

MARGERY AT BOARDING SCHOOL.

BY M. A. TAIT, BOWMANVILLE.

"Yes, Margery, I think it best that you should go. This is a good school. Better at any time than the one here, and I'm sure after you have been there a short time you will like it, and you will meet lots of nice girls at Madame Whitney's," and Mr. Maxwell leaned back in his comfortable armchair as though he would say, "I have decided and nothing more need be said."

His daughter Margery stood drumming idly on the window pane, and as he spoke the hot angry tears came rushing up in her eyes, and she cried, "Oh, Papa, don't send me away off there among a lot of strange girls. I don't want to go. I'd rather stay here and go to school for years and years than go for one to that boarding school."

"But, Margie, dear, you know nothing about it yet," interposed her mother, who, seated beside the window, was sewing busily away on a garment for Margie.

"Oh, Mamma, you know I don't want to go. I think you might reason a little with Papa, and get him to let me stay at home."

"Well, dear, you know it is for your own good that we send you there, and I think it worries Papa to hear you talk like that."

By this time the tears were falling fast from Margery's eyes, and she hurried from the room.

"It does seem a pity to send her in such a frame of mind, but I suppose she would have to go some day."

"Of course," said Mr. Maxwell, "and you shouldn't humor the child so, because it will do her more harm than good."

Poor Margery went to her room and had a good cry and then her conscience began to smite her.

"What are you making such a fuss about, Margie Maxwell, you know you have to go, and you may as well submit. And then you know it worries your mother and father and all the time it is for your own benefit, you ungrateful wretch. You ought to be ashamed."

"And so I am," said Margery to herself, "and I shall try not to let them see that I have been crying."

So saying she rose from off the bed where she had thrown herself in her fit of passion, and proceeded to bathe her swollen eyelids so as to remove as far as possible all traces of tears. Then she went down stairs and out through the front door, where she found her brother Tom, stretched out beneath a large shade tree in the garden.

"Well, old girl, are you resigned to your fate?" was his greeting as he saw her swollen eyes.

"Oh, Tom, it is really unkind of you to talk like that," and she looked as if she could cry again. She determined Tom should not see her anyway.

"Well, never mind, Margie, but come here and sit down beside me. We'll make the most of our time and you've a whole week before you yet."

"Well, what's a week here to two or three years at school?" exclaimed Margery indignantly.

"Why, gracious, you don't suppose you'll have to stay there holidays and all, do you, goose?"

"Of course I'll have to, and you know I will, Tom Maxwell. I wish you wouldn't tease me so."

"And you really think you will be kept at school all holidays? Well, you're crazy." And Tom rolled over on the grass and laughed heartily at the sorrowful, wee-begone face before him.

"And won't I really have to stay, Tom?" cried Margie.

"Why, no, of course not," said Tom.

"Well, thank goodness. I'll not mind going half so much now. Isn't that mamma calling?"

"Come, Margery, tea is ready. Is Tom there?"

"Yes, mother, we're coming."

Mrs. Maxwell was surprised to hear the way in which Margie spoke. There were no sounds of tears in her voice as there had been in the dining room; and the face that appeared at the tea table was wreathed in smiles instead of tears.

"Well, mamma, do you know I thought I should have to stay there holidays and all and Tom says I won't; 'tis a good deal better than I thought 'twould be."

"I'm glad she doesn't mind it," said Mrs. Maxwell to her husband that night.

"If she did mind it, she would soon get over it," he replied gruffly, and nothing more was said about the matter.

So next Monday Miss Margery started for school. She found to her great joy that Tom had to go on the same road for about fifty miles and they both started on the same train. They talked and planned together of what they would do when holidays came and the time passed all too quickly for Margery.

Her eyes filled with tears as Tom bade her good-bye, but she kept them back so Tom should not see them.

But he did, however, and he blinked his eyes pretty hard and hastened out of the car.

Margery watched from the window as long as she could see the least speck and then she turned her head and cried till she could cry no more and overcome with sleep (she had been up early that morning) she closed her eyes and was soon sleeping soundly.

Not long after a rough but kindly hand was laid on her shoulder and a pleasant voice said, "Come, Missie, your station is the very next one and only a mile away. You had better prepare to get out for this train stops only a minute."

She was thoroughly awakened now and as she looked up into the kind face of the conductor she said, "Thank you. It was stupid of me to fall asleep, but I was tired and I couldn't help it."

"I'll take your ticket, please," so saying he went his way.

In a few minutes the train stopped and Margery got off.

She went straight to the waiting room and left her valise on one of the benches. Then she went on the platform to see if anyone had come to meet her. Everyone appeared to be going away in the other direction, except one and that was a girl.

"Surely this must be the one sent for me, for there seems to be no one else coming. They're all going."

It was the one sent for her and she came up to Margery and in the sweetest of voices said, "I suppose you are Margery Maxwell, aren't you. I am Alice Lea. Madame Whitney sent me for you and if you are ready we will go. The carriage is waiting at the other side of the station house."

Another moment finds them seated in the

comfortable carriage, rolling away to the town on the outskirts of which Madame Whitney's popular school stood.

"Is Mrs. Whitney kind or cross?" asked Margie.

"Indeed she is just as kind as any one can be with a lot of troublesome girls," Alice Lea replied. "But we never call her Mrs. Whitney. We just call her 'Madame' she likes it best." At this moment Margery spied a little white kitten by the road side, dripping wet.

"Look, Miss Lea, what a shame. I believe somebody has been trying to drown that kitten. I do wish we could get it."

"So you can if you want it." Then to the coachman, "John, will you stop for a minute?"

Immediately the carriage came to a stand still and Alice was out on the road with the kitten in her arms.

"Oh hurry, Miss Lea, and let me see the dear little thing. Isn't it tiny, though?"

They wrapped it up snugly in a shawl Alice had brought for herself.

"Well, we can at least keep it till we get to the gate," said Margery.

And then for want of something better to do they sat silent. They soon neared the gate of the school and both had forgotten about the kitten until the carriage stopped in front of a large white brick house, and there was Madame on the wide stone steps waiting to welcome them. She came down to the carriage with a slow stately step and with the light shawl which she had thrown over her white hair. Margery thought it was the kindest, most motherly face she had ever seen.

She put her arms right around Margie and printed a kiss on her brown cheek, then led the way into the hall.

"We will pass over what followed this until we come within a week of the Christmas holidays when all the girls were in joyful anticipation of a good time at home and a release from school for a while, when one day a telegram came and this is what Margie read:

"Tom has scarlet fever. Keep Margie at school."

"W. J. MAXWELL."

"Oh, Madame, I'm sure Papa would not have said that if he had only known how I want to go home. I think I ought to go to help wait on him."

"Well, dear, you can wait till to-morrow for a letter and see what they say about it."

And a letter did come the very next day, but it came in a strange hand writing.

It ran thus:

"Dear Miss Margery:—Your mother requested me to write you, as she is too busy with your brother. His case is not the worst kind but you will have to stay at school instead of taking your holidays as you expected."

"Yours truly,
"J. D. ALLISON."

P. S.—Your mother has a good nurse for him."

"It is from our doctor," said Margery to Madame as she handed her the note to read.

"I think they might just let me go home. Or I might stay at aunt May's and get home once in a while."

"Why, my dear, you don't want to leave so very badly, do you?" said Madame.

"I'm sure I don't want you to go at all. I might be very lonesome without my little girl. We will have a nice quiet time here, while at home you would most likely catch the fever. There will be more girls than you here during the holidays."

"Why, I thought I would be the only one. Who else will be here besides me?"

"May Grahame and Alice Lea, and two or three more, and I'm sure you can have a good time if you try," replied Madame.

A few days after this all the girls, who were to go home, had their trunks packed and everything ready and were sitting in the large reception room of the school waiting for the sleighs which were to convey them to the station. The girls who were to stay were banded up also for they were to go to the train with the others and then for a sleigh ride afterward. Outside the snow was falling quietly in large soft flakes and the air was mild and pleasant. Some of the girls were chatting and laughing together while most of them were sitting silent. Among the latter was Margery, and when Alice Lea, who was sitting beside her, said,

"Isn't this a nice day for a sleigh ride?" she answered impatiently, "No, I don't think it is; there's too much snow falling for me to enjoy it." One of the girls across the room said, "Come, Margery, dear, I'm afraid you're getting a little cross," and she looked around and smiled triumphantly.

"I would thank you, Ella Martyn, to keep your sweet speeches to yourself," retorted Margery ready to cry.

"Dear me, we are getting cross in earnest, aren't we," said Ella again. "You should never let your angry passions rise, my dear girl." This last tauntingly.

Poor Margery could stand no more. She burst into tears and rushed to her own room. When Alice Lea went to call her she found her face downward on the bed which they shared. She was quiet then but Alice knew something of the tears she had shed by the sobs which shook her frame from time to time.

"Come, Margery, they are going and if you don't hurry you'll miss your sleigh ride."

"I'm not going, Alice. If I had to face that Ella Martyn again, I'd be sure to say something mean to her. Madame won't care if I don't go will she, do you think?"

"I don't know about that, but I do know that there will be a scene if she knows anything about you and Ella Martyn. You will certainly have to tell her if you stay home. I think you had better go. Hurry up and decide."

"Well, can't I tell her that I have a headache?" asked Margery.

"No, for then she would say, 'twould make it better for you to get fresh air,' Alice answered.

"I see there is no escape for me without confessing so I will go. I needn't ride in the same sleigh with her any way."

At this juncture May Grahame's voice was heard at the foot of the stairs calling them and they hurried down. Margery put a veil over her face apparently to shield it from the snow, but really to hide her red and swollen eyes from the gaze of the curious girls.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The new Lyons gauzes come in lovely shades of evening colors, with a pattern of woven silk braid running in vermilion de signs all over it.

Young Folks' Department.

DOROTHY'S FRIENDS.

BY NELLIE HELM.

Such a timid little girl as she was, to be traveling alone! But how could it be helped? For, when her mother in New York wrote to her away off in Kansas, where she had been for more than a year visiting an uncle and aunt, saying that her father was very ill and longed to see his little Dorothy, of course she must go as quickly as possible. And as there was no one who could accompany her, there was no way for her but to go alone. So with many loving kisses, she was committed to the care of the conductor as far as Chicago. He was a kind man and promised not only to watch her that far, but also to see that she was safely transferred to the train eastward bound. Every time he passed through the car he gave a kindly glance and smile to the quiet little maiden, and sometimes stopped and said a few encouraging words to her; so it was really not so bad after all. Once when the train was sweeping through a long stretch of prairie and he had no tickets to collect, he came and sat beside her and told her about his little girl, who always ran to meet him when he went home. Then Dorothy looked into his face with a quiver about her sweet little mouth and said:

"Did she ever travel on the cars without any of her friends?"

"No, dear," he said kindly as he saw the homesick look in her wistful eyes, "but one time she was lost in the streets of a big city, and we searched for her for hours, and at last found her in a police station. That was a great deal worse than riding in a nice, comfortable car alone. But even then she found a friend, you see, as all nice little girls do when they need one."

"Yes," said Dorothy, reflectively, "the policeman was her friend, and you're mine, aren't you? And just before I left auntie, she told me not to be afraid, 'cause the Father that sticketh closer than a brother would go with me all the way. That's Jesus, you know," and Dorothy looked confidently in the face of her companion.

Just then the whistle sounded long and loud, and as the train drew near a station the conductor left her.

Little Dorothy curled up in the corner of her seat and, leaning her cheek on the window-sill, looked out at the flying country through which they sped, and her thoughts went back to the happy home she had so lately left, and forward to the dear ones so anxiously awaiting her coming. Soon the scene upon which she looked became very confused and vague. It was hard to tell the trees from the grass, and to keep the sky and earth from changing places; then it was all light, then all dark, and then little Dorothy was fast asleep. How long she slept she never knew, but she was dreaming that her dear auntie had come to her and put her arms around her and kissed her, and with her touch she awoke. There was a strange silence about her and she opened her eyes more widely and sat up. Then she discovered that the train was standing still and all of the other passengers had left the car, excepting one man who disappeared through the door as she looked about. She turned to the window and, to her surprise, saw that it was night and she was in a brightly lighted depot. She felt frightened and bewildered, wondering what had become of her friend, the conductor, when he appeared in a doorway and came rapidly toward her.

"Now, little girl," he said, "I can take care of you."

"But where are we?" asked Dorothy, in a quivering voice.

"Why, this is Chicago," he replied, with a reassuring smile, "where you bid me good-by, and go the rest of the way on another train; but I'll see you off all right. Now let me take your ticket and check, then we'll leave this car."

Dorothy turned to get her little satchel where it had been tucked in the corner of the seat, safely, as they thought, but, to her dismay, it was gone. They looked under the seats and raised the cushions, all to no purpose; it was gone, and with it her ticket, the check for her trunk, her money and all her precious things. The conductor saw it all instantly. While he had left her sound asleep to attend to some duties, a thief had come and robbed her. Poor little Dorothy! Instead of the caress of her dear auntie, as she had dreamed, it was the rough touch of some wicked person that had awakened her. The conductor took her trembling little hand in his and told her, as plainly and simply as he could, what had happened, and as the ready tears began to fall and the sobs came thick and fast, he put his strong arm about her and said:

"Now, my dear little girl, you must be very brave, and we'll see what can be done. Let me think," he said, looking away for a moment. "Ah, I have it!" he exclaimed, and, taking her hand, he led her from the car.

They went up a long flight of marble stairs into a large waiting-room filled with tired, travel-worn people, where the bright lights almost blinded the tear-filled eyes of Dorothy, as she clung to the hand of the only friend she seemed to have. For the moment she had forgotten "the Friend that sticketh closer than a brother." But he had not forgotten her and, although she did not know it, he was very near her even then in her distress.

"Is Mrs. Dawson here?" asked the conductor of a porter.

"Yes, sah," replied the man of color, "I think she be. I seen her a few moments ago. There she be, sah," pointing to an elderly lady who was moving about quietly among the waiting throng.

"Good evening, Mrs. Dawson," said the conductor, approaching her and leading little Dorothy by the hand. "I think I have some one here who needs your help." In a few words he told her Dorothy's story. It was just such a story as moved Mrs. Dawson's kind heart to its very depths.

"Why, you poor darling," she exclaimed, stooping down and putting her motherly arms around the little girl, "what a shame! But never fear, we'll make it all right and see that you get home safely, too." As Dorothy looked at her sympathetic face she gained confidence and courage and began to wipe away her tears. "That's right," said Mrs. Dawson, "be a brave little girl, and it will all be made right."

Then she bade her friend, the conductor, good-bye and Mrs. Dawson led her away. Dorothy looked up shyly at this new friend, wondering who she was and how she happened to be there, and as she did so she saw a blue ribbon fastened to her dress, on

which were the letters, Y. W. C. A. She did not know what they meant, unless they were the initials of the lady's name, which she thought rather queer; but Chicago was a strange place, and she did not know but it was a custom among the ladies there. Mrs. Dawson saw the inquiry in her face and said, with a smile:

"Do you want to know who I am? Well, I am called the 'Strangers' Friend' and I am sent here by some kind ladies who want to help people who come to this big city and haven't any friends, or in trouble, just like you. It is too late for you to take the train to-night, so I am going to take you to a nice home which these same ladies keep for the people they help. In the morning you shall start on your way again."

A short ride in the street-cars brought them to the home and, after a warm supper the poor, tired little girl was put to bed by kind Mrs. Dawson herself, and soon forgot her troubles in sleep.

In the morning Mrs. Dawson told her that a lady whom she knew was going to New York that afternoon, and had promised to take care of her on the way and to see her safely in her mother's arms; and another lady had bought her a new ticket, so she need have no fear. It was surprising how Mrs. Dawson could have done so much in so short a time, but she was a woman of remarkable energy and when she undertook to do a thing she usually succeeded.

So, you see, it was as the good conductor said, Dorothy found not only one friend but several in her need, and the Friend she told him of was with her all the time—"the Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

Beard and Turtle.

Curious and unequal combats sometimes take place when beasts of prey attack creatures out of their own element. The pursuer in such a case is likely to run more risk than the pursued. A story told in the St. Louis "Globe-Democrat" comes from an eyewitness of the incident at Shalot Harbor, South Florida. The crew of the schooner "Mabel F." while on shore at Key Mina heard a strange rumble, and pushing round a turn in the beach they saw a huge loggerhead turtle in deadly battle with a big black bear.

From their positions it seemed that the bear had sprung on the turtle as it was retreating toward the water, and had tried to overturn it. In some way it had stepped in front of the turtle which, thrusting its head out, had seized one of bruin's hind legs and held it.

At this the bear roared loudly, pawed furiously at the turtle's back, and tried to force him over on his back. The turtle resisted with all its strength and weight. He settled down close to the ground whenever the bear made an extra effort, and then as the bear relaxed his efforts, he would suddenly start up and endeavor to get nearer the water, keeping his firm hold on the bear's leg all the while.

Finally, by a sudden push and a powerful muscular effort of his head and paws, bruin managed to get the turtle half-set, one side being raised a foot or so. Pursuing his advantage, he seized one of the turtle's big flippers in his jaws, and the snap that followed showed that bruin felt that things were evening up.

He kept chewing the flipper and endeavoring to overthrow the turtle. But his antagonist worked around, and finally got in a stroke with his sharp paw that badly ripped the bear's under side. This infuriated bruin so much that he let go his grip on his antagonist's flipper, and, reaching his head down, tried to reach and free his hind leg. But he made a bad mistake, and the enraged loggerhead quickly improved his opportunity.

As bruin's nose came within reach he let go the leg, and, quick as a flash, fastened his iron grip on the bear's jaw. The bear was thoroughly taken by surprise, and roared lustily with pain and rage. The turtle pushed on, and dragged his unwilling captive along. The bear saw his danger and felt it, too, for they were so near the water's edge that the waves splashed over them.

The bear kept up the struggle ferociously, but his strength soon began to fail, for the turtle dragged him deeper and deeper. Fighting with his head half the time under water so exhausted him, that presently he stopped to rest. That moment was fatal. The old loggerhead marched off into the sea with his enemy, and the last seen of bruin was the feeble kicking of his hind legs. Next day his body was washed ashore, out into a dozen pieces.

Whitewashing Her Papa.

A gentleman, during the past week, being somewhat unwell, was obliged to remain in bed for a day or so, during which time the operation of turning the house inside out and upside down was going on, and colored men were engaged in whitewashing and women in scrubbing. Desirous of being shaved, and not wishing to venture outdoors, he sent for a barber. It was a "colored" individual who was thus honored by "a call," and he having arrived the sick man got up out of bed and sat on a chair, while the barber, with lather-box in hand, commenced his pleasing task.

A little four-year-old daughter of the gentleman happened to be in the room at the time, and the sick man observed how she gazed in wonder at the barber lathering his face. She instantly ran out of the room, but soon returned and took another look at the operation, as if to satisfy herself that she might believe her eyesight, when she quickly made her way down stairs to her mother and commenced crying.

"What's the matter, my dear?" asked her mother, who was busily engaged in superintending the house-cleaners.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "do come up stairs, mother, quick, and help papa, for there's a great big nigger whitewashing him!"

Stanley's Geographical Discoveries.

Stanley's geographical discoveries have been noteworthy, albeit the object of the relief expedition has not been exploration. He has traced the Aruwimi hundreds of miles from the Congo to the highlands flanking the Nile basin. He has demonstrated the extent and character of the enormous forest belt that extends northward from Tanganyika to the equatorial lakes. He has discovered a snow-capped mountain which he thinks rivals Kilima Njaro in height. He has described the tributary of the Nyanza, which undoubtedly connects that mysterious lake, Muta Njige, with the Nile system. If he sets out for Zanzibar from the southern edge of the Nyanza, he will make material additions to geographical knowledge, for he will pass through a region which has never been explored.—[N. Y. Tribune.]

SOME SOCIAL SL.

"I beg your pardon, madam, but you are sitting on my hat," exclaimed a gentleman. "Oh, pray excuse me; I thought it was my husband's," was the unexpected reply.

"Dear sir," said an amateur farmer just from the country, writing to the secretary of an agricultural society, "put me down on your cattle list for a calf."

A certain caravan orator at a fair, after a long yarn descriptive of what was to be seen inside, wound up by saying: "Step in, gentlemen, step in. Take my word for it, you will be highly delighted when you come out."

"I have met this man," said a lawyer with extreme severity, "in a great many places where I would be ashamed to be seen myself. And then he paused and looked with astonishment at the smiling Court and jury."

"Poor John—was a kind and forbearing husband," sobbed John's widow on her return from the funeral. "Yes," said a sympathizing neighbor, "but it is all for the best. You must try to comfort yourself, my dear, with the thought that your husband is at peace at last."

A person who was recently called into court for the purpose of proving the correctness of a surgeon's bill was asked whether the doctor did not make several visits after the patient was out of danger. "No," replied the witness, "I considered the patient in danger as long as the doctor continued his visits."

"Now, Miss Brown," said an earnest listener, "won't you play something for us?" "No, thank you," said the lady, "I'd rather hear, Mr. Jones." Earnest listener: "So would I, but— Here he was stopped by the expression on the young lady's face, and he looked confused for half an hour after she had indignantly turned and left him."

"Allow me, madam, to congratulate you on your acquaintance with that charming lady," said a gallant Hungarian, "she is young, beautiful, and intelligent." "Oh, certainly," replied the lady, "but don't you think she is a trifle conceited?" "Why, madam, just put yourself in her place, and would you not be conceited too?" was the rather startling comment.

A gentleman had accompanied a friend home to dinner and as they seated themselves at the table the hostess remarked: "I trust that you will make allowances, Mr. Blankley. My servant left me unexpectedly and I was compelled to cook the dinner myself." "Oh, certainly, my dear madam, certainly," responded the guest with great emphasis, "I can put up with anything."

Another amusing slip took the form of an unhappy after-dinner speech. There was an entertainment given by an Earl deservedly popular. It was extremely handsome and champagne flowed freely. The evening was well advanced when a benighted old gentleman rose to propose a toast. He spoke with fluency, but somehow he said the opposite to what he meant. "I feel," said he, "that for a plain country squire like myself to address this learned company is indeed to cast pearls before swine." Never was so successful a speech made. He could get no further for many minutes. The company applauded vociferously and as though they would never cease.

Odds and Ends of Dress.

Early Spring Bonnets.—All the earliest spring bonnets are made entirely of velvet flowers and covered with black lace, with a black lace quilling all under the edge. One I saw was of poppies shaped just like a saucer, and the lace which covered it was Chantilly. I am at a loss what to get for Easter. I think I'll get one all of white narcissi with a white lace fall—the white is to be worn later. Grandma says they are exactly the same kind of bonnets fashionable when she was a girl. All the new white skirts are made without flounces.

Summer Brocades and Silks.—The new brocades and silks for summer are all in plaids or in broad stripes, alternate stripes covered with flowers. Red and ash green, old rose and moss green, gray and gray and yellow and green seem the favorite combinations. I see that many of the lighter silks are covered with polka dots, and the newest ribbons are made to match them. Each side of the ribbon is different, and sometimes half the width is polka dotted, and the other half plain.

Scarfs.—Charming little scarfs and placons can be fashioned from smallest remnants of colored silk and muslin. A high collar is made to hook in the back, and to the front is shirred or plaited say one yard of China silk; this is again shirred a bit to the waist, and sometimes falls straight, or is drawn up on one hip to hang in wavy ends. When made of rose colored blue surah or white muslin it forms a crisp bit of color on a dark house-dress.

Big Nose and Mouth.

A clever woman was recently asked who should be made president of a certain association of which great things were expected. "I cannot name her," she said, "but choose some one with a big nose and a big mouth." There may be no such worth a row of pins in this, but none the less it is true that many of the ruling men and women of power have had large features. This is especially so in the literary world. At a literary gathering anywhere big noses or big mouths, or both, will be noticeable. The same traits are observable at a spiritual seance. At the council of women in Washington the noses of the women were in the aggregate monumental. It is the same at a meeting of Sorosis. Miss Frances Willard has a big nose and a good-sized mouth. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe has a big mouth but very fine and sympathetic. George Eliot's nose lacked nothing in size. It really looks as if the big-nosed, wide-mouthed people had the best of it in life, at least, from the public point of view.

The Boy and The Rat.

A boy who had caught a rat in a trap was about to despatch it by drowning when the rodent began bawling his sad fate and pathetically inquired: "Have I ever injured you that you seek my life?" "Never," was the reply. "Would you be the loser by restoring me to liberty?" "Not at all." "Then why not turn me loose? You seem to feel for me." "That's exactly the trouble," replied the boy. "Father has been scattering poison all over the cellar, and I'm afraid you will get some of it and die a lingering death. I'm doing the mercy act by drowning you." Moral.—When a citizen who "hasn't done nothing at all" is run in by the police, it saves him from committing burglary or murder.—[Detroit Free Press.]