

because it is one peculiar to this State, but simply because I am more familiar with the course of justice in this than in any other: and, like some of the old-fashioned novelists, I shall bespeak your closer attention by saying that the story I am about to tell is "founded on fact."

John Doe is a lad of eighteen years of age. His father is dead, and his mother has been so much engaged in the struggle to get bread for three younger Does, that she has somewhat neglected master John's moral education. The boy, like Topsy, has simply "growed": he hasn't been "brought up;" he has simply come up. At irregular intervals in his career he has been successively spanked and whipped by his mother, who imagines that she has thereby discharged her whole duty in the matter of discipline. Home has not been a very pleasant place to John, because the growl of the wolf has been heard at the door too often; and when the wolf growls outside the house, there is often a great deal of growling inside. As in too many cases, squalor and poverty have brooded like twin sisters beside that hearth. John has found the street corner and the village loafing-places more congenial than his own home. The corner loafer has become his companion; and the corner loafer is one of the most corrupt and corrupting elements of our social life. John stays out very late at night; never goes home till the pool-room shuts up. Sometimes, when he stays out too late, Mrs. Doe, as a matter of discipline, locks the house door, and master John is forced to find a sleeping-place where he can. On one of these occasions, when looking about for a place to sleep, the freight-room of the village railway station occurs to him. The sliding door is shut, but through neglect the key has been left in the padlock that fastens it. He unlocks the door, crawls in among some household furniture, and goes to sleep there, forgetting to close the door behind him. Presently a night watchman, engaged in the somewhat unusual occupation of prowling around, discovers the door open,—discovers master John, arrests him and locks him up in the county jail. He is brought before a magistrate, charged with burglary, and taken back to the county jail to await his trial. *He waits three months for his trial!* He has not been proven guilty of a crime, is not, in fact, guilty of a crime; but his companions in that jail are burglars, drunkards, vagrants, and a murderer or two. The jail is illy lighted, and he spends his days in a grey twilight. The jail is illy ventilated, and he breathes poison with every breath. The moral atmosphere of the place is worse than the physical atmosphere. All who are there are kept in enforced idleness, and the weary hours are whiled away in the narration of criminal exploits, in telling obscene stories, in singing lewd songs and in gambling for rations. The older criminals tell of fascinating hair-breadth escapes, of exciting chases, of successful burglaries, of booty easily gotten and pleasantly spent, of women they have led astray; making themselves out gallants and heroes, society