

witnesses testified to seeing them in bed in the room but on separate couches.

This interesting state of affairs continued the same as before narrated until two years ago, when a board partition was put up in the house and one room used as a kitchen and living room, while the other was used for sleeping purposes. About this time a young man by the name of Clinton Bronson went to live with the family and help around the place. This youth was placed upon the witness stand and stated that he always slept in the kitchen, but had frequently seen the defendant and the woman go to bed together, but he had never seen them in the same bed. They were living together as man and wife. The woman was put upon the stand and, in response to the prosecuting attorney's questions, said that she had been living at Callaghan's house for about six years as his housekeeper. She admitted that they had always slept in the same room and acted on all occasions as man and wife, but hesitatingly denied ever having sustained any unlawful relations with the defendant.

When before the grand jury that body was not long in indicting the defendant of the crime charged. After taking the above testimony the prosecution rested, and Attorney Evans turned to speak to some brother lawyer. As he did so Attorney White arose and moved that the judge instruct the jury to bring in a verdict of not guilty. Judge Blackburn remarked that he did not consider the evidence sufficient to hold the defendant. No proof had been brought forward to prove that any improper relations had been indulged in between the two. It was true that they had slept in the same room, but not in the same bed and the woman denied that the law of chastity had been broken.

This little speech brought Mr. Evans to his feet.

Your Honor—Although after what the court has said it is not to be expected that the jury will do other than bring in a verdict of not guilty, still I want to put in my most vigorous protest to such proceedings. Here is a man who has been living in the same room with a woman, not his wife, for the period of six years and then because the latter denies any improper relations having ever taken place between the two, your honor sees fit to instruct the jury for an acquittal. In my practice before the grand jury I have seen prostitutes who have openly plied their trade for years, solemnly swear with uplifted hands that they were as pure as babes and never had had any unlawful intercourse with men. Because one of the guilty parties denies the charge is that any reason why the case should be taken from the jury? They have heard the evidence.

"Suppose, for instance, the defendant was a Mormon, how soon he would be convicted of the charge. Hundreds, nay thousands. I might say, have been given the full penalty of the law for as little as having been seen to go into the house of

the alleged plural wife. The jury and court were allowed to presume upon the guiltiness of the party. And yet the court intends to acquit this man whom the evidence makes plain has abandoned his lawful wife and been living with, it can be called cohabitation at least, a woman. If this is the way all such cases are to be treated, any man may leave his wife and family to take care of themselves and live with prostitutes in open violation of the law and common decency. Because a man is not a Mormon is no reason why he should be dealt with less severity than any other. The laws were made for all men and should be impartially dealt out."

Attorney Evans brought up a large number of cases to prove his position and the speech contained much good matter and many strong points.

The judge still persisted in holding to his former decision and the verdict of not guilty was rendered accordingly.

Several of the jurors were approached by the reporter and each one stated that they considered the evidence very conclusive and would have convicted without the slightest hesitation.—*Ogden Standard.*

SCIENCE PUZZLED.

New York, Dec. 24.—The strange case of a young woman who, though blind, can see with eyes of others, feel cold when her friends are cold, or warm when they are warm, hear through their ears, and taste with their palates, is now under investigation by a committee consisting of M. Gallup, G. H. Moffet and Albert Poppers, and in conjunction with Dr. T. R. Kinget, the three are working to authenticate all the details of the woman's strange history, and weave them into a paper to read before an anthropological and psychological club, which has rooms at No. 9 St. Mark's place. The girl lives in Jersey City, and has for years been a patient of Dr. Kinget, who lives at No. 158 east Eighty-fourth Street.

The first manifestations of her abnormal powers were observed January 8th, 1887. She had been left alone the greater part of the morning, when the brother of a very near friend opened the door of her room.

"Oh Hiram," she cried out, before a word had been spoken, "I know Mary's back pains her awfully, but you don't think she will die, do you?"

The day before a friend, Mary Cutting by name, who lived some distance in the country, had been thrown from her horse and had suffered intensely in her back. Her brother came to tell of the accident and soften its severity. She could not possibly have learned of the accident in any ordinary way.

During the following week her younger sister sat a few feet from the bed reading George Eliot's "Middlemarch." The invalid girl could see only the back of the book, and did not know the page at which it was opened. Suddenly she began

to read verbatim the words as seen by her sister.

"The case is one that cannot be explained by hypnotism, nor by any general laws heretofore given to the public," explains Dr. Kinget. "It is not clairvoyance, because the patient cannot perceive objects except through the instrumentality or senses of some other person. It cannot be hypnotism, as the girl never goes to sleep, nor loses consciousness, and is never under another's control. It cannot be a simple transference of impressions of the senses, because of the fact that she cannot read strange books by the eye of another would destroy this explanation. This poor blind and partially deaf invalid, without perfect use of a single one of her natural faculties, presents a case that science at present cannot interpret."

"THE OTHER HALF."

The December sun shone clear and cold upon the city. It shone upon rich and poor alike. It shone into the homes of the wealthy on the avenues and in the uptown streets, and into courts and alleys hedged in by towering tenements down town. It shone upon throngs of busy holiday shoppers that went out and in at the big stores, carrying bundles big and small, all alike filled with Christmas cheer and kindly messages from Santa Claus.

It shone so gaily and altogether cheerily there that wraps and overcoats were unbuttoned for the north wind to toy with. "My, isn't it a nice day?" said one young lady in a fur shoulder cape to a friend, pausing to kiss and compare lists of Christmas gifts.

"Most too hot," was the reply, and the friends passed on. There was warmth within and without. Life was very pleasant under the Christmas sun up on the avenue.

ON CHERRY HILL.

Down in Cherry street the rays of the sun climbed over a row of small tenements with an effort that seemed to exhaust all the life that was in them, and fell into a dirty block, half-choked with trucks, with ash barrels and rubbish of all sorts, among which the dust was whirled in clouds upon fitful, shivering blasts that searched every nook and cranny of the big barracks. They fell upon a little girl, barefooted and in rags, who struggled out of an alley with a broken pitcher in her grimy fist, against the wind that set down the narrow slit like the draught through a big factory chimney. Just at the mouth of the alley it took her with a sudden whirl, a cyclone of dust and drifting ashes, tossed her fairly off her feet, tore from her grip the threadbare shawl she clutched at her throat, and set her down at the saloon door breathless and half smothered. She had just time to dodge through the storm doors before another whirlwind swept whistling down the street.

"My, but isn't it cold?" she said as she shook the dust out of her shawl and set the pitcher down on the bar. "Gimme a pint," she