

A POLICE SEARCH.

The following episode of metropolitan life happened not very long ago, and serves at least to show that the police are not always dilatory. The names of the officers concerned are also fictitious.

Police constable Green was on night duty on a tolerably quiet beat at the West End, and was grunting to himself over the general monotony of his duty; for, beyond paltry drunk and disorderly cases for three weeks of light duty there had been nothing to claim his attention.

Yawning, he looked at his watch, and found it wanted ten minutes to midnight. He had called at the only two public houses on his beat where an allowance was made, and now had nothing further to look forward to but the "relief," which was six long hours distant.

As he was musing, he was accosted by a tall, well-built man, of sallow complexion, with a thick, dark moustache, who inquired if he knew a fellow-constable named "Halford."

Although Green was unacquainted with the name, the enquiry produced a short conversation, which ended in the stranger inviting Green to "have a wet," and he, consenting, was regaled near a quiet "pub" close by with a stiff glass of "Scotch" by the affable stranger, who fetched it round the corner. Whilst imbibing, Green's eyes scrutinized his companion, and remarked a large scar extending right across the left cheek, which prompted him to ask his companion if he had been a soldier. Hastily replying in the negative, the latter remarked that he must be going, but if Green could "do another to keep the cold out," he would get it for him and have his own "nightcap." So said, so done, and the stranger appeared to forget his desire to hasten, and seemed bent on keeping Green in conversation until the latter was obliged to be off, and they parted with expressed wishes to meet again, little imagining under what circumstances they would do so.

Green continued his patrolling, but suddenly thought himself up with the remark, "Now I wonder what his game is? If he's straight, all right, but I'm not to be caught napping!" And this thought induced extra caution in examining the property on his beat. Coming to a "pub," he observed a horse and cart standing outside unattended, and, casually noting that the animal seemed too good to be left in the cold such a sharp night, he crossed over to see where it had come from. Observing the address on the shaft was Bethnal Green, he thought it worth while to make a note of it, and had scarcely done so and replaced his book when a sharp rap of about sixteen emerged from the house.

Observing the constable, he burst out with, "It's all right, sir, my gaffer's in 'ere, and I ain't bin away a tick. He's bin to a sale, and the bloomin' Jews 'a' duffed 'im, and now he's bonzing the 'ool' he's got left. Won't there be a flare-up when he gets 'ome, neither? My goodness! I wouldn't be 'im for five bob."

"Well, get 'im out and away," said Green.

"All right, sir," replied the lad, "I'm goin' to drive, not 'im. I ain't goin' to 'ave 'im let the 'oss down. Coss why? The ole 'ooman'd' night corpse me directly she see it."

"Well," said Green, "get his off, and so saying he started on his beat. "Thank yer, sir," the lad called after him, "I kin manage 'im like a baby. He knows if he rides me I'll blow on 'im to the ole 'ooman, and, oh goodness, wot a lark we'd 'ave!"

At six o'clock next morning Green reported himself off duty, thankful for the rest in prospect, but just as he had turned in, the reserve man knocked him up, and intimated that his presence was required at the station.

"And sharp, too, old Deadman's furious."

Very quickly indeed did Green present himself to the inspector on duty.

"Green," said that worthy, "there's been a burglary on your beat. What do you know about it?"

"Burglary! Oh, lor! I hope not."

"Now don't stand there like a fish out of water," yelled Inspector Deadman; "but out with it. The foreman of the Best Dairy Company has just reported that the place has been broken into, and a safe weighing seven hundred weight, and containing \$4,000, carried off. Have you been asleep all night? As sure as you're alive I'll recommend your dismissal if the robbery's not traced; and the overbearing functionary called out to another officer, a detective sergeant: "Here, Bowman, take him in hand. I can make nothing of him," and went into his office.

Detective-Sergeant Bowman, being endowed with a little more sense than his inspector, left Green alone for a little while, and then addressed him with:

"Well, Green, my lad, this is a nasty job. Come round with me and have a look at the place, and then the old fool won't be able to upset us," and calling his assistant, Lloyd, the three proceeded to the scene of the burglary.

Once there, they examined the place quietly, and after they had left the premises the sergeant remarked:

"Come and wash the taste of the milk away, and then we can talk," and he led the way to the "pub" where Green had observed the horse and cart on the previous night.

The sight of the house brought the scene vividly to Green's mind; the safe of seven hundredweight, the lad, the lad's "gaffer," who had "kept dark," the liberal stranger, all crossed his mind together; and when the sergeant suddenly remarked, "If Yellow Bob wasn't in the States, I'd swear it was his work," an impulse prompted him to ask, "Is Yellow Bob a tall, sallow chap with a big scar across his left cheek?"

He was nearly deprived of breath by the energy with which the sergeant shouted, "Great heavens, lad, you've seen him! Where?"

"Last night about twelve, not five minutes' walk from here," said Green.

The sergeant uttered no word, but dashed out of the "pub" and made for the nearest cab stand, his subordinates following, but thinking he must have suddenly gone mad.

However, once in a cab on the way to the station, the importance of the discovery was soon made obvious, especially when Green narrated the episode of the horse and cart.

"I'd give five pounds to find that horse and cart!" exclaimed the sergeant.

"Hand it over," replied Green.

"What! You don't mean to say you've got it, Green?"

"Bowman," at the same time snatching the book from him and hastily reading, "John Perry, General Dealer, 19, Nonsuch street, Bethnal Green." "Hurrah! We're in it; we're in it!"

Arriving at the station, Bowman soon mapped out the programme, the first proceeding being to wire to Bethnal Green, and direct enquiries to be made respecting "John Perry, General Dealer," the report to be held in readiness for their arrival. The next thing was to report to the inspector on duty, who, fortunately for them, was not Inspector Deadman, but one McDonnell, a genial Irishman, and more in touch with the men. Grasping the situation at once, he expressed his intention of accompanying them to Bethnal Green, and although the conduct of the matter was thus taken over, Bowman felt somewhat relieved at losing the responsibility.

About 10 A. M. Inspector McDonnell and his subordinates walked into the station at Bethnal Green, and after a long conversation with the inspector on duty, three issued forth, in twos and threes, ten men in uniform, and these apparently proceeded in different directions.

Shortly afterwards the two inspectors also emerged, accompanied by Bowman, Lloyd, and Green, all in plain clothes.

Coming to Nonsuch Street, they walked without hesitation and quickly to No. 19, and before the old man occupying the shop could realize what had happened, a hand was clapped on his mouth, and he was securely bound and gagged.

A signal was then given, and four uniformed men, headed by a sergeant, passed quickly into the shop and secured the door.

All was silent within, but a subdued sound of hammering somewhere at the back reached them, whilst in front some urchins flattened their noses against the dirty glass, in a vain endeavor to peer through.

Cautioning the men to observe strict silence, the inspectors led the way through a dark passage, across a yard at the rear, and to a shed from which the hammering proceeded.

After a second or two of hastily whispering, two of the men suddenly threw themselves on the door of the shed. "Cr-crash! bang! it went, and then the whole number rushed on the occupants. There was a short, sharp struggle, and when it was over four men were prisoners, and each handcuffed to a constable.

Detective-sergeant Bowman was jubilant, but the only expression of satisfaction he allowed himself was when, regarding the safe (which, although badly battered and broken, had yet not been opened), he turned to Yellow Bob and remarked, "It was cruel of you, Bob, not to let me know you had returned; but I forgive you."

Cabs had already been brought by the remaining constables, and, leaving the safe in charge of a sergeant and four men, the prisoners were quickly conveyed to the station and safely lodged.

A van was then procured, and the safe well guarded, was conveyed West, and in the station yard opened by a locksmith in the presence of several of the directors of the Dairy Company. The contents, over \$4,000, principally in gold and notes, were found intact. The door, though, was evidently in such a state that it would soon have given way but for the timely arrival of the officers.

The prisoners were tried, convicted, and sentenced to long terms of imprisonment, but although search was made for the lad, he was never found, gaining of his age being very much alike.

The directors of the Dairy Company were not unmindful of the exertions made to recover their property, and awarded \$500 to be distributed amongst the men engaged in the affair, besides which they were rewarded by the Commissioner, so that they could not be otherwise than satisfied; but some of them might have been heard to ask why a superintendent who had hardly been heard of in the matter, let alone seen, should get a good slice.

Europe's Olive Crop.

While the olive crop of Europe for the past year is pronounced of superior quality, the drought in India, it is feared, will greatly retard what it is hoped would be a successful attempt to grow olives in that country. In the hills of Murree there is an immense quantity of wild olive trees. Cuttings of European growth were grafted upon these with anticipations of good results, but so far they have not been realized. Of all olives those of Aix in Provence France, occupy the foremost place as producers of oil. To enjoy it in perfection, however, is only possible at Aix, as it does not retain its freshness for more than a few weeks. To keep it or prepare it for exportation, it is treated with sugar or salt, which destroys the primrose bouquet and butters consistency peculiar to it in its virgin state. Olives intended for eating are gathered in October. In eating olives it has been for all time considered correct to take them in the finger. Cardinal Richelieu detected an adventurer by his use of a fork in helping himself to this fruit. A clever hotel detective in this country by similar attention to minute details discovered an English swindler who was posing as a man of title. While his general make-up was unexceptionable, the heels of his boots were not polished. The olive orchards of California promise in the near future to add largely to the supply. The fruit may also be grown in Florida or anywhere where orange trees thrive.

A Good Explanation.

Rather a neat way of stating an awkward fact was adopted by a recent applicant for a pension. The applicant had been wounded while his regiment was in retreat, but he did not say it that way. "I received my wound," he said, "while marching rapidly in front of the enemy."

Angling.

Dora—Would you call fishing, it compliments a kind of fly fishing? Dick—I think it is rather an attempt to "worm" them out!

IN NORTH CAROLINA.

HOW LIVE DECOY DUCKS ARE USED FOR HUNTING.

Raising and Training of Wild Geese—A Curious Fact—Know When They Are Going Hunting—Marvellous Keenness for Hearing.

Many, many years ago, one day a Hyde County man took his gun and went out hunting. Hyde County is a division of the North Carolina coast enveloped by great sounds, estuaries, bays and bay-like rivers. Two-thirds of its surface is covered by a swamp as dismal as the famed one of Virginia. Mattamuskeet Lake, twenty miles long and six miles wide, lies on the south-east edge of it. The borders of Hyde County are vast tangles of reedy marsh. Bear are numerous to-day in the swamps of Hyde County. So are deer. So are wild geese and swan and ducks on Lake Mattamuskeet and the waters surrounding Hyde County. What they must have been that time so long ago when this particular Hyde County man went out hunting may be imagined, and he was sure of bagging some kind of game, whether it might be furred or feathered. It is the tradition that he remarked on going out



Hunting With Live Decoy Ducks.

that he didn't care a rubbin' o' snuff what he got, so long as it had meat on it. He got a shot at a wild goose and hit it. He retrieved the goose and found that it was only wing-broken. He carried it home. It got well. The man penned it up. After a few weeks, the goose being constructed in that way, it began laying eggs. It produced two dozen eggs and then developed a strong disposition to sit on them. The man let the goose sit. She hatched out a big brood of goslings, and they were genuine wild ones. Then the owner of this brood of goslings somehow got the idea that when the young geese were old enough and big enough he might utilize them as decoys for wild geese. He gave the idea a trial. The result proved that it was a great idea. Ever since then the raising and training of wild geese to be used in making the hunting of the kind more successful has been a regular industry on that part of the North Carolina coast. The "goose yards," where these tame wild geese, as they are called, are raised and trained are familiar portions of the Hyde County natives' premises, and the geese are kept to high out to visiting sportsmen. No hunter nowadays would for a moment think of trying his luck for wild geese in these waters without the aid of the live decoys any more than he would think of going after quail without a bird-dog.

A Curious Fact.

It is a curious fact in heredity that, as a rule, no descendant of a wild goose, no matter how long a time may have elapsed since its ancestor was made captive, forgets that it is a wild goose; hence the wings of these tame wild geese are kept always clipped. Otherwise they would rise superior to their surroundings and soar away to join their truly wild brethren. They are allowed swimming privileges, however, and these they seldom abuse. Captain W. B. Tooley, of Bellhaven, relates how he had a flock of these tame wild geese. He kept their wings clipped, but let them go for a swim occasionally to the Pungo river, in front of his house. One day while exercising this privilege, they disappeared. The Pungo river is three miles wide, and leads down into Pamlico sound, twelve miles away. After the geese had been missing three days Captain Tooley came to the sorrowful conclusion that they had abused his confidence and swum away to await some where the growing out of their wings, that they might fly away and be free. This was undoubtedly their original intention, but four of them came back the morning of the fourth day, climbed up the river and returned to their pen with all the haste they could make on land, and their actions and excited cackling to one another indicated that something had occurred to disturb them greatly. Their owner subsequently learned that his geese had swum down the river several miles and taken themselves to the reeds, where a hunter had seen them early on the morning of the fourth day, and, not knowing that they were fugitive decoys, shot one of them. The remaining four turned their heads up river, and never stopped, it is plain, until they had reached home and safety. Ever after that they were not at all eager to go swimming, and if they did go, kept close to the shore, and remained out but a short time. Just the same, Captain Tooley kept their wings clipped.

At the same time, while these captive wild geese would become free ones if they might, it is told as a curious fact that the moment a hunter appears at a yard to hire or buy decoy geese the fowls know they are going hunting as well as a setter dog, or deer sound does when the master takes down his gun. They become excited and eager, and set up a great cackling. They are taken to the hunting ground in a coop, or sometimes in

a big bag, with holes cut in it, out of which they thrust their heads. When the coop or bag is produced the geese scamper to get in, and once in become quiet.

The Decoy.

For each decoy a sharpened stake, in length to suit the depth of water where the geese are to be placed, is provided. Some manipulators of the decoys have their stakes fitted with a piece of board perhaps eight inches square, through a hole in the centre of which the stake is passed, leaving the board a sufficient distance below the upper end of the stake, so that it will be six inches or so beneath the surface when the stake is driven into the firm sandy bottom of the water. Others cut squares of sod from the marshy shore and drive the stakes through them to hold them in position in the water. The square of board or sod is to give a firm footing for the geese that is placed upon it, the decoy being held in position there by a strap around its legs and the stake. The effect is that of a goose resting on the water, as if it had alighted there, and the skillful distribution of geese in a group in this way gives an appearance of natural and voluntary position that no disposition of artificial decoys can be made to assume.

The great value of these live geese decoys to the hunter, hidden in the thick reeds in proximity to them, is their marvellous keenness of hearing, which leads them to entice to the spot flocks of wild geese that otherwise would not get a shot. There are professional Hyde County goose hunters, who can imitate the "honk" of the wild goose so perfectly that they can cause a flying flock to stop in its course and alight; and whose trained ears can hear the honking of a flock before their eyes can discern its coming.

An Educated Flock.

The voracious Hyde County wild goose raisers and trainers are so jealous of their belief in the disposition of their decoys toward the wild geese that they quote to you wonderful things they have known the tame wild geese to do. They will tell you about a flock that was educated by a favorite son of Hyde, and which was so apt in the performance of the duties in which he had instructed it that he never had to clip the wings of a single member of it, nor to strap one of them to a stake. They simply went to the hunting ground with him, took their positions in the water themselves and swam until they had succeeded in luring a passing flock to drop down. They would not take up time by dilatory tactics, as the decoys had to do, but as soon as the flock alighted they swam out to it, mingled with it, at once disabused its mind of all misgiving and escorted it toward the shore until they had it within easy gun shot of their master in the reeds. Then they carefully separated from the flock one by one, and swam here and there out of range. When out of danger from the hunter's gun one of these amazing decoys would so inform him by a peculiar honk, when firing began, and the decoys would actually fly and scream in feckish glee as their victims fell under the deadly fusillade.

They will particularly refer you to one Old Dick, who, when he ceased to be a real wild goose, was a lone gander that came voluntarily to the enclosure of a Hyde County hunter one day and deliberately and with malice aforethought entered upon a career of decoying his kind to destruction. It was supposed that he was a gander who for some reason had been deposed from the leadership of some flock, a deposing that had been attended with some belligerence, for this gander was bloody, one eye was gone, and he neck and one leg were plucked nearly bare of feathers. He took his place with the flock of decoys belonging to the Hyde County man whose enclosure he had thus sought, and as soon as he had regained his plumage was ready for vengeance. He needed no trying to a stake, but he took to placing himself on the supporting sod as if he had been doing it all his life.

It is on record that he would honk an approaching flock long before any goose of the flock approached he would scan them closely and then swim away and let the hunter do his worst. One day he was an approach and took the lead in arguing in drawing near shore, and evidently found what he had long been looking for. That is what was always believed, for with a wild shriek he pitched into the gander, and before the astonished hunter in the reeds had time to think Old Dick had stretched the gander dead in the water. He then seized the gander's mate and dragged her screaming to the shore and held her there until the hunter had fired at the rest of the flock, which seemed paralyzed at the sudden onslaught of Old Dick. He held the wild goose and the hunter captured her alive and took her home. Once there, she seemed to become reconciled and Dick was so pleased that he honked all day. The only way the Hyde County chronicler can explain this act of Old Dick's is by the theory that the gander he pitched on and killed that day was the one that had deposed him some time or other and that the goose he captured was his sometime mate. At any rate, she never showed any inclination to leave, but she could not be induced to become a decoy. However, to this day they talk, over in Hyde County, about such a such a decoy goose being of superior merit, because its pedigree can be traced back to Old Dick! That is what they will tell you, and if you look incredulous they will almost get tears in their eyes.

The Range of Sounds.

The whistle of a locomotive is heard 3,200 yards through the air; the noise of a railway train 2,500 yards; the report of a rifle and the bark of a dog, 1,800 yards; an orchestra or the roll of a drum, 1,600 yards; the human voice reaches to a distance of 1,000 yards; the croaking of frogs, 900 yards; the chirping of crickets, 800 yards. Distinct speaking is heard in the air above to a distance of 600 yards; from above it is understood to have a range of only 100 yards downward.

Five cantons of Switzerland have admitted women to the business schools, and report good results.

THE MISER'S COURTSHIP.

Short, thin, dry and wrinkled as an apple that lay withered during a long winter, such was the good man, Farmer Landry. Indeed, he was one of those close-fisted old peasants of whom it is graphically said that they can shave something from an egg shell.

Since the death of his wife he had retired from agriculture and lived alone in a little house at the end of the village.

And yet, not entirely alone, for he had with him his old servant Brigitte. Of course, in the service of this miser Brigitte had not earned a fortune. But the honest creature was amply satisfied when the old peasant, in a patronizing tone, praised her zeal: "What a good, simple creature you are, Brigitte, are you not?"

Then the good woman's mouth would open into a loud laugh.

"He! he! master! You have always your little manner of joking; he! he! he!"

One day while Farmer Landry was himself replastering his garden wall, so as not to pay the mason, he made a false step and fell into the pool just over the point where the deepest hole was. In this pool, which was just below the part of the garden wall which Farmer Landry was mending, certain ducks were wont to take their pleasure.

He splashed wildly for a few moments, calling vainly for help with the power of his lungs. At last, worn out by his efforts, he was about to sink from sight, when Brigitte at last heard him.

The devoted creature courageously jumped into the water, at the risk of drowning herself. She succeeded in pulling him to the bank; he was entirely unconscious, but she raised him in her strong arms, as she would a child, put him to bed, and with rubbing and remedies recalled him to life. On seeing him open his eyes, the good Brigitte shed tears of joy.

"Ah, good master, how glad I am that you are not drowned and buried in that hole!"

The old peasant was glad of it, too, although he had one lively regret—the loss of his trowel, which fell into the water at the same time with himself. However, he had the decency not to express the wish that Brigitte should return and jump in after that also. Indeed, in the first impulse of gratitude, he said to his servant with a touch of emotion:

"It is you who pulled me out of the hole. I shall never forget it, my good girl, you may be assured of that. I am going to make you a present."

"Oh, master, indeed there is no need of that!"

"But I tell you I will give something; don't doubt it!"

And really, the same evening, after a thousand hesitations, he drew forth his long leather purse and called Brigitte to him. While making a grimace like one having a tooth drawn, he selected a silver piece.

"Here, Brigitte, is your present. It shall not be counted in your wages, you know. Oh, no, this is extra outside of your wages. Do not be extravagant with it; that would be a sin."

For the service rendered it was not unbridled generosity on the part of the giver, and the former had some dim intuition of the fact, for he added (as if to enhance its value) a lottery ticket. "Buy one, my girl, and you may win one hundred thousand francs."

It was the first time in his life that the poor man allowed himself to be so liberal, so the thought of it haunted him for a long time; he constantly wondered about the fate of his bright silver piece. He even asked the servant if she had yet bought her lottery ticket.

"Not yet, master," was her unvarying answer.

But at length she decided to end this constant questioning by pacifying him. So one day she replied:

"Yes, master, I have bought one."

"Indeed! What number?"

"Oh, the number is 34."

"Very good! said her master, repeating the number to impress it on his mind. "Be careful not to lose it!"

"Never fear, master."

"Because if you do fear sometime to lose it—"

"Eh, master?"

"Well, you need only to give it to me and I will hide it in my bureau."

"Oh, I shall certainly not lose it!"

The habits of daily life in the little household, disturbed by these events, soon settled into their regular course.

Eating apart, very temperate drinking, few hours for sleeping and many for work.

Farmer Landry was almost consoled for his forced prodigality, when one morning in the barber's shop, where he went from time to time to read gratis a little of the "Liquor," he met a friend, a terrible emotion shook him. He read the result of the lottery drawing, and at the head these words, like lines of fire, flashed before the dazzled spectacles of the good man:

"The number thirty-four has won the great prize of 100,000 francs." The old gentleman gave such a sudden cry that the startled barber, in turning towards him, almost clipped a corner from the ear of the schoolmaster, whom he was shaving.

"What's the matter, Farmer Landry?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing, nothing," answered the farmer, who quickly recovered his calmness.

Re-arranging his spectacles, he read again slowly, calling each syllable to "make assurance doubly sure."

There was no mistake; the number 34, Brigitte's ticket, had won. He dropped the journal and started off in great agitation towards his house.

Brigitte had prepared her master's frugal breakfast of nuts and cheese. He placed himself at the table, but he could not eat, for his emotion seemed to clinch his throat and prevent him from swallowing.

"What is the matter, master?" anxiously asked Brigitte.

"Nothing at all."

"You are not ill?"

"No, I tell you," he answered angrily.

During several days he described on served the poor woman: Did she know that she had won 100,000 francs? No, indeed! Entirely ignorant that she was the object of such close scrutiny, she performed her daily tasks with her

usual good humor, while her master was in a fever of anxiety.

One day he dared to ask her, thinking while doing so:

"Is there any news, my good girl?"

"Nothing, master, except that one of the hens has the pip."

Very good! She knew nothing about her good fortune. As for her master, to her—that was entirely too much for his nature and long life habit.

It seemed to him monstrous that he should profit by this accident, and that all of a hundred thousand francs, which he had won, should be lost by his piece of twenty francs.

His own bright, silver bit. Time was enough from days to weeks. A notice in the journal the really honest copy of the one containing the announcement) formally stated that after a delay of three months the mentioned prizes would be employed for a new capital.

The poor man had no more appetite for eating or drinking, or power to sleep; he was dying of uneasiness.

Twenty times he was on the point of speaking of the ticket to Brigitte, and twenty times he bit the tip of his tongue. One word only might put his servant in the way to learn her good fortune.

One morning, after an unusually sleepless night passed turning and returning in his bed, he arose with a smile on his thin lips. He had found the key to the problem. He commenced by ordering Brigitte to kill the plumpest chicken, and to cook it in the oven with a good piece of pork. In the meanwhile, he brought from the cellar, where it was hid behind the fagots, a bottle of old wine. And finally, he gave his servant money to buy coffee, sugar and brandy.

Brigitte asked herself if her master had gone mad.

"Surely some demon has taken possession of his mind!" she thought with a thrill of fear.

It seemed a fearful increase of the malady when the old gentleman, after having ordered her to lay the table for two, asked her to take her place as his vis-a-vis.

"Oh, master, I should never, never dare to do that!"

"Sit down, I tell you, you foolish woman!"

Brigitte had heard that one must not oppose the wishes of maniacs.

So, without answering, she seated herself in great embarrassment on the edge of the chair.

"Come, eat and drink, Brigitte, my girl," he said, filling her plate generously.

However, this was not the last surprise for Brigitte. When the coffee was served the old gentleman suddenly said:

"You see, my good Brigitte, this means that I am going to get married!"

Indeed, master, it is not yet too late; if you are old, you are still hale and well," answered the simple servant approvingly.

"Since that is your view, if you like, we will marry each other."

After the roast chicken and pork, the coffee and wine, Brigitte expected to hear almost any strange thing on the part of her master. But that! Oh, not that!

"You are joking me, master?"

"Not at all," answered the old peasant. He explained that he was growing old, and did not wish to die alone like a dog. Besides, he was grateful! He could not forget that Brigitte had saved his life—his faithful Brigitte. One must not forget such a service.

Finally, the worthy woman, whose head was turned by this stroke of good fortune, believed in his sincerity. She, a humble servant, marry her master? Think of it! It was, indeed, something to turn one's brain.

The banns were published, and the marriage followed. The couple were greeted at the church by the good-natured smiles of the whole village.

After the ceremony the new husband hurried his wife home.

Having crossed the threshold, he hastily demanded in a joyful voice, while energetically rubbing his hands:

"Brigitte, my girl, where have you put your ticket?"

"What ticket?"

"Your lottery ticket, No. 34?"

"What lottery?"

"You know very well," he cried impatiently. "The one you bought with my twenty-five francs, that I gave you!"

The bride began to laugh stupidly.

"Ah! the twenty francs! Listen, master. One seldom wins in those lotteries. It was very cold last winter, very cold."

"Well, well!" interrogated Landry, who began to grow very yellow.

"Oh, indeed," she concluded. "I did not buy the ticket. With the money I bought some good fur-lined slippers, which I was sure would do me good. Yes, indeed."

Where Frye Resembles Calhoun.

The other day I walked into the Senate gallery and found that the roll was being called on the question of considering Morse's Liquor bill. Frye was in the chair, and while Harris, Mill, and Aldrich all know more about parliamentary law than Frye, he is the best presiding officer the Senate has known since John G. Breckinridge. Frye shows the rule of Calhoun, the greatest presiding officer in the history of the Senate, not accepting even Abraham Burr.