

HOUSE AND HOME.

BY KATHERINE TYNAN.

Where is the house, the house we love?
By field or riv'r, squares or street,
The house our hearts go dreaming of,
That lonely waits our hurrying feet;
The house to which we come, we come,
To make that happy house our home.

Oh dear drear m-house! for *so* I store
A medley of such curious things,
As a wise thrush goes counting o'er,
Ere the glad morn of songs and wings,
When a small rest makes all her heaven,
And a true mate that sings at even.

Up those dim stairs my heart will steal,
And quietly through the listening rooms,
And long in prayerful love will kneel,
In the sweet-tire'd twilight gloom,
Will set a curtain straight, or chiv,
And dust and order and make fair.

Oh, tarrying Time, hasten, until
You light our hearth-fires, dear and warm,
Set pictures on these walls so chill,
And shut us in together, Time,
In a new world, a happier clime!

Whether our house be new or old
We care not; we will drive away
From last year's nest its memories all,
And all the goll that once was gray.
Oh, dear dream-house, for which we pray,
Our fe. come slowly up your way!

Mr. Weathercraft's Argument.

The murder of old r. Weathercraft

created the usual nine days sensation,

which died away temporarily at least on

the committal of James Thompson, the

deceased's butler, to take his trial for

the crime.

The case could not come on in

the ordinary course of events for four or

five months at nearest, so the public

had taken the learned opinions of the

various newspapers entered a unanimous

verdict of guilty against the accused,

and turned its attention to other matters.

The law officers were to be trusted to do

their duty at the appointed time, and

the papers would, of course, make things

as amusing as possible when that time

came, so James Thompson languished in

his cell forgotten save by those officially

interested in introducing him to the

awful majesty of the law.

Vo! populi, vox dei! Let us follow

the example of the sovereign people and

leave old James in his solitary cell while

we give a short account of Mr. Weather-

craft and his melancholy end.

He was a man of 60 or thereabouts, a

retired stock broker, rich and of good

standing in the community, living in a

well-appointed house, with a large staff

of servants, much given to quiet hospital-

ity, and since his retirement paying more

attention to his kitchen and wine cellar

than to the fluctuations of the market and

the gambling (save the mark) of bulls and bears.

An old housekeeper presided

over his establishment, and next to her

in importance came the butler, almost

as old both in age and time of service, he

whom we have just left waiting trial for

the murder of his master.

It would have been difficult to point

out any peculiarity about Mr. Weather-

craft, anything to distinguish him from

other hate, genial old bachelors of the

same class. He was commonly supposed

to have no eccentricities, no hobbies, and

few strong opinions; in fact, those who

knew him said he was only a crank on

one subject.

To be called a crank is the penalty

nowadays for holding and airing any

opinion in which at least nine-tenths of

the community do not concur.

Mr. Weathercraft was what may be

called a circumstantial evidence crank.

He held indirect evidence in the deepest

distrust, and though as firm a be-

liever in hanging for murder as any

criminal lawyer on or off the bench, yet

had no evidence save that of re-

putable eye witnesses should send a man

to the gallows.

On this cheerful topic he was much

given to after dinner discourse, nor was

his rather halting style unknown to the

correspondents' columns of the daily pa-

pers. He was known to have written a

magazine article on the subject, which,

however, never saw the light, though it

spent a whole year making the rounds of

the magazine offices. Such is the blind-

ness of the editorial mind. His "letters

to the editor" got him interviewed once

or twice when newspapers were very

hard up for copy. He enjoyed the pro-

cess hugely and always asked the re-

porter to "call again."

When the old man was dead and his

butler arrested' people said it was a clear

case of Nemesis that the evidence against

his slayer should be so conclusive and at

the same time so purely circumstantial,

and some wag of a reporter was heard to

wonder whether after Thompson's trial,

conviction and execution, old Weather-

craft's ghost would address ghostly new-

spapers from a corner of ghostland and refuse to be

interviewed. The case indeed seemed

clear enough. Mr. Weathercraft had

gone to bed on the 19th of November

well and in good spirits; on the follow-

ing morning he was found dead, stabbed

to the heart. The weapon which was

found buried in the old man's heart was

an old-fashioned silver skewer, part of

the family plate, and had clearly been

sharpened for its deadly purpose. The

sharpening seemed to have been done

with a file or some such rough imple-

ment. There was very little external

hemorrhage, only a few drops of blood

being visible.

The last person who saw his master

alive was the accused himself. Accord-

ing to his story he had gone up to Mr.

Weathercraft's room with the plate

chest, it being the old man's habit to

keep the silver in his own room at night,

though the key was always left with the

housekeeper after the chest had been

locked up. This had been the custom

in the house for many years. His master

was in bed reading a novel and said

"good night" in his usual way. Mr.

Weathercraft never locked his door at

night, as the footman was expected to

come in at 8 o'clock in the morning, fill

the bath and light the fire.

This was all the accused could or

would say beyond denying all knowl-

edge of how his master had come to his

death.

The footman on being examined testi-

fied to having found the body. He had

entered as usual at 8 o'clock, scarcely

waiting to knock, and had made arrange-

ments for his master's toilet, thinking

him asleep. Mr. Weathercraft was a

heavy sleeper but usually awoke when

the bath was being filled. As his

master did not move the witness went

to the bedside and, to use the

poor fellow's own expression, "As I hope

for mercy, sir, the face was the face of

a dead corpse." This witness further

added that the bed was but little disor-

dered, the lamp was out and the novel

lay open on its face on the floor. He

did not remove the skewer or attempt to

do so, but ran and told the housekeeper,

who sent him for the police. The house-
keeper being summoned identified the
skewer as part of the usual contents of
the plate chest, which led to the recall

of the butler, who, being asked whether
he had counted the silver on the night
of the murder, answered in the affirmative,
but being pressed admitted that he did
not often count the silver that was not in
everyday use. Then finally, as if divin-
g at length his real position, he broke
down, calling on God to strike him dead
if he knew anything about his old mas-
ter's murder, and was led aside after
saying it was a judgment on him for
"leaving the silver uncounted."

16 WASHINGTON AVENUE, April 26, 18-

DEAR FOGGY: I must begin by apolo-
gizing for committing the letter to Lacey
as it is. The strongest evidence against the
accused was found when a search was
made in his room. It looked as if old Thompson
must have been almost mad to have
left so many mute witnesses against
himself. In a tall vase on the mantel-
piece was found a cheap file, which, when
examined by an expert, proved to have
small particles of silver still adhering to it.
On a ledge in the chimney was Mr. Weather-
craft's purse, containing \$45 in notes and
notes and some change. Finally, at the
bottom of the coverlet, rather more than
half way down towards the foot of the
bed, were discovered three distinct stains,
which expert evidence asserted to be
blood stains, and seemed to have been
left by a human right hand.

If motive were wanted for the crime,
Mr. Weathercraft's will seemed to offer
it. The will had been drawn up some
months previously, and witnessed by the
two men servants, the last clause consist-
ing of a bequest of \$10,000 to the
accused himself. It seemed possible that
Thompson knew of this bequest and that
he had perpetrated this awful crime
in order to benefit by it sooner.

It is not surprising, in the face of all
the evidence, that James Thompson was
fully committed to take his trial for the
willful murder of his deceased master, or
that public opinion almost unanimously
condemned him in advance.

During the four months that elapsed
between the arrest and the trial James
Thompson sat despairing in his cell. He
spoke little, answering his lawyer ap-
peal, though, throwing no new light on the
case but continuing to deny everything.
He seemed like a hopeless man, a
man who can't exactly understand how he got
there and has given up all hopes of ever
getting out. As we have said before, the
public was tolerably unanimous in its
opinion of him, though he was guilty, though
there was one notable exception. His
lawyer, a sharp criminal practitioner,
who had taken up the case with his eye
fixed on the \$10,000, almost believed him
innocent, we may say almost, for Mr. Sharp-
y made a point of never allowing
himself to quite believe anything or
anybody. Mr. Sharp y as a rule
almost believed his client guilty; in
the present instance he almost believed him
innocent.

Now I have to explain everything, to
make the dark clear and the crooked
straight. On the 19th of November last I com-
mitted suicide, having previously ar-
ranged that everything should point
clearly to the guilt of James, my butler.
I secured the skewer, I sharpened it
with a file and placed the file in Thompson's
room. I stained his coverlet with
blood, my blood, for it came from a cut
on my finger. I hid my purse in his chimney,
and finally, on the night of November 19th I committed suicide by
stabbing myself in the heart.

And now I give my reasons.
In taking my own life I have doubtless
committed a crime against the laws of God
and the State, but I believe that the
life of one man is of little value when
weighed against even a possible good to
the community. If my death fulfills the
object I have in view then my life has
been well sacrificed; and even if it fails,
the intention will live on.

Perhaps even now you scarcely under-
stand what I hope to have accomplished
by my death, but I will endeavor to ex-
plain. You have heard me speak; you
have perhaps read my written words on
the use of circumstantial evidence, I