

Nor need this cause wonder; for stupid men, and hasty men, and simple men are so rife in the world that there always lurks just a faint possibility of convicting an innocent person. The Attorney-General was asked in the House of Commons, the other day, whether he would call the attention of the Public Prosecutor to the case of *Evelyn v. Hurlbert*, with a view to seeing whether sufficient evidence existed on which to base a prosecution of one or other of the parties to the suit for perjury; and in reply he said that there must be the most careful investigation as to whether any or either of them can be convicted of that crime. A sensational case has thus its uses in bringing into prominence ugly features which are by no means less common in obscure and humdrum actions. We again repeat our humble opinion, that prosecutors ought to be a little more courageous in cases of perjury. Skilled witnesses, of course, we can never hope to reach by a charge of this kind. A skilled witness of experience never commits perjury. His is an innominate offence. But there ought to be some *nomen juris* invented to cover the practice of maintaining that the laws of nature and of logic are by no means uniform in their operation, and that science says black or says white according as the pursuer or defender has cited you.—*Journal of Jurisprudence*.

---

A DOG ATTEMPTING AN ALIBI.—A writer in *Rod and Gun* relates the following incident of the "friend of man": "While staying in Devonshire last week at a farm, I had a practical illustration of an interesting case of sheep-worrying. Looking out of my bedroom window just as it was daylight, I saw a flock of ewes that had recently lambed tearing about the field as if alarmed; and I quickly discovered that two dogs were hunting them. I woke up the farmer, and we were soon on the spot; but the dogs were too quick for us, and we could only identify one of them, which we recognized as belonging to a farm about three miles off. They had killed and partially eaten two lambs, and seriously mauled three others. My friend at once got out his gig; and we drove off to the farm from whence we thought the culprit hailed, expecting to reach there before the dog. On arriving, we told the owner of the animal our errand, and he at once invited us to come and see his sheep-dog, which could not possibly have committed the crime, as he was shut up of a night in the stable. There, truly enough, did we find the collie, looking half asleep and curled up in a corner among the straw. His owner triumphantly pointed him out; but he was a peculiarly marked dog, and we had both spotted him, and, moreover, there was a broken window in the stable, and traces of dirty, and apparently recent, claw-marks on the wall. My farmer looked in the brute's mouth, and thought there was wool on the teeth; but the owner contended that that proved nothing, as the dog had been among his own sheep the previous evening. I then suggested that a dose of salt and water might prove if any mutton had been recently devoured; and, the two farmers consenting to this, we dosed poor collie accordingly, and in a few minutes he disgorged a quantity of raw lamb with the wool on it, unmistakably recently killed. The case was admitted proved, and the neighbors speedily came to terms as to the question of damage.