

ward it. As he approached it he heard his master speak to some one asking who was there, and with that there was a pistol shot, and he jumped into the room, grabbing a burglar as he did so, and at the same time getting a shot in the head from his master's pistol. Beyond that he remembered nothing more. His story was generally disbelieved, for there was no evidence of any other person in the house with evil designs, and all the plunder that he had not caught in his hands was lying on the floor about him, so that there was no apparent reason why a burglar should be there. All the doors were found locked, by those who came in response to the alarm, and there were absolutely no signs of any burglarizing from the outside.

Another strong point was, that the bullet which was found in the butler's head exactly fitted the pistol of his master, showing conclusively that it was the master and not the burglar who shot him. This was the condition of the affair when my father took charge of it, and though he really believed the butler's story and tried to prove it, he could not do it and the man was finally hanged. A year later a burglar was shot by a policeman in the city nearest to us, and he confessed on his death bed that he was the murderer of our rich man. He had hidden in the house early in the evening, had collected all he could of jewelry and other portable valuables, and was about getting out when he was caught both by the old gentleman and the butler, and that the butler had got the bullet intended for him, as he had run into the room just as the old man fired.

Dropping everything in his sudden surprise, he had rushed down stairs and hidden in the hallway, from where he had slipped out as soon as the front door was opened. In the excitement, he was not observed, and he got away without any trouble at all, as the nearness to the city made strangers so common that their presence excited no suspicion. I'll never forget that incident and I'll never be in favor of the death penalty on circumstantial evidence, I don't care how strong it is. Even lynch law is less unjust," and the writer felt that the attorney was more than half right.—*Chicago Law Journal*.

The students who study law at University College are lucky, for they may do so under the auspices of Mr. Birrell, and this means that the proportion of jam to powder is usually large. Mr. Birrell in the course of his introductory lecture delivered on Monday last, declared that the best idea of life in the olden times at the Inns of Court was to be gained from the brief but lively reminiscences of Mr. Justice Shallow, formerly of Clement's Inn. Very happy was his description of the great English lawyers, not as jurists or philosophers, but "advisers of particular men in particular difficulties at particular fees." These were never prompted to take to the law by the motives which often made men take to the army, the sea, or the church—the love of adventure or of glory or the fear of God. Men usually hated law when they began it. The poet Gray even went so far as to say that nobody was "amused or even not disgusted at the beginning." This we doubt. We believe that men of a certain turn