

❀ A REMARKABLE TRIAL ❀

QUEEN vs. WASTING DISEASE.

COURT OF ASSIZE—CRIMINAL SIDE. JUDGE SOUND PRESIDING.

"Call the prisoner."

It was Judge Sound who spoke. He was a man whose shrewd knowledge of men and things, whose care in the investigation of all subjects in which he took any interest, and whose sterling honesty had become so generally recognized that his private opinions on men and things were looked upon as verdicts, and his mature judgment of cases never was questioned even for a moment. In appearance he was tall and proportionally stout, with a hearty, well-fed aspect, as if his digestive organs were in perfect condition, although by no means what is called a fat man. His forehead was high and prominent and marked with lines of thought. His features were striking and regular, the most noticeable being his eyes, keen as a sabre thrust when uncovering fraud, but soft in their expression as a fawn's, when truthful tales of suffering and oppression were brought under his notice.

"Call the prisoner," he said.

"Bring in the monster," directed the Sheriff.

The prisoner was conducted to the box, and on account of his feeble health given a seat. What a sight he was! Thin, almost to emaciation, with savage, wolfish eyes blazing like angry fires, his face pinched and weary looking and unclean, his mouth cruel, his breath foul, his skin sallow with burning-looking spots here and there. Bent and broken in spirit he appeared, but there was behind all this, distinct evidence of energy unusual to men, which could not be recognized without a shudder. His clothing hung in tatters on him, but could not add to the disgust which his aspect engendered. A shudder ran through the court as he entered. It was as if a corpse had taken a seat in the box.

"Wasting disease," said the clerk of the court, "stand up, and hear the charges against you."

The prisoner stood up and the clerk continued: "You are hereby indicted for hav-

ing caused the death of Mr. John Goodfellow on the 16th day of September last, through your treacherous and insidious art, having seized upon him when he had taken a serious cold, and while all the time comforting him and allaying his fears by the assertion that he would be well soon, dragging him down to the grave, leaving unprovided his wife and four young children. In addition, under the various *aliases* of Cough, Sore Throat, Asthma, Bronchitis, Influenza, Croup, Congestion of the Lungs, Inflammation of the Lungs, Consumption, and different others, you have caused the death of many thousands of her Majesty's faithful subjects, causing great loss to the Kingdom, and suffering and injury to the community so great that it could not be measured. Prisoner, are you guilty or not guilty of the crimes with which you are charged?"

"Not guilty," faltered the prisoner, still with an air of innocence and composure that would deceive the most bitter opponents.

It was difficult to find a jury. Not one in the room or country but had lost a relative through disease and death, and every one had heard of the prisoner's acts. But still, after much difficulty an unprejudiced jury was found, composed of healthy, hearty men, full of vigor, who laughed at disease as if they expected to live forever.

The address of the Crown Counsel was brief and effective. He pointed out the great amount of distress caused by the prisoner, whose only object could be a hatred to the human race, for he gained nothing to himself by his actions. He referred to cases within the memory of the jury of heads of families who had been stricken down in the prime of life, and laid on beds of sickness which they never left alive, to bereaved widows and children, to hunger and cold, because the bread-winner had been cut down at his work, and all this he laid out at the hands of the prisoner. But when he described the case of Mr. Goodfellow, there was hardly a dry eye in the room. A young

TURKISH DYES DO NOT WASH OUT.