JUBILEE DRAWING-ROOM.

Buckingham Palace Thronged With Rank and Beauty—Description of the Dresses of Royalty.

A London cablegram says: The Queen yesterday afternoon held at Buckingham Palace her first jubilee drawing-room. The rush was so great that the Queen had retired before a large number of carriages had reached the grand portal, around which the brilliant military guards of honor were attending. One line of carriages extended eastward along the double roads of St. James' Park beyond the club district of Pall Mall, and another line westward around the Buckingham Hotel and past Hyde Park corner into Piccadilly. At least 5,000 curious spectators clustered along the lines staring at the inmates of the carriages and their gorgeous dresses, not omitting to make the usual sarcasms on the Jeames Yellowplushes who adorned the hammer-cloths. There was the usual fatigue of the guests awaiting their turns, a more than customary crush on the grand staircase. There was the wonted battle of trains, disregarding the motto *noblesse oblige*. There was the traditional pushing and wedging and the use of fans as weapons, all accompanied by the time-honored jealousies for precedence or degree in the royal sunshine.

The Queen, standing on the dais in the Royal Throne Room, looked a remarkably happy matron, with the Princess of Wales and the Princesses Beatrice and Helena and the Duchess of Albany just below her. Beyond the royal group of ladies the Prince of Wales looked as buoyant as one should who had slept through an earthquake. He wore the brilliant uniform of Colonel-in-Chief of the Royal Horse Guards, of which Field Marshal Sir Patrick Grant is the active colonel. A squadron of the same regiment had escorted the Prince and Princess from Marlborough House amid the hearty cheers of everybody. The Marquis of Salisbury and nearly all the Cabinet were in another group beyond the Prince of Wales and suite. Some of the Ministers displayed in their court dress larger heads than calves.

Lord Randolph was absent from the Commoners, but her ladyship was present, smiling away the baseless scandals lately rife. Lady John Manners, who is a veteran at drawing-rooms, was heard to say that never within her recollection had there been such an immense and brilliant attendance at a drawing-room. The Lord Chamberlain's presentation book really makes up a bulky volume. The number of *debutantes* mindful of the notable Jubilee flavor of the occasion was very large. The supplement to to-day's *Court Journal* runs to sixty columns.

The Queen wore a train and bodice of black velvet and silk, trimmed with Russian sable over a black silk skirt trimmed with tulle and jet, a white tulle veil, surmounted by a coronet of diamonds, necklace and earrings of diamonds, and the Kohinoor as a brooch, with orders and ribbons dazzling in number and arrangements.

The Princess of Wales wore a dress of silver grey and silver brocade, with draperies of brocade and crape embroidered in silver, looped with grey and silver marabouts; a train of brocade lined with satin duchess and bordered with silver fringe and marabouts; a corsage to correspond; head-dress, a tiara of diamonds and feathers and veil; ornaments, pearls and diamonds.

The Princess Beatrice wore a dress and train of ruby velvet, embroidered with beads of the same color; headdress, a diadem of rubies and diamonds, feathers and veil; ornaments, rubies and diamonds.

The Duchess of Albany wore a black corded silk, with bead embroideries and a black veil; ornaments, pearls and diamonds. Both the Princesses of Wales, granddaughters of the Queen, wore trains of pearl white satin broche, lined with faille and bordered in tulle, and bouquets of lilies of the valley; corsage to correspond, trimmed with tulle and lilies over a jupe of tulle in bouillonces and plisses looped with bouquets of lilies of the valley; ornaments, pearls, diamonds and rubies, also the Orders of Victoria and Albert.

It was three hours after the close of the reception before the last carriage left the precincts of the palace in a dense fog, which made vehicular traffic and pedestrianism highly dangerous.

THE CANADIAN HORSE TRADE.

The Kind of Animals Wanted for the British Army.

A London cable says: Col. Ravenhill lectured last night before the Institute of Agriculture on the breeding of horses for military purposes. He said that the horse wanted was a cross on an English thoroughbred stallion, up-standing, with short legs, good bone, heavy shoulders, plenty of length, depth of girth and good action.

Col. Goldie has been instructed by the War Office to purchase 300 horses in Canada for army purposes in England. Veterinary Matthews, of the Royal Horse Guards, has been ordered to Canada to assist in the purchase of horses which are required here. Owing to continental countries having prohibited the export of horses, Canada can, by producing suitable horses, obtain a large market. There is no reason, if the matter is properly undertaken by Canadian farmers, why the Dominion horse trade should not become of large importance and as profitable as the cattle trade.

Coal Famine at Halifax.

A Halifax despatch says: The continuous strike of coal miners at the Pictou mines has created a coal famine in this city and very serious results will ensue if the strike continues much longer. The Cape Breton ports are frozen up and no coal can be obtained thence. The Spring Hill mines cannot supply their orders from the upper provinces. Halifax people, therefore, will soon be compelled to burn wood or pay about $10 a chaldron for coal.

Emperor William has conferred the order pour le merite for arts and sciences upon the historlographer of Prussia, Privy Councilior Professor Dr. von Treitschka, of Berlin; on Privy Councillor Dr. Gustav Freytag, the author of Wiesbaden; on the composer, Herr Johannes Brahma, of Vienna, and on Maestro Guiseppe Verdi, of Milan.

Rev. Archdeacon Ellwood, of Goderich, was struck with paralysis the other day, and now lies very low.

SPRING FASHIONS.

Cable News of the Latest Parisian Novelties.

THE HIGH HAT TO GO.

A cablegram from Paris says: March sunshine has given a new impetus to the fancies of the Parisian modistes, and a coming revolution in ladies' head covering is impending. The high hat is decidedly doomed, and *toques* are making their appearance in all kinds of pretty fancy straws, trimmed with velvet and with wide *faille* ribbon, with a wing placed at one side or else two quill feathers. The *capote* bonnet, with the sides covered with large leaves instead of birds' wings, is one of the latest novelties.

COLORED STRAW BONNETS.

A pretty innovation is the bordering of the bonnet brim with small flowers, such as primroses, violets or very small rosebuds. Tortoise shell pins are a good deal employed on black lace bonnets. Colored straws are exclusively shown for the present, and are very stylish trimmed with *faille* ribbon of a paler shade than the bonnet itself, such as Ophelia lilac on dark purple straw, pale blue on marine blue and pink on wine colored straw. A few high crowned Tyrolean hats that are still shown have a trimming in some cases passing over the crown in flat bias folds of velvet, with a large flower caught here and there among the folds. This style of trimming is very picturesque, but has to be carefully managed in order to prevent a topheavy appearance.

The newest colors of the season are a delicate shade of old pink or dying rose, as it is poetically called, and a silver shade of green known as serpent green.

TWO ELEGANT TOILETS.

Two elegant dresses worn by hostesses at two recent receptions were made as follows: One was in crushed raspberry velvet, made with a long train and plain, full skirt, the beauty and richness of the material requiring no elaboration in making or trimming. The pointed corsage was high to the throat and was shaded by a *fichu* in exquisite old *point d'Alencon*. The other toilet was worn by a young married lady. The corsage was in olive green velvet, brocaded with roses in their natural hues and bordered with a fringe in dark green jet. The skirt was composed of Pekin, in very wide stripes of olive *faille* and net, looped over an underskirt of olive *faille*. A costume, all in silver gray velvet, even to the bonnet, muff and jacket, was worn by a young lady visitor.

It must be admitted, in fact, that some of the most effective of these afternoon dresses have been in plain rich velvet, very simply made, and with scarcely any trimming, the beauty of the material and the perfection of the fit of the dress forming the highest types of elegance.

A FANCY COSTUME.

An original costume, to be worn by a well known military man in Paris at a fancy dress ball, is called *image d'Epinal*. It consists of white satin breeches and a coat, upon which are printed in colors and in small square blocks fairy tales of all kinds. Epinal, in the Vosges, is famous for its children's picture books. Sheets of fairy tales are sold there to the multitude for the modest price of one cent each.

A NOBLE WIFE.

Pathetic Story of Her Attempts to Save Her Husband's Life.

A Shell Lake, Wis., despatch says: Fritz Hass and his wife were in Shell Lake doing some trading on Thursday, and about 2 o'clock in the afternoon started for home. The aged couple had walked to town in the morning and felt equal to the task of walking back again, a distance of five miles. It was a bitter cold day, and as they advanced the wind began to blow. Before half of their journey had been accomplished they were wrapped in a blinding snow storm, and their progress became slow and difficult. Soon Mr. Hass sank down in the snow, thoroughly exhausted and unable to proceed. His now frantic wife tried in vain to urge him on. But she was compelled to leave him and seek aid at the nearest house. When she arrived at the house she sought she found a woman alone. It was then about 10 o'clock at night, but taking blankets the two women started back to succor Mr. Hass. He was unconscious when they reached him and with difficulty they succeeded in getting him a few rods further toward shelter. But Hass was a large, fleshy man, and the women were compelled to abandon their efforts in his behalf. Wrapping her exhausted husband in blankets and again giving him some nourishment, his noble helpmeet sat down beside him, while her kind assistant started for home. Mr. Hass remained with her husband until he died, about 8 o'clock in the morning. When help arrived at the scene the unfortunate couple were taken home, one nearly as lifeless as the other. Mr. Hass was nearly 70 years of age, and his faithful wife a few years his junior.

AN ECCENTRIC MAN'S END.

He is Cremated, and His Ashes will be Scattered Over a Saloon Keeper's Grave.

A Buffalo despatch says: The remains of the late Edward Kuehl, of Omaha, arrived here yesterday. Mr. Kuehl was engaged in the manufacture of boots and shoes. He had been in ill-health some time and unable to attend to business. On Monday last he took an overdose of morphine, from the effects of which he died. A week ago yesterday he made his will. In it he directs that his body be cremated and his ashes placed in an urn, and that when a certain saloon keeper in Omaha dies, that they shall be strewn over his grave so that no flowers will bloom upon it. The body was put in the crematory at 4 o'clock, and it took one hour and a quarter to incinerate the 200 pounds of flesh and bone.

Michael Krueger, of Manchester, Wis., was born 113 years ago in Posen, Prussia. He is the father of nine children, seven being sons, and when the seventh son was born Michael received a letter and $50 from the King of Prussia. Four of the children are dead; and the oldest living child is Gottlieb, who is 78 years old and lives in Milwaukee. The youngest of the nine is now 50 years old.

FEMALE AMERICA BEFORE THE QUEEN.

How New World Beauties Look and Feel.

The London correspondent of the New York *Sun* thus describes the presentation at court of American ladies:

Each lady will be most awfully low-necked, with train reaching from almost anywhere to the door. With that train wrapped two or three times round her lower extremities she will sit for a good long time in her carriage in front of the palace, while the carriages of most important personages drive in, and while more or less gilded youth walk up and down and stare. By and by she will be huddled into a cold room with about 499 other trains as big as her own. She will wait there for an hour or more, probably more. When her arms are getting blue and her dignity has pretty well oozed away she will be requested to hand a card with her name on it to the Lord Chamberlain. He will read it and steer her to the door. She will drag the train past a big chair on which the Queen sits perched, and as she goes past will make her finest bow. Her eyes will be dazzled by gay costumes, and her wonder will be excited, if she is not too much flurried, by the tremendous display of calves all about, from the Prince and noble ambassadors right down to the servants. Then everything will fade like a scene from a magic lantern, and she will find herself outside the second door and not at all impressed with her own greatness, and free to find her carriage and go home. Next day there will only be one thing to console her. It will be the pleasure of mailing to all her friends and relatives a copy of the *Times* which tells of her presentation to the Queen. The knowledge that her deluded relatives will picture her sitting on a ounge with the Queen of England drinking tea and swapping baby stories will be the only sordid return for the considerable investment. Apart from an excusable vanity, the presentation at Court can be of use only to American ladies who intend residing in London, who want to go into society and bring out their daughters.

A PHANTOM SIGNALMAN.

A "Spook" Disturbing Baltimore & Ohio Train Employees.

A Tiffin, O., despatch says: The village of Republic, O., has a ghost which stops trains, and there is great excitement there. A few nights ago when limited express No. 5, the same train that was wrecked and burned on January 4th, was approaching the scene of that horrible disaster, the engineer saw a red light—the danger signal—ahead. He applied the brakes and reversed his engine, and the train came to a standstill on almost the exact spot of the great wreck. Strange to say, when the train came to a standstill the light had disappeared and could nowhere be seen. Before stopping both the engineer and fireman noticed that the light appeared to be carried by a woman dressed entirely in white. Puzzled by the disappearance of the signal, the engineer and conductor walked over the track for some distance ahead, but could discover nothing wrong. The train then backed to Republic station and the operator was questioned, but he assured them that no signal had been out. The train proceeded on its way, running cautiously for several miles and the engineer keeping a sharp lookout, but nothing more was seen of the mysterious woman or signal. This strange apparition has appeared on three different occasions and has greatly excited trainmen and residents. A *posse* of men have watched the place for several nights, but the ghost has not since appeared.

What an Armless Man Did.

There recently died at Potsdam, St. Lawrence county, N.Y., Richard Donovan, who was in some respects one of the most remarkable men in northern New York. Twenty years ago, when a boy, Donovan worked in a flour mill. One day he was caught in a belt and received injuries that necessitated taking off both arms at the shoulders. This misfortune did not discourage him, and after recovering his health he set about earning a livelihood as best he could without the use of hands or arms. Part of the time he lived alone, and from the necessity of helping himself he became wonderfully adept in performing all kinds of work, using his feet and mouth principally. He owned a horse, of which he took the entire care, harnessed it, fastened and unfastened the buckles with his teeth, and drove with the reins tied around his shoulders. Being in need of a waggon, he bought wheels and axles and built a box buggy complete and painted it. He went to the barn one winter day and built a cow stable, sawing the timber with his feet, and, with the hammer in one foot and holding the nail with the other, he nailed the boards on as well as most men could with their hands. He dug a well twelve feet deep on a farm in this town and stoned it himself. He could mow away hay by holding the fork under his chin and letting it rest against his shoulder. He would pick up potatoes in the field as fast as a man could dig them. He would dress himself, get his meals, write his letters, and, in fact, do almost anything that any man with two arms could do.—*Boston Transcript.*

Decorum in Western Courts.

"When Eastern people read *Puck* and see signs which are claimed to be taken from court-rooms out West, they imagine that the signs are burlesques. I thought so until I went West," said a gentleman to the Arounder last night. "I know now that the signs are literal in every sense. I have two pasted up in my office which may do as samples of those I have seen. They were taken from a court-room in the northern part of Wyoming Territory, and read; 'No cracking peanuts in this court-room,' and 'Lawyers are not allowed to kiss the baby during court hours.' This latter being translated means that they are not allowed to take a drink. Then I saw one in a court-room at a town on Lake Superior which read: 'This court adjourns at 2.30; the court is going to the dance at H——.' The dance was held in a camp about six miles back of the town.—*Buffalo Courier.*

The value of the cotton plant, great as it is acknowledged by all to be, seems to have the possibility of being increased, since it has lately been discovered that the bark of the root contains what promises to be an available coloring matter.

BISMARCK AS BIG AS EVER.

Utter Inability of the French to Solve the Great Man's Riddles.

(Paris Letter in Chicago Inter-Ocean.)

As an American I recognize in Prince Bismarck a gift which he possesses in a greater degree than nature has vouchsafed to any diplomatist since the days of Benjamin Franklin—namely, that of appearing frank, simple and sincere, and yet of being, at the same time, deep, cunning and enigmatic. In fact, the Sphinx, Franklin and Bismarck have been the world's three great masters of diplomacy. The Sphinx outwitted all the world; Franklin outwitted all Europe, and Bismarck outwits all France. This is because the astute Chancellor, conscious, like Pericles, not only of his great position, but also of his great ability, always, or nearly always—that is to say, ninety-nine times out of a hundred speaks his mind with honest simplicity and audacity, and without the "forcible feebleness" of diplomatic reserve. On the other hand, once in a hundred times he ceases to be Bismarck and for the nonce becomes Machiavelli. In all the Chancellor's recent utterances, save one, there has been a charming frankness. For instance, he said sublimely that the German victory over France was an accident. A lesser statesman would have boastingly claimed it as a foregone conclusion. But Bismarck, the Franklin of Europe, is capable also of the most drab and downright Quaker duplicity. The Chancellor's Parisian critics, subtle as they are, have failed to fathom one of the most deceptive of his recent meanings. I mean deceptive in the honorable sense, just as a varnish, a veneer, a stucco, is a pleasing and commendable deception. I have vainly searched the volumes of twenty French journals to find even a passing reference to the point to which I refer. It has strangely escaped French notice; the Gallic mind does not comprehend the Germanic. Bismarck, in asking for an army appropriation covering seven years instead of three, adduced as one of his cogent reasons for the proposed measure a singular statement, which, on being rendered into plain English, would be the following:

"I may hope to be alive at the end of three but not at the end of seven years."

This remark at once set the whole Paris press agog with a pleasing wonder as to whether or not the great enemy of France was really likely, himself being the judge, to pay the debt of nature so unexpectedly and conveniently soon. There were innumerable articles on his age, on his rheumatisms, on his gout, on his dyspepsia, on his other ailments, and on his possibly imminent "shuffling off this mortal coil." All these jesting and jubilant comments were based on the above quoted allusion, which he was erroneously thought to have made to himself. I venture to declare that this allusion was not to himself at all. It was to the Emperor. The Chancellor could not decently say: "The Emperor is very, very old, and may drop off at any moment." His real meaning, however, was: "The Emperor has but a few days left; while he lives his prestige will be enormous; but his life, and the phenomenal weight and reverence attaching to him as the honored patriarch of living sovereigns, may be lost to the Imperial party in Germany at any moment; and hence before the Emperor dies, I, his Chancellor, who expect to be Chancellor also under the new reign, want to put the German army, now while I may, beyond all possible interference by the next Reichstag." This was Bismarck's real meaning.

Personal Points.

Hon. Carl Schurz slipped on the sidewalk in New York on Friday and fractured his thigh bone.

Gen. B. F. Butler fell in the railway station at Philadelphia on Friday night and dislocated his arm.

Rev. A. M. Banchet, Roman Catholic Bishop of Nesqually, died at Vancouver, W. T., on Friday night, aged 90.

Justin McCarthy was banqueted by the Boston Press Club Saturday night, and delivered his final American lecture last evening.

Dr. Horatius Bonar, now of Edinburgh, but for many years of Kelso, Scotland, one of the poets of the modern pulpit, the author of not a few of our most popular hymns and of many religious books, has made arrangements to retire from active ministerial life. Dr. Bonar was ordained in 1837. He this year, therefore, completes his fifty years in the ministry.

The Board of Trustees of Rev. Dr. Talmage's Brooklyn Tabernacle are puzzled on the question of enlarging the church. The church now has seating capacity for 3,700 people, but very often at the evening services there are over 6,000 people present. The building will either have to be enlarged or extra galleries will have to be put in.

A Natural Mistake.

Amateur Arctic Explorer—Well, well; the books are all wrong. I thought these people dressed in sealskins.

Native—Oh, no! Ordinary fur is good enough for us.

"Great St. Arctic. Where did you learn English?"

"English! We all talk English."

"Well, I don't see how these former Arctic explorers could lie so. Say, my friend, the North Pole is right about here somewhere, and I want to get together a party of natives to help me find it."

"You're wrong in your geography, young feller. This is Dakota."—*Omaha World.*

An Explanation.

Customer—"I must say I don't like this milk." Milkman—"Why, what's the matter with it?" "Just look at it; don't you see that it is blue?" "Well, yes; it is a little darker than usual." "What is the cause of it?" "I think I can explain it." "I'd be glad to hear it." "You see, we weaned the calf a few days ago, and probably the old cow feels a little blue about it. That's the only way I can account for it."—*Texas Siftings.*

It is never too late to mend; but a man need not expect to have a button sewed on much after midnight.

When a young man in the Aleutian Islands goes to see his girl in the evening, the parents of the girl thoughtfully retire to another compartment of the ice house, leaving a burning candle with the lovers. Do they let the candle burn? Not much; they promptly blow it out and eat it between them.—*New York Tribune.*

BISHOP BALDWIN'S PROHIBITION.

No Church Revenue Should be Raised by Games of Chance or Theatricals.

The following decree has been issued by Bishop Baldwin in his Diocese of Huron:

"Inasmuch as serious injury has for some time past been inflicted on the cause of Christ in this, our diocese, by the use of unscriptural and utterly fallacious methods of raising money for church purposes, and seeing, moreover, that the principles which should regulate our giving, advocated by us in our primary charge in 1884, have in some instances been neglected, forgotten or ignored, we deem it best, for the interests of our Redeemer's kingdom and the furtherance of His truth among us, clearly and unreservedly to state what are the practices to which we refer, and to take such action as the welfare of our sacred religion demands.

While allowing to congregations all reasonable liberty in the conduct of their own affairs, we yet feel that certain abuses in connection with the raising of money for church purposes have crept in among us, of so secular and unholy a character that to leave them unchecked would be not only to injure the spirituality of the church at large, but also, by implication, to make us partaker of other men's sins.

In accordance with the above, and in virtue of the authority committed unto us, the chief pastor over this portion of our Lord's flock, we now formally inhibit all churches and congregations within our diocese using the following methods of raising money for ecclesiastical or parochial purposes

First—Raffling, throwing of dice, games of chance or gambling of any kind.

Secondly—All theatrical, dramatic or impersonating exhibitions, whether public or private.

Beyond these two injunctions it is not our intention to proceed, preferring to leave all other matters connected with this subject to your Christian judgment and sense of what is right as professors of the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ. We may, however, state our opinion, and in this we think we have the "mind of Christ."

The only true and Scriptural method by which we can raise money for the cause of Christ is the exercise of the divine principle of self-renunciation. The spirit too often invoked is that of self-gratification, or aggrandizement. Our offerings, to be acceptable to God, must represent, not the price which some have paid for amusement and others for gain, but the self-denial of our hearts for the love we bear to Christ.

MAURICE S. HURON.

CONFERRING THE RED HAT.

Representatives of Canada and the United States to Receive It.

The two American cardinals, the Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore, Gibbons, and the Archbishop of Quebec, Taschereau, who are at present in Rome, will receive their red hats at a public consistory, to be held March 17th, the feast of St. Patrick. The insignia of a cardinal can only be given by the Pope himself in person. The ceremony of conferring the cardinal's hat is a very impressive one. The new cardinal is led into the Pope's presence by two of the cardinal deacons, and he immediately makes a triple profound reverence to the head of the Catholic Church—one at the threshold of the hall, one in the middle and still another at the foot of the throne. The Pope then bestows upon him the kiss of peace, and he is embraced by all his cardinalitial colleagues in turn. The *Te Deum* is chanted, and, after encircling the altar with his colleagues, the new cardinal prostrates himself, and remains in that position while the canticle is being finished, and the proper prayers said by the cardinal dean. Arising, next his hood is thrown back, the cardinal dean receives his oath of office, and leads him before the Pope, who confers upon him the red velvet hat, with due prayers. The Pope then withdraws, and the new cardinal receives the congratulations of his brethren. The cardinalitial ring and title are not conferred until the second consistory; only the hat is given at the first.

The cardinal's hat is of red cloth, with a very small crown and broad brim. Two ties, each ending in five rows of red silk acorns or tassels, three in each row, are fastened to the crown, and fall on either side, being long enough to meet under the wearer's chin. Originally, instead of this fringe, each tie had but a single tassel, because the hat was then used on all solemn occasions. At present the hat is not worn, and, therefore, the fringing may be more elaborate. Indeed, after the hat has been conferred, it is not again seen till the cardinal's death, when it is placed upon his bier, and, as a rule, suspended in the church above his tomb. The red hat of the late Cardinal McCloskey may be seen thus suspended in St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York. The red ferreta of the cardinal is of felt, of the same shape as those of simple ecclesiastics. On ordinary occasions they wear a black hat, with a red ribbon gold embroidered. The ring given to the cardinal to consecrate his marriage with the Church is a sapphire set in gold.

Canadian News Notes.

The Township of Otonabee is trebly honored. Its Reeve, Mr. Jno. Lang, has been elected M. P. for East Peterboro'. Its Deputy-Reeve is Warden of the county, and Mr. Blezard, M. P. P., is a resident of the township.

Measles and diphtheria are very prevalent about Watford and have proved fatal in a number of cases. Three members of the family of Mr. John Lightfoot, of Brooke Township, and two daughters of Mr. Wm. Clutterbuck, of Watford, have died.

An offer of prizes by the Brant County Sabbath School Association to the Sunday School pupils on the Indian reserve has borne good fruit. Three schools have sent in lists of those entitled to a prize for attendance. One school carried off forty prizes, twenty-two of whom had been present every day; another school claimed eight, four of whom had been present every day; the latter school seventy-two, most of whom had been present full time.

Little Belle McNichol, of St. Louis, playing with her pet Scotch terrier, accidentally locked herself in a small and nearly airtight closet. The dog at once ran down stairs, and by his actions induced a servant to follow him to the closet, where she found the child unconscious. Belle would have died in a few minutes more but for the terrier.