

## WHEN THE TIDE IS COMING IN.

Somehow, love, our boat sails lighter,  
Smoothen, faster on the bay—  
Somehow, love, the sun shines brighter,  
Softer, warmer thro' the spray—  
Somehow, love, the sky is clearer,  
God and man seem nearer 'n e'er—  
Somehow, even you are dearer  
When the tide is coming in!

"Tis the spring of life, unending  
At the source of motion, dear!"  
"Tis the stream of hope ascending  
From the depths of ocean dear!"  
"Tis the heart of nature beating,  
When the throbs of life begin!"  
"Earth and heaven gladly meeting,  
When the tide is coming in!"

Somehow, love, your eyes are brighter,  
Softer, warmer thro' the spray.  
And your laughter ripples lighter  
O'er the whitecaps on the bay,  
In our path no tinge of sadness,  
In our path no shade of sin,  
For our hearts are filled with gladness  
When the tide is coming in!

—Minneapolis Journal

## THE BLIND WITNESS.

"Yes; I have been in many remarkable criminal trials. Probably the most remarkable was the Gorton murder case. The murder itself was, so far as motive and the mode in which it was perpetrated are concerned, of a character common enough, unhappily, in our criminal courts—a young girl shot by her rejected lover, mad with jealousy. But what gave to this particular case its exceptional character was the agency by which the murderer was brought to justice in a very curious and most unexpected manner."

We were in the chambers of my friend Mr. Grimshaw, Q. C.—the eminent criminal lawyer—in the Temple; and over a cigar, after luncheon, my host was giving me some reminiscences of his long and brilliant career at the bar.

"Gorton is a small village, about twenty miles from Barchester, the well known manufacturing town in the Midlands," continued Mr. Grimshaw. "One September evening, some fifteen years ago, the normal peace and quietude of the place was disturbed by the news that the dead body of a young lady had been found in Burton Grove, a short distance outside the village, under circumstances which left no doubt that she had been murdered. The police of the village had received information of the crime from a blind man—one of those wandering musicians who perambulate the country from village to village, led by a dog.

"His story was that he had walked from St. Olaves—a village about seven miles from Gorton—that afternoon, and as the evening was sultry, he decided to save the 6d. he would be charged for a night's lodging in Gorton by sleeping in Burton Grove. The grove is a thick plantation of trees and shrubs, midway between the mile of road which connects the railway station with the village, and as it lay at an angle of the road, a footpath through it afforded a short cut from one point to the other.

"The blind man further stated that, as he lay under the shelter of a bush, a few yards from the footpath, with his dog close beside him, tired after his tramp, and composing himself to sleep, he heard footsteps coming along the pathway, apparently going toward the village, and the voices of a man and woman, as if they were having an angry alteration. A few minutes after the parties passed where he lay concealed from view, he heard a shot, then a woman's shrill, agonizing scream, followed by another shot. He scrambled to his feet, terror stricken, his dog barking, and shouted, 'What is that?' No answer was given to his outcry, but he heard the trampling of the undergrowth, as if someone was rushing wildly from the spot. The blind man immediately proceeded to Gorton, and gave information of what he had heard to the police, who, when they arrived at the grove, found the body of a young lady named Emily Dicey, with two bullet wounds in her head and close at hand a discharged revolver.

"Miss Dicey was the only child of a shopkeeper of considerable business at Barchester. It appeared that a very ardent attachment existed between her and a young man named Griffiths Turner, a clerk in her father's employment; that her parents were opposed to a marriage, that they had done everything to try to break off the match, but were unsuccessful, and that finally they dispensed with the services of Turner and sent their daughter to her aunt at Gorton.

"On the body of the unfortunate young lady was found a brief note from Turner, written in Barchester, which stated that on the evening of the 6th of September (the evening of the murder) he would run down to Gorton to see her. 'Perhaps,' he added, mysteriously, 'it will be the last time we shall see each other.'

"He paid his promised visit to Gorton that evening, and, indeed, had been seen by two or three of the villagers with Miss Dicey in the grove. A warrant was issued for Turner's arrest, but when the police went to his lodgings at Barchester next morning to take him into custody it was found that he had left for Liverpool en route for Canada. This, of course, increased the suspicion. A telegram to the authorities at Liverpool secured his apprehension that evening on board one of the outward bound transatlantic steamships. He was brought back to Barchester, and after the usual magisterial investigation was held for trial at the ensuing winter assizes.

"I was retained for the defense. The evidence against him, though altogether circumstantial, was very strong.

"The ticket collector at Gorton railway station swore that Turner returned to Barchester by the 9:30 train from Gorton—half an hour after the time of the murder; while the girl's father stated that his daughter had promised that, although she was unsuitably attached to Turner, she would not marry him without her parent's blessing.

"In this latter development of the case was to be found, in the view of the Crown, the motive of the murder. Turner had convinced himself that

the parents would never consent to a union between him—a penniless young man and with no prospect of bettering his worldly condition—and their daughter; and that conclusion prompted him to commit the crime.

"The defense was that Turner, finding the parents of Miss Dicey were utterly opposed to the marriage, and that the young lady would not marry him without the consent of her parents, had decided to go out to some relatives in Canada, determined to make his fortune in a few years, then return to England, and win the consent of the girl's parents to their union.

"On the eve of his departure for the new world he went down to Gorton to bid Miss Dicey goodby, and, after two hours in her company he returned from Gorton by the 8:30 train to Barchester, and at 6 o'clock the next morning left the latter town for Liverpool en route to Canada.

"You will notice that on the most important point, as to the train by which he returned from Gorton, there was an absolute contradiction of his statement that he traveled by the 8:30 train in the evidence of the ticket collector, who was positive that the 9:30 was the train. It happened that both trains ran from Gorton to Barchester without stopping at any of the intermediate stations, and that the tickets were consequently collected at Gorton. The prisoner stated he had taken a third class return ticket from Barchester to Gorton. I, therefore, inquired whether the return half of the ticket had been collected on the 8:30 train or the 9:30 train; but here, again, was disfigurement for the halves of several return tickets issued that day between Barchester and Gorton had been collected on both trains, and Turner's could not be identified.

"The revolver from which the shots were fired did not help the prisoner in any way. It had been bought some months previously at an establishment in Barchester, but the shopman could not identify the purchaser. Was it possible that Miss Dicey had any other suitors for her hand, and did her parents urge any particular person on her acceptance? Of this I could learn nothing.

"These inquiries were made by me while I was making myself acquainted with the facts of the case before the assizes. The entire case against the prisoner had been laid by the Crown before the magistrates at the preliminary investigation. The same witnesses were examined at the trial before Baron Graham; and they repeated substantially the depositions they made in the court below. My cross examination of the witnesses failed to make any material point in favor of the prisoner. All I could do was to keep well before the jury the defense of the prisoner, weak as it appeared to be.

"The last witness for the Crown, and, therefore, the last witness in the case, was the blind man. His evidence was followed with intense interest by the crowded court. He was asked by the counsel for the prosecution whether he had caught any of the words of the man and woman who passed along the footpath in the Grove close to where he lay just before the shots were fired, and when he said 'Yes,' every ear in the court was strained to catch his evidence of the conversation.

"What was said between the parties?" asked my learned friend.

"As they passed me," replied Grimshaw. "I heard the man say: 'But your father objects to the marriage,' and the lady said: 'Yes, and I do not mean to marry without his consent.'

"They continued to walk on, and a few moments after I heard the man, in a loud, angry voice, say: 'No one else will have you.' Then there was a shot, and the lady screamed; then another shot. My dog began to bark, and I cried out in terror: 'What is that?' The man then rushed away: I could hear the crunching of the brambles and undergrowth as he fled."

"I rose to cross-examine the old man with some trepidation," continued Mr. Grimshaw. "Before doing so I asked my solicitor, in a whisper, what was the quality of timber of the prisoner's voice; and he replied that it was rather sharp or acute in tone. I had but one question of importance to put to the witness. I trembled to put it for the answer might not, on the one hand, do the prisoner any service, while, on the other hand, it might seal his fate."

"Having asked a few questions on rather unimportant points, I put to him the fatal question of which I spoke, determined, of course, should the answer prove unsatisfactory, to drop that line of cross-examination at once."

"What sort of voice was the voice of the man in the grove that evening?" I asked with all the unconcern which I could assume.

"But the Judge and my learned brother on the other side, and the jury—and more especially the foreman of the jury—grasped at once the importance of the question. I saw that fact visible; the strained look of attention on all their faces as they breathlessly awaited the answer. The die was cast. However the answer might be favorable or unfavorable to the prisoner at the bar—I saw I was bound, and would be obliged to pursue the matter to the end, I was to be a party to the trial."

"Bees in a Railway Car.

A singular and exciting incident took place at Stone Railway station, Staffordshire, England, recently. It appears that two hives of bees had been consigned to a station beyond Stafford. The porter, in placing the two hives in the guard's van, accidentally knocked the tin bottom from the hive. The bees filled the guard's van, making the guard beat a hasty retreat, while the porters and others who were in the immediate vicinity also took to their heels and ran. Several people were stung, particularly one gentleman who had journeyed across from the opposite side of the platform to get a better view. The train was delayed, and ultimately had to proceed on its journey without the guard's van.

## Ocean Telephone.

Practical experiments have now satisfied some of our best electricians that telephony from the new to the old world is practical with mass wires for service, to separate cities at one and the same time. Wires adjusted to this purpose have already been tested, and are being drawn for 36,000 miles of service.

purpose of my cross-examination."

"Certainly, certainly," said the Judge. "Prisoner at the bar, be pleased to address a few words to me."

"My lord," exclaimed the prisoner, in tones of the deepest feeling, "before God I protest that I am innocent of this crime."

"The voice of the prisoner was, in his intense earnestness, shrill and piercing. It certainly was not a deep voice."

"Well," said I, resuming my cross-examination of the blind witness, "is that like the man's voice you heard in the grove before the shots were fired?"

"No," said the witness, "not a bit like it."

"You are sure of that?" I asked.

"I could not be surer of anything," he again replied.

I scrutinized the foreman of the jury again. He seemed to be laboring under the greatest agitation. When the judge had reviewed the evidence the jury retired; and after an hour's absence returned into court. At last the foreman handed the issue paper to the Clerk of the Crown.

"Gentlemen of the jury, you agree upon your verdict?" asked the Clerk of the Crown.

"Yes," responded the foreman in a deep voice.

The blind witness, who sat in the well of the court, just below me, now started up, laboring under the most intense excitement, and fixing his sightless eyes on the jury box, listened intently for the declaration of the verdict.

"You say the prisoner is guilty?" continued the Clerk of the Crown.

"Yes, my lord, guilty," responded the foreman, in his deepest and most solemn tones, and with a remarkable emphasis on the word 'guilty.'

But it was not for the verdict that the blind witness had been listening. It was the voice of the foreman of the jury, which stirred him to the soul, and when it fell a second time on his ears, he loudly exclaimed:

"My lord, that's the voice I heard in Burton Grove just before the murderer. That's the man," and, extending his right hand, he pointed in the direction of the foreman of the jury.

"You can imagine the profound excitement which this sudden and most unexpected scene created among the crowded and overwrought occupants of the court. It was the most thrilling moment of my experience as an advocate."

"All eyes were turned on the foreman of the jury. His face was livid; he nervously clutched the desk in front of him, and, as if physically unable to remain standing, dropped heavily into his seat.

"The prisoner, in reply to the Clerk of the Crown, protested that he was innocent, while the Judge, in another moment, put on the black cap and sentenced him to death.

Turner was immediately removed from the dock. Baron Graham, with characteristic imperturbability, declared the court adjourned. The foreman of the jury—pallid and broken—groped his way rather than walked out of the building, avoided by everyone with instinctive apprehension.

"But what was the end of the drama?" I asked Grimshaw. "Was Turner hanged?"

"No; he was not hanged," replied Grimshaw. "The attention of the entire country was aroused in the case, and immediately a demand arose for a fresh investigation. It turned out that the foreman of the jury was James Clarke, another Barchester shopkeeper, and one of the rejected suitors of Miss Dicey. The Crown's theory with regard to Turner was actually true of Clarke. The continued attachment of the lady to Turner convinced Clarke that Miss Dicey would not be his and, filled with mad jealousy, he decided to kill her. On the day of the murder he went on a fishing expedition to Gorleston, which is reached by a different railway line. He then walked from Gorleston to Gorton by an unfeasted road, and concealed himself in Burton Grove in the hope of meeting Miss Dicey. Unhappily, he did succeed in meeting her, as she was returning to Gorton through the grove, after having parted with Turner. Then he waited beside the railway line, at some distance from the station, until the train—the 8:30—conveying her lover sped past her and vanished in the distance. What occurred in the grove you already know. After the murder Clarke made his way back to Gorleston, and thence returned to Barchester the same evening. I may tell you that this is his own confession."

"But what has become of poor Turner?" I asked.

"Turner," said Grimshaw, "received her Majesty's gracious pardon—for a crime he never committed. He went out to Canada, and I believe succeeded in making a considerable fortune. He acted very generously toward the blind witness, and I am told that he frequently sends money to relieve the necessities of the old man, whose evidence was the means of saving his life."

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Additional signs of reviving trade

## MODEL SUBURBAN HOME

For \$1,000—Labor Saving Machines Responsible for Cheap Building. [Copyright 1895 by the Co-operative Building Association, N. Y.]

During the last few years the proportion of families who own their own homes has been increased, owing to the multiplication of building and loan associations. It is no longer necessary that a man should be possessed of a snug capital before he can transform himself from a tenant into a householder.

There is a mistaken idea very prevalent that a small house that shall be attractive enough for a man of taste cannot be built for less than \$2,000 or \$3,000. Less than half that sum is sufficient if it be judiciously expended. Any amount of money can be squandered in non-essentials and in decorations that are as useless as inartistic. In the main we only require from a house, as from a man, that it perform its duty well and do the things it was intended to do in the best way and be pleasing and graceful in doing them.

A model home, if it be skillfully planned, can be erected for a surprisingly small sum in these days. The inventiveness of Americans, which has devised all sorts of machines for joining and carpentering to replace the expensive hand work, has made this possible.

SANTA ANNA'S ONE LEG.

A Good Story of Crow-Cunning, Told by Congressman Cummings.

Ex-Congressman Cummings, of New York, tells this good crow story in the Washington Pathfinder:

"It was in Florida. Tom Murray and I had made a camp a little back from the shore—object, fish. Among other things we used to immolate a turtle every morning. The sea turtle does not lay its eggs under what you might call the Australian system. Whole herds come out of the sea together, and the way they mix up their eggs must make it a tangle when one of them tries to call its family together. You know Murray, great cook and all that! Well, Murray claimed to know all of these turtles by their given names, and used to stroll about among 'em and look in their faces, and pick out one to kill. Murray claimed that you should pick out a turtle for food by its head.

"If he has a broad, flat head, wide at the jaws, like an adder," says Murray, "don't touch him. He is a turtle with a savage temper. He fights other turtles and gets into fits of rage and spoils his flesh. Pick out a turtle with a round, kindly face; one that you would not hesitate to accept for a guide, philosopher, and friend; that's the turtle to eat."

"But about the crows. They used to flock about camp by the thousands to peck at the shells of the turtles that Murray had slain and to grab off biscuit crumbs and scraps. One of these, I noticed, was a one-legged crow. Somewhere in the game of life he'd lost one of his pins, and was pegging around making a living on the other. I felt sorry for him. My dad is crippled, and so I ran a deadline around the camp and wouldn't let the other crows come inside. We just gave Santa Anna the run of the camp—that's what we called the one-legged crow, Santa Anna—and he was welcome to the biscuit, the baking powder, and anything we had. Santa Anna became quite tame, and would let us pick him up at times. As he ran across the camp and filled up on the delicacies, the other crows perched about on the scrubby trees glowered at Santa Anna, and loathed him, and wondered where he got his push."

"Little is known of the length of time the germs of seed will live in the ocean. I have seen cocoanuts floating about along tropical beaches with roots a foot and a half long, and leaves fully twice that length, ready to grow as soon as they were thrown upon the land, and apparently in the most perfect vigor."

"Young mangroves will live on the sea for a whole year. Perhaps the storm that throws them on the shore sweeps them far in over lowland before it deposits them, other great breakers roll in and cover them with sand and mud, or they may land in the forest, and thus be screened from the rays of the sun. In a few years a colony is established, planted by the hand of the sea, and matured in the lap of the earth."

"On the island of Trinidad there is a splendid 'coconut' extending for fourteen miles along the beach, which has grown from a shipwrecked cargo of cocoanuts."

To Catch Summer Boarders.

Editor's Office.

First Floor

To build this house would cost about \$1,050.

General dimensions—Width thro' dining room and kitchen, 29 feet 6 inches; depth, including veranda, 33 feet 6 inches.

Heights of stories—Cellar, 6 feet 6 inches; first story, 8 feet, 6 inches; second story, 8 feet.

Exterior materials—Foundation, stone and brick; first and second stories, gables and roofs, shingles.

Interior finish—Two coat plaster, wood flooring, trim and stairs. Interior woodwork painted colors to suit owner.

Colors—Body, all shingles dipped and brush coated in oil. Trim painted white. Roof shingles dipped and brush coated red. Sashes painted bronze green; blinds, Colonial yellow; veranda and porch floors and ceilings, oiled.