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BEYOND RECALL.

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CHAPTER IX.

MY TRIAL IS BROUGHT.

The court was full of people, yet the moment I stepped into the dock I caught sight of my poor wife. She was dressed in the same colors; I knew she had chosen them in preference to a more suitable dress with the hope of inspiriting me. Yet her deadly pallor showed how little her heart was in the matter. Her deep, anxious eyes fixed on her pitiful face; I could fancy she pronounced my name. Her deep, anxious eyes met mine with a smile, as if she bade me have courage; I smile which I alone saw, for my eyes were turned upon me.

Between him and Hebe sat another pretty woman, but yet sufficiently like her to show that they were sisters. I had never before seen her, though I had heard much of her sweet disposition and good sense from Hebe. Her name was Jessie; she had lived all her life in India with her father. I saw that her hand touched Hebe's, as if to let me believe then that she was her friend. On the other side of her was the major—full less in dress, more upright, the very type of a soldier, scrupulous in all things, I felt sure. He looked more anxious than I had seen him in the toolhouse, but I admired the self-possession which of the world—of a gentleman—in addition for the feelings of a man whose self-interest. Even at this time he found something to say to me, to draw her attention away from me.

When I turned my eyes from them, I was struck by the number of faces turned towards me. I saw everything. I recognized everyone in the court until my eyes fell on the constable Jennings, was in the witness box under examination. He was giving evidence he had given at the inquest, and had it all his own way. He was in a gown and wig, who he looked quite another sort up. His evidence was at first he spoke with a judicial way, as if he entirely approved of everything. In this way he gave his evidence, and got from him a full and clear statement as to the examination of windows and doors prior to finding the prisoner.

Saunders went round the witness box and carefully examined all the windows.

"Do you sound the boots?"

"There was nothing to lead you to suppose that there had been infraction?"

"Then you would not have without the least part of three burglars to appear?"

"There were no lights on the house, only the night lights burning in the room on the first floor?"

"There was a light in the servants' room when I first went to that. Saunders and the other were busy finding up when we left."

"When you captured the prisoner, did you take you to identify him as the man you followed from Richmond?"

"I followed him the moment I got my bearings."

"It was impossible, being that dark, to mistake you to throw your prisoner?"

"I could not take you to throw your prisoner, I stood still at the time?"

"The whistle awoke you from your sleep?"

"No, I was dressed and reading at the time."

"The constable has sworn that there was but one light in the back of the house—that in Miss Thane's room."

"It is possible there was but one light at the time he referred to in his evidence. I put out my light on first going to bed. It was some time after that being unable to sleep, I rose and relit it in order to read."

A gentleman sitting beside the counsel half rose and spoke a few words to him; he nodded, and continued his examination.

"Now, what did you do when you heard that there were burglars in the house?"

"I went to see if I could be of any service to the ladies of the house."

"That is what one would expect of you, major. And then—?"

"I returned to my room."

"At that time, was the scuffle going on below in the conservatory?"

"No: That was all over. It was quite quiet below."

"How did you know that—the servants and women must have been making a considerable commotion above?"

"I made my observation from the window."

"You looked out and saw that all was still?"

"Yes."

"Now, while you were looking out of the window did you see anything of the prisoner on the verandah?"

"Yes I saw the prisoner on the verandah."

"What distance was he from you?"

"He was close to me. I could have laid my hand on him."

"But you did not lay your hand upon him?"

"No."

"Did you raise an alarm or call attention to him?"

"No."

"That is not what one would have expected of you, major. May I ask why you let him go?"

"Because I did not feel myself called upon to prevent his escape."

"You were sufficiently interested in him, however, to go down and see what became of him when he dropped from the verandah?"

"Yes."

"You were also sufficiently recovered from your apathy to charge yourself with the safe-keeping of the prisoner?"

"I did charge myself with that responsibility."

"Mr. Thane gave you a lamp, and you took prisoner into a toolhouse in the shrubbery?"

"Yes."

"How long did you guard the prisoner there before he escaped?"

"About twenty minutes."

Some questions were put as to our relative positions in the toolhouse, etc., and then the counsel continued:—

"Now, major, will you tell me how the prisoner contrived to escape?"

Upon this the counsel for the defence rose quickly and said—

"The witness is not compelled to give any answer that may incriminate himself. If it can be proved that the prisoner committed murder, and that he escaped by the culpable negligence of witness, charged with his safe-keeping, witness is liable to prosecution as an accessory to the murder."

A sharp discussion followed, and then the counsel for the prosecution proceeded.

"We will waive that question, and supposing that the prisoner found means to get his hands free from the handcuffs found in the toolhouse, and then by violent means overcame your resistance—"

The major interrupted him. "Prisoner used no violence whatever," he said.

My counsel again rose to put him upon his guard; but silencing him as he had the counsel for the prosecution, he said—

"I have no wish to evade the consequences of what I have done. I say again the prisoner used no violence whatever; I myself removed the handcuffs from his wrists."

"Your candor commands respect," said the counsel, with a note of triumph. "And I expect you will equal candor to state why you liberated him."

"I liberated him because I knew him to be guiltless of the crime for which he had been taken into custody."

"What reason had you to presume that he was guiltless."

"I knew that he had come to the house to visit his wife."

"You knew that his wife was an inmate of Mr. Thane's household?"

"Yes."

"Had you seen prisoner previous to finding him on the verandah under your window?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"As he passed the library door on his way from the conservatory to the stairs."

"Did he see you there?"

"No. When I rose to relight my lamp I found I had no vestas. I knew I had left my box downstairs. I went down to fetch them. A light was burning in the hall lamp. The library was quite dark. While I was in there the prisoner passed."

"Was he alone?"

"No; his wife led the way."

"Can you tell us the woman's name?"

"I decline to do so. The prisoner has had once before shown me, "I'm sorry to see him here now."

The shipping agent testified to my taking a berth for America—to my anxiety to get away next day, to my paying for a telegram to secure a berth, and to my inquiries about trains to Liverpool, adding, "I told all this to the detective who came to make inquiries—that was about an hour after prisoner left." I told the detective I had seen him go into the outfitter's over the way."

The outfitter added his testimony.

The servants discharged by Mr. Thane, under examination, scornfully declared they knew nothing about me, and had never before seen me. The most pert, a pretty housemaid, said, "Do you think I would be seen keeping company with such a fellow as that?"

I was glad to see the impression this made, for how could Hebe be suspected of being the wife of a man whom even a servant scorned to regard as a sweetheart?

"You were discharged," said my counsel, "because your master believed that you could?"

"Mr. Thane believed that all ten of us kept company with him. I defy the prisoner to say I ever spoke a word to him."

"He does not intend to implicate any one of you, you will be glad to hear."

The housekeeper described the position of the servants' rooms.

"The staircase leading from the second floor where these rooms are is lit by a window overlooking the verandah, I believe," said the counsel.

"Yes," there is a window on the first-floor landing."

"When you went down to Miss Thane's room, did you find that window open?"

"Yes."

"The prisoner would have to pass under Miss Thane's window to reach that part from which he fell when he was taken?"

"Yes sir."

This concluded the examination of the servants. I think it was the judge who asked if the defence did not intend to cross-examine them further, with a view to finding which—if any—was acquainted with me.

"No, my lord," said my counsel, rising; "the prisoner emphatically declines to say anything which may implicate any person in Mr. Thane's household although it has been strongly represented to him that he may by that means clear himself from the charge of being in the house with burglarious intent."

There was a murmer of applause, which the judge deprecated with a quick movement of his hands, and the court then rose for lunch. Up to this point all had gone in my favor. There was color in Hebe's face now. Her eyes flashed encouragement as I glanced towards her. As I passed out of the court I heard one barrister say to another, "Not guilty. Can't convict on that evidence."

CHAPTER X.

MY TRIAL IS ENDED.

Major Cleveden was the first witness called on the return of the court. He was perfectly calm, and gave his evidence in clear, sharp tones that could be heard by every one. I could fancy his giving the order to advance upon an enemy with just such an unflinching yet serious mien.

"You were a visitor staying in the house of Mr. Thane on the night in question, I believe, Major Cleveden?"

"Yes. I occupied a room on the first floor in the back of the house overlooking the lawn."

"You were the first to open a window, after the alarm was given by the constable?"

"I believe so."

"The whistle awoke you from your sleep?"

"No, I was dressed and reading at the time."

"The constable has sworn that there was but one light in the back of the house—that in Miss Thane's room."

"It is possible there was but one light at the time he referred to in his evidence. I put out my light on first going to bed. It was some time after that being unable to sleep, I rose and relit it in order to read."

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"That is what one would expect of you, major. And then—?"

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"At that time, was the scuffle going on below in the conservatory?"

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"Yes."

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"He was close to me. I could have laid my hand on him."

"But you did not lay your hand upon him?"

"No."

"Did you raise an alarm or call attention to him?"

"No."

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"Because I did not feel myself called upon to prevent his escape."

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"Yes."

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"Was he alone?"

"No; his wife led the way."

"Can you tell us the woman's name?"

"I decline to do so. The prisoner has so an example in the, course he has taken which I should be base indeed to go from. "The prisoner may have particular reason for his reticence."

"So have I; she is a woman."

A murmur ran through the court; but a glance at my solicitor showed that he did not share this sentiment of approval.

"The prisoner and his wife did not see you as they passed through the hall?"

"No."

"Had you seen prisoner previous to that occasion?"

"No."

"Then how did you know he was her husband?"

"I did not know it until she came to the toolhouse and told me."

"Now, major, the day after this affair you showed yourself particularly anxious to communicate with the prisoner, and the result of your communication was that he escaped at once. A liaison between prisoner and one of Mr. Thane's servants is not such a terrible affair as to account for your excessive solicitude in preventing its discovery. Answer me with your wonted candor—had you not reason to fear that his apprehension involved something more than this discovery?"

"I had."

"Had you not reason to apprehend that the arrest of prisoner would condemn an innocent and unfortunate woman to suffer for the rest of her life the shame and degradation of being known as the widow of a condemned murderer?"

The major closed his lips for a moment, and then said, distinctly—

"I had."

"You had reason to believe that it was he who shot Saunders?"

Again, with reluctance, the major answered—

"Yes, I had."

"Did you know that he was armed?"

"No."

"He said something, then, to lead you to suppose that he would resort to desperate measures to save his wife from disgrace?"

"Yes."

"Do you remember what words he used?"

The major paused and turned his eyes to me. We looked fixedly at one another. I felt then that I was a man, and could bear the consequences of my acts as well as he could bear his; that I would suffer anything rather than drag Hebe down into this misery. He must have read in my eyes what was in my mind, for he turned then to the counsel and answered clearly—

"I do remember his words. He said: 'I will escape; my wife has suffered enough by loving me too well. She shall suffer no more. I will not be retaken alive if I have the use of my hands."

"You had not then removed his handcuffs?"

"No."

"Yet, conscious of the significance of his words, you set him free?"

"Yes; for in his place I would have done what he did."

There was a dead silence, only broken by a little click below. I looked down. My solicitor was toying with a quill pen. The composure of his brows, the absence of expression in his face told me that he saw there was nothing more to be done.

The major went down from the witness box and took his seat beside Hebe. He was as pale as she now.

The evidence was all taken, and then speeches were made. I remember that my counsel spoke eloquently in my defence, scornfully disposing of the constable's evidence as reckless perjury, and calling upon the jury to reconcile to their conscience the conviction of a man upon the construction to be put on a few words uttered in haste and excitement. Had the major, he said, valued a man's life as he valued a woman's honor, he would never have repeated a phrase which jeopardised the existence of a fellow creature, and menaced his wife with that lifelong misery and shame which he, in a wiser and better moment, had endeavored to shield her from. "And it is not only that witness," he added, extending his hand towards the major; "for the life of an innocent man and the shameful widowhood of an innocent woman you also are answerable, you men of the jury, who have to judge the character and actions of this man dispassionately and without prejudice."

When the judge came to sum up, he at first seemed to me to take a very lenient and favorable view of my case. He said that the evidence tended very strongly to show that I was not in any way connected with the burglars who broke into Mr. Thane's house. The mere fact of my having a large sum of money after the burglary proved nothing. Gentlemen's servants were well paid, and it was but natural that a wife, seeing her husband in the deplorable condition presented, should hand over to him her savings. The statement I had made with regard to finding a ladder attached to the wall, to my falling in the ditch, to being overtaken by one of the housebreakers, who admitted having been in the neighborhood for ten days with his accomplice "Bunky," was all corroborated by the evidence of those who had found the ladder still attached to the wall, with indications on the clayey edge of the ditch below that a man had fallen there, and this was further corroborated by the statement of the woman with whom I lodged; and my description of the man's communication to me was equally borne out by the residents in Ham, who had noticed these men hanging about. There was, therefore, no reason to discredit my story so far, but there was still this question to be answered: Did the prisoner find the ladder and get over the wall *before Saunders was shot or after*. With regard to the evidence of the constable Jennings, there were strong reasons for doubting its accuracy. Without committing perjury, he might state that which was not true, a paradox which all could understand who have observed how strongly some men's convictions were biassed by their conceptions. The most damning evidence against the prisoner was undoubtedly that relentlessly given by Major Cleveden, or perhaps he should with greater justice say those words out of the prisoner's own mouth which the gallant officer had very properly repeated in his evidence. The jury must realise that here was a man suddenly set at liberty, with the fixed and desperate determination to make the most of the chance afforded him, inflamed with a desire to shield his wife from the degrading consequences of his arrest—a desire stimulated by a sense of gratitude for the money she had given him to start possibly in a new career, and by the misplaced generosity on the part of the major. They must ask themselves what would be the result of a man so wrought finding himself suddenly retaken by the police. Whether in that moment he drew his pistol upon the officer in a sudden impulse of self-defence or not was beyond the question they had to deal with. If they believed that he had the intention when he quitted the toolhouse of getting off at all hazards, then the killing of the policeman afterwards, no matter in what way, must be considered as murder with premeditation.

Again, I was taken down as the jury retired to consider their verdict. There was pity in the look of every face I looked into. There was no hope for me; I knew that.

Again I was led back into the dock. The jurymen were in their places. I noticed that they alone kept their eyes from me. It must be an awful thing to look in the face of a man whom by a word you have sent to the gallows.

Then in dead silence the foreman of the jury was asked if they were all agreed, and he answered, in a voice that scarcely reached my strained ear, that they were agreed. He was questioned again, and said that on the charge of burglary they found me "Not Guilty." On this there was a quick murmur, but it died away almost at once, for all were breathless to know what verdict they gave on the graver count. Then the foreman spoke again, and said that on the charge of murder they found me "Guilty."

Again a hum of smothered exclamation ran through the court; but as the judge put on the black cap a piercing scream rose from amongst the spectators. A woman had fainted. At first I thought the cry had come from Hebe, but when I turned my eyes that way I saw her sitting with her head bowed and her hands clasped in her lap.

The judge waited until there was perfect silence, and then, looking at me, began to deliver sentence. The woman in the hall broke out into hysterical laughter. The judge paused. In that instant Hebe, as white as a ghost, sprang to her feet and turned as if to address him. The major checked her, taking her arm and whispering hurriedly. She stood thus, gazing at me as if her reason were gone. Meanwhile the woman had been taken from the court, and the judge continued. I did not hear what he said. I saw nothing, realized nothing, but that my poor wife was standing there like a corpse before me.

As the judge ceased to speak she fell back in the major's arms.

"If one woman goes off another is bound to follow suit," I heard some one say as I was led away.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Where ignorance is bliss it is folly to know that you are a fool.

PRESERVING NATIVE ANIMALS.

The Buffalo and Deer to be Seen on a Panhandle Ranch.

Cars run twelve miles in crossing one man's dooryard in the Texas Panhandle. They stop midway. The brakeman shouts "Goodnight," with the emphasis on the first syllable. As the train slows one can see an avenue of shade trees leading south from the neat station for a half a mile. The avenue ends at the broad veranda of a tastily painted mansion. The house is a striking centre of a group of shops, stables and sheds. To all points of the compass stretch the plains as far as vision can follow. The contrast of the well-painted buildings, the green avenue, and brown plains with their wire-fence divisions is sharp. The scene is fascinating. But something more marvellous claims the eye. Buffalo are grazing on the short grass so industriously that they do not even raise their great shaggy frontals when the whistle sounds. Moose are looking over the high fence and shambling about. Elk and deer and antelope are scattered over the face of the plain, some lying down, some grazing, some looking with languid interest upon the cars. It is a sight to be seen nowhere else upon the American continent. The younger fawns of the elk and deer and antelope huddle close to the does as if born wild, and not yet fully reconciled to this invasion of the iron horse. But there is no manifestation of alarm upon the part of the older animals. They have grown accustomed to this long, black, clanging, puffing monster passing half-a-dozen times every twenty-four hours. As for the buffalo, they take the change stolidly. One little five days' calf, very shaky and wobbly on its big legs, walks directly under its mother and looks out with lowered head and great eyes.

These are the pets of Mr. Charles Goodnight. And who is Mr. Goodnight? Within 500 miles of the Panhandle there is no need to answer that question. A thousand miles away there may be an interest in the personality of the man who counts his acres by the hundred thousand, ships his cattle by the train-load, and keeps a whole menagerie for his amusement. To everybody in the cow business Mr. Goodnight is "Charley." He is the greatest of the cattle barons, kindly and frank in speech. More years ago than the clear eyes and good complexion and the black hair and whiskers just beginning to show gray would indicate Mr. Goodnight came to Texas from the Northern State. When the war broke out he said he couldn't fight against his kind, but he would go on the frontier and help keep the Indians back. He became one of the rangers with "Sul" Ross. He was in and through that long, hard campaign of years against the Comanches.

This Panhandle country was the natural home of the buffalo. Here the buffalo bred. From here the herds went forth in search of new pasture. Back here the remnants drifted before the storms of winter and found refuge till spring. When the plains of Colorado and farther north had been swept by the hunter who shaughtered for robes, there were still buffalo in the Panhandle country. And when the cattleman came in as the Comanches went out of this favored region, there were still small herds of buffalo on these plains. A buffalo calf or two strayed into the herds of cattle and grew up in civilized company. This was the foundation of the buffalo business with Mr. Goodnight. He gave the stray calf, the last of a noble race, a welcome to his roundup. He found company of his kind for him. He added to this beginning from various sources. When fenced pastures took the place of the wild free range, Mr. Goodnight gave his buffaloes the place of honor near ranch headquarters. Thus fostered, the herd has grown on its native heath until it is the finest and largest collection in existence.

The buffalo chose his home well. There is something in climate which encourages the highest degree of health in the cow brute on these plains.

There were thousands of antelope in the Panhandle when Mr. Goodnight first established himself here. But antelope steak is good. And as the buffalo disappeared the antelope became scarce. Mr. Goodnight came by his collection of antelopes in the most natural manner. When he ran the wires around his great pastures he actually fenced in little bunches of wild antelope with his cattle. The antelope will not attempt to go over or through a wire fence. They remained in the pastures, growing tamer, until was those near the house come running at the sight of a bucket and hung around after their feed of meal to be petted. The fawn of the antelope take to the new condition readily.

The elk are inclined to jump. It takes more than the ordinary fence of three or four wires to control their movements. About the elk pasture Mr. Goodnight has drawn thirteen wires. But this makes a fence that will keep wolves and dogs out as well as elk in. "Elk rather like to jump," said Mr. Goodnight. "They will try most anything low. They breed as well in captivity as when free. It is no trouble to raise elk. They calve every year when old enough. The trouble about keeping them here is that they ought to be where they can do some browsing. They don't do so well on grass alone. Their home is in the mountains, where they can get at grapevines and twigs. That is why the moose don't do very well on the prairie. Those I have came from the North, from Manitoba. They belong in a country where they can browse on foliage."—(St Louis-Globe Democrat.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

One of the most curious stones in the world is found in Finland, where it occurs in many places. It is a natural barometer, and actually foretells probable changes in the weather. It is called semakuir, and turns black shortly before an approaching rain, while in fine weather it is mottled with spots of white.

A London schoolboy brought to his teacher a letter from a physician, stating that "this boy is unfit to attend school for 304 days." The long and rather exact period named aroused the teacher's suspicions, and he discovered that the physician had written "3 or 4 days." This the boy had changed to "304 days."

A giant sunshade, which is intended as a present for the Sultan of Morocco, has just been completed at Berlin. The stick, which is over 3½ yards long, is gilded and richly ornamented. The outside of the parasol is of bright green silk, with a heavy gold fringe round it, while the inside is lined with pale straw colour.

A big hole in the ground has been discovered by a well-digger in the town of Slaughter, near Seattle, Washington. He had dug a well thirty feet in depth, and then a rock for some time obstructed further progress. When this was removed it uncovered a hole of unknown depth. A sixty-foot rope failed to touch bottom. Then he dropped a stone in the opening, and nearly three minutes elapsed before a dull splash was heard. The hole is thought to be the opening to an extinct volcano.

A person who has totally lost the sense of hearing in one ear, although he may imagine that the defect is of little consequence, cannot locate the direction of a sound to save his life, even when the centre of disturbance is quite near him.

Lepers in India were treated with shocking inhumanity before Christianity entered that country. Many of them were buried alive. The English rulers have put a stop to this custom, and for fourteen years there has been a special Christian mission to the 135,000 lepers in India.

There are grounds for alarm regarding the welfare of France. Its people are becoming less robust year after year, and the increase of population is so small as to be almost startlingly suggestive. Indeed, were it not for the influx of foreigners, it is likely that statistics would show a decrease each year. France has a population of 38,218,903, comprising about ten million families, and of these two million couples have no children, while two million have only one child each.

Death of a Famous Bandit Chief.

The last mail from Tonquin brings news of the death of the Black Flag leader Lunky, whose operations along the Red River, and in the region lying between the Delta and the Chinese frontier have kept Northern Tonquin in a condition bordering on anarchy. It appears that in the recent daring attack on a French convoy near Bac-le, in which two officers and several men were killed by the pirates, Lunky was himself in command of the assailants, and in the course of the engagement, which was a desperate one, he was shot in the chest and abdomen, and died in a few hours. Forty-one of his followers were slain at the same time, while the number of wounded was considerable. He was buried in a forest surrounding his camp, and his younger brother was elected to succeed him. After his election, it is said, Lunky's chief lieutenant and a number of his followers quitted the band.

Thirteen tons of postage stamps are said to have been sold in New York City last year.

OLD BATTLE SHIPS.

The Humble Fate That Awaits Even the Proudest War Vessels.

The outcry which has been raised against the destruction of Nelson's old flagship, the Foudroyant, makes it interesting to trace the end of other famous vessels. The Shannon, which fought and took prize the Chesapeake in 1813, was broken up at Chatham, parts of her hull being sold as a fancy price. Sir Francis Drake's Golden Hind came to a similar end at Deptford, a chair made out of her timbers being one of the treasures of Oxford University. The Resolute, which went in search of Sir John Franklin, and, after being abandoned in an ice-waste was picked up by an American whaler, and returned refitted by the United States Government to this country was moored in the Medway for some years afterwards, but ultimately taken into dock and pulled to pieces, a suite of furniture fashioned from her oaken timbers being sent as a memento to the American President.

The Sovereign of the Seas, the first British three-decker, built in the time of Charles I., "to the great glory of the English nation, and not to be paralleled in the whole Christian world," was accidentally destroyed by fire at Chatham, after much and long service. The old wooden wall, President, is now a drill ship for the men of the Royal Naval Reserve, and is moored in the South-West India Docks; and the Queen and the Goliath were sold to a Vauxhall ship-broker the entrance to whose yard is still adorned with their huge figure-heads. Of Capt. Cook's Endeavour not a trace is left, though several of his scientific instruments have been preserved. Nor is there any trace of the Vitoria, which made the first voyage around the world. All that remains of the Bucentaur, the gorgeous two-decked gondola which so proudly carried the haughty Doge in the days of the Venetian Republic, is one of her masts; while the Betsy Caius, which brought William of Orange to this country in 1688, was cast away 138 years later. But some ships have come to a far more degrading end than that of being broken up. Several English and foreign war-vessels which have been sold to the Norwegians are now carrying timber from port to port. The Marlborough, which conveyed so many thousands of our troops to India, is now moored at Gibraltar as a coal hulk; and the John Bertram, the American racing tea clipper foundered some years ago while struggling along towards England with a cargo of petroleum.—[London Telegraph.

A Dog's Devotion.

The character of dogs is as variable as that of men. As an offset to the cases, not infrequent, in which dogs have rewarded the most indulgent care by running away and attaching themselves to some totally unworthy stranger, there are cases, very likely more frequent, in which dogs have sacrificed ease, comfort, and abundance to live in want with some poor and not overkind master.

M. G. de Cherville, a French gentleman who has recently written about dogs, tells a true story of a dog which he calls Tapin-Saqui that well illustrates this devotion.

M. de Cherville has a large country place, with stables, lawns and everything to make life attractive to a dog. He also has several dogs. One day Peter, his gardener, brought home a wounded dog in his arms, and told a pitiful story concerning it. It had belonged to a travelling mountebank, and had been run over by a carriage. Its leg was broken, so that it could not walk, and the mountebank, who had his wife and little daughter with him, could not carry the wounded dog. He had begged Peter, who was a witness of the accident, to take it home and care for it until he, the mountebank could return that way, which, he said, would be in about three months; and he promised to pay for the dog's board at the rate of two cents a day.

The gardener scorned this offer, but he very tender-heartedly carried home the dog; trusting to his master's humane impulses to permit him to take the creature in.

Although M. de Cherville thought he had quite enough dogs, he allowed Peter to make up a bed for the sufferer in the stable. Peter skillfully set the broken leg and put it in splints. In two or three days it was going about easily on three legs, and in due time resumed the full use of the broken limb.

The dog was called Saqui by Peter, for that was the name of the mountebank who had owed him. The little animal was not a thing of beauty. He was yellow, with several tawny spots upon him; he belonged to no breed in particular, but to several in general.

But he had various tricks in which Peter was very fond of exercising him; and the gardener soon became so fond of his worthless protege that his master's Gordon setters and pointers were well nigh neglected.

Indeed, probably no dog ever had a better time than Saqui. Peter fed him, caressed him, gave him the nicest possible places to sleep and play in. The other dogs were kind to him, and he was apparently perfectly happy. He grew fat and sleek, and bore little resemblance to the half-starved creature whom Peter had brought home from the mountebank's.

Three months went by, and there was no sign of the returning mountebank. Six months—a year passed. Peter was satisfied the man would never come back.

Six months more went by, M. de Cherville was out in his yard one day, when he heard a great barking and yelping in the direction of the high, barred iron front gate. He looked; there was Saqui, leaping, bounding, whirling, hurling himself against the bars in an ecstasy of delight; and on the other side of the gate was a ragged girl about twelve years old.

"He's our Tapin," screamed the girl; "it's our own little dog; dear Tapin! But how fat he's got!"

The dog was licking her hands through the bars and whining with joy. The girl turned away—the dog trying vainly to force his way after her—and presently returned with her father, the mountebank. The dog showed the same extravagant joy at seeing him.

The man declared that he had been unable to come that way again, as he had promised to do.

"Ah, well," said the mountebank to his daughter, "he'll never come with us, now. Look how sleek he is! He'll never exchange his fare here for our poor crust."

"You had better try it," said M. de Cherville. He opened the barred gate. The dog flew out, and followed his old master down the street.

"He even ran in advance of them," says M. de Cherville, "as if to hasten their departure. Even though Peter, his best friend came tearfully out, the dog never once looked back toward us. I felt that Tapin-Saqui treated me rather like a publican, to be sure, but I held no ill-will towards him, being pleased to perceive that with the beasts, at any rate, prosperity and abundance do not cause poor and unfortunate friends to be forgotten.

A Thousand Cattle Burned.

A telegram from Boise City, Idaho, says:—Klausen Bros. have received word from the superintendent of their stock range in the Bear-River Valley that more than 1,000 head of fat cattle have been destroyed by the great forest fires that have for weeks been sweeping over that region. Nine houses and four cabins were also destroyed, and three herdsmen fatally burned.

The cattle were feeding in a small valley on Tuesday. A strong wind suddenly blew a sea of fire down upon them. The animals stampeded, but they ran in the wrong direction. Before the cowboys could turn the maddened animals the herd was surrounded by flames. The cattle huddled in the centre of a clearing, about a mile square in extent, and the cowboys thought they might remain quiet and eventually escape. Showers of cinders and sparks fell upon the herd, however, and presently a steer ran amuck among its companions, goring them with its horns and bellowing frightfully. The other animals broke and ran in all directions. Many of them dashed into the midst of the flames, where they perished in horrible agony. Others ran into the burning forest near where the cabins had stood and paused to drink at a water-hole, but the fluid was scalding hot, and the poor brutes, maddened by their intensified suffering, viciously charged each other and every other living object in sight. To save their lives the four cowboys who were within the fiery circle attempted to force their horses through a narrow belt of blazing grease-wood, the shrubs standing about two feet high. Before they had gone ten feet the animals had inhaled flames and dropped to the earth, their riders being compelled to run back to to their starting place.

After nine hours the wind drove the flames onward, and the men on Ransom's range attended to the needs of their suffering friends. Only twenty-seven cattle out of 1,050 escaped the flames, their half burned bodies being strewn over five acres of ground.

HOUSEHOLD.

For Those Who Visit.

People who live in the country are proverbially hospitable. The comparative isolation of their lives prompts them to eagerly "welcome the coming guest," and if they sometimes feel that they would like to "speed the parting guest," it is often the fault of the latter. When I was a child and lived in the country, I think we were never without visitors, during the fruit season at least. I used to wonder what mother meant, when, after the unusually long stay of some mere acquaintance, I heard her say, "Some people would hang themselves if you gave them enough rope." As that person seldom made a second visit, in after years I comprehended my mother's remark.

It makes a difference where you are visiting, and many of these suggestions will only apply to those who are staying with friends in moderate circumstances, who keep only one servant, or perhaps none at all. In this case, it seems to me, the first thing you ought to do is to make your stay a short one. Unless you are so situated that you can cordially ask your friend to return the visit, it is a pretty safe rule not to go at all. There is too much one-sided visiting of country friends.

When you are on a visit, adapt yourself to circumstances. Do not let your too willing hostess send you a breakfast in bed. If possible, before you are asked at what hour you like to breakfast, ascertain the habits of the family in this respect and signify your pleasure in conforming to them. Remember that in the morning your friend is preoccupied. Nor is there any trace of the Vitoria, which made the first voyage around the world. All that remains of the Bucentaur, the gorgeous two-decked gondola which so proudly carried the haughty Doge in the days of the Venetian Republic, is one of her masts; while the Betsy Caius, which brought William of Orange to this country in 1688, was cast away 138 years later. But some ships have come to a far more degrading end than that of being broken up. Several English and foreign war-vessels which have been sold to the Norwegians are now carrying timber from port to port. The Marlborough, which conveyed so many thousands of our troops to India, is now moored at Gibraltar as a coal hulk; and the John Bertram, the American racing tea clipper foundered some years ago while struggling along towards England with a cargo of petroleum.—[London Telegraph.

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