dogs are well trained to their office. One whistle of their master calls them up, and a simple turn of the body indicates to them where they have to lay down to give new warmth to the body of their master.—Philadelphia Press.

San Francisco has over 7,000 saloons

A FAMED MURDER CASE.

LESSON OF THE RECENT TRIAL OF A WOMAN FOR ALLEGED KILLING.

Abuses Prevailing in This Country—The Death Penalty Made a Farce—How the Law is Administered in England.

Mary Alice Almont Livingston, called Mrs. Fleming, accused of the fatal poisoning on Aug. 30, last year, of her mother, Evelina M. Bliss, before Recorder Goff, of the Court of General Sessions, in New York.

No more striking contrast between criminal law as administered in England and as it is administered here could be presented than by a comparison of the recent trial of Annie Dyer, the "baby farmer" who murdered nearly a score of children entrusted to her, and the trial of Mrs. Fleming for matricide.

Annie Dyer was charged with the willful murder of Doris Marmon and Harry Simmons, two children she had engaged to nurse. The murders were committed in April of this year. The Coroner's inquest, showing that the children had been drowned, was held in the middle of April. The preliminary proceedings consumed the rest of the month and a part of May. The woman was indicted by the grand jury on May 29. Two days afterwards the trial was begun before Justice Hawkins in the Central Criminal Court. The trial lasted two days. It would not have lasted so long had it not been for the appearance of Dr. Forbes Winslow of Harniman fame, and the introduction of other "expert testimony" on the question of the defendant's sanity. The jury returned with a verdict of guilty after an absence of five minutes. The Judge pronounced sentence at once. One fortnight afterwards, owing to a provision of law requiring so long a lapse of time, Annie Dyer was hanged in Newgate prison.

Mrs. Fleming was indicted nearly ten months ago, one week after her mother's suspicious death on the last day of August. Her trial, after having been moved repeatedly before several judges, was not begun till nine months had elapsed after the alleged murder. The case itself, though only half way through, has taken up five continuous weeks of Recorder Goff's time. The reading of one question alone, the so-called hypothetical question, lasted nearly a whole day. To make the case end this month, it will be necessary to hold night sessions.

Though all comment, in view of so striking a contrast, is really superfluous, it may be of interest to note what impression is produced upon an observer passing rapidly from one country to the other. Such an observer was found to-day in Mr. Lindsay, the Assistant District Attorney, who was sent to England to procure the extradition of the Burden jewel thieves, and who, while there, attended the trial of Annie Dyer. He said:

"While I was in England, I made it a point, of course, to attend the trial of Annie Dyer, the child-murderess, which was then going on before Mr. Justice Hawkins in the Central Criminal Court. Accustomed as I was to the length of our own criminal trials, particularly those where a woman is charged with a crime or where, like in the Hannigan trial, other emotional features enter, I must confess that I was struck by the extreme brevity and despatch of the proceedings in England. Where it takes us fourteen days to get a jury, it took them as many minutes. This was because the presiding Judge simply assumed from the outset that every juror would be true to his oath and do his duty. The question, so familiar to us, as to whether the juror entertains a prejudice against the death penalty, or against circumstantial evidence, was never once put. In fact, the Judge would not have allowed it, so I was informed, on the ground that a juror, by his oath, is not allowed to be swayed by such prejudices. There were none of the other appeals to individual or emotional prejudices which we have become so accustomed. Thus the fact that the defendant was a woman was never even mentioned by any of the lawyers or the Judge. The newspapers, too, although the case was recognized to be a sensational one, showed admirable restraint. There were no column reports of the trial while it lasted. No pictures of the woman or the dead babies were printed on the first pages, no exploitation, in short, of all the disgusting or supposed sensational details of the whole gruesome story. In spite of this brevity, the newspaper reports of the trial struck me as remarkably accurate and lucid. The same was true of the Judge's charge. Though it was exceedingly brief, I can truly say that I never heard so fair and comprehensive a charge to the jury. When the jury brought in its verdict everybody seemed to be satisfied. And yet the defence had been remarkably strong, for it had clearly established the former insanity of the woman. Still, there seemed to be no suggestion even of appealing the case to a higher court. The lawyers for the defence did not even hint at such a thing, nor did any one, not even the newspapers, seem to expect it of them.

"I could not help thinking while I sat in the trial, surrounded by all the court paraphernalia of a former age, how, despite these appearances of antiquity, the English system was really far in advance of ours, though we started from the same common source. Their system seems to have begot fairness and despatch, and as a result absolute confidence in the judges who administer the law, while our system, which is supposed to be so much fairer, has begot the exact reverse."

This, too, seems to be the view of the judges to whom the state of affairs in this city is inferentially attributed. They have become the victims of a system which was first inaugurated and

encouraged by them, so that they now confess themselves helpless. This, at least, is the explanation of Recorder Goff, who, while speaking of another case and other trials, recently expressed himself as follows:

"The trouble with us in criminal cases is that we all, judges, lawyers, and newspaper writers, insist on thrashing out everything to the last straw. As a result we have reached a point when, not content with the long protracted and exhaustive trial of an important defendant, we insist on five or six different trials of one and the same cause. Thus any criminal who has means, or who by the connivance of the newspapers is enabled to appeal to popular sympathy or prejudice, has an opportunity to undergo half-a-dozen trials before he is actually compelled to meet the consequences of his acts. First comes the trial before the City Magistrate, then comes the trial, for that is what it really amounts to, before the grand jury. In murder cases this is preceded by an inquest in the Coroner's court; then the trial in the criminal courts; then the appeal to the Appellate Division, and finally the appeal to the Court of Appeals. How can six such trials take less than a year? The fact that all our trials are conducted with an eye toward the Court of Appeals, and with no pretense even of making them conclusive, further impedes the progress of justice. Thus a judge must sit and patiently listen to many unnecessary proceedings, which he knows to be made for the sole purpose of delay, because as soon as he attempts to stop them, he is at once threatened with the coming appeal. Every exception that is taken during the course of a trial—and we have now reached a point when the exceptions in each important case aggregate to thousands—is really a menace of possible reversal, and must be regarded as such by the trial judge. As a result we have become victims of our own system, and can do no more than to bear with it as best we can."

The way in which expert testimony is introduced into murder trials in this country has been woefully illustrated by the proceedings of the now famous Fleming trial.

The trial dragged through day after day, with such results as are known. But it must not be supposed that the remarkable incidents are typical only of New York city. The whole country has had opportunities of observing them close at hand. The lawyers of New York have proceeded to make war upon some of these abuses. They have addressed a protest to the courts and their example is to be followed elsewhere. The lawyers allege that prisoners awaiting trial and their friends are subjected to constant vexations and annoyances, whereby needless labor is imposed on the officers of the prison, the administration of justice is impeded, and practice of criminal law, which ought to be honorable and reputable, is degraded.

They refer to the practice of soliciting prisoners for employment in their defence by lawyers, or men professing to be such, or by "runners" for lawyers who employ them or share fees with them. Every prisoner awaiting trial is sent for over and over again, sometimes a dozen times a day, by men who are wholly unknown to him, whom neither he nor his friends have ever seen or heard of, for no other purpose than to solicit employment from them and to obtain money from them. Cases are within our knowledge in which this has occurred to a single prisoner as often as twenty times, all by separate lawyers or "runners," in the course of two or three days. In other instances as many as a dozen lawyers or "runners" have sent for a single prisoner in the course of a single day, imposing on the keeper a vast amount of needless labor, crowding the very limited space available for interviews between counsel and clients, and making it a humiliating and degrading thing for reputable counsel to visit their prison-clients at all.

For the purpose of obtaining such employment it is common for such practitioners to profess that they have been consulted by friends of the prisoner. By such means the names and addresses of relatives or others obtained from the prisoners, and these relatives and friends are then solicited on the similar pretence that the lawyers have been sent to them by the prisoners.

By other practitioners of the same class it is a constant, almost daily, practice to obtain the names of prisoners committed for trial and to address letters to them and their friends, urging the employment of the writers as lawyers in the case.

Some of these practitioners have improperly acquired the means of knowing at the earliest moment, before the prisoners can do so, of complaints thrown out by the grand jury, or of the willingness of certain prosecutors to recommend the discharge of prisoners. Concealing such knowledge they then go to the prisoners or to their friends and make conditional agreements with them to obtain the release of the prisoners for specified sums, to be returned to the payer if the prisoner be not released within the stipulated time.

The lawyers say that though they do not wish in the slightest degree to impugn the assistants of the District Attorney or of his deputies, they are nevertheless convinced that some persons in confidential positions are in a greater or less degree involved in these practices and participators in the profits thereof.

By these practices great injustice is done to counsel assigned by the court to the defence of prisoners. Anxious to devote to such case the same labor and pains they give to prisoners who pay for their services, they are compelled to wait for hours in the wretched consulting room of the Tombs, while lawyers in novice connected with the case are permitted by the turnkeys to see and prejudice prisoners in advance.

The result of this agitation will be awaited with great interest wherever there are law courts in this country.