

THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE.

He cannot walk, he cannot speak,
Nothing he knows of books and men,
He is the weakest of the weak,
And has not strength to hold a pen;
He has no pocket, and no purse,
Nor ever yet has owned a penny
But has more riches than his nurse
Because he wants not any.

He rules his parents by his cry,
And holds them captive by a smile,
A despot, strong through infancy,
A king, from lack of guile,
He lies upon his back and crows,
Or looks with grave eyes on his mother—
What can he mean? But I suppose
They understand each other.

In doors or out, early or late,
There is no limit to his way,
For wraps in baby robes of state,
He governs night and day,
Kisses he takes as rightful due,
And Turk-like, has his slaves to dress
him,
His subjects bend before him, too,
Jan one of them. God bless him!

—John Dennis.

JUDICIAL CRIME.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

Just prior to the American revolution, a Bristol trader arrived in the harbor of Boston, having on passenger board. This person was a young English woman named Esther Calvert, daughter of a shop-keeper at Cheltenham and niece of the captain of the ship.

Some years before her departure from England Esther had suffered an affliction—associated with a deplorable public event—which had shaken her attachment to her native land. Free, at a later period, to choose for herself, she resolved on leaving England as soon as employment could be found for her in another country. After a weary interval of expectation, the sea-captain had obtained a situation for his niece as housekeeper in the family of Mrs. Anderkin, a widow lady living in Boston.

Esther had been well practiced in domestic duties during the long illness of her mother. Intelligent, modest, and sweet-tempered, she soon became a favorite with Mrs. Anderkin and the members of her young family. The children found but one fault with the new housekeeper—she dressed invariably in dismal black, and it was impossible to prevail upon her to give the cause. It was known that she was an orphan, and she had acknowledged that no relations of hers had recently died, and yet she persisted in wearing mourning. Some great grief had evidently overshadowed the life of the gentle English housekeeper.

In her intervals of leisure, she soon became the chosen friend of Mrs. Anderkin's children; always ready to teach them new games, clever at dressing the girls' dolls and at mending the boys' toys. Esther was in one respect only not in sympathy with her young friends—she never laughed. One day, they boldly put the question to her: "When we are all laughing, why don't you laugh too?"

Esther only replied in these words: "I shall think it kind of you if you won't ask me that question again."

The young people deserved her confidence in them; they never mentioned the subject from that time forth.

But there was another member of the family, whose desire to know something of the housekeeper's history was, from motives of delicacy, concealed from Esther herself. This was the governess—Mrs. Anderkin's well-loved friend, as well as the teacher of her children.

On the day before he sailed on his homeward voyage, the sea-captain called to take leave of his niece—and then asked if he could also pay his respects to Mrs. Anderkin. He was informed that the lady of the house had gone out, but that the governess would be happy to receive him. At the interview which followed, they talked of Esther, and agreed so well in their good opinion of her, that the captain paid a long visit. The governess had persuaded him to tell the story of his niece's wasted life.

But he insisted on one condition. "If we had been in England," he said, "I should have kept the matter secret, for the sake of the family. Here, in America, Esther is a stranger—here she will stay—and no slur will be cast on the family name at home. But mind one thing: I trust to your honor to take no one into your confidence—excepting only the mistress of the house."

This was Esther's sad story: In the year 1762, a young man named John Jennings, employed as waiter at a Yorkshire inn, astonished his master by announcing that he was engaged to be married, and that he proposed retiring from service on next quarter day.

Further inquiry showed that the young woman's name was Esther Calvert, and that Jennings was greatly her inferior in social rank. Her father's consent to the marriage depended on her lover's success in rising in the world. Friends with money were inclined to trust Jennings, and to help him to start a business of his own, if Miss Calvert's father would do something for the young people on his side. He made no objection, and the marriage engagement was sanctioned accordingly.

One evening, when the last days of Jennings' service were drawing to an end, a gentleman on horseback stopped at the inn. In a state of great agitation, he informed the landlady that he was on his way to Hull, but that he had been so frightened as to make it impossible for him to continue his journey. A highwayman had robbed him of a purse containing twenty guineas. The thief's face (as usual in those days) was concealed by a mask, and there was but one chance of bringing him to justice. It was the traveler's custom to place a private mark on every gold piece that

he carried with him on a journey, and the stolen guineas might possibly be traced in that way.

The landlady (one Mr. Brummell) attended on his guest at supper. His wife had only that moment told him of the robbery; and he had a circumstance to mention which might lead to the discovery of the thief. In the first place, however, he wished to ask at what time the crime had been committed. The traveler answered that he had been robbed late in the evening, just as it was beginning to get dark. On hearing this Mr. Brummell looked very much distressed.

"I have got a waiter named Jennings," he said, "a man superior to his station in life—good manners and fair education—in fact, a general favorite. But, for some time past, I have observed that he has been rather free with his money in betting, and that habits of drinking have grown on him. I am afraid he is not worthy of the good opinion entertained of him by myself and other persons. This evening I sent him out to get some small silver for me, giving him a guinea to change. He came back intoxicated, telling me that change was not to be had. I ordered him to bed, and then happened to look at the guineas which he had brought back. Unfortunately, I had not at that time heard of the robbery; and I paid the guinea away with some other money, in settlement of a tradesman's account. But this I am sure of, there was a mark on the guinea which Jennings gave back to me. It is, of course, possible that there might have been a mark (which escaped my notice) on the guinea which I took out of my purse when I sent for change."

"Or, the traveler suggested, "it may have been one of my stolen guineas, given back by mistake, by this drunken waiter of yours, instead of the guinea handed to him by yourself. Do you think he is asleep?"

"Sure to be asleep, sir—in his condition."

"Do you object, Mr. Brummell, after what you have told me, to setting this matter at rest by searching the man's clothes?"

The landlady hesitated. "It seems hard on Jennings," he said, "if we prove to have been suspicious of him without a cause. Can you speak positively, sir, to the mark which you put on your money?"

The traveler declared that he could swear to his mark. Mr. Brummell yielded. The two went up together to the waiter's room. Jennings was fast asleep. At the very outset of the search, they found the stolen bag of money in his pocket. The guineas—nineteen in number—had a mark on each one of them, and that mark the traveler identified. After this discovery there was but one course to take. The waiter's protestations of innocence, when they woke him and accused him of the robbery, were flatly contradicted by facts. He was charged before a magistrate with the theft of the money, and, as a matter of course, was committed for trial.

The circumstances were so strongly against him that his own friends recommended Jennings to plead guilty, and appeal to the mercy of the court. He refused to follow their advice, and he was bravely encouraged to persist in that decision by the poor girl, who believed in his innocence with her whole heart. At that dreadful crisis she secured the best legal assistance, and took from her little dowry the money that paid the expenses.

At the next assizes the case was tried. The proceeding before the judge was a repetition (at great length and with more solemnity) of the proceedings before the magistrate. No skill in cross-examination could shake the direct statements of the witnesses. The evidence was made absolutely complete by the appearance of the tradesman to whom Mr. Brummell had paid the marked guinea. The coin (so marked) was a curiosity; the man had kept it, and he now produced it in court.

The judge summed up, finding literally nothing that he could say, as an honest man, in favor of the prisoner. The jury returned a verdict of guilty, after a consultation which was a mere matter of form. Clearer circumstantial evidence of guilt had never been produced, in the opinion of every person—but one—who was present at the trial. The sentence on Jennings for highway robbery was, by the law of those days, death on the scaffold.

Friends were found to help Esther in the last effort that the faithful creature could now make—the attempt to obtain a commutation of the sentence. She was admitted to an interview with the home secretary, and her petition was presented to the king. Here, again, the indisputable evidence forbade the exercise of mercy. Esther's betrothed husband was hanged at Hull. His last words declared his innocence—with the rope round his neck.

Before a year had passed, the one poor consolation that she could hope for, in this world, found Esther in her misery. The proof that Jennings had died a martyr to the fallibility of human justice, was made public by the confession of the guilty man.

Another criminal trial took place at the assizes. The landlady of an inn was found guilty of having stolen the property of a person staying in his house. It was stated in evidence that this was not his first offense. He had been habitually a robber on the highway, and his name was Brummell.

The wretch confessed that he was the masked highwayman who had stolen the bag of guineas. Riding, by a nearer way than was known to the traveler, he had reached the inn first. There he found a person in trade waiting by appointment for the settlement of a bill. Not having enough money of his own about him to pay the whole amount, Brummell had made use of one of the stolen guineas, and had only heard the traveler declare that his money was marked after the tradesman had left the house. To ask for the return of the fatal guinea was more than he dared to attempt. But one other alternative presented itself. The mercenary villain insured his own safety by the sacrifice of an innocent man.

After the time when the sea-captain

had paid his visit at Mrs. Anderkin's house, Esther's position became subject to certain changes. One little domestic privilege followed another so gradually and so modestly that the housekeeper found herself a loved and honored member of the family, without being able to trace by what succession of events she had risen to the new place that she occupied. The secret confided to the two ladies had been strictly preserved; Esther never even suspected that they knew the deplorable story of her lover's death. Her life, after what she had suffered, was not prolonged to a great age. She died—peacefully unconscious of the terrors of death. Her last words were spoken with a smile. She looked at the loving friends assembled round her bed, and said to them: "My dear one is waiting for me. Good-bye."

A Goodly Old Kitchen.

A correspondent of the New Orleans Picayune, who has been visiting in Canterbury, writes: "Just outside the gate and across the way from the shop of the potato and pork merchant's there stands, as it has stood for a couple of centuries, the old Falstaff Inn. We went in under the archway through a low doorway, overgrown with ivy. At the end of the hall was a lovely old kitchen with a floor of cool tiles and a gorgeous dinner service of purple, red, blue and gold displayed in wide racks against the wall. A bright fire was burning, the red coals glowing between the bars of the grate, and a vast deal of cooking was going on. The kettle is boiling with a fussy effusion like that of a comfortable, home-keeping, good-hearted, motherly woman, bustling about to get things ready for her good man and the children. A leg of lamb was roasting before the fire. A string or thin iron chain, I believe it was, was fastened from the mantle shelf, and from the other end hung the meat, dangling directly in front of the grate bars. A plate was set underneath it to catch the drippings. I had a bit of that lamb, with some mint sauce, for my dinner, and I can attest that it was most excellent eating. I wish I had some of it at this moment."

A trim young woman, wearing the white of mob caps, the cleanest of white aprons, stood before the fire broiling a chop. She had a long-handled, double tin broiler or gridiron in her hands. The chop was shut up in this, and she patiently held it before the fire as we would hold up a wet towel to dry, turning it round now and then; and what, with the tea-kettle, the bursting of the skin of the leg of the lamb, the sizzling of the savory chop, most comforting, if deafening, noises filled the cosy room. The girl turned a rosy face at us and smiled comfortably. The smile, the goodly old kitchen, the rows of delf on the wall, the nodding red hollyhocks out in the garden, the recollections of the swinging jolly old Falstaff, of the charming windows and deep window seats warmed me to the heart with enthusiasm.

Open Your Windows, Friends.

From Chambers' Journal. Directly the sun begins to decline, let every maiden and housewife, and man and woman and child, with an eye for the picturesque, and a feeling for health and beauty, throw up the Venetian or Parisian blinds. Open your rooms to the glories of the evening; throw up and pull down the shades; open wide all your doors. Let cool breezes enter into corridor and cellar and garret and room; let the "chill" air circulate through every inch of the house hour after hour, while you are getting your evening meal, while you say your prayers, while you think of others after the toils of the day. If it be your priceless lot to dwell apart from the city life, and have outside your cottage or villa or mansion, flowers, those lovely gifts of Dame Nature, let scents of rose and thyme come in at every gap in the hedge, at every rift of the wall, at every cranny of the house—scents of rosemary and mignonette, and lavender and bergamot, and lily and elderberry. Welcome delicate perfume on its cooling, refreshing, healthy mission. It is Hygieia's gift—a superlative boon for the dog days.

New Piece of Deception.

A private representation has recently been given in London of a very remarkable illusion, the inventor of which is M. Bantier de Kolta, who was unable himself to appear, but was very ably represented by Mr. Charles Bertram, a clever "conjurer," already favorably known to London and provincial audiences. Of course, as the true secret of art is to conceal the means by which it is wrought out, the inventor of this latest illusion mystifies the spectators so that it seems impossible to explain away or account in any way for his very ingenious trick. Mr. Bertram led on the stage a young lady of prepossessing appearance, who was seated in a chair placed upon an outspread newspaper, through which it was impossible for her to pass down through the stage without leaving a rent in the paper. She has no close surroundings in the way of stage furniture, by which to conceal her retreat in any other direction. A thin silk veil is thrown over her, and when, in a few seconds, it is removed, she has disappeared, while the chair in which she sat is still standing on the newspaper. The lady is afterward led on to receive the congratulations of the company.

John Reed of Cloverdale, Cal., but formerly a prominent lumberman at Nilesville, Wis., is in Black River Falls to render what assistance he can in settling up the Blake difficulty. Nothing will be done about it until the meeting of the county board. There is a great deal of sympathy felt for Blake by some of his most intimate friends, who were willingly screened him from criminal prosecution, but the masses will not be satisfied with simply monetary punishment, as they think it savors too much of class favoritism.

JOHN RANDOLPH.

Goody About Him—Instances of His Arrogance and Insults—Reminiscences of His Days.

Washington Letter to Cleveland Leader.

I have been much interested lately in the study of John Randolph of Roanoke, and nowhere do I find a better description than in the private memoirs of Ogle Taylor, one of the rich old citizens of Washington, who published his recollections some time ago, exclusively for the use of his friends. These stories of Taylor have never gotten into general circulation. He published only a very few of his books, and they never got into the stores. Reading them is like looking over some old manuscript diary of the past, and from their pages you can get more real truth as to the private life of our great statesman than from history. The following letter I quote freely from Taylor's book about Randolph, and in many instances verbatim:—

"John Randolph," says Mr. Taylor, "was unquestionably a man of genius, of rare eloquence, and high literary attainments. His penetrating and mellifluous voice was wonderful (though not equal to Clay's) its low notes reaching every part of the largest hall. He and Clay were rivals in eloquence and debate. They represented opposing political parties and principles. The one a patrician by birth, the other sprung from the people. Both were born in Virginia. There were giants in those days. Randolph started in life as the tribune of the people, a follower of Jefferson; but, when a leader himself, he became some of his opinions, and became aristocratic, proud, and overbearing. He prided himself on the force and style of an English gentleman. He dressed well and appropriately, importing his clothes from England. When he rode his blood horse—the way he usually moved—he wore leather breeches and white tops. He drove his phaeton, his servant following on horseback, or was driven in his 'chariot and four,' the carriage and harness from Longacre, London. But, in some respects, Mr. Randolph was a lusus nature. The Hon. Richard Rush, in a controversy, described him, not inaptly:—

"A fiend, lean and lank,
That moved upon a spindle shank,
As straight as an Indian. He walked like one, and prided himself on his descent from Pocahontas. He was quick at repartee, and unsparing in satire."

"For meanness and pretension he expressed the greatest scorn. A few examples will suffice. In one of his walks along Pennsylvania avenue, in Washington, he was overtaken by an obese gentleman, puffing from his exertion, with the remark: 'You walk a little faster,' was the reply, striding away from him. A sycophant followed him to a coachmaker's repository and volunteered his opinion on a close carriage. 'Please examine the interior, said Mr. Randolph, and then fastened him in and walked off. A person meaning to be very civil to Mr. Randolph, on meeting him at Richmond, said to him, 'I lately passed by your house.' 'I hope, sir, you'll always pass it by,' was Mr. Randolph's reply. On his being a prosecutor in the celebrated trial of Judge Chase, it was remarked to him, by a supple M. C., of his kinsman, the accomplished gentleman, David Meade Randolph, whose testimony favored Judge Chase, that 'it was not to be relied upon.' 'I would sooner believe Mr. Randolph's word,' was the reply 'than yours, sir, upon your oath.' In reply to a sophomoric sort of member of Congress, who had eulogized Mr. Randolph's great talent, concluding with the remark, 'but were he obliged to take his heart with his head, he would prefer to remain as he is,' Mr. Randolph, with mock humility, deprecated the praise, 'although coming from one of his moral qualities of the honorable gentleman; but if I were obliged to have his head, even with his noble heart, I too should prefer to remain as I am.' In the war of 1812, a pretentious politician, a member general, at a dinner party, boasting of our American prowess, used the word 'we.' He was silenced by Mr. Randolph's reply: 'Did you say we, General?' To another general, in debate on the floor of Congress, he having been unfortunate in an attempt to invade Canada, and then making an onslaught on the Secretary of War, Mr. Calhoun, Mr. Randolph replied by quoting from his proclamation, with significant emphasis: 'The gentleman is at last carrying the war into the enemy's country.' One of the earliest speeches Mr. Calhoun made in Congress, was to assail Mr. Randolph for his 'audacity in comparing himself to the great Lord Chatham.' Mr. Randolph modestly disclaimed the pretension, but added: 'In one thing we are alike, pointing his finger to Mr. Calhoun, 'every second member assails me.' An able, but a vain member of Congress, attacked Mr. Randolph in debate. He merely replied, to the other's great indignation: 'Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart all bark at me.'"

The distinguished Mr. Pleasants resolved to avenge an insult, and planted himself in front of Mr. Randolph, on the main street in Richmond, saying: 'I don't get out of the way for a d—d rascal.' 'But I do,' was Mr. Randolph's prompt reply, stepping aside. Mr. Pleasants laughed and acknowledged himself beaten. He and Mr. Randolph were afterwards on friendly terms. When Lord Brougham was bent on the ballot vote in England, a scheme of his own, he met Mr. Randolph at a fashionable dinner party in London, and inquired of him the opinion in his country about the ballot. The reply was: 'In my state, Virginia, there have been many foolish measures; but we never had there such a jackass as to propose the ballot. The subject dropped. An English friend, meeting Mr. Randolph in one of the

parks of London asked him 'his opinion of England.' Just then a splendid equipage passed by, as a miserable pauper asked for alms. Mr. Randolph, with a significant gesture, replied: 'It is a heaven for the rich, a purgatory for the middle class, and a hell for the poor.'"

"Mr. Randolph's arrogance and insults made him many enemies. Duels and challenges were the result. In one he wounded the distinguished General Taylor, of Norfolk. They were then young men. Mr. Randolph had the advantage of being considered a great shot. He was far from it, though he made a great show of his guns and dogs. When about to fight the distinguished M. C., Mr. Epes, General Breckenridge, of Virginia, was requested to prepare Mr. Randolph by a little practice for the conflict. He recommended to the distinguished Mr. Crawford, of Georgia, who was to be the second of Mr. Randolph on the field, 'by all means to arrange the matter, for Mr. Randolph can not hit a barn door.' An accommodation took place. On making up with Mr. Clay, after his bullet had rent Mr. Randolph's flannel dressing gown, that he wore on the occasion of their duel, he said: 'Mr. Clay, you owe me a gown.' Clay promptly replied: 'I am glad I am not deeper in your debt.' There was a correspondence that has never been revealed to but a few, between the Hon. Daniel Webster and Mr. Randolph, in which there was an invitation to the field, but the meeting was prevented by the interposition of friends, in which Colonel Benton took an active part."

"Some curious anecdotes are told of him of a different character from those narrated. He was a great whist player, and would devote whole nights to the game if he found congenial spirits. Here is a case in point: Governor Edward Lloyd, then Senator from Maryland, during a session of Congress at Washington, about the 1820, had a whist party at his lodgings, the present Willard's Hotel, then kept by Strother. The party consisted of Mr. Randolph, Mr. Clay, and General Gibbs, of Rhode Island, besides the host, Governor Lloyd. Mr. Randolph and Mr. Clay were partners the whole evening. They were winners. Yet months afterwards Mr. Randolph fancied he had won \$20 from Mr. Clay on that occasion, and reminded him of it. Mr. Clay blandly replied, 'if I had remembered the debt I should certainly have paid it.' 'You surely owe it,' said Mr. Randolph. Without a word more, believing in his thorough conviction, Mr. Clay forthwith paid the money, though sure he had not lost it. 'In these matters,' on Mr. Clay's telling me the anecdote, he said, 'I feel I am beyond reproach.'"

"Mr. Randolph treasured up wise saws, and was happy in their application. He was well versed in Rochefoucault. His landlord, Dawson, became needy. Mr. Randolph asked for his bill and paid it. Dawson in alarm, inquired if he had taken offense and meant to quit the house. Mr. Randolph replied: 'I intend to leave; as we shall part friends, and as I entertain respect and regard for you, I fear from my knowledge of mankind that in your altered circumstances something might arise to change my opinion of you, so we had best part; and Mr. Randolph removed to other quarters. He gave currency to a Spanish proverb, 'Save me from my friends.' I can guard against my enemies.' He felt deeply wounded by the imputation put upon his chivalry, and said: 'I shall never again take refuge under the communion table.' The evening preceding his duel with Mr. Clay, his seconds, Messrs. Tatnall and Hamilton, called upon him to make the last arrangements. They found him reading Milton; and he entered upon an essay on its beauties, from which he could not be diverted until the hour was so late that very few words were said about the duel or anything else. He was adroit in extricating himself from difficulty. He had one with the celebrated McDuffee that threatened serious consequences. The South Carolina orator returned more than a Roland for Mr. Randolph's Oliver. On the next day, prematurely announcing the death of the dying Pinkney, Mr. Randolph eloquently referred to his hallowed grave around which no resentments could be maintained, that he felt none, and made such an appeal to Mr. McDuffee that he responded in the same spirit, producing an immediate reconciliation. Mr. Randolph was one of the committee to count the votes of the house that exactly elected Mr. Adams to the presidency; not one too many or one too few. Mr. Randolph at once exclaimed, so as to be heard over the whole legislative hall, and that was as silent as a church: 'The cards are stacked.' In this way was anticipated the proclamation of the count. After Clay and Webster had retired from Congress, a distinguished member from Vermont said to me: 'Randolph is head and shoulders above any man in the house.'"

The Fourteen Great Mistakes.

Somebody has condensed the mistakes of life, and arrived at the conclusion that there are fourteen of them. Most people would say, if they told the truth, that there was no limit to the mistakes of life; that they were like drops in the ocean or the sands of the shore in number, but it is well to be accurate. Here, then, are fourteen great mistakes: It is a great mistake to set up our own standard of right and wrong, and judge people accordingly; to measure the enjoyment of others by our own; to expect uniformity of opinion in this world; to look for judgment and experience in youth; to endeavor to mold all dispositions alike; to yield to immaterial trifles; to look for perfection in our own actions; to worry ourselves and others with what can not be remedied; not to alleviate all that needs alleviation as far as lies in our power; not to make allowances for the infirmities of others; to consider everything impossible that we can not perform; to believe only what our finite minds can grasp; to expect to be able to understand everything.—New York Star.

Pursued by a Lion

The narrator of the following adventure was out in the forest and wandered much farther than he intended. At last his dog was set upon by a lion, and only got off with his life, but a dog's senses are sometimes worth more than a man's judgment, and in the present instance, half dead as he was, the dog saved his master's life.

The children loved my dog, and no artery was cut. I shredded some Spanish moss, bound up his wounds, slung him in my scarf, and set out for home; so far had we wandered that it was nearer than the coral. I am strong, but the sun was hot, and a dog is heavy on one's shoulder. No path led through the forest, and I could not feel sure, not being an Indian, that I was following the true course. A hundred times I thought of dropping the poor animal, but I had not the heart when he licked my neck and remembered what his fate would be—devoured alive by ants.

Presently he became restless, and then he growled. "It needs many lessons to teach a fool," says the proverb. I hit him with my elbow, but he would not be quiet. He began to bark feebly, gathering up his limbs—poor beast! I suddenly caught the hint and turned. At a few yards distance the bushes softly swayed beside my track. The lion was following again. I looked to my rifle and set forward. In ten minutes the growling recommenced, and the excitement of the dog grew stronger and stronger. The brute was creeping up. I cocked the gun and faced round, but that beast was quick. Nothing could be seen but the waving of the twigs. I fired a chance shot to no effect, and resumed my way after loading. For a long while all was quiet. I gained the river bank, and was working down, relieved of all anxiety, for the spot was familiar.

Beyond a broad belt of reeds and swampy ground lay the clearing. That was an ugly bit to traverse with a lion at one's heels, and I congratulated myself that he had run away. One could not see a yard on either hand when, half way through, the dog barked and growled and struggled more violently than before. When I turned the leaves were all bending and quivering but five yards away. I shot and hurried on, but the ground was difficult. In a few moments the dog again gave warning, and the reeds swayed all about. I shot, but the dog did not cease to raise such feeble clamor as he could, and I shot as fast as I could load. The firing saved me. Two vaqueros resting in the shade knew the sound of my piece and came to meet me hallooing. The dog was almost choked in convulsions by this time, and I believe that the lion had just gathered himself to spring when their shouts alarmed him.

From that time I have understood how a kind action never goes unrewarded. For if I had abandoned my dog that day I never should have reached home.—Belgravia Magazine.

The Duke's Snake-Killer.

From Longman's Magazine. When the Duke of Argyll was secretary of state for India, he, as a student of natural history, took a special interest in the question of killing poisonous snakes. And there came to him one day at the India office the cunning inventor of a machine called an asphyxiator, by which it was easily demonstrated that the snakes could be killed in large numbers in the holes in which they dwell in India. It was not difficult to show his grace that when the asphyxiator was applied to a rabbit-hole the rabbit must either bolt or be suffocated. The snake would be treated in the same way as a rabbit. So the duke ordered some twenty asphyxiators, and sent them out to different parts of India. It happened that I was employed near Calcutta, and the government of Bengal were pleased to order me to make a trial of the consignment of asphyxiators, which they regarded as so many white elephants. The asphyxiators were unpacked, and the instructions which accompanied them were read. There was a sort of firebox in which a pestilently-smelling paper was to be burned, so as to send the smoke from the burning paper through a funnel into a long nozzle which was to be inserted into the snake's hole. This it will be seen required the services of two men, one to keep up the fire and turn the wheel, and the other to direct and hold the nozzle-pipe. It was also requisite that a third man should stand by with a stick, to kill the snake bolting from its hole. We turned out with the apparatus properly manned, and applied the fire to get up smoke, and applied the nozzle to a hole in a bank near the stable, which was supposed to hold a snake. The smoke was injected and out there bolted a terrified rat. The man with the stick struck at the rat and broke the nozzle-pipe. The man at the nozzle-pipe jumped back, against the man who was turning the wheel, and in their fright they both tumbled down. The rat escaped, but if it had been a snake instead of a rat it is very probable that one of the three operators might have been bitten. The men lost confidence in the machine, and declined to work it. It was taken indoors, and put into an anteroom, where the native night-watchman usually took up his quarters. One cold night the watchman closed the doors of the room and lit a quantity of the medicated paper to warm himself. In the morning a well-asphyxiated watchman was found, but luckily he was brought round with deluges of cold water. This, however, was the end of the official career of the Duke of Argyll's snake-asphyxiator in Bengal.

A storm blew down several houses in the new town of Berling, on the Santa Fe railroad, on the edge of Knox county, Mo., was killed outright in a falling building.