

[12s 6d. PER ANN. IN ADVANCE

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But the time was passing. We did not reach London an hour too soon. The trial had begun when I hurried into the court with

There were traces of poison in several organs, and the chemical analysis left no doubt that this poison was arsenic. The circumstances were certainly against the prisoner. The jury men lowered upon him unanimously.

But the medical witness, a gentleman of high intelligence, was to be cross-examined; and now I found a use for some slight knowledge of chemistry. At my suggestion, the prisoner's counsel put the follow-

"Have you ever known, or is it a matter

"It is sometimes used for that purpose."
 "It is also administered as a medicine for certain diseases?"
 "Yes, undoubtedly."
 "Now, sir, is it not a fact known to medical science, that arsenic, taken for some time in small doses, may accumulate in the system, so as to produce violent and even fatal action?"
 "It is possible."
 "Are there not cases of such action?"

"Yes."

"If a person in the habit of taking arsenic, either as a medicine or a cosmetic, were to die suddenly from any cause, would not arsenic be found in the liver and other viscera by a chemical analysis?"

"There is no doubt that it would."

"That will do, sir."

"We called our witness, Norah Magrath. She testified to having lived more than two years with Mrs. Mellon; to the uniform kindness and affection of her husband, and to the nature of their domestic difficulties."

"She was sure he loved the very ground she

"Was it within your knowledge, witness that the deceased lady ever gave her husband any ground for jealousy?"

"No, your honor, not that ever I saw; but she was very handsome, and liked to be admired."

"Witness you say she was very handsome. Did your mistress ever take anything for her complexion?"

"Yes, sir; sure an' she did often."

"Do you know what it was?"

"It was a white powder like."

"One that she rubbed on her skin?"

"No, your honor, it was a powder that she swallowed."

"What did she call it?"

"I never heard any name for it."

"How do you know that she took it for her complexion, and not as a medicine for some disease?"

"Because she told me in a joking way that, if I would take some, it would make me as white and pretty as she was."
 "Where did she keep this powder?"
 "In a little drawer of her writing desk."
 "Is that writing desk portable, witness?" inquired the judge.
 "Is it what, your worship?"
 "Can it be brought into court?"
 "Aisy enough, your worship."

Two officers went with Norah, and returned with the writing desk, in an inner and concealed drawer of which was discovered a ounce glass stoppered bottle, about a third full of white powder. It was identified as the bottle from which Mrs. Mellon took her cosmetic, and a chemist pronounced it to be arsenic.

The jury did not require the eloquence of counsel nor the judge's luminous charge to bring in a verdict of "not guilty." Scarcely an effort was made to suppress the cheers of the crowd when that verdict was announced, and I took Arthur Mellon by the hand, and led him forth to life and liberty.

Our trials have not been in vain. We seldom speak of Isabel, and we are more friends than ever.

Norah, well rewarded in feelings and with our best wishes, and what she prized much more, the coveted blessing of Father Douvan—went to America in a fast steamer; and when the packet ship Emerald's passengers were landed at the Battery at New York, and Dennis walked out of Castle Garden, he found his rosy and happy wife waiting to welcome him to the New World.

Never too Late to Mend.

"Come wise," said Will, "I pray you devote
Just half a minute to mend this coat
Which a nail has chanced to rend."
"Tis ten o'clock," said his drowsy mate.
"I know," said Will, "it is rather late,
But it's never too late to mend!"

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