

DISEASE OR CRIME?

SOME CELEBRATED CASES UNDER THE LIGHT.

Science Coming to the Aid of Ignorance—By Intelligent Treatment of That Which We Call Crime May Be Obliterated from the Race.

More fascinating study or problem is presented to conscientious lawyers than the degree of responsibility which ought to be attached to the commission of crime. The subject perhaps gained general interest in New York when Governor Seward was assigned to the defence of a negro who was charged with murder.



DR. GEO. M. BEARD.

accused of causing. The governor's line of defense, and his speech, perhaps the highest flight to which his intellect ever carried him, occasioned comment wherever the system of English jurisprudence prevails.



LYDIA SHERMAN.

One was Lydia Sherman, the most notorious of American poisoners. To chat with Mrs. Sherman was to be impressed with her quick intellect, her considerable knowledge, and her intelligent reading, unless by some mischance the conversation turned upon murder, and especially infanticide.

sponsible homicidal mania the books recorded. He talked often with Mrs. Sherman while she was in life imprisonment, and found that reasonable intellectual processes with her stopped when child-murder and poisoning was the subject of discussion.

The late Dr. Burton of Harvard, as he was recovering from a severe illness in which he had been for a time in an almost trance-like state, said: "We do not know how near we are to those things which are on the other side of the line, nor do we know with what unconscious influence we are by those things directed."



MISS LIVINGSTON.

but detectives have been near him. Once in a house of wealth he was seen to take an ornament of great value, and as he was leaving the house the detectives demanded it, and it was without a word of protest given up.

Physicians are inclined to think that if that long list of awful crimes which has been prepared by the detectives is a truthful sketch of the career of Holmes, it furnishes a reasonable ground of inference that there may be physical lesion of his brain, as well as moral corruption.

ODD THINGS OF GLASS.

COFFINS, MOUSETRAPS, BRICKS, FISH BAIT.

We May Live in Houses of Glass, Sleep in Glass Bedsteads, Women Wear Glass Gowns and Baby Play With Glass Blocks.



HERE is an inventor who is known at the patent office in Washington as the Glass Man. His name is C. W. McLean, of New Bern, N. C., and during the last few years he has obtained patents for a surprising number of devices in glass.

Among these is a glass coffin, which is guaranteed proof against decay and rats. So long as no deliberate attempt is made to smash it, it ought to last forever.

The day may yet arrive when people will live in glass houses. A patent has been secured by another inventor for

invented a process for making glass slippers in molds. They would not do very well for dancing. There is no reason why a glass gown should not be woven of iridescent glass, and its wearer would look like an animated rainbow on a ball-room floor—one dazzling shimmer of ever-changing hues.

Until recently the manufacture of iridescent glass was set down in the list of the lost arts. But in 1878 it was rediscovered, and now it is a common commercial article. It is made by exposing the melted glass to the vapors of salts of sodium.

The window blinds of the glass house of the future will be of glass, of course. That is another patent, and the inventor suggests that such blinds may be made of whatever colors are desired.

THE HATPIN.

It Has Many Uses in the Hands of a Woman.

The idea of making the hat pin a weapon of defense first dawned upon me when I was in the east, says a bright eyed dame, who is always watching for a chance to exploit California, climate, morals and all.

"Of course you all know that a woman can't go about alone with any degree of comfort when she gets away from western chivalry. Well, as I wanted to study art in New York while I visited my brother in Newark, I was obliged to use the suburban trains almost every day.

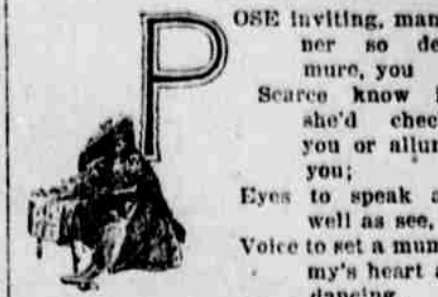
"Finally a man who was packed beside me in a car became simply unendurable. I squeezed myself meekly up against the window, giving nine enemy three-fourths of the seat.

"It was too much. My wrath blazed up and I drew my hat pin. I said not a word and did nothing to attract attention. Nevertheless that man was glad to vacate my full share of that seat, and perhaps a little more. I held my weap-

OUR WIT AND HUMOR.

CURRENT SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF FUNNY WRITERS.

At Sally's Tea Table—A Sure Sign of Change of Weather—Very Near Together—Original and Selected Pleasantry—Pointed Paragraphs.



Sally's—oh, well, Sally's quite entranced. When she's pouring tea!

Yet, sweet Sally, as I watch you sitting. While the rosy lamplight, o'er you flitting. Shimmers in your eyes or hair, Strays on snowy arm or dimpled fingers, As your hand above the tea-cups lingers, Something says, "Beware!"

Maybe, Sally, you have read of Circe, That white-armed enchantress without mercy, (Tis a tale the poets tell,) How, when men her magic potion tasted, Captive at her feet their lives they wasted, Powerless 'neath her spell.

Foolish, weren't they, for a draught be gulling, For a tricky sea-nymph's faithless smiling, Thus to sell their liberty? What, I wonder, was that magic potion? Do you know, somehow, I've half a notion 'Twas a cup of tea!

Well, I trust men now-a-days know better; I am sure I never would have let her, With such nonsense, capture me. "Just one cup?"—O, well,—no harm to take it, (And you do look charming as you make it) Yes, I'll take some tea. C. F. Lester, in Truth.



Why is the barometer like the belle's dress? In Summer it registers high, and low in the Winter.

Too Small Potatoes. Penns—Come, will you be my wife? Mrs. Laker—Any encumbrances? Penns—Two alimony checks—a trifle of \$50 a month each. Mrs. Laker—Um! You had better propose to my maid.

An Assurance. "You're not going to publish everything I say, are you?" said Senator Borghum, anxiously. "No," replied the reporter; "I wouldn't think of it. If I were to let some of that grammarless English get into the paper I'd lose my position before sunset tomorrow."

Hiawatha Up to Date. Thus departed Hiawatha To the land of the Dakotas— To the land of handsome women; And in ninety days returning, A divorcelet he brought with him. To his wife he gave the ha-ha, Sent her back upon her ma-ma, In the outskirts of Chicago.—Ex.



Very Near Together. She—It's unlucky to have a post or tree or anything like that come between us, when we are out walking. He—Don't be alarmed, dear. No post can come between us this eve. Henshawing. Mrs. Peck—I have a presentiment that if I go to sleep I shan't wake up again. Henry Peck—Oh! go to sleep.



(Carbondale, Ill., Correspondence.) Carbondale, the Athens of Southern Illinois, enjoys the distinction of having more beautiful young women than any city in all "Egypt." Some of the society events which have occurred in this city have attracted people from larger cities and towns many miles from here.

Miss Josie M. Barton is a beautiful young lady, the belle of the First Ward. She is a typical brunette, having black eyes and raven hair. She is the daughter of John H. Barton, the veteran editor of the Southern Illinois Herald.

beautiful features and charming manners. She has a host of warm friends in the Southern Illinois State University, which institution she attends. She is also a zealous worker in church circles.

glass bricks of a peculiar pattern. The material of which they are composed being a first-rate non-conductor, these bricks will keep the cold out of a dwelling built of them, while admitting the light. It is claimed that they will exclude noise, being hollow.

Thus before many years have passed it will be considered the height of luxury, perhaps to occupy a dwelling of glass. Glass bricks, of course, are expensive. People who live in glass houses will be able to afford to wear clothes of glass.

In fabrics of this kind a very fine quality of glass is used. It is spun in threads of exceeding delicacy, and of these several colors may be produced at the same time. They are woven in a loom of ordinary pattern.

When he is old enough to go fishing he will not dig worms in the garden, but will be provided with artificial bait in the shape of a hollow minnow of glass, coated on the inside partly with a solution of gold or silver and partly with a luminous paint.

Glass bedsteads may be proof against lighting and bugs, but it is hardly to be expected that glass houses should be free from mice. The inmates could hardly do better than to employ glass traps for the capture of such vermin.

New Things That Are Old. In spite of the protests of inventors, and of those who believe they have investigated everything since the deluge, that there is nothing new under the sun, the psalmist was right when he put that thought into the colloquial language.

on a position which indicated to him the boundary line and I assure you that he understood the insinuation and left me in peace. Ever since that day I have been as independent and self-respecting as a Spanish senorita with a dagger in her honi soit, etc."

This fiery little anecdote, told over the tea-cups, was followed by a perfect chorus of stories of the uses of the hat pin. The picking of locks, the office of can-opener, paper-cutter, insect destroyer, these were among the lesser things.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Iretilivity is the extreme of pride; it is built on the contempt of mankind.—Zimmermann.

All examples represent ingratitude as sitting in its throne, with Pride at its right hand and Cruelty at its left—worthy supporters of such a reigning Impiety.—South.

To the sinful man sin appears sweet as honey. He looks upon it as pleasant so long as it bears no fruit, but when its fruit ripens then he looks upon it as sin.—Buddha.

The first coach in England was built in 1565, for the earl of Rutland.