HIS FIRST CASE AND LAST.

The Story of a Young Barrister, Written For This Paper.

BY SYDNEY GRUNDY.

CHAPTER I.

In becoming a member of the bar. Victor D'Aubry's only idea was to continue the dignity of the family. Why down to the drudgery of the profes-sion? His father, one of the most honored magistrates of Caen, had left him a large fortune; he was an only child and upon his marriage with Marcelline du Chauvannes, of whom he was the accepted suitor, more gold would pour in upon him, for the Count, her father, was one of the wealthiest land holders of Calvados. More from ar esthetic standpoint, therefore, that from one of utility, Victor had caused to be fitted up in his mother's home a suite of working apartments—outer office, library, and consultation-room. The first client to be shown into the office of the young lawyer give little promise of a large fee. He was a man of 50, ill-elad and travel-stained. He test the breaklast-room he turned halted at the doorway, took off a tat-tered hat and having mopped the perspiration from his brow, deposited his stick in the nearest corner. Victor motioned to him to be seated, but the man's eye had fallen upon a carafe of water standing on a small table and in a low voice, almost a whisper, he asked to be permitted to slake his thirst.

The lawyer nodded acquiescence. 'And now, my friend," said Victor, "tell me what brings you here?" "I come to you, sir," the man began,
"for justice. I am not a peasant about to ask you to plead against a neighbor. I'm a discharged convict. I have just left a prison where I have spent nearly

twenty years for a crime committed by another. The young lawyer gave a start. Was his first case to be one that would attack the majesty of the law, prove it to be capable of committing a crime itself: less he could extort a confession from be innocent and accuse the judges who

for, for the last twenty years," resumed examination he returned home in a the stranger, solemnly, "has come at naif-dazed condition, his face the color last. I shall be able to prove my inno-cence if you, sir, will as sist me, but I'm penniless—at least for the present. In the end, however, you shall be paid, for, when you have established my inno-tence, the hard-hearted will relent cence, the hard-hearted will relent toward me. I shall have friends. I seem to know who I am, but when he

ing in upon the man's appeal.

"I belong to a respectable family," replied the man, "my father's name was Joseph Gouillard."

"Then you are Michel Gouillard, the murderer of Vicount de Varville!" exclaimed Victor, springing up and making a gesture of horror.

"Yes, Monsieur D'Aubry," answered Gouillard, "so your high courts of justice decreed, but they condemned an inno-cent man. They have robbed me of twenty of the best years of my life. You were too young to remember the particulars of the trial. Shall I——"

the trouble. I've lately gone over all the evidence. It's a celebrated casethat Varville murder case. The body was found in a ditch close to a spot called the 'Cat's Hole.' dressed in shirt and trousers, one foot bare, the shoe on feesion or no confession." the other with its laces untied. One of the trousers pockets contained a small book bound in blue. The Viscount had been shot in the forehead, the bullet belonging to the old-fashioned smoothbore rifle. There could be no question of suicide, for the young Viscount had everything to make a man satisfied with It was evident that he had been shot at the very moment of his crossing the ditch-that he was flying for his life. You were Count de Chauvannes' gamekeeper. You had a young and pretty It was shown in the trial that the Viscount had often made excuses to visit your house-that you were inflamed with jealousy against him. And further, that a mysterious ailment had seized your wife, Huguette, the very day after the murder. Her symptom indicated poisoning, and after her death the post-mortem confirmed the opinion of the physicians. Upon searching your house a short carbine was found seereted in a cupboard. The bullet fitted

In giving this outline of the cele-brated Varville murder case, the young even if it disturbs the sacred repose of lawver had been surprised at his own vehemence, his excellent emphasis and He was quite proud of him-

it exactly."

make to it. "But sir," began the discharged convict almost in a whisper, "in all this there is no proof of my guilt. It was moral courage and strength of characpreposterous to charge me with being ter to begin this battle for Gouillard, suspicious of Huguette; she was the to charge the courts of law. of which best and most honest of women. As his father was an honored momber, for the carbine secreted in my house, if may have been put there by the arm blind, yet he was only too conscious of that killed the viscount, but where was his inexperience to proceed without a the proof that the shot was fired by me? sage counselor at his side. And who They lilled the court with the low-lived could probably be better qualified to villains brought in to swear my life fill that difficulty than Monsieur Moreau, away. Before God and man I protested my innocence of poisoning my beloved Huguette. I helped to nurse her. All Moreau had lately returned from Alworld knew how I loved her. The wretches, they told everything except the truth. They perjured their souls to old man broken in health. He had suc-fix the crime on me, although Count de rificed his future and his talents to his Chauvannes swore that I had always been a steady and honest man.'

"Ay, so he did!" exclaimed Victor, but so terribly overwhelming was the burden of proof against you that you were even led to confess your own

You are right, sir. I did confess." replied Michel Couillard, lowering his voice and taking a step nearer to the young lawyer, "but that confession was to your father. To me, this magistrate's wrung from me when I was no longer a calm and reasoning being. For six months I was plagued and harassed by a committing magistrate till my brain reeled. I should have been a raving maniae had I not got rid of that persecutor, that sleuth hound of the law, forever at my heels---

All of a sodden the ex-convict ceased at the drama are still alive."

reaking, a death-like pallor overspread "As I have told you. I have seen Gouillard, but I am not at all certain as speaking, a death-like pallor overspread his countenance, and then a yell of hatred burst from his throat as he stre: ched forth his clenched fist toward a portrait hanging on the wall. He called 'The Hag.'" seered overcome by some terrible

who tortured me, disgraced me, ruined my life, and for all I know has killed my

"Silence, you villain!" shouted Victor D'Aubry, springing upon Gouillard, as f to strike him down. "That honest nan was my father!"

The ex-convict staggered back a step or two at the e words. Your father?" he whispered hourseas if thying to brush away the film that wen'y years of prison gloom had laid thou his eyes. "And so he is dead!" Bette so. Now I can understand your



"SILENCE! YOU VILLAIN!" repulsion, your harshness towards me.

You are just as cruel as he was. May my curse light upon both of you!" And with a last look of fury at the portrait, the ex-convict strode away without even turning his head.

CHAPTER II. Madame D'Aubry was alarmed at the condition of her son when he entered the apartment the next norning. He confessed to having passed a sleepless night, and it needed only a glance at his flushed face to see that he was laabruptly to his mother and inquired the exact date on which his father had first been stricken with loss of reason.
"Why, my son," replied Madame
D'Aubry, "what turned your thoughts

in that channel? Let me see, it was in December—yes, Dec. 10, 1849." "Yes, but mother," pursued Victor, had he not been ailing leng before

that, had you not noticed any change in a sim manner, was there not a gradual 'ailing of his mental powers?"

"Alus, yes," said Madame D'Aubry, with a sigh, "it was the tarrible anxiety the long continued strain caused by the examinations which he conducted in a telebrated murder case, the shooting of Viscount de Varville by Michel

Gouillard, a gamekeeper in the employ-ment of Marcelline's father. I'm conadent he overworked himself. He seemed possessed of the idea that un-Do not all criminals profess to the murderer that his reputation as a committing magistrate would be gone. that disgrace, in fact, would come upon The day which I have been waiting ais name. Time and again during the seem to know who I am, but when he "Who are you?" asked Victor, break"Who are you?" asked Victor, breakThese words confirmed the terrible
These words confirmed the terrible sees me in my gown he'll tegin to

suspicions that had tortured Victor's mind since the ex-convict had turned away from him with a curse on his lips for both father and son. "Mother," he cried out, "how do we

know that in the year 1847, the year of Gouillard's trial, father may not already nave been affected by the terrible ma!ady which terminated his life in so painful and horrible a manner? How do we know that he was not under the influence of that morbid excitement, that he was not suffering for what might be called a mania for persecution, and that Victor sat there with a dazed and this man Gouillard was really one of "No, no," came quickly from the law-nis victims and that the so-called con-yer's lips. "You may spare yourself fession was extorted from the wretch?" "Oh, not so loud, my son!" whispered Madame D'Aubry; "it's all past and gone now. It would do no good to drag the matter to light now. The man was

Victor made a gesture of dissent. "But, my son," continued Madame
'Aubry, "there's something we may D'Aubry, We may rescue Gouillard's daughter Esther from a life of shame. I'm informed that she is plying the calling beggar hereabouts; everybody recoils from her; she is known as the murder-er's child. The people throw her a crust and then set the dogs on her if she

oiters about the house."
"Mother," exclaimed Victor, joyfully, will you cause search to be made for the girl this very day, will you take her in your employment, speak a kind word to her, hold out a helping hand to her so she may not be driven to her ruin from sheer despair?"

'I will, I will, my dear son," cried Madame D'Aubry. "I know where to find her. Give yourself no further anxtety. From this day forward she shall properly cared for and kindly treated

"That is a beginning, and now for the next siep, for if the law has committed the dead. Gouillard's innocence must be proven before he dies. The fact that he fell a victim to the mad perseself and waited breathlessly to hear cution of the father makes it more inwaat reply Michel Gouillard would cumbent upon the son to undo the grievous error.

Victor D'Aubry was a young man, who had made a strong but ineffectual

giers, whither he had been transported for a political offense. He was now an opinion, but his welcome to his youthful having listened to Victor's glowing avowal to begin his professional life by securing justice for Michel Gouillard, the aged lawyer replied:

"This is a good and noble thought of yours, monsieur. You are doing your duty. Your father cruelly harassed the man and his disgrace is mainly owing conduct seemed at the time nothing short of infamous, and I was consoled afterwards to learn that within two years of the affair your father died in a mad-house. Here," continued the aged lawyer, "are my notes of the case, but before I say anything more I should tike to hear whether the principal actors

to what has become of the other wit-

"Oh, indeed," remarked Moreau, "this emotion.

"Ah, there he is! There is the wretch Count de Chauvann s, is he alive also?" "Yes," said Victor, and what is more, I am going to marry Marcelline do Chauvannes shortly.

Moreau gave a start, and fixed his caze intently upon the young barrister A deep silence ensued. Moreau was the ärst to break it. "Monsieur D'Aubry," Legan the aged

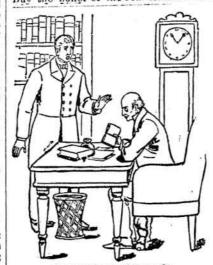
awver in a vo ce broken with emotion, 'you have come to me for counsel, for y, passing his hand in tront of his face guidance. I am sorry to be bonest with fou regarding the consequences. I a going to cli you all I now." ctor howe I his head,

"You will recol ee ." he continued,

that a small blue took was found in the murdered Varville's pocket. It was an odd volume of Balzac. One day I took it up to pass an idle half-hour. Imagine my feeling upon discovering that on the page I was reading certain letters had small, almost invisible, black spots set underneath them. By some curious impulse I set to work putting these letters together. I found that they could be made up into words, and that these words were burning utter-ances of love—deep and passionate love felt by two beings for each other—first his, then hers in reply." Saying which, the aged lawyer read off these utter-ances in slow and measured tones, setting the emphasis exactly where it belonged.

"Great Go:!!" whispered Victor, springing up and pressing his hand to his brow. "Monsieur Varville the lover of the Countess Chauvannes?" Moreau nodded assent, and after

short pause went on: Now, my young friend, you see clearly, do you not? Viscount Varville went to the appointment offered him by the Countess de Chauvannes. The hus-band, who probably had his suspicions, came upon them unawares. Varville escaped half undressed. He was pursued and killed by Count de Chauvannes or by one of his trusty servants. But the honor of the real criminal had



"CAN THIS BE POSSIBLE?" to be shielded. Your father must have known the facts. He lent himself to the infamous business. The story of a love intrigue between Varville and the gamekeeper's wife was trumped up. Hu-guette often guarded the lover against surprise. Varville had be n noticed several times at the lodge. But mark what took place after the marder. Huguette falls ill, stricken down with a violent attack of fever. It is certain that during that night she witnessed some ter-rible scene, and the affair took such a hold on her mind that fever was the result, but still there is a chance of recov-ery. The moment may come when the delirium will end, and she will be able to speak to save her husband-to point out the real criminal. She must be gotten rid of at all costs, and before her reason returns, too. (an you guess who had an interest in her death? Two days after the murder of Varville, and several days before the death of Huguette, the Countess de Chauvannes started for Nice, where for two years she struggled against the weight of grief and despair which everwhelmed her, until death merciful'y came to her rescue. She died among strangers, abandoned by every one, after having given birth to a

iteous look upon his face. Moreau turned away to give the young man time

"Merciful heaven," murmured D'Au-bry to himself. "Can this all be possible? Is my beloved Marcelline the daughter of a murderer?"

are. There is no need of pushing this matter any further. It pays to be a hero, but not a martyr! Don't sacrifice your own happiness and this young girl's through a sentimen'al notion of luty. Let some one else champion Gouillard's cause. Make their lives pleasant and happy; befriend him and his daughter; in this way undo the wrong done by your father.

"Never!" exclaimed Victor, springing of "never! You have said yourself up, "never! You have said yoursent that it is my duty to be riend the man if he is innocent, and to get a revision of his sentence. I love Mademoiselle de Chauvannes, and my marriage with her will realize the dream of my life; but, sir, I shall be able, I must be able to reconcile my love with my duty!"

ITO BE CONTINUED.

WISER THAN THE PROFESSOR.

Old Colored Woman Who Knows Something About Fossils. A scientific gentleman of Washington, who is greatly interested in fossil remains, recently received a very fine specimen, purporting to be of the Devonian or some other old period. He was delighted, and he called in all his friends to decide on what manner of thing the animal was during its lifetime. They were not able to decide, and they were on the point of appealing to some of the government geologists. The great trouble was that the specimen had no head, and the absence of that member combined to make a mystery of the missing link variety. Meanwhile the skeleton was kept carefully guarded in a cabinet especially made for it. One day, after a short absence from the city, the scientist opened the cabinet and found that the fossil had been provided with a head. He was delighted. When he made inquiries his son told him that the friend who had sent him the trunk colleague was cordial and hearty. After | had found the head and forwarded it to him while he was away. The professor called in his friends, and they decided that the head fitted perfectly, and that it belonged to the fossil. When thus equipped it looked for all the world like one of the dogs one would imagine the cave men to have kept as their pets. The professor felt that he ought to write a treatise on the canines of the paleozoic ages. An old colored woman who takes care of the office came in one day and saw the fossil, with its recent addition. She went up to it and deliberately knocked the head off with her duster. "Foh de Lawd's sake, puffessah!" she exclaimed, "what yo' doin' wid a ol' chicken carcass on yo' skellington?" On minute investigation the professor found that the old woman was correct; but he does not speak to his son now .-Washington Post.

A Gentle Hint.

A singular custom prevails among the Tartars or Kurds. If a man loses his cattle or other property he pours a little brown sugar into a piece of colored cloth, ties it up and carries one such parcel to each of his friends and requaintances. In return he is presented, according to elecunstances, with a cow or sheep or a sum of



5000000000000000000000000000

The Boers are born fighters, a nation of sharpshooters, they never waste a bullet; each Boer selects his man and kills him and keeps on doing the same thing all day and every day until the war is over. It is a common boast with them which they have made good in more than one clash with the British, that one Boer is equal to ten Englishmen. They do not come out and fight in the open, but swarm all over a mountain side, hiding behind trees and rocks, and woe to the thin red line or hollow square that comes within range of their unerring Martinis and Mausers. In fact, the Boer victories over the British soldiers are largely accountable for the British feeling against them, and in the bitter warfare against the nation the success of the Boers has been extraordinary.

Fewer than 450 Boers resisted 12, 000 of the fiercest Zulu warriors on December 16, 1838, and 3000 natives were left dead on the field, and this with old flint locks. President Kru-



FIELD CORNET'S MESSENGER HANDING OVER COMMANDOS TO EOER FARMERS TO BE READY FOR WAR.

ger, as a boy, helped the forty Dutchmen hold off 2000 of the men of Moselitkase, then the most renowned native captain in South Africa. The is scarce. bravery of the men is shown by the augner-of a murderer:

"My dear young colesgue," said Moeau, "take courage. Halt where you

"Allow the Morion River driving Zulus on the Marico River, driving

them out of the Transvaal. These are simply better-known instances of the fighting abilities of the Boers. Every man has handled a gun from infancy. In the old days, when a Boer was not fighting the fierce natives he was defending himself from savage beasts. Every Boer has been trained in warfare. They discovered the method of laagering their wagons, placing them in a hollow square, which the British generals bave adopted as the most successful way of fighting the natives. The Boers have shown themselves masters of strategy, the result of constant warfare with a cruel

and treacherous foe. The Government of the South Afri can Republic is empowered to call at any time the burghers for armed service. The Field Cornet of each tice on the conscripts, who, mounted his forces never faced the enemy in ware of coming in proximity with a district goes round and serves a noand fortified against hunger for ten the open field. He never offered open days by a supply of buck or heef. cured in the sun, and called "bil- the mountain gorges, and from that tong," concentrate in the specified vantage point he picked off the foe at 'dorp" or village, where they invaria- his will. Even when he assaulted Mably meet in the market place-the juba Hill he came up rock by rock, church, iron gated, iron steepled, in squirming like a snake, twisting in the background. Arms are distributed | and out and not firing until he had a to those who are without them; and | mark to hit.

the "State Artillery."

The Boer much resembles our American Apache in his ability to live on Transvaal. The whole of the fruit

commandants, the other officers, and

and their horses disappeared as if swallowed up by the earth. I think we all feel that they can shoot. Our losses at Hatley and Laing's Nek showed that. We were very much in the open, but not a blessed Boer was to be seen. But every once in a while there was the crack of a rifle, and then one of our poor boys would go over, the line would close up and we would begin chasing again for the would begin chasing again for the enemy we could never find. I was taken prisoner just after General Colley was killed, and I can say that I could not have been treated better by any people. They were kind to our wounded, did not molest the dead nor insult us of the living. I think they are a very brave people, and, as for fighting, they seem to know just as much about it as we do."

The Boer loves his country with a passionate patriotism. He is not a miner, or an engineer, or a railroad constructor. He is pre-eminenly an agriculturist. In Cape Colony nearly the whole of the wheat growing is done by the Dutch farmers of the Western province. In the interior the bulk of the grain used is supplied by the Dutch farmer of the the shadow of things when in the crop is produced by Boers. Even far field. A writer of South Africa, in a up in Bechauanaland you will find



INSPECTION OF A "COMMANDO" OF BOERS IN THE MARKET PLACE OF A TOWN

live on rations which an ordinary other products. trooper would not endure and his capacity to travel great distances with folk, stolidly content to be that and horse in incredibly short time.

knows the devious ways of the wastes | comfort, in a rude plenty; to provide beyond. He is an agriculturist and a for their children as they grow up and hunter. By the law of self-preserva- to be let alone. tion he has learned the wily ways of the savage whom he displaced in the Transvaal. The secret recesses of the mountains are at his command. As a horseman he much resembles our two ago. It is the fashion just now American cowboy. He can ride on top for French milliners to use real oats of the saddle, or over his horse's for the trimming of hats and bonnets, neck, or Cossask fashion, with one the oats being covered with mauve, foot in the stirrup, one leg on the sad- black, or blue, according to require dle and his head and shoulders on the ments of the trade. A lady, it is reground. His horse is part of his family life. The beasts are very hardy, sure-footed and affectionate. Then, too, the Boer is inured to the hardships of the mountains, to long horseback journeys, scant allowances of food, treks on which the water supply



BOERS RECEIVING AMMUNITION.

English the Boer took good care that engagement. He chose his eyrie in



TYPES OF BOER INFANTRY, CAVALRY AND ARTILLERY.

supply it at need. The commandant, through the 1881 campaign wrote at who is the Dutch equivalent of the that time of the fighting qualities of English colonel, drills his forces as the Boers: best he may; and a certain amount of military discipline is eastly ac-

"We never are able to see the are bred in the East for this particular enemy. Except before the fight at purpose. The little finny belligerents quired, despite the rather slouchy ap- Majuba Hill, I never saw but a hand- are prettily colored red and blue fish, pearance, due in part to the absence ful of them at any time. And when and when it comes to a matter of fight-

contribution to a London paper, calls Boer wagons from the Republic attention to the ability of the Boer to loaded up with fruit, cat forage and

The Boers, in short, are a pastoral nothing else. They shun towns, shop The Boer knows every road and keeping and gold mining. They ask trail of the Transvaal; as a hunter he only to live in a moderate degree of

Dangers of Wearing Real Oats.

A rather comical incident was that witnessed in a Paris street a day or lated, wearing a hat abundantly trimmed with oats, in order to get out of the road of a rapidly driven cab, had placed herself right in front of a horse and cart waiting beside the curbstone. She had her back turned to the animal which, after sniffling the oats on her hat, apparently decided it In the campaign of 1881 against the | would be a pastime in accordance with his tastes to munch them. He was thus engaged when the lady began to move forward, quite unaware of the feast the horse was enjoying. The animal, wishing to continue its repast, put down its two fore feet on the skirt of the lady's dress, which gave her such a turn that she fainted, and in falling sustained some slight injury, necessitating her removal to a chemist's shop. When she had recovered from her emotion and beheld the wreck of her hat-purchased, so she affirmed, that very day-her distress and indigna tion knew no bounds. She returned to the spot where the incident had happened, discovered the driver of the cart in a neighboring shop, and, taking his address, with that of his employer, intimated her intention of prosecuting to recover the value of the damaged hat. The moral of the adventure is, that ladies displaying oats on the top of their heads should behorse's mouth,-London Evening Standard.

Serpent Still Worshiped by Some. and she is an excellent swimmer, A few uncivilized races of East India and some adjoining islands are still worshiping the serpent, and perform all kinds of superstitious rites in connection therewith. So the Tamils

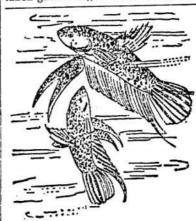
in the northern part of Ceylon. Among them are famous snake catchers and charmers, and also native physicians, who do not only pretend to be expert healers of the most dangerous ophidian's bites, but who are not less experienced in the compounding of medicines for different purposes in which they use the deadly venous of reptiles.

She Caught Him. Patrice-"You know, Will said he'd ike to be caught playing golf."

Patience-"Yes. "Well, I caught him on the links this very afternoon. We're engaged.' -Yonkers Statesman.

Novel Sport in the Far East.

The effete Parisian has just taken up the sport of fish contests. Oriental sporting men in Siam, Cochin China and some parts of Japan have long taken great delight in the lively con-



SIAMESE FIGHTING FISH.

tests of the little fighting fish which of uniforms, except in the case of the they thought we noticed them they ing always slick to it to the death.

WHEN JOHN BULL LEFT US Monument in Boston Will Commen

orate the Historical Event. "It is with the greatest pleasure I inorm you that on Sunday last, the 17th inst. (1776), about 9 o'clock in the forenoon, the ministerial army evacuated the town of Boston, and that the forces of the United Colonies are now in actual possession thereof. I beg



(Marks the spot where George Washington stood and watched the British soldiers

honorable Congress on this happy event, and particularly as it was effected without endangering the lives and property of the remaining unhappy inhabitants. I have great reason to imagine their flight was precipitated by the appearance of a work, which I had ordered to be thrown up last Saturday night on an eminence at Dorchester, which lies nearest to Boston Neck, called Nook's Hill." Thus wrote General George Washington to the Presideut of Congress March 19, 1776. The City Council of Boston has approved plans for the Dorchester Heights monument which marks the spot where General Washington stood and watched the British sail away. The plans show a type of tower common in colonial times, with fountain and memorial tablet on the most conspicuous side. It will be built of old-fashioned brick with dark headers. The trimmings will be of Indiana stone or white terra cotta. The height of the monument to the base of the steeple will be about seventy-five feet. The original appropriation for the monument was \$25,000?

Liked Them in Groups.

Albeit an attractive young miss in most ways, like many other young animals it was her habit to wolf her food. Of this her mhther tried to break her, and on this particular occasion was remonstrating because of the number of peas Alice seemed to think it necessary to consume at a mouthful.

"Take fewer peas on your fork, Alice. Why should you want to take so many at one time?"

They taste so much better when eaten in groups," was Alice's unexpected explanation.

Altered a Trifle.

One small girl says to another "They are not saying rubberneck any more. "Why not?" asks the other with

some joy. "Because they are saying peninsula," says the one. "And why peninsula?" says the

other, innocently. "Because it stretches out to sea," says the one .- "Worcester (Mass.) Gazette.

A Remarkable Girl.

Helen Keller, the deaf, dumb and blind girl, whose acquirements have attracted the attention of all students of educational methods, spent last summer at Wrentham, Mass., as the guest of Mrs. J. E. Chamberlain. She keeps up her study of Greek and Arabic, and writes her exercises on a typewriting machine especially designed for these languages, with inter-changeable cylinders. By way of exercise she delights in climbing trees.



HELEN KELLER. (The deaf, dumb and blind girl.)

which she vastly enjoys. Helen puzzles new visitors by telling the color of the flowers they bring. She can even distinguish a white and yellow pansy from a purple one, and a red from a white rose. Her explanation is that the petal of the darker colored flowers are thicker than those of the lighter ones.

German Viceroy in the Carolines. '. A correspondent of the Berlin Tageblatt calls attention to the fact that a German was Viceroy of the Caroline Islands thirty-five years ago. His name was Teteus, and he was captain of a ship which exported snails to China. In 1865 he married one of the daughters of the "King" of the Carolines and bought of him

Male Goats Among Sheep.

one of the islands.

A correspondent of the Charleston News and Courier sends the following information, based on personal experience, to the farmers of South Carolina: "If you put among a flock of sheep from three to four male goats the dogs will rarely attack them. Sheep always run to the goats for pro-