FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO, BY MICHAEL LYNCH.

The cold gray morning breaking from the east, A glimmering light shot though the window.pane, Where sat the the fisher's wife with heart opprest, And straining eyes bent outward on the main.

So had she sat long hours deprived of sleep, Whilst angrily the wave broke on the shore, For Baptiste, her beloved, was on the deep, And much she feared she ne'er would see him more

But see, from out the mist comes drifting slowly, His small, frail craft, then strikes upon the land And she with eyes that shone with lovelight holy Qushed eager forth to meet him on the strand. One short embrace, one short and silent prayer, And then they turned along the pathway hom She leading on with heart now free from care, For spite of storm and darkness he had come.

Seated at length beside his own bright fire, His dripping nets into a corner cast, "Good wife," he said. "last night there seemed a choir Of furious devils howling in the blast.

"All night the rain was beating in my face, Until I almost wept for very pain. All night the white-capped waves did run a race, And in the sea I cast my nets in vain.

"Yet though my toil did gain for you no food, I am content since I again am here.", My heart leaps up. and I in joyful mood Smile at the dangers which I nothing fear."

Shyly she answered: "Baptiste, dear, last night Our neighbor died, poor creature: I alone Sat by her side until her gazing sight Sudden grew dull, and heavy as a stone.

"Two little children has she left behind, William the boy, and Madeline, a girl, Both small, both pretty, as you'd wish to find, With large blue eyes, and many a flaxen curl,"

At this grew Baptiste grave, and throwing down His old fur bonnet wet with sea and rain, Muttered awhile then scratched his shaggy crown, "Two to our five makes seven. H'm: that's plain.

"Too often now we hungry go to rest,
For storms will rage long weeks upon the sea,
Well, well, I'll nothing say; God must know best,
Tis His good will, and that we know must be.

"Go, fetch them, dear, they will be frightened sore If with the dead alone they waken thus. Hark! 'tis the mother knocking at our door, Fear not; they will be children unto us.

"They will soon learn to play about our floor, They will soon learn to climb upon my knee, And God above, to fill these two mouths more, Will fill my nets with more fish from the sea

"We must work harder, we must drink no wine, Our plot of ground with greater care we'l So fear not, Janet, for those five of thine, But go, rejoicing, since 'tis His good will.

"Why, Janet, lass, thy feet are surely tied; Why do you tarry by that curtain there?" But Janet, smiling, drew it then aside, And said: "Benoid! already they are here."

## GALLOPING OFF WITH A BABY.

A MIDNIGHT RIDE—THE TIMELY EVIDENCE OF BROWN THE DOCTOR.

## CHAPTER I.

"What that man said is true, my lord; that child "What that man said is true, my lord; that came I carried. I am Brown the Doctor, Brown of Beaconsfield;" and as the murmur of approval which rang through the court was promptly checked, the one who had spoken pushed his way to the witness box, and then, by his lordship's permission, went into it, and all eyes were turned to him.

He was a short, stout, resolute-looking man, in the was a short, stout, resolute-looking man, in what whose age was fitty-seven.

appearance fifty, but whose age was fifty-seven; and he had a good frank florid face, and dark gray eyes. Coolly surveying the crowded court in front of him, he took the oath as he removed his gloves, and answered to his name; and then, as unembarrassed in manner as though he had made the simrassed in manner as though he had made the simplest statement possible, he passed his hand through his brown hair, and looked at his lordship.

"That's the man, sir," said the prisoner to his counsel, "and he rode a cob."

"Silence!" cried the Judge, as those in the court approved, and the windows rattled as the dust rose up again -- the dust from the crowded street, where hundreds waited.

It was a blowing, gusty day, Friday, the 5th of March, the second day of the Lent Assizes: and the spacious court in the country town was filled with close packing and increased discomfort, had kept their places there for many hours, waiting for the conclusion of the trial, in which the majority of which the majority of those there were deeply interested—the trial of Ralph Perks, the poacher, and against whom a true bill had been returned for the wilful murder of Walter White, the keeper—keeper to Sir Norman Digby, of Beckton Hall—who, a few months pre-viously, had been found in the Home Wood, shot The evidence that was then brought against the

prisoner was purely circumstantial; but it seemed prisoner was purely circumstantia; but it seemed conclusive, and he was committed to jail to await his trial on the full charge. But in a short time he escaped, by the connivance, as it was thought, of one of his jailers, a man who was known to him, and it was only within a week of the commence-ment of the assizes that he had been retaken.

He was a lithe, wiry, dark-complexioned man, thirty years of age, and by trade a blacksmith; and, although his poaching propensities were well known to all, his trade stuck to him, for he was not only the best shoer for miles around his own neighborn hood, and shod all the "hunting horses," but he was a Jack-of-all-trades, and clever at most things, from locks and clocks to brass-work, bells, and baskets; and at the latter, no matter what they were, useful or fanciful, no basket maker could were, useful or fanciful, no basket maker could beat him. Hence, being able to turn his hand to so many pursuits, his services were much sought after natever was needed in the mending line. Ralph, "the handy man," was the man sent for.

He was a good mole-man, too, and useful to the farmers; a crack fisherman, and of service to the villagers; a famous runner, and hence great with

It was this latter quality which contributed so much to his popularity with those whose horses he shod, and with the huntsmen generally; for, as he was always present during the season, at every meet within distance, had much hunt knowledge, and kept well with hounds, his ringing "Gone away!' which made the woodlands ccho as the fox broke cover, was always listened for, for it was ever re-liable. "Ralph, the Runner," being an old hand at woodcraft, and so well versed in vulpine tactics that, unless the fox went out at one end as the hounds came in at the other, Ralph was the man to see him; and as he never gave tongue till the varmint wa well away, and the hounds on a line with him, eac man then out gripped his reins as he heard him, and galloped his hardest.

Such a voice as Ralph had for a shout—loud,

the slipping of puzzle locks—were Ralph but at hand, it was done with; and though many a zoin was thrown to him he never waited for it. His work once over his place was with the bounds and work once over, his place was with the hounds, and,

work once over, his place was with the hounds, and, as he could run and leap better than most men, he was never far behind them.

He was a very useful man, too, among the catile, and also among the horses, as he understood their ailments and was up to doctoring them; and he was clever as a breaker with young horses, as he had a good seat, good hands, firm nerve and plenty of patience; so he soon made them fit and handy. With the people of his handet—the handet of Beckton—he was a great favorite, and at the wakes and With the people of his hamlet—the hamlet of Beckton—he was a great favorite, and at the wakes and club walks, village feasts and festivals, Ralph was the main man there; for he had a fiddle, and could play it well, and he was strong in jigs and dances; and his various feats among the Far-Foresters, in jumping, running, quoit-pitching and wrestling, were known for miles round. In wrestling he was especially good, as he knew a Cornish man, and was up to "chips"—the hypes and heaves, and hanks and inside click—so he could throw most men; and it was the ability to do so that made him so daring when peoching, and that caused him to care so little when poaching, and that caused him to care so little for the keepers. He was the best whistler, too, in for the keepers. He was the best whistier, too, in the whole district; and, as few could beat him at a comic song, he was the very life and soul of all the parties, when village lads and lasses got together, or old folks congregated.

His apprehension, therefore, on such a charge, had

been a great grief to the villagers, and a loss and an annoyance to the neighborhood; and as those who employed him considered his only fault was poaching, and from which no remonstrance occuld wean him, they, as their presence in court duly testified, were one and all considerably interested in his trial, which, commenced on the previous day, was now about to terminate, and, as they feared, terminate

badly.

The evidence, as we have said, was circumstantial, and his defence was an alibi; but as it was an alibi without proof—being entirely unsupported by the slightest testimony—it was felt by all there that the verdict would be "Guilty;" and even if he escaped with his life; that the sentence would be a heavy one, for he was too old a poacher not to be made an

one, for he was too old a poacher not to be made an example of.

As for Perks himself, black as things looked against him, he still held his head up, just as though he were wholly innocent and he counted on an ac-

quital.
"No blood of his," said he, "is on these hands,
my lord; I was miles away, too."
But the tale he told to strengthen what he said
sounded more strange than true, and few believed

it.

Briefly the evidence was this:

On the night in question—Monday night, the 23d of November—Walter White, the keeper, the man who was said to have been murdered, turned out with three of the watchers to go through the covers—the Home Woods, Fox Hill and the Locketts—hoping to meet with Perks, of whose intention to visit them that night they had received intimation; and they were determined. and they were determined to capture him if the

and they were determined to capture Fin II they could, as a few nights previously he had threatened White that the next time he interfered with him he should have "something for his trouble."

An old grievance, it was stated, had existed between them, and they had been at enmity for a long time; and it was in no wise lessened by the fact of White's wife being Ralph's old sweetheart, a pretty village git who after she had promised ract of White's wife being Ralph's old sweetheart, a pretty village girl who, after she had promised Perks, preferred the keeper's cottage to the blacksmith's shop. It was also shown that when the two men were lads, and at school together, they were at enmity even then; for Perks could throw and thead, by mith the great than the second of the second thrash him with the greatest ease, and did so fre thrash him with the greatest ease, and did so frequently, as he had done so since, they having had many a bout together during the past four years, when, Sir Norman having engaged White as keeper, they found themselves settled down at last in the same parish.

For many years an inveterate poacher, but never taken, Ralph Perks, after White's marriage, became more daring than ever; and whenever he was on the drink at the village ale-house, or boozing at the cider-shop, he used to boast how little he cared for the keeper, for, big as he was, he could "turn him over in two minutes and thrash him handsomely;" It was a blowing, gusty day, Friday, the 5th of arch, the second day of the Lent Assizes: and the acious court in the country town was filled with cople, townsfolk and countrymen, who, in spite of and many had predicted that some day it would be acious court in the country town was filled with cople, townsfolk and countrymen, who, in spite of and many had predicted that some day it would and badly to one or both of them, as they equally determined and unforgiving.

A few nights before the murder—for murder it

vas presumed to be—they had met in Fox Hill: was presumed to be—trey and met in Fox Int, but as Ralph was in a ride, a public path, and had then neither gun nor stick—visible to hi.i, at least—threats only bad passed between them.

When White and the watchers entered the Home

Woods, hoping to meet with Perks, they went on by the big elm together to where the rides diverged, by the highest to the country and then, a signal being agreed upon if either want-ed help, they separated, the keeper taking the mid-dle ride, Clarke the outer one, and Crump and Kirby the inner one, as the cover there was unusually thick and strong from dense scurb and brush; besides which, as a foot-path led from there across the fields and so to the village, escape was usually made in that direction.

usually made in that direction.

The night was foggy, and before the men had reached the end of their beat a shot was heard from the middle ride; and though the signal whistle was not given, they at once turned right and left and As the three men met at the bottom of a glade

where the middle ride terminated, they found White down and groaning, his gun beside him. On raising him up,
"Take Perks," said he; "I'm done for."

He then fell back and died.
They brought the body home, then went for Perks. He was out; they waited. At four o'clock—two hours from the time that shot was fired—he came back to his cottage His clothes were bloody and his head was cut, and one barrel of his gun had and his head was cut, and that quite recently, and his coat was torn and had mud on it. He was quite lame, too, and hobbling. That day they took him. At the inquest and before the magistrates things looked dead against him; and although his solucitor

rought forward all he could in his favor, it was felt, when he was committed for trial, that it would

bard with him. For the defense an alibi was set up, and the For the defense an affor was set up, and the keeper's death accounted for by the accidental discharge of his own gun, one barrel of which had been fired; but as White had been up in the wood prior to going with the watchers, and might then have had a shot at some poaching dog or lurcher, little could be made of it. As to the words, "Take Perks; Pm done for," it was strongly urged by the prisoner's counsel, when the trial commenced, that hey were in fact only the words of a man strong in his duty, and who was bent on carrying out that

Again did the prisoner maintain his innocence, and again did he assert that at the time sworn to as the time that the shot was fired—two o'clock—he was miles away from the covers. He said he certainly went out that night with the intention of poaching in the Home Wood, but hearing a chance word as he called in at the sides show he thought. poaching in the Home Wood, but hearing a chance word, as he called in at the cider-shop, he thought—
if it did come to a tussle—that four might be too many for him, and he therefore decided to go further afield and in an opposite direction, and he made for the new wood, five miles away from there, a wood of Major Murray; and he then repeated that which he had said before—that in coming down the hill for a short cut to the cover, he caught his foot in the gorse as he got near the road, and fell down into it, his gun going off in the fall, and his head getting cut open; and that as he lay there in the ditch, half stunned and bleeding, the clock over the water struck two.

the water struck two.

His lordship, in commenting on the fact that persisting in such a statement would not avail him unless it were corroborated, said: Have you really no means to prove is? Did

nothing occur, as you went or returned, by which the jury might infer that what you say is true—no

one you met or spoke to ?"
"No, nothing," said Perks. "No one, whatever, my lord." 'Nor when you lay there in the ditch, as you say,

half-stunned and bleeding ?"

"Well, yes, my lord," was the reply; "there was "To whom do you refer? Did you know him?"

"I did not; I don't know who he was, my lord; but he was a man on horseback, and he had a baby with him."

"A man on horseback, and a baby with him What, at two o'clock on a November morning cold, damp and foggy! Do you seriously assert

"Yes, my lord, I do; for I heard it cry."
"You did?"

"You did?"
"I did, my lord, and heard him speak to it."
"And pray what did you hear him say?' asked his lordship, who seemed to doubt the story told him, as did all there.
"He said, my lord, 'Poor little wretch! But it is a chance if we can do it.' And then,' said Perks, "he put his horse into a gallop and was off."
"What was the man like?' said the judge, after a pause, in which incredulity was marked on every face in court. "Could you see enough of him to face in court. "Could you see enough of him to

"Partly, my lord, partly," was the prompt reply; "for the rest of the hill dips down; and as I lay there in the ditch, he showed against the sky; and they were a pair of 'em—a short thick man and a short thick horse."

But the statement was too wild to be creditedand all there felt that for any use there might be to him it might as well have been left unsaid. In summing up, however, the judge briefly alluded to this "extraordinary statment" by the prisoner, of the man and the baby, but without repeating the words heard, or the assertion that the clock struck; and he said that it would be for the jury themselves to decide whether or not such an assertion, unsupported by the slightest evidence, was worthy

It was at this particular point in his lordship's It was at this particular point in his forcising standards that Dr. Brown came into court, and startled all there by his exclamation.

"What that man said is true, my lord; the child I carried. I am Brown the Doctor, Brown of

redence.

## CHAPTER II.

As a hush in court ensued at the cry of "Silence!" As a hush in court ensued at the cry of "Silence!" the greatest interest prevailed, and all eyes were turned to the witness-box.

"Now, sir," said his lordship, after the formalities were over, "we shall hear the statment that you have to make."

you have to make."

"Good, my lord," was the response. "Shall I reply seriatin to the questions asked me, or, to save the time of your lordship and that of the jury, shall I first state what I have to say, and then answer whatever questions may be suggested by the evidence I offer?"

"We will be ""

We will hear," said the Judge, "your own statement first. This man is charged with murder, and he tells us—he pleads an alibi—that as he lay in a ditch on Furze Hill on the night in question, disabled by a fall, a man on horseback passed him, and he had a baby with him, for he, the prisoner, heard the baby cry. Now, you say that you were that man, and that you carried a child. Will you give us the date of it?"

It was toward the end of November, my lord the last week in it. The day, I know, was Tuesday; the last Tuesday in the month."
"What date was that?" asked his lordship, turn-

ing to the counsel for the defense.

But before he could reply, his opponent, the

ounsel for the prosecution, said:
"The twenty-fourth, my lord; a date that differs from the prisoner's statement.' "Will you tell us, resumed the Judge not heed-

ing the remark, what time it was when you rode up the hill—can you remember?"

"Yes, my lord, I can. It was two o'clock, for I

Heard the clock strike as I galloped up it—St. Michael's clock, that is just across the water. It was a damp and chilly morning—cold and foggy."

"Do you mean Tuesday night—or, rather, Wednesday morning ?"
"No, my lord; Monday night—two on Tuesday

morning. It was during the night of Monday. Monday, the twenty-third."

"And how were you mounted?"
"On a thick, stout cob," said the Doctor, "my

night horse." "Go on, sir," said his lordship, as the counsel

looked at each other.
"I had been to a case, my lord, and was coming from it—"

from it—"
"Yes, yes; just so," his lordship interrupted.
"But about this child. Tell us, will you, how it
was that on this cold, damp, foggy morning, in that
dreariest of months, you were out in the open
country galloping home with a baby?"
"The state of the state

"Not home, not home, my lord, but off for the "Why?"

"To prevent a murder,"
"Explain yourself," said the Judge, as a buzz
rent round the court, and the people looked at each other. "An attempt had been made, my lord, on the life

"An attempt had been made, my lord, of the file of that child, which I frustrated; but as I knew the youngster would be settled as soon as my back was turned, I galloped off with it to save it."

"And quite right too, Doetor," his lordship said.
"Now give us the circumstances; give them in your way."

And as the one counsel looked confident, and the

Such a voice as Raiph had for a shout—loud, clear and ringing—few men had; it was a piercer, like the voice of the famed Tom Moody; and as most of the woods in that part of the country—West Worcestshire—were thick, dense and tangled, when he was out it was a gain for the lost ones, many of whom would frequently have missed the hounds altogether had not his rattling "Gone away!" which could be heard from one end of the wood to the other, proclaimed "a view," and piloted them into the open.

He was a pleasant, merry fellow; ever cheery and always civil; ready to help those who came to grief, and willing to aid the distressed ones; for, no man and substantiate his own statement, and willing to aid the distressed ones; for, no man always civil; ready to help those who came to grief, and willing to aid the distressed ones; for, no man and substantiate his own statement, and willing to aid the distressed ones; for, no man and substantiate his own statement, and willing to aid the distressed ones; for, no man and ways eight; ready to help those who came to grief, and willing to aid the distressed ones; for, no man and substantiate his own statement, and willing to aid the distressed ones; for, no man and his gut was the form it took, or what was the form when they were to counsel for the was done for which they were tooked that he was done for which they were to counsel. And as the one counsel looked confident, and the cytical what he was done in pleas that the prisoner, drew himself and the the winder was confined:

"He felt," said the counsel for the minds of the wood to the difficulty was not rediffed for an instant, and the counsel for the prisoner, state the should be righted, and the evid

'Cheer up,' I said; 'I am just the man you want, for I am a doctor, and can see to you.'
"A little way beyond us was a hut—a tumbled-

"A little way beyond us was a hut—a tumbled-down affair, but it was that or none. The one who lived there—a vile o'd hag, and a reputed witch—refused us entrance. I forced it, told her why, and did my duty. In three hours afterward a child was born. I saved the child, but could not save the mother; she died soon after."

"Died from exhaustion?"

"Vew my loyd; though not as you infer. It was

Yes, my lord; though not as you infer. It was, in fact, one of those unfortunate cases which we have occasionally to encounter, where, as too often nave occasionary to encounter, where, as too often occurs, it is as much as we can do to save the child. Had she been a lady in her own home, it would have been all one with her; she would have had no more chance. As the child's life dawns, the

"Well, my lord, the child was living and the mother dead, and the old hag sat and cursed me, and refused to touch the child, or do one thing, though first I promised payment, and then I threatened her, for she said the brat should bundle out before the morning—she would not have it there. So, finding after repeated entreaties, that there was no time to be lost in the matter, I, disgusted with her heartlessness, got the cob out of the shed, and away I went to a cottage on beyond, about a mile off, and knocked them up. The woman, a workoff, and knocked them up. The woman, a work-man's wife, got up at once and came to take the child and lay the body out, and I rode back. Unfortunately, in my haste, I had left on the table—in the hut, my lord—a little case I carry, containing drugs we very often want, among them laudanum, which I had to use. As I came by the window, from the shed, I saw the old witch stooping by the had a beat a little and is here had a beat a little and is here all and a little. The truth flashed from the shed, I saw the old witch stooping by the child, and in her hand a bottle. The truth flashed on me, and I rushed inside and knocked her over. The bottle was my own—the laudanum one—and the cork was out. I was just in time, for the contents, instead of going down the child's throat—when it would have died instantly—went over me, scattering as I sent her flying."

"A most providential circumstance," said his lordship. "The wickedness of some people is perfectly frightful."

"It is, my lord, Well." continued the doctor.

"It is, my lord. Well," continued the doctor,
"It is, my lord. Well," continued the doctor,
when the old hag picked herself up out of the
corner where I had sent her, I told her my mind as
to her villainy pretty plainly; and she whined out something about 'going to wet the poorthing's mouth to comfort it.' But I knew better; it was too palpable. Besides, she knew it was laudanum, and must have known it would kill. It was a de-cided case of attempted murder, and so I told her. With that the woman came, and she was as good a soul as need be; but she said that as she had to go sour as need be; but she said that as she had to go to work at seven o'clock, and her neighbors, too, and her husband went at six, she would have to leave there at five, to light the fire and to call him up. So, as there was no chance in that direction, I decided, until we could see what could be done, and lest the child's life should be sacrificed, that I would have it well 'wrapped up in flannel—its mother's petticoat—and take it myself to the workhouse. But after we had got it swaddled up comfortably, I remembered that there was no case in the house just then—no suckling mother. A friend of mine, Mr. Grant, has the care of it, my lord, that and some parishes; and he had that day mentioned the fact to me as an unusual occurrence. It would, therefore, be better, I thought, for the time being were I to take it to the one who had just lost her own—the one I had come from, an old servant of our family when we lived elsewhere. Added to which it was five miles to the workhouse, and less than three to her; and even in that short distance it was a risky business, as the cold might kill the child. Still it was a chance for it, and slight as that chance was, it seemed to me, my lord, that it was better to take it than to risk the child being again

left with that horrible old woman."
"Decidedly," said the judge. "You acted wisely, sir, and I may say, nobly; many would have

"Then they would not have done their duty, said the doctor. "Leaving the woman there to see to things, and paying her for her trouble, I told the old one that I would, in the morning, make the necessary arrangements with the parish authorities for the removal of the body; and then," continued the one had come from. ouse in the forest.

my lord, where the child lay dead."

The total silence that had prevailed in the court

'No, my lord," was the reply, "nothing."

"Nor heard anything?"
"A shot, my lord; I certainly heard a shot. Some fellow out there poaching; but I took no heed "Is it such a common thing, then, in your neigh-

borhood, for shots to be heard at night  $\dot{i}$ ?

"Very common, my lord; so much so that I always ride with a tight rein when I am out after dark; and I then had the cob well in hand. "For fear he might shy-for safety's sake?"

"Yes, my lord; and he shied then. I was nearly half way up the hill when I heard it, and I was going at a good bat, too; and he turned short round with me, for the shot was near and loud." "What did you do then?" "Put the spurs into him and went on at a hand-

gallop."
"Did you say anything? Did you make any re

"The you say anything? Du you make any remark or exclamation? Can you remember?"
"Yes, my lord, I did. I said, 'Confound the stupid fool!' for the child woke up and cried."
As there was a buzz in court for a moment, as the

people made half-audible comments and looked at "Was that," inquired his lordship, "all "I believe so, my lord."

"You have no recollection of anything beyond

"I have not, my lord."

"Nothing about 'poor little wretch'?"
"Oh, yes, my lord, I did; for, as the child cried,
I thought of how I had saved it, and that if I could but get it housed quickly it might even yet live."
"Just think, doctor," said his lordship, "and see if you can give us the exact words. It is impor-

After considering for a minute or two, during which time one might have heard a pin drop, "I think," said the doctor, "it was this, though I could not swear it. 'Poor little wretch! but it's a chance if we can do it;' meaning, my lord, if we could reach the forest without the cold air striking to the

The Judge laid down his pen and sat back in his

The stage and down in spen and sat sack it is clair. It was as good as over.

There was a decided stir in court, and a shuffling of feet; a great feeling of relief in the minds of those assembled, causing a change of position; but it was but momentary, as the counsel for the pris-

"Certainly, sir, I will. I was not aware," said the doctor, "that the events of that night had any bearing on the case." "You had not? Indeed! And yet, as it appears

that the prisoner is a man from your own neighbor-hood, you must have known all about the case—all

"I did; in common with all those that keep their

cars open, or read the papers."
"Then why, sir, may I ask, did you not speak Because, until I came into court to kill time, I

had not the least idea that I could be of any use in it. I knew no more than that the defense was an alibi. But when I heard what his lordship said as

alibi. But when I heard what his lordship said as he was summing up, that night came to me and I at once spoke out."

"I need scarcely remind you," said the Judge to the counsel, "that it was not until you had made your speech, and I was proceeding to sum up, that that the facts came out."

"That is so, my lord," replied the counsel, as he felt he was sat upon. But, returning so the attack, he resumed. "Then your coming here into court at the last moment was purely accidental? Do you really wish us to believe that?"

"I have no wish in the matter," was the response,

really wish us to believe that?"

"I have no wish in the matter," was the response,
"one way or other; I simply state a fact. Will you
be good enough," said the doctor, taking a paper
from his pocket, "to hand that to his lordship?"
and giving a telegram to the whole it is both. and giving a telegram to the usher it was handed to

the Judge.

"As this telegram, gentlemen, has been given to
me, I will read it to you, though I do not," his lordship remarked, "consider it necessary. It is dated to day, March 5, and it is from Miss Minnie Brown,

to-day, March 3, and it is from Miss Minnie Brown, Paddington Station. She says, 'So sorry papa. Missed my train. Shall take the 2:15, and car on. So don't wait. With love.'"

"That is the through-train for our line, my lord—the Severn Valley—I came on here to attend a meeting. Had she come as arranged, by the ten train, I should have met her at the station; and we should have been at home by now. The delay seems providential."

"Inst so" said the Index. And the telegram

"Just so," said the Judge. And the telegram was handed to the jury, and passed on to the Doc-But the counsel, determined to make a last strug

gle for it, returned to the charge.

"The prisoner was in your employ, 1 presume?
He shod your horses!" He

"No, he did not," was the reply. "I wish he had; but he lived too far off, unfortunately." "Still, you were acquainted with him!"
"Not the slightest; no more than I am with

'Are you a hunting man?"

"Are you a hunting man !"
"I hunt, as every man should do who can keep a good horse and ride him."
"Then, as this man," said the counsel, "was a runner with hounds, you must have met him fre-

"I have seen him often; and I have heard bim, "And he has been of use to you, I presume, on

many occasions, in shifting hurdles and in making Gaps!" cried the Doctor, who was a known

Gaps!" cried the Doctor, who was a known good goer, "I never wait for gaps, and I fly the hurdles. I always take it straight!"

As a titter ran through the court at the Doctor's answer, the foreman of the jury stood up, and, turning to the Judge, said:
"Unless your lordship considers that further evi-

dence is necessary, we are quite satisfied, and can give our verdiet."
"And that—

"Is 'Not guilty,' my lord."
As the verdict was given a loud cheer that could

not be suppressed rang through the court; and his lordship, turning to the prisoner, said:
"Ralph Perks, you are a free man, and you leave this court without a stain on your character. After the unexpected evidence we have heard, and which has so entirely corroborated your own statement, it was impossible for the jury to have come to any other conclusion. We must therefore, as your name alone was mentioned, accept the theory for the defense; that the cause of the man's death was an accident, and not a murder. But for your own the doctor, "1 started with the child under my cloak, wrapped up and warm—my one arm around it, and my other free, and with a shake of the rein, away I went, full gallop, back up the hill again for or some day it may go hard with you. Dr. Brown, or some day it may go hard with you. Dr. Brown, or some day it may go hard with you. Dr. Brown, or some day it may go hard with you. but for your evidence, justice might

ried. We have to thank you." And as the clock just then struck four, the court

while the doctor made his statement was here again broken by his lordship. "I see," said he; "and did you notice anything on the hill as you went up many friends streamed on to those outside. "Hur-

rah for Brown the Doctor!" At six the Doctor was at the station, and a demonstration awaited him; for Perks and his friends were there, waiting the arrival of the same train— the through train from London, to take them also to their destination; and as the train came up, and the porters bustled about during the ten minutes'

the porters obstred about during the characteristic stoppage, the cheering was incessant.

"Oh, what a noise, papa?" said Minnie Brown.

"Why are they cheering you! What is it for?

Whatever have you done?" 'A good day's work, my girl." was the reply.

"I have proved the innocence of that man there Ralph Perks the poacher."—Tinsley's Magazins. BURDETTE MEETS THE CROP CROAK-

At Princeton a venerable granger gets on the train and sits down beside me. After a few moments he opens the conversation by informing me that the orange crop in California is a dead

ER AGAIN.

failure this year.

I say "Ah!" and then he tells me that all the wheat in Illinois and Minnesota is winter-killed.
I say "Indeed?" and look concerned. And in a moment or two the old traveler goes on to assure me that the cold snap last week killed all the peach buds in southern Illinois and Michigan.

I say "Sho!"

I say "Sho!"

And he says yes; and he examined one hundred and thirty-eight apples in various counties in Iowa and Kansas and Lis part of Illinois, and there wasn't enough life in the swelling quds to develop a bloom, let alone a healthy set. And he had a letter from a man in Indiana, and he said it was the same way there—every apple in the State winter-killed. And

there—every apple in the State winter-killed. And he said we were going to have some stinging cold weather, and the biggest snow-storm we had this winter, along about the 17th of this month.

Then I became conscious of a certain touch of familiarity in the old man's voice and appearance and manner. I looked at him more closely, and fully recognized him.

"Ah, ha!" I said, "I remember you now. You rode with me from Onarga to Buda last October."

The old man looked at me narrowly, and a gleam

The old man looked at me narrowly, and a gleam of recognition shot his face.
"Ye," he said, "I did. You are right; I did, I

"Yes," he said, "I did. You are right; I did, I did."

"Yes," I went on, "you were the man who told me we were going to have a mild, open winter, because the corn-husks were so thin."

And then this prophet of the corn-husks dropped his chin on his breast and looked at me in mute, heart-broken surprise. He caesed to prophesy evil, and after regarding me with a stare of stony dispair for a few moments, he arose and went away. I have often wondered what malignant hater of mankind got up all those regular annual stories of prospective crop and fruit failures and how that I have found him, I feel easier about them.—I where.

[FRIDAY, M LOCA

McLennan, Lo practical sanitaria

THE 24TH .- I wish of a large nu Mayor has issued Queen's Birthday 26th, instead of

DIED.—Tie Ins was injured on the hospital in ceased occupied to G. W. R. for a mally respected as

DEATH FROM James Wilson, 15 Wilson, of Strate returning from s wound continued jaw set in, from Tuesday morniu

RESOLUTION O

the fearful dyna largely attended Father Mathew of the 7th inst., by the member family of the lat pathy of the n hour of their gre CONFIRMATION On Sunday, the Cross opened a t His Lordship, th ment of Confirm

On the following ship will also ad

mation and bl

church at Hawti Fathers of the H LOST OR STOLE about \$150 in m his possession. C After arriving in Cousins House l ing the aforeme once proceeded to communicati and taking other money and note has not received

> ployes at St. Chambers, the dent of that bra Wyatt's Dining leaving for a 1 The chair was e Station Master, occupied the vi convivial nature sive of the high succession. The was assured Mr. for a short seaso have the pleasu

COMPLIMENTA

The Free Pres suggestions whi whole commun If it may not ters little to us gest that the Se notify the const Press, or in son any can be four to shut off the was experience continued stop view of saving as upholding th

ion is proffere and Gas Comm contract for wa the contractor principal busine n the morning contract would al expense upo

pervade a re

COMPI A TRIBUTE TO

A complime

Isaac Waterma East, by his pe last night. A

Cronyn, and M the Board of Smallman, He Dawson, Asst. John Taylor, of Stores Dept Goodhue, W.H C. McFie, and such as to thoroughly the Chairman. from Mr. Chas. G. W. R.; Mr tive Superinte Birrell, and sev vented from and H. R. H. the Evening, elicited a char Beattie; "The Beattie and H 'Chairman' were then gi evening was ner from first t guest being present. Mr. quent reply, of the hearty ma seen fit to he could assure t not be efface

ward to man friendsin Lo bued with the