

Masters of the Bench and many barristers and other members of the society. The case propounded was one which in one form or another has agitated legal opinion for many years—namely, that of a passenger on a railway who has deposited his bag in a cloak room, receiving a cloak room ticket, which is afterwards stolen, and the thief by means of the stolen ticket obtains the bag: the question being whether the original owner of the bag can maintain an action for the value of the bag against the railway company.—*Law Times*.

She was a lady visitor to the prison, kindly, and well-meaning, and as she chatted with a burglar who had been sentenced to six months' imprisonment, she thought she detected signs of reform in him. "And now," she said, "have you any plans for the future, on the expiration of your sentence?" "Oh, yes, ma'am," he said hopefully. "I've got the plans of two banks and a post-office."—*The Argonaut*.

The "Knave" in the *Oakland Tribune* has published several anecdotes about the late Dennis Spencer, of Napa, who was noted as a lawmaker, orator and lawyer. The following story is particularly good:

One day there entered his office in Napa a bright-looking, well-dressed Chinaman. He took a chair and proceeded straight to the point:

"You Mr. Spencer, the big lawyer?"

"Yes."

"How much you charge to defend a Chinaman?"

"For what crime?"

"Murder."

"Five hundred dollars."

The Chinaman said he would call again.

A few days later he returned to Spencer's office, gravely placed \$500 in coin on the desk before the astonished attorney, and said:

"All lite. I kill 'im."

Spencer defended and acquitted him.