

ness of age lightly resting on her like a blessing. Could that be the child Milly? Miss Laureston stood in silence before her, while Mrs. Beckwith looked from the young girl to the elderly white-haired lady who held her hand so closely.

With their youth far behind them, and twenty-five years crowding in between them, Agnes and Milly Laureston were face to face again. And the calm strength of the one bowed down before the patient humility of the other. "Beloved and respected by all?" It was so, indeed; toil and poverty and pain had borne witness to it. The child's weakness had grown into the woman's strength, the child's folly to the woman's wisdom. "Milly, Milly," whispered Agnes, and felt her sister's arms round her neck before the words left her lips.

Only one prayer had Milly—to be forgiven for the wrong she did in leaving her sister; only one feeling, when the long story was told and her lost child given back to her—a gratitude and blessing for her sister that all loving words and caresses failed to make known.

Yet even with Milly's hands clasping hers, Miss Laureston's eyes wandered constantly to Helen, and all her thoughts were trembling round the fear that Milly would take Helen away from her.

"You will come and live with me now, Milly, will you not?" she asked at last, putting the question with intense dread; for if her sister said No, would it not be natural that she should expect her daughter to stay with her?

Mrs. Beckwith looked up and saw two anxious faces—the sister's she had left, and the daughter's she had never known—waiting for her answer; saw and understood that they were more to each other than she could be to either of them. Her lips quivered a little as she asked, wistfully, "Are you afraid I shall want to take your little girl away from you? I will go with you, Agnes, any where that you wish. I was wrong when I would not stay with you before, and now I will try to make up for it."

She raised her face to kiss her sister, sober, middle-aged lady that she was, in the very same humble way that she used to do in her childhood, and Agnes understood a little of the love that must go out before love of others can come in.

But she never understood in all her life the simple self-sacrifice with which Milly gave her child over to the sister whose life was in her, and consented to go to the home where she would take only a second place, as in the days of her girlhood, and could be first in the heart neither of sister nor child. Milly only said to herself how natural it was that they should love each other best, and took the pain into her own heart rather than throw a shadow of it upon them.

Miss Laureston and Helen staid with her for several weeks, and when they went home, she went with them. In that time something of the strangeness which separated them had worn away. The old house received them back to itself, and the picture of the Angel Gabriel watched over its happy Christmas as it had watched over the lonely one fifteen years ago. On dark nights, when the fire-light shone brightly, the window again threw back the figures of the two sisters, the one white-haired, the other gray-haired, both going down to old age peacefully, while that young and beloved life climbed the morning slopes beside them.

Harry was away at college now, and now and then looked at Helen's picture as if he might some time come to think it prettier than any other face in the world; but before that time came, his child-sister had fallen asleep with the immortal beauty on her face, and left to Harry and Helen only a dear memory sacred forever from all rivalry of earthly loveliness.

CRIME AND TRAMPS.

THOSE who seek to check crime, to make life and property safe, and to secure the rule of good morals, must study with care the causes of the lower grades of offenses. They are the most frequent, most hurtful from their numbers, and the most difficult to control. Vagrancy, petty thefts, and disorders lead to murders, arson, and robbery. When crime reaches these proportions an aroused community usually searches out and punishes the offenders. For this class of criminals our laws are well enough, and are fairly enforced. The great trouble is to work out some system which shall check the course of those who are entering upon lives of disorderly and criminal aspects, and who have been guilty of petty breaches of the law. To do this we must rely in the first place upon the exercise of our religious, moral, and social duties; and in the next place upon the laws we frame to punish this class of wrong-doers.

I shall only speak at this time of the laws of our State—what they are, and what they should be. A class of men known as "tramps" has suddenly sprung up in great numbers, and we are at a loss in what way to deal with them. We feel that they are a great and growing danger. They make life and property unsafe in parts of our country which have heretofore been free from such evils. Not only our towns, but the solitary homes of our farmers are annoyed by these visitors, who mean to live upon the community either by beggary or theft. This dangerous class not only increases in number, but it is rapidly gaining a kind of organization, and is growing into a system of

brigandage. They crowd to every scene of disorder or disaster, and greatly add to the difficulties of enforcing laws. They have systems of communication and intercourse, which are made more perfect each year. What is the origin of this class of men? What has called it into existence as an organized body hostile to industry and social order? Not alone the state of our country, for while there is at this time a measure of business distress, yet it is still true that these men could easily earn with a little labor the food and clothes which they pick up by beggary and theft. It will be found that they are the outgrowth of those very laws to which we look for protection.

Crime should be punished with certainty, and in a way that will make men shrink from its commission, that will degrade them as little as possible, and that will tend to make them better. All will agree to these rules, but our practice violates each one of them.

In Delaware the whipping-post is still in use. We are shocked at its brutal aspects, and charge upon the people of that State that they cherish a relic of barbarism. We then complacently shut our eyes to the evils of our own laws. While the laws of Delaware are offensive, it is still true that our way is more brutal, more hurtful to the health and morals of wrong-doers; so far from checking crime, it nourishes vice, and teaches the arts by which bad men can prey upon the public. Let us compare the two systems as to their physical effects, and we shall find that while one is bad, the other is worse. The sharp pain of the lash and its marks upon the body of a man shock us. These are always seen and felt by the bystander, and tend to check excessive punishment. This is a safeguard against brutality. Harm to the health rarely follows this kind of punishment; and its advocates claim, with some force, that every substitute which is less revolting has always proved to be more hurtful, because it does not in its aspects give warning of lasting or fatal results.

Without running through the list of these, let us look at our jails. For weeks or months men shut up in them are cut off from fresh air or exercise, in almost every case living in a way that not only breeds diseases hurtful to them, but in many cases sowing the seeds of pestilences which have swept vast numbers of innocent persons into their graves. Jail fevers are frequently noted in the histories of England when the modes of life of its people favored the spread of epidemics. We do not know how often these give birth to pestilences which are carried into the families of the discharged convicts, or into the homes of all classes of our citizens in the clothing of the vagrant tramp made virulent by his unclean mode of life.

If we look at the mere physical effects of punishment, the lash is less repulsive than foul diseases. There is an after-evil following the vile air and the pestilential life of our jails. Those who come out of them are unfit for a time to do any honest work. Physical prostration demands stimulants, and jails will make drunkards of those who have before been sober men. It is to be said of the use of the whip that it is far less dangerous to life and health than any other punishment. Its effects are upon the surface, where they can be seen, and that, too, in a way calculated to hold back the hand that wields it. Every thing used in its place by those ignorant of the structure of the human body has proved to be injurious to life, health, and intellect. The darkness of cells, the shocks from streams of water, painful positions, and the whole list of substitutes have caused the most terrible results. I think medical men will agree with this statement. The man who suffers from the lash goes from his punishment with a sense of the evils which follow wrong-doing. He is not taught any new devices in crime, nor made as shameless or as hardened as the poor wretch who is kept for months in the crowded school-room of vice, where the moral atmosphere is as fetid as the air he breathes.

Those with whom alone he can talk, and with whom he is forced into close contact by prison walls, are offenders of all grades of guilt, from the timorous young who have taken their first steps in wrong-doing to the old and hardened offender who boasts of his deeds. During the whole time they are thus kept caged up they are gazed at through the prison bars by the curious, and scoffed at by the unfeeling, till they are forced in self-defense to become shameless, and taught to hurl back the words of scorn which are prompted by the evil passions of hate and vengeance which their positions excite in their minds. Yet in the face of these truths we speak of our laws and of our jails as our reliances for checking crime and reforming offenders. Will any one say that he who comes out from these prison walls is less degraded in his own eyes or those of the public, less hardened in vice, than the man who has undergone the sharp but short pain of the lash? The real evil of the whipping-post is not the harm done to the criminal, but to the lookers-on.

There is another rule which we all see which must be followed if we are to prevent crime. Its punishments must be of a kind which men shrink from. Is that true of our jails? In some cases it is, when men first fall into vicious ways. But more than half of those who are sent to them care but little for the shame, and many of them look to them as places of shelter from want, as homes where they can get food and warmth.

The dread of the jail is usually felt but once; the dread of the lash is felt every time that the man sees that his conduct may bring him under its sharp stings. But my object is not to commend the whipping-post, but to show that we have something worse in our plans for punishment. I protest against both systems, but I wish to make clear our follies by comparing them with acts against which we cry out in the name of humanity.

While Governor of this State I learned that the suffering for crime, as a rule, fell not upon the offender, but upon his family. When I look over our penal laws, their titles, to my mind, read between their lines, "*Acts to punish wives and children of those who violate their terms.*" I was constantly appealed to to pardon convicts for these reasons, and in some cases by the wives of those who made the complaints upon which the wrong-doer was convicted. When this was told to them, their answer was, that while that was true, yet when the husbands were in jail, where they were fed and warmed, their wives and children were left to starve and freeze for want of support.

There is no perfect way of dealing with crime, but there is no worse way than the system of this State. Some years ago a leading lawyer of New York travelled through Egypt. He met the chief of a wandering tribe of the desert, and, among other things, he told this wild ruler of our laws, and the ways we dealt with crime. He was heard with astonishment, and for the first time he himself was struck with their absurdities. After his return he used to say that he was never so thoroughly ashamed of his country as when he was telling his simple-minded auditor what laws we had upon these subjects, and how they were enforced.

While we may not frame perfect systems, much can be done to make a better state of things—to simplify justice and to break up the tendency to disorderly conduct and to vagrancy. We can not hope to make any marked improvement in our jails. Each county must have one, and its population will determine the character of its place of confinement. Those in charge of them will be frequently changed, and save in the large cities the number and character of the inmates will not admit of classification, etc.

The first change should be one that will allow our judges to impose punishments other than sending the offenders to these common schools of vice.

As nothing can be worse than our present laws, there can be no harm in trying new plans. We must have jails, as there are cases when the safety of society makes it necessary to lock men up. But, as a rule, other restraints can be used which will check, not teach, crime. Our laws only allow two punishments to be inflicted for mi-

nor offenses—fines or imprisonment—and these must be imposed without regard to age, sex, condition, or circumstances. The law demands these, it matters not what moral or material mischief they may do. As a rule, fines inflict distress on families and friends, while jails are a gateway to a course of wickedness which leads to the State-prisons. For these reasons no punishments are inflicted until the offenders have grown into hardened criminals who excite no sympathy. There is no power to deal in a right way with the first step in crime, with acts of mingled error and wrongdoing. It has been my duty to look into a great number of such cases, and I have given much thought and study to our statutes with regard to them. Next to moral and religious influences, we must rely upon the wisdom of our laws with regard to youthful offenders. It is comparatively an easy matter to deal with grave crimes.

The first step toward reform is to give magistrates a right, within certain limits, to direct such punishments as they shall see are best fitted to reform wrong-doers. They have all the facts before them, and best know what is just and right in each case. This will not give them undue powers, but it will take away pretenses for not doing their duty. Now they must fine, or imprison, or discharge. In many cases either of these courses is unsuitable, and many wrong-doers go free, for to enforce law would only make things worse.

This state of things is full of evil. If magistrates could bind them out to do work, or direct the minors to be chastised by parents or guardians or suitable persons, many would be saved from the moral leprosy which infects our jails. Such or like punishments would be inflicted, and there would be no excuse for letting offenders escape.

Magistrates should have in addition to their present powers the same right of control over vagrants, disorderly persons, and habitual offenders which parents or guardians have over their children or wards. The fact that they belong to these classes should be judicially decided after a certain number of convictions. When they are thus enrolled in these classes, they should have no right to vote at any election. As our laws now stand, notorious offenders who do no honest work, who can only live in immoral ways, are held to be innocent persons, when they are arrested, until the formal, technical, and sometimes expensive proofs are furnished that they are guilty of practices which there is a moral certainty they indulge in. This is right when they are accused of grave crimes. But there is no hardship in putting such persons into that state of wardship in which the law places all persons who are under the age

of twenty-one years, or who are afflicted with disordered minds. Should disorderly morals be more leniently dealt with than disordered intellects?

There is no danger in giving magistrates the power over habitual offenders which parents and guardians have over minors—that of making them work, of binding them out, and of locking them up; and, in the case of children, having them chastised rather than sent to jails. There is no reason to fear that this punishment will be used too often or too harshly. It would rarely be applied, but should not be made illegal, as it would give magistrates great control, and would do much to put an end to the bravado and swagger of disorderly boys which are so much admired by their weak or youthful companions.

It is a great crime to send youthful offenders to those pest-houses of vice—our jails. While our reformatories do much good, they do not check the first steps in wrong-doing. It is sheer cant which cries out against saving young boys from vice by the action of magistrates in the same way that the teacher saves his pupil, or the guardian the ward under his care.

We need laws which will check rather than those which will punish wrong-doing. No man in his brutal rage will whip his helpless wife when he knows that his guilty act will suggest to the magistrate what should be done to him. Is it not time that the State should cease to educate men in crime; should cease to foster disorder and vagrancy, and to send out armies of tramps to make country life and property unsafe? These evils can in a good degree be corrected if we will change our laws and give our magistrates the power and discretion they ought to have. By doing this we shall not only check crime, but lessen the cost and trouble of administering justice. To get rid of these the towns are in the habit of pushing off vagrants and disorderly persons upon each other, and they thus set in motion the army of tramps. If each town had a cheap lock-up where such men could be sent and made for a few days to do some useful work, such as breaking stone, we should soon be freed from a dangerous and growing class of wanderers.

Broken stone is always needed for roads in the country, and the supply thus gained would do much toward paying the cost of this branch of administration. What I have suggested may not be wise. But one thing is clear: the evils of which I have spoken will grow more serious until we get rid of technical rules and ideas, which we cling to only because custom has made them valuable in our eyes, and blinded us to the fact that they make rather than check vice.

Those who have charge of revising our statutes urge some valuable changes with

regard to felonies. They would have those who have been convicted more than once declared "*habitual offenders*," who shall at all times be under the supervision of the police. This is a wise suggestion. But it is still more important to make offenders the wards of the magistrates at the outset of their careers than it is to wait until they have become hardened criminals. This supervision should not merely be used to thwart the designs of old offenders, but it should also be adopted to check and reform that more numerous class of disorderly persons who furnish the men who commit the murders, the arson, the burglaries, and other desperate acts which make life and property unsafe.

JOSEPH, THE NEZ PERCÉ.

From the northern desolation
Comes a cry of exultation:
"It is ended. He has yielded. And the stubborn
fight is won!"
Let the nation in its glory
Bow with shame before the story
Of the hero it has ruined and the evil it has done.
How he prayed while hope remained,
Though the white man's hands were stained
With the blood that cried for vengeance of his murdered
kin and clan,
For the home the good God gave him,
And the treaty sworn to save him,
For the shelter of his children, for the right to be a
man.
Then the troops began to hound him,
And he wrapped his blanket round him,
And he called his braves to follow, and he smote
them hip and thigh.
But the hosts grew vast and vaster,
And the whirlwind of disaster
Drove him out into the mountains and beneath an
alien sky.
Through the continental bridges,
Over tottering torrent bridges,
By the verge of black abysses, in the shade of mount-
ains hoar;
Herds and wives and children bearing,
Months he journeyed, toiling, daring,
With an army trailed behind him and another
crouched before.
Thrice the sudden blow descended,
Roar and flash and clashing blended;
Twice his rear-guard faced and checked them till the
hunted tribe were free.
Once he recoiled, but swiftly rallied,
Forth upon the spoilers sallied,
Drove them headlong into shelter, captured all their
cannonry.
But the mountains could not shield him,
And the snowy heights revealed him,
And the false friends would not aid him, and his
goal was far away;
Burdened by his weak and wounded,
Stripped and harried and surrounded,
Still the chieftain of the Northland, like a lion, stood
at bay.
From the freedom that he sought for,
From the dear land that he fought for,
He is riven by a nation that has spurned its plighted
word;
By the Christians who have given
To the heathen—gracious Heaven!—
With the one hand theft and falsehood, with the
other ball and sword.